



# GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

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27.

*SHAKESPEARE II*

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# ☛ The Plays and Sonnets of William Shakespeare

## Volume Two

*Edited by William George Clarke and William Aldis Wright*



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# 20 TWELFTH NIGHT

## Or, What You Will

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORSINO, DUKE OF ILLYRIA  
 SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola  
 ANTONIO, a sea captain friend to Sebastian  
 A SEA CAPTAIN friend to Viola  
 VALENTINE | gentlemen attending on the Duke  
 CURIO |  
 SIR TORO BELCH uncle to Oli 12  
 SIR ANDREW AGUECHECK  
 MALVOLIO steward to Oli 12  
 FABIAN  
 FESTE, A CLOWN | servants to Olivia

TWO OFFICERS  
 A PRIEST  
 A SERVANT to Olivia

OLIVIA  
 VIOLA Oli 12 a woman  
 MARIA Oli 12 a woman

NON SPEAKING Lords Sailors Officers Musicians  
 and other Attendants

SCENE A city in Ilyria and the sea-coast near it



### ACT I

#### SCENE I The Duke's palace

Enter DUKE, CURIO and other Lords, Musicians  
 attending

Duke If music be the food of love play on,  
 Give me excess of it that surfeiting  
 The appetite may sicken and so die  
 That strain again! it had a dying fall  
 O it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
 That breathes upon a bank of violets  
 Stealing and giving odour! Enough no more  
 'Tis not so sweet now as it was before  
 O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou  
 That notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea nought enters there  
 Of what validity an' pitch see'er,  
 Put falls in abatement and low price  
 Even in a minute so full of shapes is fancy  
 That it alone is high fantastical  
 O Will you go ha't my lord?  
 Duke What Curio?  
 Cur Thel art  
 Duke Why so I do the noblest that I have  
 O when in nee eyes did see Olivia first  
 Methought it was a pair of turtle doves  
 This man was I turn'd in a heart  
 And I do feel like fell and cruel hounds  
 I'll keep my word

The element itself till seven years' heat,  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view  
 But like a cloistress she will veiled walk  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine all this to season 30  
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep  
 fresh  
 And lasting in her sad remembrance  
 Duke O she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her when liver brain and heart  
 These sovereign thrones are all supplied and  
 fill'd  
 Her sweet perfections with one self king!  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers 40  
 Love thoughts lie rich when canopied with  
 bowers [Exeunt]

#### SCENE II The sea-coast

Enter VIOLA, A CAPTAIN, and SEBASTIAN

Cap What country friends is this  
 Cap This is Ilyria lady  
 Seb And what should I do in Ilyria?  
 My brother he is in Ilyria  
 Perchance he is not drowned what think you  
 Cap I is perchance that you yourself were  
 saved  
 Seb O my poor brother! and so perchance may  
 be he  
 Cap Your master and to care for you with  
 care.

#### SCENE III

Enter now Viola, now from her  
 Let Supple and led by a noblest and  
 Let forth of a noblest and a noblest

Assure yourself after our ship did split  
When you and those poor numbers saved with you

Hung on our driving boat I saw your brother  
Most provident in peril bind himself  
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice

To a strong mast that lay upon the sea  
Where like Arion on the dolphin's back  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
So long as I could see

I so I for saying so there's gold  
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope  
Whereto thy speech serves for authority

The like of him know'st thou this country?  
Cap Ay madam well for I was bred and born  
Not three hours travel from this very place

I so Who governs here?  
Cap A noble duke in nature as in name  
I so What is his name?

Cap Orsino  
I so Orsino! I have heard my father name him  
He was a bachelor then  
Cap And so is now or was so very late

For but a month ago I went from hence  
And then 'twas fresh in murther—as you know  
What great ones do the less will prattle of—  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia  
I so What's she?

Cap A virtuous maid the daughter of a count  
That died some twelvemonth since then leaving her

In the protection of his son her brother  
Who shortly also died for whose dear love  
They say she hath abjured the company  
And sight of men

I so O that I served that lady  
And might not be delir'd to the world  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow  
What my estate is!

Cap That were hard to compass  
Because she will admit no kind of suit  
No not the Duke's

I so There is a fair behaviour in thee captain  
And though that nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character  
I prithee and I'll pay thee bounteously  
Conceal me what I am and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent I'll serve this duke  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him  
It may be worth thy pains for I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service

What else may hap to time I will commit  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit

Cap Be you his eunuch and your mute  
I'll be

When my tongue blabs then let mine eyes not see

I so I thank thee lead me on {Exeunt

### SCENE III Olivia's house

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA

Sir To What a plague means my niece to take  
the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an  
enemy to life

Maria By my troth Sir Toby you must come in  
earlier o' nights your cousin my lady takes  
great exceptions to your ill hours

Sir To Why let her except before excepted

Maria Ay but you must confine yourself within  
the modest limits of order

Sir To Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than  
I am these clothes are good enough to drink in  
and so be these boots too an they be not let  
them hang themselves in their own straps

Maria That quaffing and drinking will undo you  
I heard my lady talk of it yesterday and of a  
foolish night that you brought in one night here  
to be her wooer

Sir To Who Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria Ay he

Sir To He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria

Maria What's that to the purpose?

Sir To Why he has three thousand ducats a  
year

Maria Ay he'll have but a year in all these  
ducats he's a very fool and a prodigal

Sir To Fie that you'll say so he plays o' the  
viol-de-gamboys and speaks three or four lan-  
guages word for word without book and hath  
all the good gifts of nature

Maria He hath indeed almost natural for be-  
sides that he's a fool he's a great quarreller and  
but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the  
gust he hath in quarrelling 'tis thought among  
the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a  
grave

Sir To By this hand they are scoundrels and  
substractors that say so of him Who are they?

Maria They that add moreover he's drunk  
nightly in your company

Sir To With drinking healths to my niece I'll  
drink to her as long as there is a passage in my  
throat and drink in Illyria he's a coward and a  
coxswain that will not drink to my niece till his  
brains turn o' the toe like a parish top What  
wench! Castiano vulgo! for here comes Sir  
Andrew Agueface

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK*

*Sir And* Sir Toby Belch' how now, Sir Toby Belch'

*Sir To* Sweet Sir Andrew'

*Sir And* Bless you fair shrew 50

*Mar* And you too, sir

*Sir To* Accost, Sir Andrew accost

*Sir And* What's that?

*Sir To* My niece's chambermaid

*Sir And* Good Mistress Accost I desire better acquaintance

*Mar* My name is Mary, sir

*Sir And* Good Mistress Mary, Accost—

*Sir To* You mistake, knight "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her 60

*Sir And* By my troth I would not undertake her in this company Is that the meaning of "accost"?

*Mar* Fare you well gentlemen

*Sir To* An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again

*Sir And* An you part so mistress I would I might never draw sword again Fair lady do you think you have fools in hand

*Mar* Sir I have not you by the hand 70

*Sir And* Marry, but you shall have, and here's my hand

*Mar* Now sir thought is free I pray you bring your hand to the buttery bar and let it drink

*Sir And* Wherefore sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar* It's dry, sir

*Sir And* Why I think so I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry But what's your jest? 80

*Mar* A dry jest sir

*Sir And* Are you full of them?

*Mar* Ay sir, I have them at my fingers ends marry now I let go your hand I am barren [*Exit*]

*Sir To* O knight thou lackest a cup of Canary when dost thou see thee so put down?

*Sir And* Never in your life I think, unless you see Canary put me down Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man I say but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit 90

*Sir To* No question

*Sir And* And though that I'll forswear it I'll not home to my town Sir Toby

*Sir To* I'll be your darky

*Sir And* What's your purpose of doing now do I see't? I'll be your light then in the morning I'll have my face drawn and beat buttons O I'll be your light

*Sir To* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair 100

*Sir And* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To* Past question, for thou seest it will not curl by nature

*Sir And* But it becomes me well enough does it not?

*Sir To* Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off 110

*Sir And* Faith I'll home to morrow, Sir Toby your niece will not be seen or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me the Count himself here hard by woos her

*Sir To* She'll none o' the Count she'll not match above her degree neither in estate, years nor wit, I have heard her swear t Tur, there's life in t, man

*Sir And* I'll stay a month longer I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world, I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether 120

*Sir To* Art thou good at these kickshawses knight?

*Sir And* As any man in Illyria whatsoever he be under the degree of my betters and yet I will not compare with an old man

*Sir To* What is thy excellence in a galliard knight?

*Sir And* Faith, I can cut a caper

*Sir To* And I can cut the mutton to t 130

*Sir And* And I think I have the back trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria

*Sir To* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig I would not so much as make water but in a sink a pace What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think by the excellent constitution of thy leg it was formed under the star of a galliard

*Sir And* It is strong and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured sock Shall we set about some revel?

*Sir To* What shall we do else were we not born under Taurus

*Sir And* Taurus! That's sides and heart

*Sir To* No sir it's the sand that's the Let us see it do caper ha' h' her ha' ha' excellen' 140

[*Enter*]

SCENE II. Duet

Enter Duke and Sir Toby

*Duke* If the Duke ex...

wards you Cesario you are like to be much advanced he hath known you but three days and already you are no stranger

*I*o You either fear his humour or my negligence that you call in question the continuance of his love is he inconstant sir in his favours?

*I*al No believe me

*I*o I thank you Here comes the count

*Enter DUKE CURIO and Attendants*

*Duke* Who saw Cesario ho?

*Vio* On your attendance my lord here

*Duke* Stand you a while aloof Cesario Thou knowst no less but all I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul Therefore good youth address thy gait unto her Be not denied access stand at her doors And tell them there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience

*I*o Sure, my noble lord

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow

As it is spoke she never will admit me

*Duke* Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds Rather than make unprofitable return

*I*o Say I do speak with her my lord what then?

*Duke* O then unfold the passion of my love Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith It shall become thee well to act my voes She will attend it better in thy youth Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect

*I*o I think not so my lord

*Duke* Dear lad believe it

For they shall yet belie thy happy years

That say thou art a man Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious thy small pipe

Is as the maiden's organ shrill and sound

And all is semblative a woman's part

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affair Some four or five attend him

All if you will for I myself am best

When least in company Prosper well in this

And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord

To call his fortunes thine

*I*o I'll do my best

To woo your lady [*Aside*] yet a fearful strife!

Whoe'er I woo myself would be his wife

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V *Olivia's house*

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN*

*Mar* Nay either tell me where thou hast been or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse my lady will hang thee for thy absence

*Clo* Let her hang me he that is well hanged in

this world needs to fear no colours

*Mar* Mal at that good

*Clo* He shall see none to fear

*Mar* A good lenten answer I can tell thee where that saying was born of I fear no colours

*Clo* Where good Mistress Mary?

*Mar* In the wars and that may you be bold to say in your foolery

*Clo* Well God give them wisdom that have it

and those that are fools let them use their talents  
*Mar* Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent or to be turned away is not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage and for turning away let summer bear it out

*Mar* You are resolute then?

*Clo* Not so neither but I am resolved on two points

*Mar* That if one break the other will hold or if both break your gaskins fall

*Clo* Apt in good faith very apt Well go thy way if Sir Toby would leave drinking thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria

*Mar* Peace you rogue no more o that Here comes my lady make your excuse wisely you were best

*Clo* Wit an't be thy will put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools and I that am sure I lack thee may pass for a wise man for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool than a foolish wit

*Enter LADY OLIVIA with MALVOLIO*

God bless thee lady!

*Ol* Take the fool away

*Clo* Do you not hear fellows? Take away the lady

*Ol* Go to you're a dry fool I'll no more of you besides you grow'd dishonest

*Clo* Two faults madonna that drink and good counsel will amend for give the dry fool drink then is the fool not dry bid the dishonest man mend himself if he mend he is no longer dishonest if he cannot let the butcher mend him Any thing that's mended is but patched virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin and sin that amends is but patched with virtue If that this simple syllogism will serve so if it will not what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity so beauty is a flower The lady bade take away the fool therefore I say again take her away

*Ol* Sir, I bade them take away you 60

*Clo* Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *curtilus non facit monachum*, that s as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool

*Ol* Can you do it?

*Clo* Dexteriously good madonna

*Ol* Make your proof

*Clo* I must catechize you for it, madonna good my mouse of virtue, answer me

*Ol* Well sir for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof 71

*Clo* Good madonna, why mournest thou?

*Ol* Good fool, for my brother's death

*Clo* I think his soul is in hell madonna

*Ol* I know his soul is in heaven, fool

*Clo* The more fool madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven Take away the fool gentlemen

*Ol* What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

*Mal* Yes and shall do till the pangs of death shake him infirmity that decays the wise doth ever make the better fool

*Clo* God send you, sir a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fool but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool

*Ol* How say you to that Malvolio?

*Mal* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone Look you now he's out of his guard already unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools zanies

*Ol* O you are sick of self love, Malvolio and taste with a disordered appetite To be generous guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets there is no slander in an allowed fool though he do nothing but rail nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove

*Clo* Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

*Re-ent* MARIA

*Mar* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you

*Ol* From the Count Orsino is it?

*Mar* I know not madam tis a fair young man, and well attended 111

*Ol* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar* Sir Toby madam, your kinsman

*Ol* Fetch him off, I pray you he speaks nothing but madman fie on him! [*Exit MARIA*] Go you, Malvolio if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick or not at home what you will to dismiss it [*Exit MALVOLIO*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it

*Clo* Thou hast spoke for us madonna as if thy eldest son should be a fool whose skull Jove cram with brains! for—here he comes—one of thy kin has a most weak *pus miter*

*Enter* SIR TOBY

*Ol* By mine honour, half drunk What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To* A gentleman

*Ol* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To* 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now sor!

*Clo* Good Sir Toby! 120

*Ol* Cousin, cousin how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To* Lechery! I defy lechery There's one at the gate

*Ol* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To* Let him be the devil an he will I care not give me faith say I Well, it's all one [*Exit*]

*Ol* What's a drunken man like fool?

*Clo* Like a drowned man, a fool, and a mad man one draught above heat makes him a fool the second mads him and a third drowns him

*Ol* Go thou and seek the crowner and let him sit o my coz for he's in the third degree of drink he's drowned go look after him

*Clo* He is but mad yet madonna and the fool shall look to the madman [*Exit*]

*Re-ent* MALVOLIO

*Mal* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you I told him you were sick he takes on him to understand so much and therefore comes to speak with you I told him you were asleep he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too and therefore comes to speak with you What is to be said to him lady he's fortified against any denial

*Ol* Tell him he shall not speak with me

*Mal* Has been told so and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you

*Ol* What kind o man is he?

*Mal* Why of mankind 160

*Ol* What manner of man?

*Mal* Of very ill manner he'll speak with you, will you or no

*Ol* Of what personage and years is he?



*Mal* Not yet old enough for a man nor young enough for a boy as a squash is before tis a peascod or a codling when tis almost an apple tis with him in standing water between boy and man He is very well favoured and he speaks very shrewishly one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him 171

*Ol* Let him approach call in my gentlewoman

*Mal* Gentlewoman my lady calls [Exit

*Re-enter MARIA*

*Ol* Give me my veil come throw it over my face

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy

*Enter VIOLA and Attendants*

*I* The honourable lady of the house which is she?

*Ol* Speak to me I shall answer for her Your will? 180

*I* Most radiant exquisite and unmatched beauty—I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house for I never saw her I would be loath to cast away my speech for besides that it is excellently well penn'd I have taken great pains to con it Good beauties let me sustain no scorn I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage

*Ol* Whence came you sir? 189

*I* I can say little more than I have studied and that questions out of my part Good gentle one give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house that I may proceed in my speech

*Ol* Are you a comedian?

*I* No my profound heart and yet by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play Are you the lady of the house?

*Ol* If I do not usurp myself I am

*I* Most certain if you are she you do usurp yourself for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve But this is from my commission I will on with my speech in your praise and then show you the heart of my message

*Ol* Come to what is important in it I forgive you the praise

*I* Alas I took great pains to study it and tis poetical

*Ol* It is the more like to be feigned I pray you keep it in I heard you were saucy at my gates and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you If you be not mad be gone if you have reason be brief tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue

*I* Will you hoist sail sir? here lies your way

*I* No good swabber I am to hull here a little longer Some mollification for your giant sweet lady Tell me your mind I am a mes-  
sen-er 220

*Ol* Sure you have some hideous matter to deliver when the courtesy of it is so fearful Speak your office

*I* It alone concerns your ear I bring no overture of war no taxation of homage I hold the olive in my hand my words are as full of peace as matter

*Ol* Yet you began rudely What are you? what would you? 229

*I* The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment What I am and what I would are as secret as maiden head to your ears divinity to any other's profanation

*Ol* Give us the place alone we will hear this divinity [Exit MARIA and Attendants] Now sir what is your text?

*Vi* Most sweet lady—

*Ol* A comfortable doctrine and much may be said of it Where lies your text? 40

*Vi* In Orsino's bosom

*Ol* In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

*I* To answer by the method in the first of his heart

*Ol* O I have read it it is heresy Have you no more to say?

*I* Good madam let me see your face

*Ol* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture Look you sir such a one I was this present is it not well done? [Unveiling]

*I* Excellently done if God did all

*Ol* 'Tis in grain sir 'twill endure wind and weather

*I* 'Tis beauty truly blent whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on

Lady you are the cruell'st she alive

If you will lead these graces to the grave 260

And leave the world no copy

*Ol* O sir I will not be so hard hearted I will give out divers schedules of my beauty it shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labelled to my will as item two lips indifferent red item two grey eyes with lids to them item one neck one chun and so forth Were you sent hither to praise me?

*I* I see you what you are you are too proud

But if you were the devil you are fair 270

My lord and master loves you O such love

Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

*Ol* How does he love me?

*Vio* With adorations, fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire

*Ol* Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,  
In voices well divulged free, learn'd, and valiant,  
And in dimension and the shape of nature 280

A gracious person but yet I cannot love him,

He might have took his answer long ago

*Vio* If I did love you in master's flame,

With such a suffering, such a deadly life,

In your denial I would find no sense

I would not understand it

*Ol* Why, what would you?

*Vio* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,

And call upon my soul within the house,

Write loyal cantons of contemned love

And sing them loud even in the dead of night,

Halloo your name to the reverberate hills 291

And make the babbling gossip of the air

Cry out "Olivia!" O you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,

But you should pity me!

*Ol* You might do much

What is your parentage?

*Vio* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well

I am a gentleman

*Ol* Get you to your lord

I cannot love him let him send no more,

Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300

To tell me how he takes it Fare you well

I thank you for your pains spend this for me

*Vio* I am no fee'd post, lady keep your purse

My master, not myself lacks recompense

Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,

And let your fervour, like my master's, be

Placed in contempt! Farewell fair cruelty 310

[Exit

*Ol* "What is your parentage?"

"Above my fortunes yet my state is well

I am a gentleman I'll be sworn thou art, 310

Thy tongue, thy face thy limbs, actions, and

spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon not too fast soft,

soft!

Unless the master were the man How now!

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks I feel this youth's perfections

With an invisible and subtle stealth

To creep in at mine eyes Well let it be

What ho, Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO*

*Mal* Here, madam at your service

*Ol* Run after that same peevish messenger,  
The County's man he left this ring behind him,  
Would I or not tell him I'll none of it 321

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,

Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him

If that the youth will come thus way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't hie thee, Malvolio

*Mal* Madam, I will [Exit

*Ol* I do I know not what, and fear to find

Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind

Fate, show thy force ourselves we do not

owe,

What is decreed must be, and be this so [Exit

## ACT II

### SCENE I *The sea coast*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN*

*Ant* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

*Seb* By your patience, no My stars shine darkly over me the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours, therefore I shall crave of your leave that I may bear my evils alone it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you

*Ant* Let me yet know of you whither you are bound 10

*Seb* No sooth sir my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in, therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself You must know of me then Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour if the heavens had been pleased would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that, for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned

*Ant* Alas the day!

*Seb* A lady, sir though it was said she much resembled me was yet of many accounted beautiful but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair She is drowned already, sir, with salt water though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more

*Ant* Pardon me sir your bad entertainment

*Seb* O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble

*Ant* If you will not murder me for my love let me be your servant

*Seb* If you will not undo what you have done that is kill him whom you have recovered desire it not Fare ye well at once my bosom is full of kindness and I am yet so near the manners of my mother that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me I am bound to the Count Orsino's court farewell [Exit]

*Ant* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court  
Else would I very shortly see thee there  
But come what may I do adore thee so  
That danger shall seem sport and I will go 49 [Exit]

### SCENE II A street

*Enter VIOLA MALVOLIO following*

*Mal* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

*Viola* Even now sir on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither

*Mal* She returns thus ring to you sir you might have saved me my pains to have taken it away yourself She adds moreover that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him and one thing more that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs unless it be to report your lord's taking of this Receive it so

*Viola* She took the ring of me I'll none of it

*Mal* Come sir you peevishly threw it to her and her will is it should be so returned if it be worth stooping for there it lies in your eye if not be it his that finds it [Exit]

*Viola* I left no ring with her what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!  
She made good view of me indeed so much 20  
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue

For she did speak in starts distractedly  
She loves me sure the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger  
None of my lord's ring! why he sent her none  
I am the man if it be so as tis  
Poor lady she were better love a dream  
Disguise I see thou art a wickedness  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much  
How easy is it for the proper false 30  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of such we be  
How will this fadge? my master loves her  
dearly

And I poor monster fond as much on him  
And she mistaken seems to dote on me  
What will become of this? As I am man  
My state is desperate for my master's love  
As I am woman—now alas the day!—  
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
O time! thou must untangle this not I 41  
It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [Exit]

### SCENE III Olivia's house

*Enter SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW*

*Sir Toby* Approach Sir Andrew not to be abed after midnight is to be up betimes and diluculo surgere thou know'st—

*Sir And* Nay by my troth I know not but I know to be up late is to be up late

*Sir Toby* A false conclusion I hate it as an unfilled can To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early so that to go to bed after midnight is to go bed betimes Does not our life consist of the four elements? 10

*Sir And* Faith so they say but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking

*Sir Toby* Thou art a scholar let us therefore eat and drink Marian I say! a stoup of wine!

### Enter CLOWN

*Sir And* Here comes the fool I faith

*Clo* How now my hearts! did you never see the picture of us three?

*Sir Toby* Welcome ass Now let's have a catch

*Sir And* By my troth the fool has an excellent breast I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has In sooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night when thou spokest of Picrogramitus of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus 'twas very good I faith I sent thee sixpence for thy leman hadst it?

*Clo* I did impetrate thy gratuity for Malvolio's nose is no whippstock my lady has a white hand and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale houses

*Sir And* Excellent! why this is the best fooling when all is done Now a song 31

*Sir Toby* Come on there shall sixpence for you let's have a song

*Sir And* There's a testril of me too if one might give a—

*Clo* Would you have a love song or a song of good life? 30

*Sir Toby* A love song a love song

*Sir And* Ay ay I care not for good life

*Clo* [Sings]

O mistress where are you roaming? 40

O stay and hear your true love's coming

That can sing both high and low  
 Trip no further pretty sweeting,  
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 Every wise man's son doth know "

*Sir And* Excellent good, i' faith

*Sir To* Good, good

*Clo* [Sings]

'What is love?' 'tis not hereafter,  
 Present mirth hath present laughter,  
 What's to come is still unsure 50  
 In delay there lies no plenty  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure

*Sir And* A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight

*Sir To* A contagious breath

*Sir And* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith

*Sir To* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

*Sir And* An you love me, let's do't I am dog at a catch

*Clo* By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well

*Sir And* Most certain Let our catch be, "Thou knave "

*Clo* "Hold thy peace thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight 70

*Sir And* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave Begin, fool it begins "Hold thy peace "

*Clo* I shall never begin if I hold my peace

*Sir And* Good i' faith Come, begin

*Catch sung*

*Enter MARIA*

*Mar* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me 79

*Sir To* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we" Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly vally Lady! [Sings]  
 "There dwelt a man in Babylon lady lady! "

*Clo* Beshrew me the knights in admirable fooling

*Sir And* Ay he does well enough if he be disposed and so do I too he does it with a better grace but I do it more natural

*Sir To* [Sings] 'O, the twelfth day of December — 91

*Mar* For the love o' God peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO*

*Mal* My masters are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit manners nor honesty but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house that ye squeak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons nor time in you?

*Sir To* We did keep time, sir in our catches Sneck up! 101

*Mal* Sir Toby, I must be round with you My lady bade me tell you that though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours you are welcome to the house, if not, as it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell

*Sir To* "Farewell dear heart, since I must needs be gone " 110

*Mar* Nay, good Sir Toby

*Clo* 'His eyes do show his days are almost done "

*Mal* Is't even so?

*Sir To* "But I will never die "

*Clo* Sir Toby there you lie

*Mal* This is much credit to you

*Sir To* 'Shall I bid him go?

*Clo* "What an if you do?

*Sir To* "Shall I bid him go and spare not?"

*Clo* 'O no, no no no you dare not ' 121

*Sir To* Out o' tune sir ye lie Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo* Yes, by Saint Anne and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too

*Sir To* Thou'rt i' the right Go sir rub your chain with crumbs A stoup of wine Maria!

*Mal* Mistress Mary if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt you would not give means for this uncivil rule she shall know of it by this hand [Exit

*Mar* Go shake your ears

*Sir And* Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him

*Sir To* Do't, knight I'll write thee a challenge or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth 141

*Mar* Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to-night since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady she is much out of quiet For Monsieur Malvolio let me alone with him if I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common

recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed I know I can do it

*Sir To* Possess us possess us tell us some thing of him 150

*Mar* Marry sir sometimes he is a kind of puritan

*Sir And* O if I thought that I d bear him like a dog!

*Sir To* What for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason dear knight?

*Sir And* I have no exquisite reason for t but I have reason good enough

*Mar* The devil a puritan that he is or any thing constantly but a time pleaser an affectioned ass that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths the best persuaded of himself so crammed as he thinks with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work

*Sir To* What wilt thou do?

*Mar* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love wherein by the colour of his beard the shape of his leg the manner of his gait the expressure of his eye forehead and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated I can write very like my lady your niece on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands

*Sir To* Excellent! I smell a device

*Sir And* I have t in my nose too

*Sir To* He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece and that she is in love with him 180

*Mar* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour

*Sir And* And your horse now would make him an ass

*Mar* Ass I doubt not

*Sir And* O twill be admirable!

*Mar* Sport royal I warrant you I know my physic will work with him I will plant you two and let the fool make a third where he shall find the letter observe his construction of it For this will hit to bed and dream on the event Fare well [Exit

*Sir To* Good night Penthesilea

*Sir And* Before me, she is a good wench

*Sir To* She is a beautiful true bred and one that adores me what o that?

*Sir And* I was adored once too

*Sir To* Let us to bed knight Thou hadst need send for more money

*Sir And* If I cannot recover your niece I am a foul way out 201

*Sir To* Send for money knight if thou hast her not the end call me cut

*Sir And* If I do not never trust me take it how you will

*Sir To* Come come I'll go burn some sack tis too late to go to bed now come knight come knight [Exeunt

#### SCENE IV The Duke's palace

*Enter* DUKE VIOLA CURIO and others

*Duke* Give me some music Now good morning friends

Now good Cesario but that piece of song That old and antique song we heard last night Methought it did relieve my passion much More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy paced times Come but one verse

*Cur* He is not here so please your lordship that should sing it

*Duke* Who was it? 10

*Cur* Feste, the jester my lord a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in He is about the house

*Duke* Seek him out and play the tune the while [Exit CURIO *Music plays*

Come luther boy if ever thou shalt love In the sweet pangs of it remember me For such as I am all true lovers are Unstead and skittish in all motions else Save in the constant image of the creature That is belov'd How dost thou like this tune?

*Viola* It gives a very echo to the seat 21  
Where Love is throned

*Duke* Thou dost speak masterly My life upon t young though thou art thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves Hath it not boy?

*Viola* A little by your favour

*Duke* What kind of woman is t?

*Viola* Of your complexion

*Duke* She is not worth thee then What years is faith?

*Viola* About your years my lord

*Duke* Too old by heaven let still the woman take 30

An elder than herself so wears she to him So sways she level in her husband's heart For boy however we do praise ourselves Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm More longing wavering sooner lost and worn, Than women's are

*Viola* I think it well my lord

*Duke* Then let thy love be younger than thy self

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent

For women are as roses whose fair flower  
Being once display'd doth fall that very hour 40  
*Vio* And so they are alas that they are so,  
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

*Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN*

*Duke* O fellow, come, the song we had last  
night  
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain,  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun  
And the free maids that weave their thread with  
bones  
Do use to chant it it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age

*Clo* Are you ready, sir? 50

*Duke* Ay, prithee, sing

*Musick*

*Song*

*Clo* ' Come away, come away death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid,  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it

Not a flower, not a flower sweet 60

On my black coffin let there be strown,

Not a friend not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall  
be thrown

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!"

*Duke* There's for thy pains

*Clo* No pains sir, I take pleasure in singing,  
sir 70

*Duke* I'll pay thy pleasure then

*Clo* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one  
time or another

*Duke* Give me now leave to leave thee

*Clo* Now the melancholy god protect thee,  
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable  
taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal I would  
have men of such constancy put to sea that  
their business might be everything and their  
intent everywhere, for that's it that always  
makes a good voyage of nothing Farewell 81

[Exit

*Duke* Let all the rest give place

[CURIO and ATTENDANTS retire

Once more Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty  
Tell her, my love more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands,  
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon  
her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune,  
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems  
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul

*Vio* But if she cannot love you sir? 90

*Duke* I cannot be so answer'd

*Vio* Sooth but you must  
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia you cannot love her,  
You tell her so, must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart, no woman's  
heart

So big to hold so much, they lack retention  
Alas their love may be call'd appetite, 100

No motion of the liver but the palate,

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt,

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me

And that I owe Olivia

*Vio* Ay but I know—

*Duke* What dost thou know?

*Vio* Too well what love women to men may  
owe

In faith they are as true of heart as we

My father had a daughter loved a man 110

As it might be, perhaps were I a woman,

I should your lordship

*Duke* And what's her history?

*Vio* A blank, my lord She never told her  
love,

But let concealment like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy

She sat like patience on a monument,

Smiling at grief Was not this love indeed?

We men may say more, swear more but in-  
deed

Our shows are more than will for still we  
prove

Much in our vows but little in our love 121

*Duke* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio* I am all the daughters of my father's house,

And all the brothers too and yet I know not

Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke* Ay, that's the theme

To her in haste give her this jewel say

My love can give no place bide no deny

[Exeunt

SCENE V *Olivia's garden**Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW and FABIAN**Sir To* Come thy way's Signior Fabian*Fab* Nay, I'll come if I lose a scruple of this sport: let me be boiled to death with melan choly*Sir To* Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nigardingly rascally sheep-biter come by some not able shame?*Fab* I would exult man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear bait in<sup>re</sup> here*Sir To* To answer him we'll have the bear again: and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?*Sir And* An we do not, it is pity of our lives*Sir To* Here comes the little villain*Enter MARIA*

How now, my metal of India?

*Mal* Get ye all three into the box tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder; the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him for the love of mockery: for I know this letter will make a contemptive idiot of him: Close in the name of jestin! Lie thou there *[throws down a letter]* for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling *[Exit]**Enter MALVOLIO**Mal* 'Tis but fortune: all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near that should she fancy it should be one of my complexion. Besides she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on?*Sir To* Here is an overweening rogue!*Fab* O peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!*Sir And* Shier! I could so beat the rogue!*Sir To* Peace, I say*Mal* To be Count Malvolio! 40*Sir To* Ah, rogue!*Sir And* Pistol him, pistol him*Sir To* Peace, peace!*Mal* There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yoman of the wardrobe*Sir And* Fie on him, Jezebel!*Fab* O peace! now he's deeply in look how imagination blows him*Mal* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state— 50*Sir To* O for a stone bow to hit him in the eye!*Mal* Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day bed where I have left Olivia sleeping—*Sir To* Fire and brimstone!*Fab* O peace, peace!*Mal* And then to have the humour of state and after a demure travel of regard tellen them I know my place as I would they should do theirs to ask for my kinsman Toby— 61*Sir To* Bolts and shackles!*Fab* O peace, peace, peace! now, now*Mal* Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while and perchance wind up my watch or play with my— some rich jewel: Toby approaches, courtesies there to me—*Sir To* Shall this fellow live?*Fab* Though our silence be drawn from us with ears, y<sup>e</sup> peace 71*Mal* I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control—*Sir To* And does not Toby take you a blow on the lips then?*Mal* Say no! Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech—*Sir To* What, what? 80*Mal* You must amend your drunkenness*Sir To* Out, scab!*Fab* Nay, patience: or we break the sinews of our plot*Mal* Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knave—*Sir And* That's me, I warrant you*Mal* One Sir Andrew—*Sir And* I knew twas I for many do call me fool 90*Mal* What employment have we here?*Taking up the letter**Fab* Now in the woodcock near the gin*Sir To* O peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!*Mal* By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question her hand*Sir And* Her C's, her U's and her T's: why that? 100*Mal* *[Reads]* To the unknown beloved: this and my good wishes—her very phrases! By your leave, wax soft! and the impressure her Lucrece with which she uses to seal: tis my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab* This wins him, liver and all

*Mal* [*Reads*] "Jove knows I love

But who?"

Lips do not move,

No man must know " 110

"No man must know " What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know " If this should be thee, Malvolio?

*Sir To* Marry, hang thee, brook!

*Mal* [*Reads*]

"I may command where I adore,

But silence, like a Lucrece knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth

gore

M O, A I, doth sway my life "

*Fab* A fustian riddle!

*Sir To* Excellent wench say I 120

*Mal* "M, O A, I doth sway my life " Nay, but first let me see let me see let me see

*Fab* What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

*Sir To* And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

*Mal* "I may command where I adore " Why, she may command me I serve her, she is my lady Why, this is evident to any formal capacity there is no obstruction in this and the end—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me—Softly! M O A, I—

*Sir To* O ay make up that he is now at a cold scent

*Fab* Sowter will cry upon t for all this though it be as rank as a fox

*Mal* M—Malvolio, M—why, that begins my name

*Fab* Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults 140

*Mal* M—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel that suffers under probation A should follow but O does

*Fab* And O shall end I hope

*Sir To* Ay or I'll cudgel him and make him cry O!

*Mal* And then I comes behind

*Fab* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you 150

*Mal* M, O, A, I, this simulation is not as the former and yet, to crush this a little it would bow to me for every one of these letters are in my name Soft! here follows prose

[*Reads*] 'If this fall into thy hand revolve In my stars I am above thee but be not afraid of greatness some are born great some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon 'em Thy Fates open their hands let thy blood

and spirit embrace them, and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be cast thy humble slough and appear fresh Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants let thy tongue tang arguments of state, put thyself into the trick of singularity she thus advises thee that sighs for thee Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross gartered I say, remember Go to, thou art made if thou desirest to be so, if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers Farewell She that would alter services with thee,

The Fortunate-Unhappy"

Daylight and champaign discovers not more this is open I will be proud I will read politic authors I will baffle Sir Toby I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this that my lady loves me She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross gartered and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking I thank my stars I am happy I will be strange, stout in yellow stockings and cross gartered even with the swiftness of putting on Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript

[*Reads*] 'Thou canst not choose but know who I am If thou entertainest my love let it appear in thy smiling thy smiles become thee well therefore in my presence still smile dear my sweet I prithee'

Jove I thank thee I will smile I will do every thing that thou wilt have me [*Exit*]

*Fab* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy

*Sir To* I could marry this wench for this device 200

*Sir And* So could I too

*Sir To* And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest

*Sir And* Nor I neither

*Fab* Here comes my noble gull catcher

*Re enter MARIA*

*Sir To* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To* Shall I play my freedom at tray trip, and become thy bond slave?

*Sir And* I faith or I either? 210

*Sir To* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad



*Mar* Nay but say true does it work upon him?

*Sir To* Like aqua vitæ with a midwife

*Mar* If you will then see the fruits of the sport mark his first approach before my lady he will come to her in yellow stockings and 'tis a colour she abhors and cross-gartered a fashion she detests and he will smile upon her which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition being addicted to a melancholy as she is that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt If you will see it follow me

*Sir To* To the gates of Tartar thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And* I'll make one too [Exeunt]

### ACT III

#### SCENE I *Olivia's garden*

*Enter VIOLA and CLOWN with a tabor*

*I* Save thee, friend and thy music dost thou live by thy tabor?

*Clo* No sir I live by the church

*V* Art thou a churchman?

*Clo* No such matter sir I do live by the church for I do live at my house and my house doth stand by the church

*I* So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar if a beggar dwell near him or the church stands by thy tabor if thy tabor stand by the church

*Clo* You have said sir To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit how quickly the wrong side may be turned out ward

*I* Nay that's certain they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton

*Clo* I would therefore my sister had had no name, sir

*I* Why man?

*Clo* Why sir her name's a word and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton But indeed words are very rascals since bonds doth rascall'd them

*V* Thy reason man?

*Clo* Troth sir I can yield you none without word and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them

*I* I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing

*Clo* Not so sir I do care for something but in my conscience sir I do not care for you if that be to care for noshing sir I would it would make you invisible

*I* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo* No indeed sir the Lady Olivia has no

folly she will keep no fool sir till she be married and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings the husband's the bigger I am indeed not her fool but her corrupter of words

*V* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's

*Clo* Foolery sir does walk about the orb like the sun it shines everywhere I would be sorry sir but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress I think I saw your wisdom there

*I* Nay an thou pass upon me I'll no more with thee Hold there's expenses for thee

*Clo* Now Jove in his next commodity of hair send thee a beard!

*I* By my troth I'll tell thee I am almost sick for one [Aside] though I would not have it grow on my chin Is thy lady within?

*Clo* Would not a pair of these have bred sir?

*V* Yes being kept together and put to use

*Clo* I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia sir to bring a Cressida to this Troilus

*V* I understand you sir 'tis well begg'd

*Clo* The matter I hope is not great sir begging but a beggar Cressida was a beggar My lady is within sir I will construe to them whence you come who you are and what you would are out of my welkin I might say element but the word is over worn

*V* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool

And to do that well deserves a kind of wit He must observe their mood on whom he jests The quality of persons and the time And like the haggard check at every feather That comes before his eye This is a practice As full of labour as a wise man's art For folly that he wisely shows is fit But wise men, folly fall'n quite taint their wit

*Enter SIR TOBIAS and SIR ANDREW*

*Sir To* Save you gentleman

*I* And you sir

*Sir And* *Dieu vous garde monsieur*

*I* *Et vous aussi votre serviteur*

*Sir And* I hope sir you are and I am yours

*Sir To* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter if your trade be to her

*I* I am bound to your niece sir I mean she is the list of my voyage

*Sir To* Taste your legs sir put them to motion

*I* My legs do better understand me sir than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs

*Sir To* I mean to go sir [Enter]

*Vio* I will answer you with gait and entrance  
But we are prevented

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA*

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens  
rain odours on you!

*Sir And* That youth's a rare courtier "Rain  
odours" well

*Vio* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to  
your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear 100

*Sir And* "Odours" 'pregnant, and vouchsafed", I'll get 'em all three all ready

*Ol* Let the garden door be shut, and leave  
me to my hearing [*Exeunt SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and MARIA*] Give me your hand sir

*Vio* My duty, madam, and most humble service

*Ol* What is your name?

*Vio* Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess

*Ol* My servant sir! 'Twas never merry world  
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment 110  
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth

*Vio* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam

*Ol* For him, I think not on him for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf

*Ol* O by your leave I pray you  
I bade you never speak again of him  
But, would you undertake another suit,  
I had rather hear you to solicit that 120  
Than music from the spheres

*Vio* Dear lady—

*Ol* Give me leave beseech you I did send,  
After the last enchantment you did here,  
A ring in chase of you so did I abuse  
Myself my servant and I fear me you  
Under your hard construction must I sit  
To force that on you in a shameful cunning  
Which you knew none of yours what might you  
think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake  
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts 130  
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your  
receiving

Enough is shown a cypress not a bosom,  
Hideth my heart So, let me hear you speak

*Vio* I pity you

*Ol* That's a degree to love

*Vio* No not a grize, for 'tis a vulgar proof

That very oft we pity enemies

*Ol* Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile  
again

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
If one should be a prey, how much the better  
To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

*Clock strikes*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time  
Be not afraid good youth I will not have you  
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest  
Your wife is like to reap a proper man  
There lies your way, due west

*Vio* Then westward ho! Grace and good disposition

Attend your ladyship!

You'll nothing, madam to my lord by me?

*Ol* Stay

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me 150

*Vio* That you do think you are not what you are

*Ol* If I think so I think the same of you

*Vio* Then think you right I am not what I am

*Ol* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio* Would it be better madam, than I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your fool

*Ol* O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
Than love that would seem hid love's night is  
noon 160

Cesario by the roses of the spring,  
By maidhood, honour, truth and everything,  
I love thee so that maugre all thy pride  
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide  
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,  
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause  
But rather reason thus with reason fetter  
Love sought is good but given unsought is better

*Vio* By innocence I swear and by my youth,  
I have one heart, one bosom and one truth 170  
And that no woman has, nor never none  
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone  
And so adieu, good madam never more  
Will I my master's tears to you deplore

*Ol* Yet come again, for thou perhaps may'st  
move

That heart which now abhors to like his love  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *Olivia's house*

*Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN*

*Sir And* No, faith I'll not stay a jot longer  
*Sir To* Thy reason, dear venom give thy  
reason

*Fab* You must needs yield your reason, Sir  
Andrew

*Sir And Marry* I saw your niece do more favours to the Count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me I saw <sup>21</sup> the orchard

*Sir To* Did she see thee the while old boy?  
Tell me that 10

*Sir And* As plain <sup>22</sup> I see you now  
*Fab* This was a great argument of love in her toward you

*Sir And* Slight will you make an ass of me?  
*Fab* I will prove it legitimate sir upon the oaths of judgement and reason

*Sir To* And they have been grand jurymen since before Noah was a sailor

*Fab* She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you to awake your dormant valour to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver You should then have accosted her and with some excellent jests fire new from the mint you should have banged the youth into dumbness This was looked for at your hand and this was balked the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy 31

*Sir And* Ant be any way it must be with valour for policy I hate I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician

*Sir To* Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him hurt him in eleven places my niece shall take note of it and assure thyself there is no love broker <sup>23</sup> in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour 41

*Fab* There is no way but this *Sir Andrew*  
*Sir And* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To* Go write it in a martial hand be curt and brief it is no matter how witty so it be eloquent and full of invention taunt him with the license of ink if thou thoust him some thrice it shall not be amiss and as many lies <sup>24</sup> as will lie in thy sheet of paper although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England set em down go about it Let there be gall enough in thy ink though thou write with a goose pen no matter About it

*Sir And* Where shall I find you?  
*Sir To* We'll call thee at the cubiculo go

[Exit SIR ANDREW]

*Fab* This is a dear markin to you, Sir Toby  
*Sir To* I have been dear to him, had some two thousand strong or so

*Fab* We shall have a rare letter from him but you'll not deliver it? 61

*Sir To* Never trust me then and by all means stir on the youth in an answer I think oxen and wantropes cannot hale them together For Andrew if he were opened and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea I'll eat the rest of the anatomy

*Fab* And his opposite the youth bears in his visage no great preserve of cruelty

Enter MARIA

*Sir To* Look where the youngest wren of nine comes 71

*Mari* If you desire the spleen and will laugh yourselves into stitches follow me Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen a very reneado for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness He's in yellow stockings

*Sir To* And cross gartered? 79

*Mari* Most villainously like a pedant that keeps a school in the church I have dogged him like his murderer He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him He does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies You have not seen such a thing as this I can hardly forbear hurling things at him I know my lady will strike him if she do he'll smile and take it for a great favour

*Sir To* Come bring us bring us where he is [Exit] 90

SCENE III A street

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO

*Seb* I would not by my will have troubled you But since you make your pleasure of your pains I will no further chide you

*Ant* I could not stay behind you my desire More sharp than filed steel did spur me forth And not all love to see you though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage But jealousy what might befall your travel Being skillless in these parts which to a stranger Unguided and unfriended often prove 10  
Rough and unhospitable my willing love The rather by these arguments of fear Set forth in your pursuit

*Seb* My kind Antonio I can no other answer make but thanks And thanks and ever thanks and oft good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay But were my worth as is my conscience firm You should find better dealing What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

*Ant* To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging 20

*Seb* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials and the things of fame

That do renown this city

*Ant* Would you'd pardon me,

I do not without danger walk these streets

Once, in a sea fight, gainst the Count his

galleys

I did some service, of such note indeed,

That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd

*Seb* Belike you slew great number of his people

*Ant* The offence is not of such a bloody nature, 30

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

Might well have given us bloody argument

It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them, which for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did only my self stood out,

For which, if I be laps'd in this place,

I shall pay dear

*Seb* Do not then wall too open

*Ant* It doth not fit me. Hold sir, here's my purse

In the south suburbs at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge. I will bespeak our diet, 40

Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town there shall you have me

*Seb* Why I your purse?

*Ant* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase, and your store, I think is not for idle markets sir

*Seb* I'll be your purse bearer and leave you for an hour

*Ant* To the Elephant

*Seb* I do remember [Exeunt

SCENE IV *Olivia's garden*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA

*Ol* I have sent after him: he says he'll come,

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd

I speak too loud

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,

And suits well for a servant with my fortunes

Where is Malvolio?

*Mar* He's coming, madam, but in very

strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam

*Ol* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar* No, madam: he does nothing but smile. Your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits

*Ol* Go call him hither. [Exit MARIA] I am as mad as he,

If sad and merry madness equal be

*Re enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO*

How now, Malvolio?

*Mal* Sweet lady, ho, ho

*Ol* Smilest thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion 20

*Mal* Sad lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood: this cross-gartering, but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all"

*Ol* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think we do know the sweet Roman hand 30

*Ol* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal* To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee

*Ol* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal* At your request! yes, nightingales answer daws

*Mar* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 40

*Mal* 'Be not afraid of greatness' 'twas well writ

*Ol* What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal* "Some are born great —

*Ol* Ha!

*Mal* 'Some achieve greatness —

*Ol* What sayest thou?

*Mal* "And some have greatness thrust upon them," 50

*Ol* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal* Remember who commended thy yellow stockings! —

*Ol* Thy yellow stockings!

*Mal* "And wished to see thee cross-gartered"

*Ol* Cross-gartered!

*Mal* "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so —

*Ol* Am I made?

*Mal* "If not, let me see thee a servant still" 59

*Ol* Why, this is very midsummer madness

*Enter SERVANT*

*Ser* Madam the young gentleman of the Count Orsino is returned I could hardly entrust him back he attends your ladyship's pleasure

*Oli* I'll come to him *[Exit SERVANT]*  
Good Maria let this fellow be looked to Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry 70  
*[Exit OLIVIA and MARIA]*

*Mal* O ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! Thus concurs directly with the letter she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him for she incites me to that in the letter Cast thy humble slough says she be opposite with a kinsman surly with servants let thy tongue tang with arguments of state put thyself into the trick of singularity and consequently sets down the manner how as a sad face a reverend carriage a slow tongue in the habit of some sir of note and so forth I have lined her but it is Jove's doing and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now Let this fellow be looked to fellow! not Malvolio nor after my degree but fellow Why every thing adheres together that no dram of a scruple no scruple of a scruple no obstacle no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes Well Jove nor I is the doer of this and he is to be thanked

*Re-enter MARIA with SIR TOBY and FABIAN*

*Sir To* Which way is he in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little and Legion himself possessed him yet I'll speak to him

*Fab* Here he is here he is How is it with you sir? how is it with you man?

*Mal* Go off I disdain you let me enjoy my private go off 100

*Mal* Lo how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby my lady prays you to have a care of him

*Mal* Ah ha! does she so?

*Sir To* Go to go to peace peace we must deal gently with him let me alone How do you Malvolio? how is it with you? What man defy the devil consider he's an enemy to mankind

*Mal* Do you know what you say? 110

*Mal* La you an you speak ill of the devil how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitched!

*Fab* Carry his water to the wise woman

*Mal* Marry and it shall be done to-morrow

morning if I live My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say

*Mal* How now mistress?

*Mar* O Lord!

*Sir To* Prithee hold thy peace this is not the way do you not see you move him? let me alone with him

*Fab* No way but gentleness gently gently the fiend is rough and will not be roughly used

*Sir To* Why how now my hawkcock! how dost thou churl?

*Mal* Sir!

*Sir To* Ay Biddy come with me What man tis not for gravity in play at cherry pit with Satan hang him foul collier! 120

*Mal* Get him to say his prayers good Sir Toby get him to pray

*Mal* My prayers mine!

*Mal* No I warrant you he will not hear of godliness

*Mal* Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things I am not of your element you shall know more hereafter *[Exit]*

*Sir To* Is it possible?

*Fab* If this were played upon a stage now I could condemn it as an improbable fiction 140

*Sir To* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man

*Mal* Nay pursue him now lest the device take air and taint

*Fab* Why we shall make him mad indeed

*Mal* The house will be the quieter

*Sir To* Come we'll have him in a dark room and bound My niece is already in the belief that he's mad we may carry it thus for our pleasure and his penance till our very pastime tired out of breath prompt us to have mercy on him at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see but see

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

*Fab* More matter for a May morning

*Sir And* Here's the challenge read it I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.

*Fab* Is it so saucy?

*Sir And* Ay is it I warrant him do but read 160

*Sir To* Give me *[Reads]* Youth whatsoever thou art thou art but a scurvy fellow

*Fab* Good and valiant

*Sir To* *[Reads]* Woe let not nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee so for I will show thee no reason for it

*Fab* A good note that keeps you from the blow of the law 169

*Sir To* [Reads] "Thou comest to the lady Olivia and in my sight she uses thee kindly but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for"

*Fab* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less

*Sir To* [Reads] "I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me"—

*Fab* Good

*Sir To* [Reads] "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain" 180

*Fab* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law good

*Sir To* [Reads] "Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine but my hope is better, and so look to thyself Thy friend, as thou usest him and thy sworn enemy ANDREW AGUECHECK If this letter move him not, his legs cannot I'll give them

*Maria* You may have very fit occasion for it He is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart

*Sir To* Go Sir Andrew scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailly so soon as ever thou seest him draw and as thou drawest swear horrible for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him Away! 200

*Sir And* Nay, let me alone for swearing [Exit

*Sir To* Now will not I deliver his letter for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less therefore this letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth he will find it comes from a clodpole But sir I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth set upon Aguecheck a notable report of valour and drive the gentleman as I know his youth will aptly receive it into a most hideous opinion of his rage skill fury and impetuosity This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look like cockatrices

*Re-enter OLIVIA with VIOLA*

*Fab* Here he comes with your niece give them way till he take leave and presently after him

*Sir To* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge 220

[Exit SIR TOBY, FABIAN, and MARIA]

*Ol* I have said too much unto a heart of stone

And laid mine honour too uncharly out There's something in me that reproves my fault, But such a headstrong potent fault it is That it but mocks reproof

*Viola* With the same humour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief

*Ol* Here wear this jewel for me 'tis my picture,

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you And I beseech you come again to-morrow 230 What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, That honour saved may upon asking give?

*Viola* Nothing but this, your true love for my master

*Ol* How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

*Viola* I will acquit you

*Ol* Well, come again to-morrow Fare thee well

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell [Exit

*Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN*

*Sir To* Gentleman, God save thee

*Viola* And you, sir 239

*Sir To* That defence thou hast, betake thee to it of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not, but thy interceptor full of despite bloody as the hunter attends thee at the orchard end dismount thy ruck be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick skilful and deadly

*Viola* You mistake, sir I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man 250

*Sir To* You'll find it otherwise I assure you therefore, if you hold your life at any price betake you to your guard, for your opposite hath in him what youth strength skill, and wrath can furnish man withal

*Viola* I pray you sir what meaneth?

*Sir To* He is a knight dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration but he is a devil in private brawl souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre Hobnob is his word give or take

*Viola* I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady I am no fighter I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour belike this is a man of that quirk

*Sir To* Sir no his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury therefore get you on and give him his desire Back you shall not to the house unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him therefore on or strip your sword stark naked for meddle you must that s certain or forswear to wear iron about you

*I so* This is un civil strange I beseech you do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is it is some thing of my negligence nothing of my purpose

*Sir To* I will do so Signior Fabian stay you by this gentleman till my return *[Exit]*

*I so* Pray you, sir do you know of this matter?

*Fab* I know the knight is incensed against you even to a mortal arbitrement but nothing of the circumstance more

*Vio* I beseech you what manner of man is he? 289

*Fab* Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour He is indeed sir the most shifful bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illiria Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can

*I so* I shall be much bound to you for t I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight I care not who knows so much of my mettle *[Exeunt]* 300

*Re enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW*

*Sir To* Why man he s a very devil I have not seen such a firago I had a pass with him rapier scabbard and all and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on They say he has been fencer to the Sophy

*Sir And* Pox on t I ll not meddle with him

*Sir To* Ay but he will not now be pacified Fabian can scarce hold him yonder 310

*Sir And* Plague on t an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence I d have seen him damned ere I d have challenged him Let him let the matter slip and I ll give him my horse grey Capilet

*Sir To* I ll make the motion stand here make a good show on t this shall end without the perdition of souls *[Aside]* Marry I ll ride your horse as well as I ride you 319

*Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA*

*[To Fabian]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel I have persuaded him the youth is a devil

*Fab* He is a horribly conceited of hum and pants and looks pale as if a bear were at his heels

*Sir To* *[To VIOLA]* There s no remedy sir he will fight with you for s oath sake marry he hath better bethought him of his quarrel and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of therefore draw for the supportance of his vow he protests he will not hurt you 330

*Vio* *[Aside]* Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man

*Fab* Give ground if you see him furious

*Sir To* Come Sir Andrew there s no remedy the gentleman will for his honour s sake have one bout with you he cannot by the duello avoid but he has promised me as he is a gentleman and a soldier he will not hurt you Come on to t 340

*Sir And* Pray God he l keep his oath!

*I so* I do assure you tis against my will *They draw*

*Enter ANTONIO*

*Ant* Put up your sword If this young gentleman

Have done offence I take the fault on me

If you offend him I for him defy you

*Sir To* You sir! why what are you?

*Ant* One sir that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will

*Sir To* Nay if you be an undertaker I am for you 350

*They draw*

*Enter OFFICERS*

*Fab* O good Sir Toby hold! Here come the officers

*Sir To* I ll be with you anon

*Vio* Pray sir put your sword up if you please

*Sir And* Marry will I sir and for that I promised you I ll be as good as my word he will bear you easily and reins well

*1st Off* This is the man do thy office

*2nd Off* Antonio I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino 361

*Ant* You do mistake me sir

*1st Off* No sir no jot I know your favour well

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head

Take him away he knows I know him well

*Ant* I must obey *[To VIOLA]* This comes with seeking you

But there s no remedy I shall answer it What will you do now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me  
 Much more for what I cannot do for you 370  
 Than what befalls myself You stand amazed,  
 But be of comfort

*2nd Off* Come, sir, away

*Ant* I must entreat of you some of that money

*Vio* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
 And part, being prompted by your present  
 trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability

I'll lend you something my having is not much,  
 I'll make division of my present with you 380

Hold, there's half my coffer

*Ant* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you

Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,

Lest that it make me so unsound a man

As to upbraid you with those kindnesses

That I have done for you

*Vio* I know of none,

Nor know I you by voice or any feature

I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 390

Inhabits our frail blood

*Ant* O heavens themselves!

*2nd Off* Come sir I pray you go

*Ant* Let me speak a little This youth that you  
 see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,

Relieved him with such sanctity of love

And to his image which methought did promise

Most venerable worth did I devotion

*1st Off* What's that to us? The time goes by  
 away!

*Ant* But O how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast Sebastian done good feature shame

In nature there's no blemish but the mind 401

None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind

Virtue in beauty but the beauteous evil

Are empty trunks or flourish'd by the devil

*1st Off* The man grows mad away with him!

Come come sir

*Ant* Lead me on *[Exit with OFFICERS]*

*Vio* Methinks his words do from such passion  
 fly,

That he believes himself so do not I

Prove true imagination O prove true,

That I dear brother be now taken for you! 410

*Sir To* Come hither knight, come hither Fa-  
 bian we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most  
 sage saws

*Vio* He named Sebastian I my brother know

Yet living in my glass even such and so

In favour was my brother, and he went

Still in this fashion colour ornament,

For him I imitate O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love

*[Exit]*

*Sir To* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a  
 coward than a hare his dishonesty appears in  
 leaving his friend here in necessity and denying  
 him and for his cowardship ask Fabian

*Fab* A coward, a most devout coward, religious  
 in it

*Sir And* 'Slid I'll after him again and beat him

*Sir To* Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw  
 thy sword

*Sir And* An I do not—

*[Exit 430]*

*Fab* Come, let's see the event

*Sir To* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing  
 yet *[Exeunt]*

## ACT IV

### SCENE I Before Olivia's house

*Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN*

*Clo* Will you make me believe that I am not  
 sent for you?

*Seb* Go to go to, thou art a foolish fellow

Let me be clear of thee

*Clo* Well held out, I faith! No, I do not I now  
 you, nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid  
 you come speak with her, nor your name is not  
 Master Cesario nor this is not my nose neither  
 Nothing that is so is so

*Seb* I prithee vent thy folly somewhere else

Thou know'st not me

11

*Clo* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of  
 some great man and now applies it to a fool Vent  
 my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,  
 will prove a cockney I prithee now ungird thy  
 strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my  
 lady shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb* I prithee foolish Greek depart from me  
 There's money for thee if you tarry longer 20  
 I shall give worse payment

*Clo* By my troth thou hast an open hand These  
 wise men that give fools money get themselves a  
 good report—after fourteen years purchase

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY and FABIAN*

*Sir And* Now, sir have I met you again?  
 there's for you

*Seb* Why there's for thee and there, and there  
 Are all the people mad?

*Sir To* Hold sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er  
 the house 31

*Clo* Thus will I tell my lady straight I would  
 not be in some of your coats for two pence *[Exit]*

*Sir To* Come on sir, hold



*Sir And* Nay let him alone I'll go another way to work with him I'll have an action of battery against him if there be any law in Illyria though I struck him first yet it is no matter for that

*Seb* Let go thy hand 40

*Sir To* Come sir I will not let you go Come my young soldier put up your iron you are well fleshed come on

*Seb* I will be free from thee What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further draw thy sword  
*Sir To* What what? Nay then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you

*Enter OLIVIA*

*Oh* Hold Toby on thy life I charge thee hold!

*Sir To* Madam! 50

*Oh* Will it be ever thus? Ungenerous wretch Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves Where manners ne'er were preach'd out of my sight!

Be not offended dear Cesario

Rudesby be gone

*[Exit SIR TOBY SIR ANDREW and FABIAN]*

I prithee gentle friend

Let thy fair wisdom not thy passion sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace Go with me to my house

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath boded up that thou thereby do

May'st smile at this thou shalt not choose but go

Do not deny Beshrew his soul for me

He started one poor heart of mine in thee

*Seb* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad or else this is a dream

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep

If it be thus to dream still let me sleep!

*Oh* Nay come I prithee would thou'dst be

ruled by me!

*Seb* Madam, I will

*Oh* O say so and so be! *[Exit]*

*SCENE II. OLIVIA'S HOUSE*

*Enter MARIA and CLOWN*

*Mar* Nay I prithee put on this gown and this beard make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate do it quickly I'll call Sir Toby the whilst

*[Exit]*

*Clo* Well I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown I am not tall enough to become the function well nor lean enough to be thought a good student but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar The competitors enter

*Enter SIR TOBY and MARIA*

*Sir To* Jove bless thee master Parson  
*Clo* Bonos dies Sir Toby for as the old hermit of Prague that never saw pen and ink very wittily said to a piece of King Gorboduc That that is so I being master Parson am master Parson for what is that but that and is but is?

*Sir To* To him Sir Topas 20

*Clo* What ho I say! peace in this prison!

*Sir To* The I have counterfeits well a good knave

*Mal* *[Within]* Who calls there?

*Clo* Sir Topas the curate who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic

*Mal* Sir Topas good Sir Topas go to my lady

*Clo* Out hyperbolical fiend! how veriest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

*Sir To* Well said master Parson

*Mal* Sir Topas never was man thus wronged good Sir Topas do not think I am mad they have laid me here in hideous darkness

*Clo* Fie thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy sayest thou that house is dark?

*Mal* As hell Sir Topas 39

*Clo* Why at hath bay windows transparent as barricadoes and the clearstores toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal* I am not mad Sir Topas I say to you this house is dark

*Clo* Madman thou errest I say there is no darkness but ignorance in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog

*Mal* I say this house is as dark as ignorance though ignorance were as dark as hell and I say there was never man thus abused I am no more mad than you are make the trial of it in any constant question

*Clo* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

*Mal* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird

*Clo* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal* I think nobly of the soul and no way approve his opinion 60

*Clo* Fare thee well Remain thou still in darkness thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam Fareth e well

*Mal* Sir Topas Sir Topas!

*Sir To* My most exquisite *Sir Topas*!

*Clo* Nay, I am for all waters

*Mar* Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown he sees thee not 70

*Sir To* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him I would we were well rid of this knavery If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were, for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot Come by and by to my chamber

[*Exeunt SIR TOBY and MARIA*]

*Clo* [Smging] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does "

*Mal Fool*! 80

*Clo* ' My lady is unkind, perdy "

*Mal Fool*!

*Clo* "Alas, why is she so?"

*Mal Fool*, I say!

*Clo* "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

*Mal* Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle and pen ink and paper as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't

*Clo* Master Malvolio? 90

*Mal* Ay, good fool

*Clo* Alas, sir how fell you besides your five wits?

*Mal Fool*, there was never man so notoriously abused I am as well in my wits, fool as thou art

*Clo* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool

*Mal* They have here propertyed me keep me in darkness, send ministers to me asses and do all they can to face me out of my wits 101

*Clo* Advise you what you say, the minister is here Malvolio, Malvolio thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bubble babble

*Mal Sir Topas*!

*Clo* Maintain no words with him, good fellow Who, I, sir? not I, sir God be wi you, good Sir Topas Marry amen I will sir, I will

*Mal Fool*, fool, fool I say! 110

*Clo* Alas sir be patient What say you sir? I am shent for speaking to you

*Mal* Good fool, help me to some light and some paper I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria

*Clo* Well a-day that you were, sir!

*Mal* By this hand I am Good fool, some ink paper, and light and convey what I will set down to my lady it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did 120

*Clo* I will help you to't But tell me true are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal* Believe me, I am not, I tell thee true

*Clo* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains I will fetch you light and paper and ink

*Mal Fool*, I'll requite it in the highest degree I prithee, be gone

*Clo* [Smging] "I am gone, sir, 130

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old Vice,

Your need to sustain,

Who with dagger of lath

In his rage and his wrath

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil

Like a mad lad

Pare thy nails, dad, 140

Adieu, good man devil "

[*Exit*]

### SCENE III *Olivia's garden*

*Enter SEBASTIAN*

*Seb* This is the air, that is the glorious sun, This pearl she gave me, I do feel t and see t, And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus Yet 'tis not madness Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant

Yet there he was and there I found this credit That he did range the town to seek me out His counsel now might do me golden service, For though my soul disputes well with my sense That this may be some error but no madness 10 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes And wrangle with my reason that persuades me To any other trust but that I am mad Or else the lady's mad yet, if t were so, She could not sway her house, command her followers

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch With such a smooth discreet, and stable bearing As I perceive she does there's something in 20 That is deceivable But here the lady comes

*Enter OLIVIA and PRIEST*

*Oli* Blame not this haste of mine If you mean well

Now go with me and with this holy man Into the chantry by there before him, And underneath that consecrated roof Plight me the full assurance of your faith, That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace He shall conceal it Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,

What time we will our celebration keep 30

According to my birth What do you say?

Seb I'll follow this good man and go with you

And having sworn truth ever will be true

Oliv Then lead the way good father and heavens so shine

That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt*]

### ACT V

#### SCENE I Before Olivia's house

*Enter CLOWN and FABIAN*

Fab Now as thou lovest me let me see his letter

Clo Good Master Fabian grant me another request

Fab Anything

Clo Do not desire to see this letter

Fab This is to give a dog and in recompense desire my dog again

*Enter DUKE VIOLA CURIO and Lords*

Duke Belong you to the Lady Olivia friends?

Clo Ay sir we are some of her trappings 10  
Duke I know thee well how dost thou my good fellow?

Clo Truly sir the better for my foes and the worse for my friends

Duke Just the contrary the better for thy friends

Clo No sir the worse

Duke How can that be?

Clo Marry sir they praise me and make an ass of me now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass so that by my foes sir I profit in the knowledge of myself and by my friends I am abused so that conclusions to be as kisses if your four negatives make your two affirmatives why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes

Duke Why this is excellent

Clo By my troth, sir no though it please you to be one of my friends

Duke Thou shalt not be the worse for me there's gold 31

Clo But that it would be double-dealing sir I would you could make it another

Duke O you give me ill counsel

Clo Put your grace in your pocket sir for this once and let your flesh and blood obey it

Duke Well I will be so much a summer to be a double-dealer there's another

Clo Primo secundo tertio is a good pla and the old saying is the third pays for all the triplex sir is a good tripping measure or the

bells of Saint Berner sir may put you in mind one two three

Duke You can fool no more money out of me at this throw if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her and bring her along with you it may awake my bounty further

Clo Marry sir lullaby to your bounty till I come again I go sir but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness but as you say sir let your bounty take a nap I will awake it anon [Exit

Vio Here comes the man sir that did rescue me

*Enter ANTONIO and OFFICERS*

Duke That face of his I do remember well yet when I saw it last it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war A bawling vessel was he captain of For shallow draught and bulk unprizable With which such scathful grapple did he make 60 That very envy and the tongue of loss Cried fame and honour on him What's the matter?

1st Off Orsino this is that Antonio That took the *Phoenix* and her freight from Candy

And this is he that did the *Tiger* board When your young nephew Titus lost his leg Here in the streets desperate of shame and state In private brabble did we apprehend him

2nd He did me kindness sir drew on my side But in conclusion put strange speech upon me 70 I know not what 'twas but distraction

Duke Notable pirate! thou salt water thief! What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies

Whom thou in terms so bloody and so dear Hast made thine enemies?

Ant Orsino noble sir Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me

Antonio never was thief or pirate Though I confess on base and ground enough Orsino's enemy A witchcraft drew me hither That most ingrateful boy there by your side 80 From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth Did I redeem a wreck past hope he was His life I gave him and did thereto add My love without retention or restraint All his in dedication for his sake Did I expose myself pure for his love Into the danger of this adverse town Drew to defend him when he was beset Where being apprehended his false cunning

Not meaning to partake with me in danger, 90  
 Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
 And grew a twenty years removed thing  
 While one would wink, denied me mine own

purse,  
 Which I had recommended to his use  
 Not half an hour before

*Vio* How can this be?

*Duke* When came he to this town?

*Ant* To-day, my lord, and for three months  
 before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,  
 Both day and night did we keep company

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants*

*Duke* Here comes the Countess now heaven  
 walks on earth 100

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad-  
 ness

Three months this youth hath tended upon me,  
 But more of that anon Take him aside

*Oli* What would my lord but that he may not  
 have

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me

*Vio* Madam!

*Duke* Gracious Olivia—

*Oli* What do you say, Cesario? Good my  
 lord— 109

*Vio* My lord would speak, my duty hushes me

*Oli* If it be aught to the old tune my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music

*Duke* Still so cruel?

*Oli* Still so constant, lord

*Duke* What to perverseness? you uncivil lady,

To whose ingrate and un auspicious altars

My soul the faithfull st offerings hath breathed  
 out

That e'er devotion tender d! What shall I do?

*Oli* Even what it please my lord, that shall be-  
 come him

*Duke* Why should I not, had I the heart to do  
 it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,

Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly But hear me this

Since you to non regardance cast my faith

And that I partly know the instrument

That screws me from my true place in your  
 favour,

Live you the marble breasted tyrant still,

But this your minion whom I know you love

And whom, by heaven I swear I tender dearly

Him will I tear out of that cruel eye 130

Where he sits crowned in his master's spite

Come boy, with me, my thoughts are ripe in  
 mischief

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,

To spite a raven's heart within a dove

*Vio* And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die

*Oli* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio* After him I love

More than I love these eyes more than my life,

More by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife

If I do feign you witnesses above 140

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli* Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

*Vio* Who does beguile you? who does do you  
 wrong?

*Oli* Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?

Call forth the holy father

*Duke* Come, away!

*Oli* Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay

*Duke* Husband!

*Oli* Ay, husband can he that deny?

*Duke* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio* No my lord, not I

*Oli* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear

That makes thee strangle thy propriety 150

Fear not Cesario, take thy fortunes up,

Be that thou I now'st thou art, and then thou art

As great as that thou fear st

*Enter PRIEST*

O, welcome, father

Father I charge thee, by thy reverence,

Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now

Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know

Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me

*Priest* A contract of eternal bond of love

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands 160

Attested by the holy close of lips

Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,

And all the ceremony of this compact

Seal'd in my function by my testimony

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my  
 grave

I have travell'd but two hours

*Duke* O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou  
 be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow? 170

Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feet

Where thou and I henceforth may never meet

*Vio* My lord, I do protest—

*Oli* O do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much  
 fear

*Enter SIR ANDREW*

*Sir And* For the love of God a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby

*Oli* What's the matter?

*Sir And* He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody corncob too for the love of God your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home 181

*Oli* Who has done this Sir Andrew?

*Sir And* The Count's gentleman one Cesario we took him for a coward but he's the very devil incarnate

*Duke* My gentleman Cesario?

*Sir And* Od's lifelings here he is! You broke my head for nothing and that that I did I was set on to do by Sir Toby

*Vis* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause But I bespake you fair and hurt you not

*Sir And* If a bloody corncob be a hurt you have hurt me I think you set nothing by a bloody corncob

*Enter SIR TOBY and CLOWN*

Here comes Sir Toby halting you shall hear more but if he had not been in drink he would have tickled you othergates than he did

*Duke* How now gentleman! how is it with you? 200

*Sir To* That's all one has hurt me and there's the end on't. Sot did see Dick surgeon sot?

*Oli* O he's drunk Sir Toby an hour ago his eyes were set at eight the morning

*Sir To* Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pany'n I hate a drunken rogue

*Oli* Away with him Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And* I'll help you Sir Toby because we'll be dressed together 211

*Sir To* Will you help? an ass head and a corncob and a knave a thin faced knave a gull!

*Oli* Get him to bed and let his hurt be look'd to  
[*Exeunt CLOWN FARMER SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN*

*Seb* I am sorry madam I have hurt your kinsman

But had it been the brother of my blood I must have done no less with wit and safety You throw a strange regard upon me and by that I do perceive I have offended you 230  
Pardon me, sweet one even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago

*Duke* One face one voice one habit and two persons

A natural perspective that is and is not!

*Seb* Antonio O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me Since I have lost thee?

*Ant* Sebastian are you?

*Seb*

Fear'st thou that Antonio?

*Ant* How have you made division of yourself? 230

An apple cleft in two is not more twin

Than these two creatures Which is Sebastian?

*Oli* Most wonderful!

*Seb* Do I stand there? I never had a brother

Nor can there be that deity in my nature

Of here and everywhere I had a sister

Whom the blind waves and surges have desour'd

Of charity what kin are you to me?

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vis* Of Messaline Sebastian was my father 240

Such a Sebastian was my brother too

So went he suited to his watery tomb

If spirits can assume both form and suit

You come to fright us

*Seb* A spirit I am indeed

But am in that dimension grossly clad

Which from the womb I did participate

Were you a woman as the rest goes even

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek

And say Thrice welcome drowned Viola!

*Vis* My father had a mole upon his brow 250

*Seb* And so had mine

*Vis* And died that day when Viola from her

birth

Had number'd thirteen years

*Seb* O that record is lively in my soul!

He finished indeed his mortal act

That day that made my sister thirteen years

*Vis* If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire

Do not embrace me till each circumstance

Of place time fortune do cohere and jump 260

That I am Viola which to confirm

I'll bring you to a captain in this town

Where lie my maiden weeds by whose gentle

help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord

*Seb* [To *OLIVIA*] So comes it lady you have

been mistook

But nature to her bias drew in that

You would have been contracted to a maid

Nor are you therein by my life deceived

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man 270

*Duke* Be not amaz'd right noble is his blood

If this be so as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck  
[To VIOLA] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand  
times

Thou never shouldst love woman lil e to me

VIOL And all those sayings will I over-swear,

And all those swearings keep as true in soul

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night

Duke Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds 280

VIOL The captain that did bring me first on  
shore

Hath my maid's garments he upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit

A gentleman and follower of my lady's

OL He shall enlarge him fetch Malvolio  
hither

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman he's much distract

*Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his

How does he, sirrah? 290

CL Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the  
stave's end as well as a man in his case may do  
has here writ a letter to you, I should have given  
't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epis-  
tles are no gospels, so it skills not much when  
they are delivered

OL Open it, and read it

CL Look then to be well edified when the fool  
delivers the madman [Reads] 'By the Lord ma-  
dam' — 300

OL How now! art thou mad?

CL No, madam I do but read madness an  
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you  
must allow Vox

OL Prithce, read i' thy right wits

CL So I do madonna, but to read his right wits  
is to read thus therefore perpend, my princess,  
and give ear

OL Read it you sirrah [To FABIAN]

FAB [Reads] "By the Lord madam, you wrong  
me, and the world shall know it though you  
have put me into darkness and given your drunk-  
en cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of  
my senses as well as your ladyship I have your  
own letter that induced me to the semblance I  
put on with the which I doubt not but to do my-  
self much right or you much shame Think of me  
as you please I leave my duty a little unthought  
of and speak out of my injury

The madly used Malvolio'

OL Did he write this? 310

CL Ay madam

Duke This savours not much of distraction

OL See him deliver'd, Fabian, bring him hither

[Exit FABIAN]

My lord, so please you, these things further  
thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please  
you,

Here at my house and at my proper cost

Duke Madam, I am most apt to embrace your  
offer

[To VIOLA] Your master quits you, and for your  
service done him

So much against the mettle of your sex 330

So far beneath your soft and tender breed-  
ing

And since you call'd me master for so long

Here is my hand you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress

OL A sister! you are she

*Re enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO*

Duke Is this the madman?

OL Ay, my lord, this same

How now, Malvolio!

MAL Madam you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong

OL Have I, Malvolio? no

MAL Lady, you have Pray you, peruse that  
letter

You must not now deny it is your hand

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase, 340

Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention

You can say none of this well grant it then

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of  
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to  
you

To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people,

And acting this in an obedient hope

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest 350

And made the most notorious geck and gull

That ever invention play'd on? tell me why

OL Alas, Malvolio this is not my writing

Though, I confess much like the character

But out of question 'tis Maria's hand

And now I do beclunk me, it was she

First told me thou wast mad, then earnest in  
smiling

And in such forms which here were presup-  
posed

Upon thee in the letter Prithce, be content

This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee  
 But when we know the grounds and authors of it  
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
 Of thine own cause

360

*Fab* Good madam, hear me speak  
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
 Taint the condition of this present hour  
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not  
 Most freely I confess myself and Toby  
 Set this devil against Malvolio here  
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
 We had conceived against him. Maria writ  
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance  
 In recompense whereof he hath married her  
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd  
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
 That have on both sides pass'd

370

*Ol* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!  
*Clo* Why, some are born great, some achieve  
 greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.  
 I was one sir in this interlude, one Sir  
 Topas sir, but that's all one. By the Lord, fool,  
 I am not mad. But do you remember? Madam,  
 why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you  
 smile not, he's gagged, and thus the whirlingig  
 of time brings in his revenges.

*Mal* I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you  
*(Exit)*

*Ol* He hath been most notoriously abused.  
*Duke* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.  
 He hath not told us of the captain yet.  
 When that is known, and golden time converts

390

A solemn combination shall be made  
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,  
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come.  
 For so you shall be while you are a man.  
 But when in other habits you are seen  
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen

*(Exit all except CLOWN)**Clo* *(Sings)*

When that I was and a little tiny boy  
 With hey ho the wind and the rain  
 A foolish thing was but a toy  
 For the rain it raineth every day

400

But when I came to man's estate  
 With hey ho &c  
 Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their  
 gate  
 For the rain, &c

But when I came alas! to wive  
 With hey ho &c  
 By swaggering could I never thrive  
 For the rain &c

But when I came unto my beds  
 With hey ho &c  
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads  
 For the rain &c

410

A great while ago the world begun,  
 With hey ho &c  
 But that's all one, our play is done  
 And we'll strive to please you every day.  
*(Exit)*

# HAMLET, Prince of Denmark

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS *King of Denmark*  
 HAMLET, *son to the late and nephew to the present King*  
 POLONIUS *Lord Chamberlain*  
 HORATIO *friend to Hamlet*  
 LAERTES *son to Polonius*  
 VOLTIMAND  
 CORNELIUS  
 ROSENCRANTZ  
 GUILDENSTERN  
 OSRIC  
 A GENTLEMAN  
 A PRIEST  
 MARCELLUS  
 BERNARDO  
 FRANCISCO *a soldier*  
 REYNALDO *servant to Polonius*  
 FIVE PLAYERS

*Courtiers*

*Officers*

TWO CLOWNS *gravediggers*  
 FORTINBRAS *Prince of Norway*  
 A CAPTAIN  
 ENGLISH AMBASSADORS  
 A LORD  
 A SOLDIER  
 TWO MESSENGERS  
 A SERVANT to Horatio  
 DANES  
 GHOST of Hamlet's father

GERTRUDE *Queen of Denmark and mother to Hamlet*  
 OPHELIA *daughter to Polonius*

NON-SPEAKING Lords Ladies Officers Soldiers  
 Sailors and other Attendants

SCENE *Denmark*

## ACT I

SCENE I *Elsmore a platform before the castle*

FRANCISCO at his post Enter to him BERNARDO

Ber Who's there?

Fran Nay, answer me stand and unfold your self

Ber Long live the king!

Fran Bernardo?

Ber He

Fran You come most carefully upon your hour

Ber 'Tis now struck twelve get thee to bed, Francisco

Fran For this relief much thanks 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart

Ber Have you had quiet guard?

Fran Not a mouse stirring 10

Ber Well good night

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste

Fran I think I hear them Stand, ho! Who's there?

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS*

Hor Friends to this ground

Mar And liegemen to the Dane

Fran Give you good night

Mar O farewell honest soldier

Who hath relieved you?

Fran Bernardo has my place [Exit

Give you good night

Mar Holla! Bernardo!

Ber Say,

What is Horatio there?

Hor A piece of him

Ber Welcome, Horatio welcome good Marcellus 20

Mar What has this thing appeared again to-night?

Ber I have seen nothing

Mar Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy And will not let belief take hold of him Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That if again this apparition come

He may approve our eyes and speak to it

Hor Tush tush 'twill not appear

Ber Sit down awhile 30

And let us once again assail your ears

That are so fortified against our story

What we have two nights seen

Hor Well sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this

Ber Last night of all

When yond same star that sets westward from the pole



Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven  
Where now it burns Marcellus and myself  
The bell then beating one—

*Enter GHOST*

*Mar* Peace break thee off look where it  
comes again! 40

*Ber* In the same figure like the King that s  
dead

*Mar* Thou art a scholar speak to it Horatio

*Ber* Looks it not like the King? mark it  
Horatio

*Hor* Most like it harrows me with fear and  
wonder

*Ber* It would be spoke to

*Mar* Question it Horatio

*Hor* What art thou that usurp'st this time of  
night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee  
speak!

*Mar* It is offended

*Ber* See, it stalks away! 50

*Hor* Stay! speak! I charge thee speak!  
[*Exit GHOST*]

*Mar* 'Tis gone and will not answer

*Ber* How now Horatio! you tremble and look  
pale

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

*Hor* Before my God I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes

*Mar* Is it not like the King?

*Hor* As thou art to thyself

Such was the very armour he had on 60

When he the ambitious Norway combated

So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle

He smote the fledg'd Polacks on the ice

'Tis strange

*Mar* Thus twice before, and jump at this dead  
hour

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch

*Hor* In what particular thought to work I know  
not

But in the gross and scope of my opinion

This bodes some strange eruption to our state

*Mar* Good now sit down, and tell me he that  
knows 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

And foreign mart for implements of war

Why such unpress of shipwrights whose sore  
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week  
What might be toward that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day  
Who is't that can inform me?

*Hor* That can I  
At least the whisper goes so Our last king 80

Whose image even but now appear'd to us

Was as you know by Fortinbras of Norway

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride

Dared to the combat in which our valiant Ham-  
let—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd  
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras who by a seal'd com-  
pact

Well ratified by law and heraldry

Did forfeit with his life all those his lands

Which he stood seized of to the conqueror

Against the which a moiety competent 90

Was gaged by our king which had return'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras

Had he been vanquisher as by the same coven-  
ant

And carriage of the article design'd

His fell to Hamlet Now sir young Fortinbras

Of unimprov'd mettle hot and full

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes

For food and diet to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in't which is no other—

As it doth well appear unto our state— 101

But to recover of us by strong hand

And terms compulsory those foresaid lands

So by his father lost and this I take it

Is the main motive of our preparations

The source of this our watch and the chief head

Of this post haste and romance in the land

*Ber* I think it be no other but even so

Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch so like the  
king 110

That was and in the question of these wars

*Hor* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye

In the most high and palmy state of Rome

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell

The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted  
dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood

Disasters in the sun and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire

stands

Was sick almost to drowsy day with eclipse 120

And even the like precursor of fierce events

As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen  
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

*Re enter GHOST*

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!  
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
Speak to me  
If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
Speak to me  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,  
O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth  
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in  
death,

Speak of it [*Cock crows*] stay and speak!

Stop it, Marcellus

*Mar* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor* Do, if it will not stand

*Ber* 'Tis here!

*Hor* 'Tis here!

*Mar* 'Tis gone! [*Exit GHOST*]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence,

For it is as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery

*Ber* It was about to speak, when the cock crew

*Hor* And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons I have heard,

The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day, and at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine and of the truth herein

This present object made probation

*Mar* It faded on the crowing of the cock

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,

The nights are wholesome then no planets strike,

No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time

*Hor* So have I heard and do in part believe it

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill

Break we our watch up, and by my advice

Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet for upon my life,

This spirit dumb to us will speak to him

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar* Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning  
know

Where we shall find him most conveniently  
[*Exit*]

SCENE II *A room of state in the castle*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS,  
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and  
Attendants*

*King* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green and that it us befitted

To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress to this warlike state,

Have we, as twere with a defeated joy—

With an auspicious and a dropping eye

With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage

In equal scale weighing delight and dole—

Taken to wife nor have we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone

With this affair along. For all our thanks

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal of our worth,

Or thinking by our late dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,

Collegued with the dream of his advantage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother. So much for him

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting

Thus much the business we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras—

Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose—to suppress

His further gait herein, in that the levies

The lists and full proportions are all made

Out of his subject and we here dispatch

You good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,

Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the king more than the scope

Of these related articles allow

Farewell and let your haste commend your duty

*Cor* In that and all things will we show our

*Vol* duty

*King* We doubt it nothing heartily farewell

[*Exit* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit, what is't? Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane  
And lose your voice what wouldst thou beg  
Laertes

That shall not be my offer not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father  
What wouldst thou have Laertes?

Laer My dread lord so  
Your leave and favour to return to France  
From whence though willingly I came to Den-  
mark

To show my duty in your coronation,  
Yet now I must confess that duty done  
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward  
France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon  
King Have you your father's leave? What  
says Polonius?

Pol He hath my lord wrung from me my  
slow leave

By labour some petition and at last  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent 60  
I do beseech you give him leave to go

King Take thy fair hour Laertes time be-  
thine

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!  
But now my cousin Hamlet and my son—

Ham [Aside] A little more than kin and less  
than kind

King How is it that the clouds still hang on  
you?

Ham Not so my lord I am too much i the  
sun

Queen Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark  
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 70  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust  
Thou know'st 'tis common all that lives must  
die

Passing through nature to eternity  
Ham Ay madam it is common

Queen If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham Seems madam? nay it is I know not  
seems

'Tis not alone my inkly cloak good mother  
Nor customary suits of solemn black  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath  
No nor the fruitful river in the eye 80  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage  
Together with all forms moods shapes of grief  
That can denote me truly these indeed seem  
For they are actions that a man might play  
But I have that within which passeth show  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe

King 'Tis sweet and commendable in your  
nature Hamlet

To give these mourning duties to your father  
But you must know your father lost a father  
That father lost lost his and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation for some term 91

To do obsequious sorrow but to persevere  
In obstinate condolment is a course  
Of impious stubbornness 'tis unmanly grief  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven  
A heart unfortified a mind impatient  
An understanding simple and unschool'd  
For what we know must be and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense  
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100  
Take it to heart? 'Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven  
A fault against the dead a fault to nature  
To reason most absurd whose common theme  
Is death of fathers and who still hath cried  
From the first corse till he that died to-day  
This must be so We pray you throw to  
earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us  
As of a father for let the world take note  
You are the most immediate to our throne  
And with no less nobility of love 110

Than that which dearest father bears his son  
Do I impart toward you For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg  
It is most retrograde to our desire  
And we beseech you bend you to remain  
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye  
Our chiefest courtier cousin and our son  
Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers  
Hamlet

I pray thee stay with us go not to Witten-  
berg

Ham I shall in all my best obey you madam

King Why 'tis a loving and a fair reply 121  
Be as yourself in Denmark Madam come  
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart in grace whereof  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell  
And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit  
again

Re speaking earthly thunder Come away  
(Exeunt all but HAMLET)

Ham O that this too too solid flesh would  
melt

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! 130  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon gainst self slaughter! O God! God!  
How weary stale flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on 't ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely That it should come to this!  
But two months dead nay, not so much, not two  
So excellent a king that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother 140  
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on and yet, within a month—  
Let me not think on t—Frailty, thy name is woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body  
Like Niobe, all tears why she, even she— 149  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my  
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules within a month  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married O most wicked speed to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not nor it cannot come to good  
But break, my heart for I must hold my tongue

*Enter HORATIO MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO*

*Hor* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham* I am glad to see you well 160

*Horatio*—or I do forget myself

*Hor* The same my lord and your poor servant  
ever

*Ham* Sir, my good friend, I'll change that  
name with you

And what make you from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?  
*Marcellus*?

*Mar* My good lord—

*Ham* I am very glad to see you Good even, sir  
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor* A truant disposition good my lord

*Ham* I would not hear your enemy say so,  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 171

To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself I know you are no truant  
But what is your affair in *Elisnore*?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart

*Hor* My lord, I came to see your father's  
funeral

*Ham* I pray thee, do not mock me fellow-  
student,

I think it was to see my mother's wedding

*Hor* Indeed my lord it follow'd hard upon

*Ham* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*! the funeral baked  
meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, *Horatio*!  
My father!—methinks I see my father

*Hor* Where, my lord?

*Ham* In my mind's eye *Horatio*

*Hor* I saw him once he was a goodly king

*Ham* He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again

*Hor* My lord I think I saw him yesternight

*Ham* Saw? who? 190

*Hor* My lord the King your father

*Ham* The King my father!

*Hor* Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you

*Ham* For God's love let me hear

*Hor* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
*Marcellus* and *Bernardo* on their watch

In the dead vast and middle of the night

Been thus encounter'd A figure like your father,

Armed at point exactly cap a pie 200

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes

Within his truncheon's length whilst they, dis-  
till'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear

Stand dumb and speak not to him This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did

And I with them the third night kept the watch

Where as they had deliver'd, both in time

Form of the thing, each word made true and good

The apparition comes I knew your father, 211

These hands are not more like

*Ham* But where was this?

*Mar* My lord, upon the platform where we  
watch'd

*Ham* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor* My lord I did,

But answer made it none yet once methought

It lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion like as it would speak,

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight

*Ham* 'Tis very strange 220

*Hor* As I do live, my honour'd lord 'tis true,

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it

*Ham* Indeed, indeed, sirs but this troubles me

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar* }

*Ber* }

We do my lord

*Ham* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar* { Arm d my lord  
*Ber* {  
*Ham* From top to toe?  
*Mar* {  
*Ber* { My lord from head to foot  
*Ham* Then saw you not his face?  
*Hor* O yes my lord he wore his beaver up  
*Ham* What look d he frowningly? 231  
*Hor* A countenance more in sorrow than in  
 anger  
*Ham* Pale or red?  
*Hor* Nay very pale  
*Ham* And fix d his eyes upon you?  
*Hor* Most constantly  
*Ham* I would I had been there  
 For it would have much amazed you  
*Ham* Very like very like Stay d it long?  
*Hor* While one with moderate haste might  
 tell a hundred  
*Mar* { Longer longer  
*Ber* {  
*Hor* Not when I saw t  
*Ham* His beard was grizzled no? 240  
*Hor* It was as I have seen it in his life  
 A sable silver d  
*Ham* I will watch to-night  
 Perchance twill walk again  
*Hor* I warrant it will  
*Ham* If it assume my noble father s person,  
 I ll speak to it though hell itself should gape  
 And bide me hold my peace I pray you all  
 If you have hitherto conceal d this sight  
 Let it be tenable in your silence still 250  
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night  
 Give it an understanding but no tongue  
 I will requite your loves So fare you well  
 Upon the platform twixt eleven and twelve  
 I ll visit you  
*All* Our duty to your honour  
*Ham* Your loves as mine to you farewell

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET*]

My father s spirit in arms all is not well  
 I doubt some foul play Would the night were  
 come!  
 Till then sit still my soul Foul deeds will rise  
 Though all the earth o erwhelm them to men s  
 eyes [Exit]

SCENE III *A room in Polonius house*

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA*

*Laer* My necessities are embark d fare-  
 well  
 And sister as the winds give benefit  
 And convoy is assistant do not sleep  
 But let me hear from you  
*Oph* Do you doubt that?

*Laer* For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour  
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood  
 A violet in the youth of primy nature  
 Forward not permanent sweet not lasting  
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute  
 No more  
*Oph* No more but so?  
*Laer* Think it no more 10  
 For nature crescent does not grow alone  
 In thews and bulk but a this temple waves  
 The inward service of the mind and soul  
 Grows wide withal Perhaps he loves you now  
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch  
 The virtue of his will but you must fear  
 His greatness weigh d his will is not his own  
 For he himself is subject to his birth  
 He may not as unvalued persons do  
 Care for himself for on his choice depends 20  
 The safety and health of this whole state  
 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
 Whereof he is the head Then if he says he loves  
 you

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it  
 As he in his particular act and place  
 May give his saying deed which is no further  
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal  
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain  
 If with too credent ear you list his songs 30  
 Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmaster d importunity  
 Fear it Ophelia fear it my dear sister  
 And keep you in the rear of your affection  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire  
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon  
 Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed 40  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent  
 Be wary then best safety lies in fear  
 Youth to itself rebels though none else near  
*Oph* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep  
 As watchman to my heart But good my brother  
 Do not as some ungracious pastors do  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heav n  
 Whiles like a puff d and reckless libertine  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads 50  
 And recks not his own rede

*Laer* O fear me not  
 I stay too long but here my father comes

*Enter POLONIUS*

A double blessing is a double grace  
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave

*Pol* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for There, my blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory  
Sec thou character Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act 60  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade Be-  
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel but being in,  
Bear t that the opposed may beware of thee  
Give every man thy ear but few thy voice,  
Tal e each man's censure, but reserve thy judge-  
ment

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70  
But not express'd in fancy, rich not gaudy,  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous chief in that  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry  
This above all to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man 80  
Farewell my blessing season this in thee!

*Laer* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord

*Pol* The time invites you, go, your servants tend

*Laer* Farewell Ophelia, and remember well  
What I have said to you

*Oph* 'Tis in my memory lock'd

And you yourself shall keep the key of it

*Laer* Farewell

[Exit

*Pol* What is't Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph* So please you, something touching the  
Lord Hamlet

*Pol* Marry well bethought 90

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
Given private time to you, and you yourself  
Have of your audience been most free and boun-  
tous

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,  
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,  
You do not understand yourself so clearly  
As it behoves my daughter and your honour  
What is between you? give me up the truth

*Oph* He hath, my lord, of late made many  
tenders

Of his affection to me 100

*Pol* Affection! pooh! you speak like a green  
girl,  
Unsuited in such perilous circumstance

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph* I do not know, my lord, what I should  
think

*Pol* Marry, I'll teach you think yourself a  
baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling Tender yourself more  
dearly,

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool

*Oph* My lord, he hath importuned me with  
love 110

In honourable fashion

*Pol* Ay, fashion you may call it, go to, go to

*Oph* And hath given countenance to his  
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven

*Pol* Ay springs to catch woodcocks I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows these blazes daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a making,

You must not take for fire From this time 120

Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence,  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you in few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 130  
The better to beguile This is for all

I would not in plain terms from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure  
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet

Look to't, I charge you come your ways

*Oph* I shall obey, my lord {Exit

#### SCENE IV The platform

Enter HAMLET HORATIO, and MARCELLUS

*Ham* The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold

*Hor* It is a nipping and an eager air

*Ham* What hour now?

*Hor* I think it lacks of twelve

*Mar* No, it is struck

*Hor* Indeed? I heard it not then it draws near  
the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk

A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off,  
within

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham* The king doth wake to night and takes  
his rouse  
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring  
reels

And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down  
The kettle drum and trumpet thus Bray out  
The triumph of his pledge

*Hor* Is it a custom?

*Ham* Ay marry is t  
But to my mind though I am native here  
And to the manner born it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the observance  
This heavy-headed revel east and west  
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations  
They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase  
Soil our addition and indeed it takes  
From our achievements though perform'd at  
height

The pith and marrow of our attribute  
So oft it chances in particular men  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them  
As in their birth—wherein they are not guilty  
Since nature cannot choose his origin—  
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason  
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens  
The form of plausive manners that these men  
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect  
Being nature a livery or fortune's star—  
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace  
As infinite as man may undergo—  
Shall in the general censure take corruption  
From that particular fault the dram of eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal

*Hor* Look my lords it comes!

*Enter GHOST*

*Ham* Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from  
hell

Be thy intents wicked or charitable  
Thou comest in such a questionable shape  
That I will speak to thee I'll call thee Hamlet  
King father royal Dane O answer me!  
Let me not burst in ignorance but tell  
Why thy canonized bones hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inter'd  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast thee up again What may this mean  
That thou, dead corse again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon  
Making night hideous and we fools of nature  
So horribly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say why is this? wherefore? what should we  
do?

*GHOST beckons HAMLET*

*Hor* It beckons you to go away with it  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone

*Mar* Look with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed ground  
But do not go with it

*Hor* No by no means  
*Ham* It will not speak then I will follow it

*Hor* Do not my lord

*Ham* Why what should be the fear?

I do not see my life at a pin's fee  
And for my soul what can it do to that  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again I'll follow it

*Hor* What if it tempt you toward the flood  
my lord

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea  
And there assume some other horrible form  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason  
And draw you into madness? think of it  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
And hears it roar beneath

*Ham* It waves me still

Go on I'll follow thee

*Mar* You shall not go my lord

*Ham* Hold off your hands

*Hor* Be ruled you shall not go

*Ham* My fate cries out

And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve  
Still am I call'd Unhand me gentlemen  
By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!  
I say away! Go on I'll follow thee

*[Exit GHOST and HAMLET]*

*Hor* He waves desperate with imagination

*Mar* Let's follow 'tis not fit thus to obey him

*Hor* Have after To what issue will this come?

*Mar* Something is rotten in the state of Den  
mark

*Hor* Heaven will direct it

*Mar* Nay let's follow him

*[Exit]*

*SCENE V Another part of the platform*

*Enter GHOST and HAMLET*

*Ham* Where wilt thou lead me? speak I'll  
go no further

*Ghost* Mark me

*Ham* I will

*Ghost* My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself

*Ham* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold

*Ham* Speak, I am bound to hear

*Ghost* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt  
hear

*Ham* What?

*Ghost* I am thy father's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 10

And for the day confined to fast in fires

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purged away But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young  
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part

And each particular hair to stand an end,

Like quills upon the fretful porpentine 20

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood List list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

*Ham* O God!

*Ghost* Revenge his foul and most unnatural  
murder

*Ham* Murder!

*Ghost* Murder most foul as in the best it is

But this most foul strange and unnatural

*Ham* Haste me to know't, that I, with wings  
as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30

May sweep to my revenge

*Ghost* I find thee apt,

And duller shouldst thou be than the far weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethæ wharf

Wouldst thou not stir in this Now Hamlet  
hear

'Tis given out that sleeping in my orchard

A serpent stung me so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused but know thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown

*Ham* O my prophetic soul! 40

My uncle!

*Ghost* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate  
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit with traitorous gifts—

O wicked wit and gifts that have the power

So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming virtuous queen

O Hamlet what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage, and to decline 50

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed,

And prey on garbage

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air,

Brief let me be Sleeping within my orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon, 60

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment, whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

And with a sudden vigour it doth posset

And curd, like eager droppings into milk

The thin and wholesome blood So did it mine, 70

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,

Most Lazar like with vile and loathsome crust,

All my smooth body

Thus was I, sleeping by a brother's hand

Of life of crown of queen at once dispatch'd

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin

Unhous'd, disappointed, unaneled

No reckoning made but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head

O, horrible! O horrible! most horrible! 80

If thou hast nature in thee bear it not,

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damned incest

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,

Taint not thy mind nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught leave her to heaven

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge

To prick and sting her Fare thee well at once!

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire 90

Adieu adieu! Hamlet remember me [Exit

*Ham* O all you host of heaven! O earth! what

else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold hold, my

heart

And you my sinews grow not instant old

But bear me stiffly up Remember thee!

Ay thou poor ghost while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe Remember thee!

Yea from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records

All saws of books all forms, all pressures past

That youth and observation copied there 101



And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain  
 Unmix'd with baser matter 'Yes by heaven'  
 O most pernicious woman!  
 O villain villain smiling damned villain!  
 My tables—meet it is I set it down  
 That one may smile and smile and be a villain  
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark

*Exit King*  
 So uncle there you are Now to my word  
 It is 'Adieu adieu' remember me  
 I have sworn t

*Mar* { *Within* } My lord my lord—  
*Hor* { *Within* } Lord Hamlet—  
*Mar* { *Within* } Lord Hamlet—  
*Hor* { *Within* } Heaven secure him!  
*Ham* So be it!  
*Hor* { *Within* } Hillo ho ho my lord!  
*Ham* Hillo ho ho boy! come bird come

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS*

*Mar* How is t my noble lord?  
*Hor* What news my lord?  
*Ham* O wonderful!  
*Hor* Good my lord tell it  
*Ham* No you'll reveal it  
*Hor* Not I my lord by heaven  
*Mar* Nor I my lord 120  
*Ham* How say you then would heart of man  
 once think it?

But you'll be secret?

*Hor* {  
*Mar* {  
*Ham* There's never a villain dwelling in all  
 Denmark

But he's an arrant knave

*Hor* There needs no ghost my lord come from  
 the grave

To tell us this

*Ham* Why right you are: the right  
 And so without more circumstance at all  
 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part  
 You as your business and desire shall point you  
 For every man has business and desire 130  
 Such as it is and for mine own poor part  
 Look you I'll go pray

*Hor* These are but wild and whirling words  
 my lord

*Ham* I'm sorry they offend you heartily

Yes faith heartily

*Hor* There's no offence my lord

*Ham* Yes by Saint Patrick but there's  
*Horatio*

And much offence too Touching this vision here  
 It is an honest ghost that let me tell you  
 For your desire to know what is between us

O enmaster t as you may And no v good friends  
 As you are friends scholars and soldiers 141  
 Give me one poor request

*Hor* What is t my lord? we will

*Ham* Never make known what you have seen  
 to night

*Hor* {  
*Mar* { My Lord we will not

*Ham* Nay but swear t

*Hor* In faith

*My lord not I*

*Mar* Nor I my lord in faith

*Ham* Upon my sword

*Mar* We have sworn my lord already

*Ham* Indeed upon my sword indeed

*Ghost* {*Beneath*} Swear

*Ham* Ah ha boy! say st thou so? art thou  
 there truepenny? 150

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—  
 Consent to swear

*Hor* Propose the oath my lord

*Ham* Never to speak of this that you have seen

Swear by my sword

*Ghost* {*Beneath*} Swear

*Ham* *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground

Come hither gentlemen

And lay your hands again upon my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard

Swear by my sword 160

*Ghost* {*Beneath*} Swear

*Ham* Well said old mole! canst work i the  
 earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove good  
 friends

*Hor* O day and night but this is wondrous  
 strange!

*Ham* And therefore is a stranger give it wel  
 come

There are more things in heaven and earth  
 Horatio

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy

But come

Here as before never so help you mercy

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself 170

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on

That you at such times seeing me never shall

With arms encumber'd thus or this head  
 shake

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase

As 'Well we know' or 'We could an if  
 we would'

Or 'If we list to speak' or 'There be an if  
 they m'ht'

Or such ambiguous giving out no note

That you know ought of me this not to do

So grace and mercy at your most need help you  
 Swear 181  
*Ghost [Beneath] Swear*  
*Ham* Rest, rest perturbed spirit! [*They*  
*swear*] So gentlemen  
 With all my love I do commend me to you  
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
 God willing, shall not lack Let us go in to-  
 gether,  
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray  
 The time is out of joint O cursed spite,  
 That ever I was born to set it right! 190  
 Nay, come let's go together [*Exeunt*]

## ACT II

SCENE I *A room in Polonius' house**Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO*

*Pol* Give him this money and these notes,  
 Reynaldo  
*Rey* I will, my lord  
*Pol* You shall do marvellous wisely, good  
 Reynaldo  
 Before you visit him, to make inquire  
 Of his behaviour  
*Rey* My lord I did intend it  
*Pol* Marry, well said, very well said Look  
 you, sir  
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,  
 And how, and who, what means and where they  
 keep  
 What company, at what expense and finding  
 By this encompassment and drift of question 10  
 That they do know my son, come you more  
 nearer  
 Then your particular demands will touch it  
 Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of  
 him  
 As thus I know his father and his friends  
 And in part him" do you mark this Reynaldo?  
*Rey* Ay very well, my lord  
*Pol* "And in part him, but ' you may say  
 "not well  
 But if't be he I mean he's very wild  
 Addicted so and so' and there put on him 19  
 What forgeries you please marry none so rank  
 As may dishonour him take heed of that  
 But, sir such wanton, wild and usual slips  
 As are companions noted and most known  
 To youth and liberty  
*Rey* As gaming my lord  
*Pol* Ay, or drinking, fencing swearing quar-  
 relling,  
 Drabbing you may go so far  
*Rey* My lord, that would dishonour him

*Pol* 'Faith, no, as you may season it in the  
 charge  
 You must not put another scandal on him,  
 That he is open to incontinency, 30  
 That's not my meaning But breathe his faults so  
 quaintly  
 That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
 Of general assault  
*Rey* But, my good lord—  
*Pol* Wherefore should you do this?  
*Rey* Ay, my lord,  
 I would know that  
*Pol* Marry, sir here's my drift,  
 And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit  
 You laying these slight sullies on my son  
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, 40  
 Mark you,  
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes  
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured  
 He closes with you in this consequence,  
 'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'  
 According to the phrase or the addition  
 Of man and country  
*Rey* Very good, my lord  
*Pol* And then, sir, does he this—he does—  
 what was I about to say? By the mass, I was  
 about to say something Where did I leave? 51  
*Rey* At "closes in the consequence," at "friend  
 or so," and "gentleman"  
*Pol* At "closes in the consequence," ay marry  
 He closes thus I know the gentleman,  
 I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,  
 Or then or then, with such, or such, and as you  
 say,  
 There was a 'gaming, there o'ertook in a rouse,  
 There falling out at tennis' or perchance,  
 "I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60  
*I'ldelict*, a brothel or so forth  
 See you now  
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth  
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
 With windlasses and with assays of bias,  
 By indirections find directions out  
 So by my former lecture and advice,  
 Shall you my son You have me, have you not?  
*Rey* My lord, I have  
*Pol* God be wi' you fare you well  
*Rey* Good my lord!  
*Pol* Observe his inclination in yourself 70  
*Rey* I shall, my lord  
*Pol* And let him ply his music  
*Rey*  
*Pol* Farewell! Well my lord  
 [*Exit REYNALDO*]

Enter OPHELIA

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph O my lord, my lord I have been so afraid!

Pol With what? the name of God?

Oph My lord, as I was sewing in my closet  
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced  
No hat upon his head his stockings foul'd  
Ungarter'd and down-gyrd to his ankle 80  
Pale as his shirt his knees knocking each other  
And with a look so piteous in purport  
As if he had been loosed out of hell

To speak of horrors—he comes before me

Pol Mad for thy love?

Oph My lord I do not know  
But truly I do fear it

Pol What said he?

Oph He took me by the wrist and held me hard  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm  
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow  
He falls to such perusal of my face 90  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so  
At last a little shaking of mine arm  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk  
And end his being. That done he lets me go  
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes  
For out o' doors he went without their helps  
And in the last bended his light on me 100

Pol Come go with me I will go seek the King

This is the very ecstasy of love  
Whose violent property fordoes itself  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures I am sorry.  
What have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph No my good lord but as you did command

I did repel his letters and denied  
His access to me

Pol That hath made him mad 110  
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement  
I had not quor'd him I fear'd he did but trifle  
And meant to wreck thee but beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King  
This must be known which, being kept close,  
might move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE II A room in the castle

Enter KING QUEEN ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN and Attendants

King Welcome dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you  
The need we have to use you did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation so call it  
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should be  
More than his father's death that thus hath put  
him

So much from the understanding of himself  
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both 10  
That being of so young days brought up with  
him

And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and humour  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
Some little time so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures and to gather  
So much as from occasion you may glean,  
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him  
thus

That open'd lies within our remedy  
Queen Good gentlemen he hath much talk'd  
of you

And sure I am two men there are not living 20  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry and good will  
As to expend your time with us awhile  
For the supply and profit of our hope  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a King's remembrance

Ros Both your Majesties  
Might by the sovereign power you have of us  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty

Gul But we both obey  
And here give up ourselves in the full bent 30  
To lay our service freely at your feet  
To be commanded

King Thanks Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern

Queen Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed son. Go some of you  
And bring these gentlemen where I Hamlet is

Gul Heavens make our presence and our  
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen Ay amen!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and  
some Attendants]

*Enter* POLONIUS

*Pol* The ambassadors from Norway, my good  
lord, 40  
Are joyfully return'd

*King* Thou still hast been the father of good  
news

*Pol* Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious king  
And I do think, or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath used to do that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy 49

*King* O, speak of that, that do I long to hear

*Pol* Give first admittance to the ambassadors,  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast

*King* Thyself do grace to them and bring  
them in [Exit POLONIUS]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper

*Queen* I doubt it is no other but the main,  
His father's death and our overhasty marriage

*King* Well, we shall sift him

*Re-enter* POLONIUS with VOLTIMAND and  
CORNELIUS

Welcome my good friends'

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

*Volt* Most fair return of greetings and desires  
Upon our first he sent out to suppress 61

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation against the Polack,  
But better look'd into he truly found

It was against your Highness whereat grieved,  
That so to his sickness age and impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand sends out arrests

On Fortinbras, which he in brief obeys,  
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine  
Makes vow before his uncle never more 70

To give the assay of arms against your Majesty  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,  
And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before against the Polack  
With an entreaty herein further shown,

*Giving a paper*  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down

*King* It likes us well 80  
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business

Meantime we thank you for your well took  
labour

Go to your rest at night we'll feast together  
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS]

*Pol* This business is well ended  
My liege, and madam to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit 90  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
I will be brief your noble son is mad

Mad call I it, for to define true madness,  
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go

*Queen* More matter, with less art

*Pol* Madam I swear I use no art at all  
That he is mad, 'tis true 'tis true 'tis pity,  
And pity 'tis 'tis true A foolish figure,  
But farewell it for I will use no art

Mad let us grant him then, and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect, 107

Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause

Thus it remains and the remainder thus  
Perpend

I have a daughter—have while she is mine—  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this Now gather, and surmise

*Reads*  
"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most  
beautified Ophelia"— 110

That's an ill phrase a vile phrase, "beautified" is  
a vile phrase but you shall hear Thus [Reads]

"In her excellent white bosom these, &c."

*Queen* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol* Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faith-  
ful [Reads]

"Doubt thou the stars are fire  
Doubt that the sun doth move  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love 119

"O dear Ophelia I am ill at these numbers I  
have not art to reckon my groans but that I love  
thee best, O most best believe it Adieu

"Thine evermore most dear lady, whilst this  
machine is to him Hamlet"

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,  
And more above, hath his solicitings  
As they fell out by time, by means and place,  
All given to mine ear

*King* But how hath she  
Received his love?

*Pol* What do you think of me?

*King* As of a man faithful and honourable

*Pol* I would fain prove so But what might you think 131

When I had seen this hot love on the wing—  
As I perceived it I must tell you that  
Before my daughter told me—what might you  
Or my dear Majesty your queen here think  
If I had play'd the desk or table book  
Or given my heart a winking mute and dumb  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight  
What might you think? No I went round to work  
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak 140  
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star  
This must not be and then I prescripts gave her  
That she should lock herself from his resort  
Admit no messengers receive no tokens  
Which done she took the fruits of my advice  
And he repuls'd—a short tale to make—  
Fell into a sadness then into a fast  
Thence to a watch thence into a weakness  
Thence to a lightness and, by this declension  
Into the madness wherein now he raves 150  
And all we mourn for

*Amg* Do you think tis this?

*Queen* It may be very likely

*Pol* Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—

That I have positively said 'Tis so

When it proved otherwise?

*Amg* Nor that I know

*Pol* [Pointing to his head and shoulder] Take this from this if this be otherwise

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid though it were hid indeed

Within the centre

*Amg* How may we try it further?

*Pol* You know sometimes he walks four hours together 160

Here in the lobby

*Queen* So he does indeed

*Pol* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him

Be you and I behind an arras then

Mark the encounter If he love her not

And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state

But keep a farm and carters

*Amg* We will try it

*Queen* But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading

*Pol* Away I do beseech you, both away

I'll board him presently

[Exit KING QUEEN and Attendants]

Enter HAMLET testing

O give me leave, 170

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham* Well God a mercy

*Pol* Do you know me my lord?

*Ham* Excellent well you are a fishmonger

*Pol* Not I my lord

*Ham* Then I would you were so honest a man

*Pol* Honest my lord?

*Ham* Ay sir to be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of ten thousand

*Pol* That's very true my lord 180

*Ham* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

*Pol* I have my lord

*Ham* Let her not walk i' the sun Conception is a blessing but not as your daughter may conceive Friend look to t

*Pol* [Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter yet he knew me not at first he said I was a fishmonger he is far gone far gone and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love very near this I'll speak to him again What do you read my lord?

*Ham* Words words words

*Pol* What is the matter my lord?

*Ham* Between who?

*Pol* I mean the matter that you read my lord

*Ham* Slanders sir for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards that their faces are wrinkled their eyes purging thick amber and plum tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit together with most weak hams all which sir though I most powerfully and potentially believe yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself sir should be old as I am if like a crab you could go backward

*Pol* [Aside] Though this be madness yet there is method in t Will you walk out of the air my lord?

*Ham* Into my grave 210

*Pol* Indeed that is out o' the air [Aside] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of I will leave him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter—My honourable lord I will most humbly take my leave of you

*Ham* You cannot sir take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal except my life except my life except my life 22

*Pol* Fare you well my lord

*Ham* These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and CUILDENSTERN

*Pol* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet there he is

Ros [To POLONIUS] God save you sir!

[Exit POLONIUS]

Gul My honoured lord!

Ros My most dear lord!

Ham My excellent good friends! How dost thou Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads how do ye both? 230

Ros As the indifferent children of the earth

Gul Happy, in that we are not over happy,

On fortune's cap we are not the very button

Ham Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros Neither my lord

Ham Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Gul 'Faith, her privates we

Ham In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true, she is a strumpet! What's the news? 240

Ros None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest

Ham Then is doomsday near! But your news is not true! Let me question more in particular! What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Gul Prison, my lord!

Ham Denmark's a prison

Ros Then is the world one 250

Ham A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons! Denmark being one o' the worst

Ros We think not so, my lord

Ham Why then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so! To me it is a prison

Ros Why then your ambition makes it one,

'tis too narrow for your mind 259

Ham O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams

Gul Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream

Ham A dream itself is but a shadow

Ros Truly and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow

Ham Then are our beggars' bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows! Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason

Ros } We'll wait upon you

Gul }

Ham No such matter! I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended! But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros To visit you, my lord, no other occasion

Ham Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks! but I thank you and sure dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny! Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me! Come, come, nay, speak

Gul What should we say, my lord?

Ham Why, any thing, but to the purpose! You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour! I know the good king and queen have sent for you 291

Ros To what end, my lord?

Ham That you must teach me! But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros [Aside to GUILDENSTERN] What say you? 300

Ham [Aside] Nay, then, I have an eye of you—If you love me, hold not off

Gul My lord, we were sent for

Ham I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mould no feather! I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire! why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours! What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so

Ros My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts

Ham Why did you laugh then, when I said "man delights not me"?

Ros To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you! We coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service

Ham He that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the

lover shall not sigh *gratis* the humorous man shall end his part in peace the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere and the lady shall say her mind freely or the blank verse shall halt for it What players are they? 340

*Ros* Even those you were wont to take delight in the tragedians of the city

*Ham* How chances it they travel? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both ways

*Ros* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation

*Ham* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so fol-  
lowed? 350

*Ros* No indeed are they not

*Ham* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros* Nay their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace but there is sir an aery of children little eyases that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for it These are now the fashion and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither 360

*Ham* What are they children? who maintains em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

*Ros* Faith there has been much to do on both sides and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question

*Ham* Is it possible?

*Guil* O there has been much throwing about of brains

*Ham* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros* Ay that they do my lord Hercules and his load too 379

*Ham* It is not very strange for mine uncle is king of Denmark and those that would make mows at him while my father lived give twenty forty fifty an hundred ducats a piece for his picture in little Shblood there is something in this more than natural if philosophy could find it out

*Flourish of trumpets within*

*Guil* There are the players

*Ham* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore Your hands come then The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony Let me com-

ply with you in this garb lest my extent to the players which I tell you must show fairly outward should more appear like entertainment than yours You are welcome but my uncle father and aunt mother are deceived

*Guil* In what my dear lord?

*Ham* I am but mad north north west When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw

# Re-enter POLONIUS

*Pol* Well be with you gentlemen!

*Ham* Hark you Guildenstern and you too at each ear a hearer that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts

*Ros* Happly he's the second time come to them for they say an old man is twice a child

*Ham* I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players mark it [*Aloud*] You say right sir o Monday morning was so indeed

*Pol* My lord I have news to tell you

*Ham* My lord I have news to tell you When Roscius was an actor in Rome— 410

*Ros* The actors are come hither my lord

*Ham* Buz buz!

*Pol* Upon mine honour—

*Ham* Then came each actor on his ass—

*Pol* The best actors in the world either for tragedy comedy history pastoral pastoral comical historical pastoral tragical historical tragical-comical historical pastoral scene indissoluble or poem unlimited Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plautus too light For the law of writ and the liberty these are the only men 421

*Ham* O Jephthah judge of Israel what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol* What a treasure had he my lord?

*Ham* Why

One fair daughter and no more

The which he loved passing well

*Pol* [*Aside*] Still on my daughter

*Ham* Am I not the right old Jephthah?

*Pol* If you call me Jephthah my lord I have a daughter that I love passing well 431

*Ham* Nay that follows not

*Pol* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham* Why

As by lot God wot and then you know

It came to pass as most like it was — the first row of the pious chanson will show you more for look where my abridgement comes

# Enter four or five PLAYERS

You are welcome masters welcome all I am glad to see thee well Welcome good friends

O, my old friend! thy face is valanced since I saw thee last, comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By thy lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll entertain the French falconers, fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

*1st Play* What speech, my lord?

*Ham* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once for the play. I remember, pleased not the million 'twas caviare to the general, but it was—as I received it, and others whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved 'twas *Aeneas*' tale to Dido and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see. Let me see—

471

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast"—it is not so. It begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion  
Smear'd

With heraldry more dismal head to foot  
Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,  
sons

Baked and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light  
To their lords' murder, roasted in wrath and  
fire

And thus a er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So proceed you.

*Pol* Fore God, my lord, well spoken with good accent and good discretion.

*1st Play* "Anon he finds him  
Striking too short at Greeks his antique  
sword

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls  
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless  
Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear, for, lo! his  
sword

Which was declining on the milky head 500  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd it the air to stick.  
So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,  
And like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.

But as we often see, against some storm  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause,  
Arous'd vengeance sets him new a work, 510  
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eternal  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding  
sword

Now falls on Priam

Out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you  
gods,

In general synod, take away her power,  
Break all the spokes and felloes from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of  
heaven

As low as to the fiends!"

*Pol* This is too long. 520

*Ham* It shall to the barber's, with your beard.  
*Prithee*, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry,  
or he sleeps. Say on: come to Hecuba.

*1st Play* "But who, O, who has seen the mobled  
queen—"

*Ham* "The mobled queen!"

*Pol* That's good. "mobled queen" is good.

*1st Play* "Run barefoot up and down, threaten  
ing the flames

With bisson rheum a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins 531  
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up,  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom  
steep'd

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have  
pronounced

But if the gods themselves did see her then  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs  
The instant burst of clamour that she made  
Unless things mortal move them not at all  
Would have made much the burning eyes of  
heaven,

540



And passion in the gods

*Pol* Look whether he has not turned his colour  
and has tears in s eyes Pray you no more

*Ham* Tis well I ll have thee speak out the rest  
soon Good my lord will you see the players  
well bestowed? Do you hear let them be well  
used for they are the abstract and brief chron-  
icles of the time after your death you were  
better have a bad epitaph than their ill report  
while you live 551

*Pol* My lord I will use them according to their  
desert

*Ham* Gods bodykins man much better Use  
every man after his desert and who should scape  
whipping? Use them after your own honour and  
dignity the less they deserve the more merit is  
in your bounty Take them in

*Pol* Come sirs 559

*Ham* Follow him friends we ll hear a play  
to-morrow [*Exit POLONIUS with all the PLAYERS  
but the FIRST*] Dost thou hear me old friend  
can you play The Murder of Gonzago?

*1st Play* Ay my lord

*Ham* We ll ha t to-morrow night You could  
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or six-  
teen lines which I would set down and insert  
in t could you not?

*1st Play* Ay my lord 569

*Ham* Very well Follow that lord and look  
you mock him not [*Exit FIRST PLAYER*] My  
good friends I ll leave you till night you are  
welcome to Elsinore

*Ros* Good my lord!

*Ham* Ay so God be wi ye [*Exeunt ROSEN-  
CRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*] Now I am alone  
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player here,  
But in a fiction in a dream of passion  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit  
That from her working all his visage wann d 580  
Tears in his eyes distraction in s aspect  
A broken voice and his whole function swtting  
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!

What s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do  
Had he the mort e and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with  
tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the free, 590  
Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears  
Yet I

A dull and muddy mettled rascal peak  
Like John-a-dreams unpregnant of my cause

And can say nothing no not for a king  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn d defeat was made Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie the  
throat 601

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?  
Ha!

Swounds I should take it for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon liver d and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter or ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave s offal Bloody bawdy villain!  
Remorseles treacherous lecherous kindless vil-  
lain!

O vengeance! 610

Why what an ass am I! This is most brave  
That I the son of a dear father murder d  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell  
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words  
And fall a-cursing like a very drab  
A scullion!

Eie upon t foh! About my brain! I have heard  
That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the s ene  
Been struck so to the soul that presently 620  
They have proclaim d their malefactions  
For murder though it have no tongue will speak  
With most miraculous organ I ll have these  
players

Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle I ll observe his looks  
I ll tent him to the quick If he but blench  
I know my course The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape yea and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy 630  
As he is very potent with such spirits  
Abuses me to damn me I ll have grounds  
More relative than this The play s the thing  
Wherein I ll catch the conscience of the king  
[*Exit*]

## ACT III

### SCENE I A room in the east

*LITTLE KING QUEEN POLONIUS OPHELIA  
ROSE CRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*

*Amg* And can you by no drift of circumstance  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros* He does confess he feels himself distracted  
But from what cause he will by no means speak

*Gul!* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded

But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state

*Queen* Did he receive you well? 10

*Ros* Most like a gentleman

*Guil* But with much forcing of his disposition

*Ros* Niggard of question but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply

*Queen* Did you assay him

To any pastime?

*Ros* Madam it so fell out that certain players  
Were brought on the way, of these we told  
him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it They are about the court,  
And as I think they have already order 20  
This night to play before him

*Pol* 'Tis most true

And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties  
To hear and see the matter

*King* With all my heart, and it doth much con-  
tent me

To hear him so inclined

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights

*Ros* We shall my lord

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

*King* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as twere by accident may here 30  
Affront Ophelia

Her father and myself lawful espials,  
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge,  
And gather by him as he is behav'd,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for

*Queen* I shall obey you  
And for your part Ophelia I do wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness so shall I hope your vir-  
tues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

To both your honours

*Oph* Madam, I wish it may [*Exit QUEEN*]

*Pol* Ophelia, walk you here Gracious, so  
please you

We will bestow ourselves [*To OPHELIA*] Read  
on this book

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness We are oft to blame in this—

'Tis too much prov'd—that with devotion's vis-  
age

And pious action we do sugar o'er

The devil himself

*King* [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my con-  
science! 50

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted word  
O heavy burthen!

*Pol* I hear him coming let's withdraw, my lord  
[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS*]

*Enter HAMLET*

*Ham* To be, or not to be that is the question  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep, 60

No more and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd To die, to sleep,  
To sleep? perchance to dream Ay there 's the

rub

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause There 's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life,

For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
time, 70

The oppressor's wrong the proud man's con-  
tumely,

The pangs of despised love the law's delay,  
The insolence of office and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes  
When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life

But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will 80

And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of action—Soft you now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd

*Oph* Good my lord, 90  
How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham* I humbly thank you, well well, well

*Oph* My lord I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver

I pray you now receive them

*Ham* No not I,

I never gave you aught

*Oph* My honour d lord you know right well  
you did  
And with them words of so sweet breath com-  
posed  
As made the things more rich Their perfume  
lost

Take these again for to the noble mind 100  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind  
There my lord

*Ham* Ha ha! are you honest?

*Oph* My lord?

*Ham* Are you fair?

*Oph* What means your lordship?

*Ham* That if you be honest and fair your hon-  
esty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Oph* Could beauty my lord have better com-  
merce than with honesty? 110

*Ham* Ay truly for the power of beauty will  
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a  
bawd than the force of honesty can translate  
beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a  
paradox but now the time gives it proof I did  
love you once

*Oph* Indeed my lord you made me believe so

*Ham* You should not have believed me for  
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we  
shall relish of it I loved you not 120

*Oph* I was the more deceived

*Ham* Get thee to a nunnery why wouldst thou  
be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent  
honest but yet I could accuse me of such things  
that it were better my mother had not borne me  
I am very proud revengeful ambitious with  
more offences at my beck than I have thoughts  
to put them in imagination to give them shape  
or time to act them in What should such fellows  
as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We  
are arrant knaves all believe none of us Go thy  
ways to a nunnery Where's your father?

*Oph* At home my lord

*Ham* Let the doors be shut upon him that he  
may play the fool nowhere but in his own house  
Farewell

*Oph* O help him you sweet heavens!

*Ham* If thou dost marry I'll give thee this  
plague for thy dowry be thou as chaste as ice  
as pure as snow thou shalt not escape calumny  
Get thee to a nunnery go Farewell Or if thou  
wilt needs marry marry a fool for wise men  
know well enough what monsters you make of  
them To a nunnery go and quickly too Fare-  
well

*Oph* O heavenly powers restore him!

*Ham* I have heard of your paintings too well  
enough God has given you one face and you  
make yourselves another You jig you amble

and you lisp and nick name God's creatures and  
make your wantonness your ignorance Go to  
I'll no more on't it hath made me mad I say we  
will have no more marriages Those that are  
married already all but one shall live the rest  
shall keep as they are To a nunnery go

[Exit

*Oph* O what a noble mind is here earthborn!  
The courtier's soldier's scholar's eye tongue  
sword

The expectancy and rose of the fair state 160  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form  
The observed of all observers quite quite  
down!

And I of ladies most deject and wretched  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown  
youth

Blasted with ecstasy O woe is me  
To have seen what I have seen see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS

*King* Love's his affections do not that way  
tend 170

Nor what he spake though it lack'd form a little  
Was not like madness There's something in his  
soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger which for to prevent  
I have in quick determination  
Thus set it down he shall with speed to  
England

For the demand of our neglected tribute  
Haply the seas and countries different  
With variable objects shall expel 180  
This something settled matter in his heart  
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
From fashion of himself What think you on't?

*Pol* It shall do well but yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love How now Ophelia!  
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said  
We heard it all My lord do as you please  
But if you hold it fit after the play  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him 190  
To show his grief let her be round with him  
And I'll be placed so please you in the ear  
Of all their conference If she find him not  
To England send him or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think

*King* It shall be so  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go  
[Exeunt

SCENE II *A hall in the castle**Enter HAMLET and PLAYERS*

*Ham* Speak the speech, I pray you as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue but if you mouth it, as many of your players do I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant It out-herods Herod Pray you, avoid it

*1st Play* I warrant your honour

*Ham* Be not too tame neither but let your own discretion be your tutor Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature, for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure Now this overdone or come tardy off though it make the unskilful laugh cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly not to speak it profanely that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian pagan nor man have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well they imitated humanity so abominably

*1st Play* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us sir 41

*Ham* O, reform it altogether And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered that's villainous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it Go make you ready [*Exit PLAYERS*]

*Enter POLONIUS ROSENCRANTZ, and*

*GUILDENSTERN*

How now, my lord! will the King hear this piece of work?

*Pol* And the Queen too, and that presently

*Ham* Bid the players make haste [*Exit POLONIUS*] Will you two help to hasten them?

*Ros* { We will, my lord

*Guil* }

[*Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

*Ham* What ho! Horatio!

*Enter HORATIO*

*Hor* Here, sweet lord, at your service

*Ham* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation coped withal 60

*Hor* O my dear lord—

*Ham* Nay, do not think I flatter,

For what advancement may I hope from thee

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

No let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice  
And could of men distinguish her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all that suffers nothing 71  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks, and blest are those  
Whose blood and judgement are so well com-  
mungled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave and I will wear him  
In my heart's core ay in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee—Something too much of this—  
There is a play to-night before the King 80

One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
Which I have told thee of my father's death  
I prithee when thou seest that act afoot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul  
Observe mine uncle If his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stutty Give him heedful note,  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face 90  
And after we will both our judgements join  
In censure of his seeming

*Hor* Well my lord  
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And scape detecting I will pay the theft

*Ham* They are coming to the play, I must be idle

Get you a place

*Danish march A flourish Enter KING QUEEN  
POLONIUS OPHELIA ROSENCRANTZ GUILDEN  
STERN and others*

*King* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham* Excellent: I faith of the chameleon's dish  
I eat the air, promise crammed: You cannot feed  
capons so 100

*King* I have nothing with this answer: Hamlet  
these words are not mine

*Ham* No nor mine now [To POLONIUS] My  
lord, you played once: the university you say?

*Pol* That did I, my lord, and was accounted a  
good actor

*Ham* What did you enact?

*Pol* I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed: the  
Capitol Brutus killed me

*Ham* It was a brute part of him to kill so  
capital a calf there: Be the players ready? 111

*Ros* Ay, my lord: they stay upon your patience

*Queen* Come hither, my dear Hamlet: sit by me

*Ham* No good mother: here's metal more at  
tractive

*Pol* [To the KING] O ho! do you mark that?

*Ham* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet

*Oph* No, my lord 120

*Ham* I mean my head upon your lap?

*Oph* Ay, my lord

*Ham* Do you think I meant country matters?

*Oph* I think nothing, my lord

*Ham* That's a fair thought to lie between maids  
legs

*Oph* What is my lord?

*Ham* Nothing

*Oph* You are merry, my lord

*Ham* Who I? 130

*Oph* Ay, my lord

*Ham* O God, your only jig-maker! What  
should a man do but be merry? for look you  
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father  
died within these two hours

*Oph* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord

*Ham* So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear  
black, for I'll have a suit of sables: O heavens!  
die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then  
there's hope a great man's memory may outlive  
his life half a year: but by'r lady, he must build  
churches, then, or else shall he suffer not think-  
ing on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is  
For O for O the hobby-horse is forgot

*Hautboys play The dumb-show enters*

*Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly the Queen  
embracing him and he lets her kneels and makes  
show of protestation unto him He takes her up*

*and declines his head upon her neck lays him  
down upon a bank of flowers She seeing him  
asleep leaves him Anon comes in a fellow takes  
off his crown kisses it and pours poison in the  
king's ears and exit The Queen returns finds  
the king dead and makes passionate action The  
Poisoner with some two or three Mutes comes in  
again seeming to lament with her The dead body  
is carried away The Poisoner wooes the Queen  
with gifts she seems loath and unwilling awhile  
but in the end accepts his love [Exit*

*Oph* What means this, my lord?

*Ham* Marry, this is mitching mallecho: it means  
mischief

*Oph* Belike this show imports the argument of  
the play 150

*Enter PROLOGUE*

*Ham* We shall know by this fellow: The play-  
ers cannot keep counsel: they'll tell all

*Oph* Will he tell us what this show means?

*Ham* Ay, or any show that you'll show him:  
Be not you ashamed to show: he'll not shame in  
telling you what it means

*Oph* You are naught, you are naught: I'll marl  
the play

*Pro* For us, and for our tragedy  
Here stooping to your clemency 160  
We beg your hearing patiently [Exit

*Ham* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph* 'Tis brief, my lord

*Ham* As women's love

*Enter two Players as KING and QUEEN*

*P King* Full thirty times hath Phœbus cart  
gone round

*Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen  
About the world have times twelve thirties been  
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands 170*

*P Queen* So many journeys may the sun and  
moon

*Make us again count o'er ere love be done!  
But woe is me, you are so sick of late  
So far from cheer and from your former state  
That I distrust you: Yet though I distrust  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must  
For women's fear and love holds quantity  
In neither wealth nor in extremity  
Now what my love is, proof hath made you  
know*

*And as my love is sized, my fear is so 180  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows  
there*

*P King* 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too

My operant powers their functions leave to do,  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, beloved, and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P Queen* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast  
In second husband let me be accurs'd! 189

None wed the second but who kill'd the first

*Ham* [*Aside*] Wormwood wormwood

*P Queen* The instances that second marriage  
move

Are base respects of thrift but none of love  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband issues me in bed

*P King* I do believe you think what now  
you speak,

But what we do determine oft we break  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth but poor validity 199  
Which now, like fruit unripe sticks on the tree

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending doth the purpose lose  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves destroy  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament

Grief joys joy grieves, on slender accident  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes  
change,

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove  
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune  
love

The great man down, you mark his favourite  
flies

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try

Directly seasons him his enemy  
But orderly to end where I begun 200  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown  
Our thoughts are ours their ends none of our own

So think thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is  
dead

*P Queen* Nor earth to me give food, nor  
heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!  
To desperation turn my trust and hope!  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!  
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy 230  
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!  
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If once a widow ever I be wife!

*Ham* If she should break it now!

*P King* 'Tis deeply sworn Sweet leave me  
here awhile

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep [*Sleeps*]

*P Queen* Sleep rock thy brain,  
And never come mischance between us twain!

[*Exit*]

*Ham* Madam, how like you this play? 239

*Queen* The lady doth protest too much, methinks

*Ham* O, but she'll keep her word

*King* Have you heard the argument? Is there  
no offence in't?

*Ham* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest,  
no offence 't the world

*King* What do you call the play?

*Ham* 'The Mouse trap' Marry, how? Tropically  
This play in the image of a murder done in  
Vienna Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife,  
Baptista You shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece  
of work but what o' that? your Majesty and we  
that have free souls it touches us not Let the  
galled jade wince our withers are unwrung

*Enter LUCIANUS*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king

*Oph* You are as good as a chorus my lord

*Ham* I could interpret between you and your  
love, if I could see the puppets dallying

*Oph* You are keen my lord you are keen

*Ham* It would cost you a groaning to take off  
my edge 260

*Oph* Still better and worse

*Ham* So you must take your husbands  
Begin murderer, now, leave thy damnable faces  
and begin Come, "the croaking raven doth  
bellow for revenge"

*Lar* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and  
time agreeing,

Confederate season else no creature seeing  
Thou mixture rank of midnight weeds collected  
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted thrice infected  
Thy natural magic and dire property 270  
On wholesome life usurp immediately

*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears*

*Ham* He poisons him in the garden for's estate  
His name's Gonzago the story is extant, and  
writ in choice Italian You shall see anon how

the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife

*Oph* The King rises

*Ham* What frightened with false fire?

*Queen* How fares my lord?

*Pol* Give o'er the play

*King* Give me some light. Away! 280

*All* Lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO*]

*Ham* Why let the stricken deer go weep

The hart ungalled play

For some must watch while some must sleep

So runs the world away

Would not this sir and a forest of feathers—if  
the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with  
two Provincial roses on my razed shoes get me a  
fellowship in a cry of players sir?

*Hor* Half a share 290

*Ham* A whole one I

For thou dost know, O Damon dear

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself and now reigns here

A very very—pajock

*Hor* You might have rhymed

*Ham* O good Horatio I'll take the ghost's  
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor* Very well, my lord

*Ham* Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

*Hor* I did very well note him

*Ham* Ah ha! Come some music! come, the  
recorders!

For if the king like not the comedy

Why then belike he likes it not perdy

Come some music!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*

*Guil* Good my lord vouchsafe me a word  
with you

*Ham* Sir, a whole history

*Guil* The King, sir— 310

*Ham* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil* Is in his retirement marvellous distem-  
pered

*Ham* With drink, sir?

*Guil* No, my lord, rather with choler

*Ham* Your wisdom should show itself more  
richer to signify this to his doctor, for for me to  
put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge  
him into far more choler 319

*Guil* Good my lord, put your discourse into  
some frame and start not so wildly from my affair

*Ham* I am tame, sir, pronounce

*Guil* The Queen, your mother, in most great  
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you

*Ham* You are welcome

*Guil* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not

of the right breed. If it shall please you to make  
me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's  
commandment, if not your pardon and my re-  
turn shall be the end of my business 330

*Ham* Sir, I cannot

*Guil* What, my lord?

*Ham* Make you a wholesome answer, my  
wits diseased. But sir, such answer as I can  
make you shall command, or rather as you say  
my mother. Therefore no more, but to the mat-  
ter. My mother, you say—

*Ros* Then thus she says, your behaviour hath  
struck her into amazement and admiration 339

*Ham* O wonderful son that can so astonish a  
mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this  
mother's admiration? Impart

*Ros* She desires to speak with you in her closet  
ere you go to bed

*Ham* We shall obey, were she ten times our  
mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros* My lord, you once did love me

*Ham* So I do still, by these pickers and  
stealers 349

*Ros* Good my lord, what is your cause of dis-  
temper? you do surely bar the door upon your  
own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your  
friend

*Ham* Sir, I lack advancement

*Ros* How can that be, when you have the voice  
of the King himself for your succession in Den-  
mark?

*Ham* Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—  
the proverb is something musty 359

*Re-enter PLAYERS with recorders*

O the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw  
with you—why do you go about to recover the  
wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Cui* O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my  
love is too unmannerly

*Ham* I do not well understand that. Will you  
play upon this pipe?

*Guil* My lord, I cannot

*Ham* I pray you

*Guil* Believe me, I cannot

*Ham* I do beseech you 370

*Guil* I know no touch of it, my lord

*Ham* 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these  
ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it  
breath with your mouth, and it will discourse  
most eloquent music. Look you, these are the  
stops

*Guil* But these cannot I command to any utter-  
ance of harmony. I have not the skill!

*Ham* Why, look you, now how unworthy a  
thing you make of me! You would play upon

me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

*Enter POLONIUS*

God bless you, sir! 390

*Pol* My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently

*Ham* Do you see yonder cloud that s almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed

*Ham* Methinks it is like a weasel

*Pol* It is backed like a weasel

*Ham* Or like a whale?

*Pol* Very like a whale 399

*Ham* Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

*Pol* I will say so.

*Ham* By and by is easily said. [*Exit POLONIUS*]  
Leave me, friends

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night  
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes  
out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot  
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my  
mother 410

O heart, lose not thy nature, let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom

Let me be cruel, not unnatural

I will speak daggers to her, but use none

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,

How in my words soever she be shent

To give them seals never, my soul consent!

[*Exit*]

SCENE III *A room in the castle*

*Enter KING ROSENCRANTZ, and  
GUILDENSTERN*

*King* I like him not. nor stands it safe with us  
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare  
you,

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow

Out of his lunacies

*Gul*

We will ourselves provide

Most holy and religious fear it is

To keep those many many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your Majesty 10

*Ros* The single and peculiar life is bound,

With all the strength and armour of the mind,

To keep itself from noyance, but much more

That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest

The lives of many. The cease of majesty

Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw

What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortised and adjoin'd, which when it falls,

Each small annetment petty consequence, 21

Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone

Did the King sigh, but with a general groan

*King* Arm you. I pray you, to this speedy voyage,  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed

*Ros* } We will haste us

*Gul* }

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

*Enter POLONIUS*

*Pol* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,

To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him  
home

And as you said, and wisely was it said 30

'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should overhear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know

*King* Thanks, dear my lord

[*Exit POLONIUS*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,

A brother's murder. Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent, 40

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fall 50

Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?"



That cannot be since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder  
 My crown, mine own ambition and my queen  
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law but 'tis not so above 60  
 There is no shuffling there the action lies  
 In his true nature and we ourselves compell'd  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults  
 To give in evidence What then? what's this?  
 Try what repentance can What can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?  
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
 O limed soul that struggling to be free  
 Art more engaged! Help angels! Make assay!  
 Bow stubborn knees and heart with strings of  
 steel 70  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
 All may be well *[Retires and kneels]*

*Enter HAMLET*

*Ham* Now might I do it past now he is praying  
 And now I'll do't And so he goes to heaven  
 And so am I revenged That would be scann'd  
 A villain kills my father and for that  
 I his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To heaven  
 O this is hire and salary not revenge  
 He took my father grossly full of bread 80  
 With all his crimes broad blown as flush as May  
 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?  
 But in our circumstance and course of thought  
 'Tis heavy with him And am I then revenged  
 To take him in the purging of his soul  
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
 No!  
 Up sword and know thou a more horrid hent  
 When he is drunk asleep or in his rage  
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed 90  
 At gaming swearing or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in't  
 Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven  
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
 As hell whereto it goes My mother stays  
 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days *[Exit*  
*King [Rising]* My words fly up my thoughts  
 remain below  
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go *[Exit]*

SCENE IV *The Queen's closet*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS*

*Pol* He will come straight Look you lay home  
 to him

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear  
 with  
 And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood be-  
 tween  
 Much heat and him I'll scone me even here  
 Pray you be round with him  
*Ham [Within]* Mother mother mother!  
*Queen* I'll warrant you  
 Fear me not Withdraw I hear him coming  
*[POLONIUS hides behind the arras]*

*Enter HAMLET*

*Ham* Now mother what's the matter?  
*Queen* Hamlet thou hast thy father much  
 offended  
*Ham* Mother you have my father much  
 offended 10  
*Queen* Come come you answer with an idle  
 tongue  
*Ham* Go go you question with a wicked  
 tongue  
*Queen* Why how now Hamlet?  
*Ham* What's the matter now?  
*Queen* Have you forgot me?  
*Ham* No by the rood not so  
 You are the Queen your husband's brother's  
 wife  
 And—would it were not so!—you are my  
 mother  
*Queen* Nay then I'll set those to you that can  
 speak  
*Ham* Come come and sit you down you  
 shall not budge  
 You go not till I set you up a glass  
 Where you may see the inmost part of you 20  
*Queen* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not mur-  
 der me?  
*Ham* Help help ho!  
*Pol [Behind]* What ho! help help help!  
*Ham [Drawing]* How now! a rat? Dead for a  
 ducat dead!  
*Makes a pass through the arras*  
*Pol [Behind]* O I am slain! *[Falls and dies]*  
*Queen* O me what hast thou done?  
*Ham* Nay I know not  
 Is it the King?  
*Queen* O what a rash and bloody deed is this!  
*Ham* A bloody deed! almost as bad good  
 mother  
 As kill a king and marry with his brother  
*Queen* As kill a king?  
*Ham* Ay lady 'twas my word 30  
*Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS*  
 Thou wretched rash intruding fool farewell!  
 I took thee for thy better Take thy fortune  
 Thou find'st to be too busy in some danger

Leave wringing of your hands Peace! sit you down,  
 And let me wring your heart for so I shall,  
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,  
 If damned custom have not brass'd it so  
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense  
*Queen* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag  
 thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham* Such an act 40  
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,  
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose  
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love  
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows  
 As false as dicers' oaths, O such a deed  
 As from the body of contraction plucks  
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes  
 A rhapsody of words Heaven's face doth glow,  
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
 With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50  
 Is thought sick at the act

*Queen* Ay me, what act,  
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham* Look here, upon this picture, and on  
 this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers  
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,  
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,  
 A station like the herald Mercury  
 New lighted on a heaven kissing hill,  
 A combination and a form indeed 60  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man  
 This was your husband Look you now, what  
 follows

Here is your husband like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother Have you  
 eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed  
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?  
 You cannot call it love, for at your age  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble  
 And waits upon the judgement and what judge-  
 ment 70

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you  
 have,  
 Else could you not have motion, but sure, that  
 sense

Is apoplex'd for madness would not err  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice  
 To serve in such a difference What devil was it  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?  
 Eyes without feeling feeling without sight  
 Lars without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire Proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn  
 And reason panders will

*Queen* O Hamlet, speak no more  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,  
 And there I see such black and grain'd spots 90  
 As will not leave their tinct

*Ham* Nay but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,  
 Stew'd in corruption honeying and making  
 love

Over the nasty sty—

*Queen* O, speak to me no more,  
 These words, like daggers enter in mine ears,  
 No more sweet Hamlet!

*Ham* A murderer and a villain,  
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
 Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule  
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, 100  
 And put it in his pocket!

*Queen* No more!  
*Ham* A king of shreds and patches—

*Enter GHOST*

Save me and hover o'er me with your wings  
 You heavenly guards! What would your gracious  
 figure?

*Queen* Alas, he's mad!

*Ham* Do you not come your tardy son to  
 chide,

That laps'd in time and passion lets go by  
 The important acting of your dread command?  
 O say!

*Ghost* Do not forget! This visitation 110  
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose  
 But, look amazement on thy mother sits  
 O, step between her and her fighting soul  
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works  
 Speak to her, Hamlet

*Ham* How is it with you lady?

*Queen* Alas how is't with you  
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy  
 And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,  
 And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm, 120  
 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements  
 Start up and stand an end O gentle son  
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
 Sprinkle cool patience Whereon do you look?

*Ham* On him on him! Look you how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd preaching to stones  
Would make them capable Do not look upon me

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects then what I have to do 129

Will want true colour tears perchance for blood

*Queen* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen* Nothing at all yet all that is I see

*Ham* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen* No nothing but ourselves

*Ham* Why look you there? look how it steals away!

My father in his habit as he lived!  
Look where he goes even now out at the portal!

*[Exit GHOST]*

*Queen* This is the very coinage of your brain  
This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in

*Ham* Ecstasy! 139

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time

And makes as healthful music It is not madness

That I have utter'd Bring me to the rest

And I the matter will re word which madness

Would gambol from Mother for love of grace

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul

That not your trespass but my madness speaks

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place

Whiles rank corruption mining all within

Infects unseen Confess yourself to heaven

Repent what's past avoid what is to come 150

And do not spread the compost on the weeds

To make them ranker Forgive me this my

virtue

For in the fatness of these pursy times

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg

Yea curb and woo for leave to do him good

*Queen* O Hamlet thou hast cleft my heart in twain

*Ham* O throw away the worser part of it

And live the purer with the other half

Good night but go not to mine uncle's bed

Assume a virtue if you have it not 160

That monster custom who all sense doth eat

Of habits devil is angel yet in this

That to the use of angels fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or livery

That aptly is put on Refrain to-night

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence the next more easy

For use almost can chan in the stamp of nature

And either master the devil or throw him out 169

With wondrous potency Once more good night

And when you are desirous to be bless'd

I'll blessing beg of you For this same lord

*[Pointing to Polonius]*

I do repent but heaven hath pleased it so

To punish me with this and this with me

That I must be their scourge and minister

I will bestow him and will answer well

The death I gave him So again good night

I must be cruel only to be kind

Thus bad begins and worse remains behind

One word more good lady

*Queen*

What shall I do? 180

*Ham* Not this by no means that I bid you do

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed

Pinch wanton on your cheek call you his

mouse

And let him for a pair of reechy kisses

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers

Make you to ravel all this matter out

That I essentially am not in madness

But mad in craft 'Twere good you let him

know

For who that's but a queen fair sober wise 189

Would from a paddock from a bat a gib

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No in despite of sense and secrecy

Unpeg the basket on the house's top

Let the birds fly and like the famous ape

To try conclusions in the basket creep

And break your own neck down

*Queen* Be thou assured if words be made of breath

And breath of life I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me

*Ham* I must to England you know that?

*Queen* Alack 200

I had forgot 'Tis so concluded on

*Ham* There's letters seal'd and my two school fellows

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd

They bear the mandate they must sweep my way

And marshal me to knavery Let it work

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar and I shall go hard

But I will deliver you below their mines

And blow them at the moon O 'tis most sweet

When in one line two crafts directly meet 210

This man shall set me packing

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room

Mother good night Indeed this counsellor

Is now most still most secret and most grave

Who was in life a foolish prating knave

Come sir to draw toward an end with you

Good night mother

*[Exeunt severally HAMLET dragging in Polonius]*

## ACT IV

SCENE I *A room in the castle*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN*

*King* There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves

You must translate 'tis fit we understand them  
Where is your son?

*Queen* Bestow this place on us a little while  
[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

*King* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen* Mad as the sea and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat!" 10  
And in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man

*King* O heavy deed!  
It had been so with us had we been there  
His liberty is full of threats to all,  
To you yourself to us, to every one  
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
It will be laid to us whose providence  
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of  
haunt,

This mad young man But so much was our love  
We would not understand what was most fit, 20  
But like the owner of a foul disease  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life Where is he gone?

*Queen* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,  
O'er whom his very madness like some ore  
Among a mineral of metals base,  
Shows itself pure he weeps for what is done

*King* O Gertrude come away!  
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed 30  
We must with all our majesty and skill  
Both countenance and excuse Ho Guildenstern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*

Friends both go join you with some further aid  
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain  
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd  
him

Go seek him out speak fair, and bring the body  
Into the chapel I pray you haste in this

[*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*]  
Come Gertrude we'll call up our wisest friends  
And let them know both what we mean to do  
And what's untimely done so haply, slander 40  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our  
name,  
And hit the woundless air O, come away!  
My soul is full of discord and dismay [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *Another room in the castle*

*Enter HAMLET*

*Ham* Safely stowed

*Ros* } [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Gul* }  
*Ham* But soft, what noise? who calls on  
Hamlet? O here they come

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN*

*Ros* What have you done, my lord; with the  
dead body?

*Ham* Compounded it with dust, whereto  
it lon

*Ros* Tell us where 'tis, that we may take  
thence

And bear it to the chapel

*Ham* Do not believe it

*Ros* Believe what? 10

*Ham* That I can keep your counsel and not  
mine own Besides, to be demanded of a sponge  
what replication should be made by the son of a  
king?

*Ros* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham* Ay sir, that soaks up the King's coun-  
tenance, his rewards, his authorities But such  
officers do the King best service in the end He  
keeps them like an ape in the corner of his  
jaw, first mouthed to be last swallowed When  
he needs what you have gleaned it is but  
squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry  
again

*Ros* I understand you not my lord

*Ham* I am glad of it A knavish speech sleeps  
in a foolish ear

*Ros* My lord, you must tell us where the body  
is and go with us to the King

*Ham* The body is with the King but the  
King is not with the body The King is a thing—

*Gul* A thing my lord! 31

*Ham* Of nothing Bring me to him Hide fox,  
and all after [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Another room in the castle*

*Enter KING attended*

*King* I have sent to seek him and to find the  
body,

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him

He's loved of the distracted multitude

Who like not in their judgement, but

And where tis so the offender s scourge is  
weigh d,  
But never the offence To bear all smooth and  
even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause Diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are relieved 10  
Or not at all

Enter ROSENCRANTZ

How now ! what hath befall n?  
Ros Where the dead body is bestow d my  
lord  
We cannot get from him  
King But where is he?  
Ros Without my lord guarded to know your  
pleasure  
King Bring him before us  
Ros Ho Guildenstern ! bring in my lord

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN

King Now Hamlet where s Polonius?  
Ham At supper  
King At supper ! where? 19  
Ham Not where he eats but where he is  
eaten A certain convocation of politic worms  
are e en at him Your worm is your only em  
peror for diet We far all creatures else to fat  
us and we fat oursel es for maggots Your fat  
king and your lean beggar is but variable service  
two dishes but to one table that s the end  
King Alas alas!  
Ham A man may fish with the worm that hath  
eat of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of  
that worm 20

King What dost thou mean by this?  
Ham Nothing but to show you how a king  
may go a progress through the guts of a beggar  
King Where is Polonius?  
Ham In heaven send thither to see If your  
messenger find him not there seek him i the  
other place yourself But indeed if you find him  
not within this month you shall nose him as you  
go up the stairs into the lobby

King Go seek him there 40  
Ham I will stay till you come  
[To some Attendants  
[Exit Attendants

King Hamlet this deed for thine especial  
safety —  
Which we do tender as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done—must send thee  
hence  
With fiery quickness Therefore prepare thy  
self  
The bark is ready and the wind at help

The associates tend and every thing is bent  
For England  
Ham For England!  
King Ay Hamlet  
Ham Good  
King So is it if thou knew st our purposes  
Ham I see a cherub that sees them But come  
for England ! Farewell dear mother 51  
King Thy loving father Hamlet  
Ham My mother Father and mother is man  
and wife man and wife is one flesh and so my  
mother Come for England ! [Exit  
King Follow him at foot tempt him with  
speed aboard  
Delay it not I ll have him hence to-night  
Away ! for every thing is seal d and done  
That else leans on the affair Pray you make  
haste  
[Exit ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN  
And Enoland if my love thou hold st at nought—  
As my great power thereof may give thee  
sense  
Since yet thy ciestrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set  
Our sovereign process which imports at full  
By letters concurring to that effect  
The present death of Hamlet Do it England  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages  
And thou must cure me Till I know tis done  
Howe er my haps my joys were ne er begun 70  
[Exit

SCENE IV A plain in Denmark

Enter FORTINBRAS a CAPTAIN and Soldiers  
marching

For Go captain from me greet the Danish  
King  
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras  
Craves the conveyance of a promised march  
Over his kingdom You know the rendezvous  
If that his Majesty would aught with us  
We shall express our duty in his eye  
And let him know so

Cap I will do t my lord  
For Go softly on  
[Exit FORTINBRAS and Soldiers

Enter HAMLET ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN  
and others

Ham Good sir whose powers are these?  
Cap They are of Norway sir 10  
Ham How purposed sir I pray you?  
Cap Against some part of Poland  
Ham Who commands them sir?  
Cap The nephew to old Norway Fortinbras

*Ham* Goes it against the main of Poland sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground  
That hath in it no profit but the name  
To pay five ducats five I would not farm it, 20  
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole  
A ranker rate should it be sold in fee

*Ham* Why, then the Polack never will defend  
it

*Cap* Yes, it is already garrison'd

*Ham* Two thousand souls and twenty thousand  
ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw  
This is the imposthume of much wealth and  
peace

That inward breaks and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies I humbly thank you, sir

*Cap* God be wi' you, sir [Exit

*Ros* Will t please you go my lord? 30

*Ham* I'll be with you straight Go a little  
before [Exit all except HAMLET

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time  
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast no more  
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after gave us not  
That capability and god like reason  
To fust in us unused Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple 40  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,  
A thought which quarter'd hath but one part  
wisdom

And ever three parts coward, I do not know  
Why yet I live to say "Thus things to do",  
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means  
To do t Examples gross as earth exhort me,  
Witness this army of such mass and charge  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,  
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd  
Makes mouths at the invisible event 50  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
To all that fortune death and danger dare,  
Even for an egg shell Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour's at the stake How stand I then,  
That have a father kill'd a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood  
And let me sleep? while, to my shame I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men, 60  
That for a fantasy and trick of fame  
Go to their graves like beds fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough and continent

To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit

SCENE V *Elsmore a room in the castle*

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO and a GENTLEMAN

*Queen* I will not speak with her

*Gent* She is importunate indeed distract

Her mood will needs be pited

*Queen*

What would she have?

*Gent* She speaks much of her father says she  
hears

There s tricks i the world, and hems and beats  
her heart,

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in  
doubt,

That carry but half sense Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,  
Which, as her winks and nods, and gestures  
yield them 11

Indeed would make one think there might be  
thought

Though nothing sure yet much unhappily

*Hor* Twere good she were spoken with for  
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding minds

*Queen* Let her come in [Exit HORATIO

To my sick soul as sin s true nature is

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt 20

Re-enter HORATIO with OPHELIA

*Oph* Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-  
mark?

*Queen* How now Ophelia!

*Oph* [Sings] How should I your true love  
know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon

*Queen* Alas sweet lady, what imports this  
song?

*Oph* Say you? nay, pray you mark

[Sings] "He is dead and gone lady,

He is dead and gone 30

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone"

*Queen* Nay but Ophelia—

*Oph* Pray you, mark

[Sings] "White his shroud as the mountain  
snow —

Enter KING

*Queen* Alas, look here, my lord

*Oph* [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers  
Which bewept to the grave did go  
With true love showers

*Am* How do you pretty lady? 40

*Oph* Well Godild you! They say the owl  
was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we  
are, but know not what we may be. God be at  
your table!

*Am* Conceit upon her father

*Oph* Pray you let's have no words of this, but  
when they ask you what it means, say you this

[Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day

All in the morning betime

And I a maid at your window

To be your Valentine 50

Then up he rose and donned his clothes

And dipp'd the chamber door

Let in the maid that out a maid

Never departed more

*Am* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph* Indeed I, without an oath, I'll make an  
end on't

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity

Alack and fie for shame! 60

Young men will do it if they come to't

By cock they are to blame

Quoth she before you tumbled me

You promised me to wed

So would I ha' done by yonder sun

An thou hadst not come to my bed

*Am* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph* I hope all will be well. We must be  
patient, but I cannot choose but weep to think  
they should lay him in the cold ground. My  
brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for  
your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good  
night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good  
night, good night. [Exit

*Am* Follow her close, give her good watch

I pray you. [Exit HORATIO

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single  
spies

But in battalions. First her father slain

Next your son gone, and he most violent author

Of his own just remove, the people muddied 80

Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and  
whispers

For good Polonius' death, and we have done but  
greenly

In hugging murther to inter him, poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment

Without the which we are pictures or mere

beasts

*Laer* and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death  
Wherein necessity of matter beggar'd  
Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this  
like to a murdering piece, in many places  
Gives me superfluous death

*A noise within*

*Queen*

Alack, what noise is this?

*Enter another GENTLEMAN*

*Am* Where are my Switzers? Let them  
guard the door

What is the matter?

*Gent*

Save yourself, my lord.  
The ocean overpeering of his list

Ears not the flats with more impetuous haste 100

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head

O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him  
lord

And as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word

They cry, Choose we, Laertes shall be king

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the  
clouds

Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

*Queen* How cheerfully on the false trail they  
cry!

O, this is counter; you false Danish dogs! 110

*Am* The doors are broke

*Noise within*

*Enter LAERTES armed, DANES following*

*Laer* Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all  
without

*Danes* No, let's come in

*Laer* I pray you give me leave

*Danes* We will, we will

[They retire without the door

*Laer* I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile  
king

Give me my father!

*Queen* Calmly, good Laertes

*Laer* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims  
me bastard

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow

Of my true mother

*Am* What is the cause, Laertes? 120

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude, do not fear our person

There's such divinity doth hedge a king

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incensed Let him go, Ger-  
trude

Speak, man

Laer Where is my father?

King Dead

Queen But not by him

King Let him demand his fill

Laer How came he dead? I'll not be juggled  
with 130

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged

Most thoroughly for my father

King Who shall stay you?

Laer My will, not all the world

And for my means I'll husband them so well,

They shall go far with little

King Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty 140

Of your dear father's death is't writ in your  
revenge,

That swoopstake, you will draw both friend and  
foe

Winner and loser?

Laer None but his enemies

King Will you know them then?

Laer To his good friends thus wide I'll open  
my arms,

And like the kind life rendering pelican,

Repay them with my blood

King Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it 150

It shall as level to your judgement pierce

As day does to your eye

Danes [Within] Let her come in

Laer How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA

O heat dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight

Till our scale turn the beam O rose of May!

Dear maid kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is't possible a young maid should

Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160

Nature is fine in love and where 'tis fine

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves

Oph [Sings]

'They bore him barefaced on the bier,

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,

And in his grave rain'd many a tear"—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade  
revenge,

It could not move thus

Oph [Sings] "You must sing a-down a down,  
An you call him a down a" 171

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward,

that stole his master's daughter

Laer This nothing's more than matter

Oph There's rosemary, that's for remem-  
brance, pray, love remember, and there's pansies,  
that's for thoughts

Laer A document in madness, thoughts and  
remembrance fitted 179

Oph There's fennel for you and columbines,  
there's rue for you and here's some for me,  
we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays O, you  
must wear your rue with a difference There's  
a daisy I would give you some violets, but they  
withered all when my father died They say he  
made a good end—

[Sings] "For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy"

Laer Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,  
She turns to favour and to prettiness

Oph [Sings] 'And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death bed

He never will come again

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll

He is gone he is gone,

And we cast away moan

God ha' mercy on his soul!"

And of all Christian souls, I pray God God be  
wi' ye [Exit 200

Laer Do you see this O God?

King Laertes I must commune with your  
grief

Or you deny me right Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you  
will

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and  
me

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd we will our kingdom  
give

Our crown our life and all that we call ours,

To you in satisfaction but if not

Be you content to lend your patience to us, 210

And we shall jointly labour with your soul

To give it due content

Laer Let this be so

His means of death, his obscure funeral—



No trophy sword nor hatchment ■ er his bones  
No noble rite nor formal ostentation—  
Cry to be heard as twere from heaven to  
earth

That I must call ■ in question

King So you shall  
And where the offence is let the great axe fall  
I pray you go with me [Exit

SCENE VI Another room in the castle

Enter HORATIO and a SERVANT

Hor What are they that would speak with me?  
Serv Sailors sir They say they have letters for  
you

Hor Let them come in [Exit SERVANT  
I do not know from what part ■ of the world  
I should be greeted if not from lord Hamlet

Enter SAILORS

1st Sail God bless you sir

Hor Let him bless thee too

1st Sail He shall sir an't please Him

There's a letter for you sir It comes from the  
ambassador that was bound for England if your  
name be Horatio as I am let to know it is ■

Hor [Reads] Horatio when thou shalt have  
overlooked this give these fellows some means  
to the King they have letters for him Ere we  
were two day's old at sea a pirate of very warlike  
appointment gave us chase Finding ourselves  
too slow of sail we put on a compelled valour  
and in the grapple I boarded them On the instant  
they got clear of our ship so I alone became  
their prisoner They have dealt with me like  
thieves of mercy but they knew what they did  
I am to do a good turn for them Let the King  
have the letters I have sent and repair thou to  
me with ■ much speed as thou couldst fly death  
I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee  
dumb yet are they much too light for the bore  
of the matter These good fellows will bring  
thee where I am Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern  
hold their course for England of them I have  
much to tell thee Farewell 30

He that thou knowest thine Hamlet

Come I will make you way for these your  
letters

And do it the speedier that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them [Exit

SCENE VII Another room in the castle

Enter KING and LAERTES

King Now must your conscience my acquit  
tance seal

And you must put me in your heart for friend  
■ with you have heard, and with a knowing ear

That he which hath your noble father slain  
Pursued my life

Laer It well appears but tell me  
Why you proceeded not against these feats  
So criminal and so capital in nature  
As by your safety wisdom all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up

King O for two special reasons  
Which may to you perhaps seem much un-  
snew'd

But yet to me they are strong The Queen his  
mother ■

Lives almost by his looks and for my self—  
My virtue or my plague be it either which—  
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul  
That as the star moves not but in his sphere  
I could not but by her The other motif ■  
Why to a public count I might not go  
Is the great love the general gender bear him  
Who dipping all his faults in their affection  
Would like the spring that turneth wood to  
stone

Convert his gyves to graces so that my arrows  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind  
Would have reverted to my bow again

An I not where I had aim'd them

Laer And so have I a noble father lost  
A sister driven into desperate terms  
Whose worth if praises may go back again  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections But my revenge will come

King Break not your sleeps for that You must  
not think 30

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger  
And think ■ pastime You shortly shall hear  
more

I loved your father and we love ourself  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a MESSENGER

How now! what news?

Mess Letters my lord from Hamlet

This to your Majesty this ■ the Queen

King From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess Sailors my lord they say I saw them  
not

They were given me by Claudio he received  
them 40

Of him that brought them

King Laertes you shall hear them

Leave us [Exit MESSENGER

[Heads] High and mighty You shall know I  
am set naked on your kindred To-morrow ■ shall  
I beg leave to see your kingly eyes when I shall  
first asking your pardon thereunto recount the

occasion of my sudden and more strange return  
"Hamlet"

What should this mean? Are all the rest come  
back? 50

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer Know you the hand?

King 'Tis Hamlet's character "Naked!"

And in a postscript here, he says "alone"

Can you advise me?

Laer I'm lost in it, my lord But let him come,

It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,

"Thus didst thou"

King If it be so Laertes—

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be ruled by me?

Laer Ay, my lord, 60

So you will not o'errule me to a peace

King To thine own peace If he be now re-  
turn d,

As checking at his voyage and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device

Under the which he shall not choose but fall,

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident

Laer My lord I will be ruled

The rather if you could devise it so 70

That I might be the organ

King It falls right

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing for a quality

Wherein they say you shine your sum of

parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him

As did that one and that in my regard,

Of the unworthiest siege

Laer What part is that, my lord?

King A very riband in the cap of youth

Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears 80

Than settled age his sables and his weeds

Importing health and graviness Two months

since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy

I've seen my self, and served against the French,

And they can well on horseback but this gallant

Had witchcraft in him he grew unto his seat,

And to such wondrous doing brought his horse

As had he been incorp'd and demi-natured

With the brave beast So far he topp'd my

thought,

That I in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90

Come short of what he did

Laer A Norman was't?

King A Norman

Laer Upon my life, Lamond

King The very same

Laer I'll now him well He is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation

King He made confession of you,

And gave you such a masterly report

For art and exercise in your defence

And for your rapier most especial,

That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, 100

If one could match you The scrimers of their

nation

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye

If you opposed them Sir this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy

That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming hither, to play with him

Now, out of this—

Laer What out of this, my lord?

King Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Laer Why ask you this? 110

King Not that I think you did not love your

father

But that I know love is begun by time,

And that I see in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it

There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodness still,

For goodness growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much That we would do,

We should do when we would for this "would"

changes 120

And hath abatements and delays as many

As there are tongues are hands, are accidents

And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh

That hurts by easing But, to the quick of the

ulcer—

Hamlet comes back What would you undertake,

To show yourself your father's son in deed

More than in words?

Laer To cut his throat 't' the church

King No place, indeed, should murder sanc-

tuarize,

Revenge should have no bounds But, good

Laertes, 129

Will you do this, I'll keep close within your cham-

ber

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence

And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you bring you in fine to-

gether

And wager on your heads He being remiss,

Most generous and free from all contriving  
Will not peruse the foils so that with ease  
Or with a little shuffling you may choose  
A sword unbated and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father

*Laer* I will do it 140

And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword  
I bought an unction of a mountebank  
So mortal that but dip a knife in it  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the moon can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal I'll touch my point  
With this contagion that if I gall him slightly  
It may be death

*King* Let us further think of this 149  
Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
May fit us to our shape if this should fail  
And that our drift look through our bad per-  
formance,

'Twere better not assay'd therefore this project  
Should have a back or second that might hold  
If this should blast in proof Soft! let me see  
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning's  
I ha't

When in your motion you are hot and dry—  
As make your bouts more violent to that end—  
And that he calls for drink I'll have prepared  
him 160

A chalice for the nonce whereon but sipping  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck  
Our purpose may hold there

*Enter QUEEN*

How now sweet queen!

*Queen* One woe doth tread upon another's heel  
So fast they follow Your sister's drowned,  
*Laertes*

*Laer* Drown'd! O where?

*Queen* There is a willow grows aslant a brook  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream  
There with fantastic garlands did she come 169  
Of crow flowers nettles daisies and long  
purples

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call  
them

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang an envious slyver broke  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook Her clothes spread  
wide

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes  
As one incapable of her own distress  
Or like a creature native and indued 180

Unto that element But long it could not be  
Till that her garments heavy with their drink  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death

*Laer* Alas then she is drown'd?

*Queen* Drown'd drown'd

*Laer* Too much of water hast thou poor

*Ophelia*

And therefore I forbid my tears But yet  
It is our trick Nature her custom holds  
Let shame say what it will when these are gone  
The woman will be out Adieu my lord 190  
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze  
But that this folly douts it *[Exit]*

*King* Let's follow Gertrude  
How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
Now fear I this will give it start again  
Therefore let us follow *[Exeunt]*

## ACT V

### SCENE I A churchyard

*Enter TWO CLOWNS with spades &c*

*1st Clo* Is she to be buried in Christian burial  
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*2nd Clo* I tell thee she is and therefore make  
her grave straight The crowner hath sat on her  
and finds it Christian burial

*1st Clo* How can that be unless she drowned  
herself in her own defence?

*2nd Clo* Why tis found so

*1st Clo* It must be *se offendendo* it cannot be  
else For here lies the point if I drown myself  
wittingly it argues an act and an act hath three  
branches it is to act to do and to perform  
argal she drowned herself wittingly

*2nd Clo* Nay but hear you goodman deliver—

*1st Clo* Give me leave Here lies the water  
good Here stands the man good If the man go  
to this water and drown himself it is will he  
nill he he goes—mark you that But if the water  
come to him and drown him he drowns not him-  
self argal he that is not guilty of his own death  
shortens not his own life

*2nd Clo* But is this law?

*1st Clo* Ay marry it is crowner's quest law

*2nd Clo* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had  
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been  
buried out o' Christian burial

*1st Clo* Why there thou say'st and the more  
pity that great folk should have countenance in  
this world to drown or hang themselves more  
than their even Christian Come my spade  
There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners  
ditchers and grave makers they hold up Adam's  
profession

*2nd Clo* Was he a gentleman?

*1st Clo* A was the first that ever bore arms

*2nd Clo* Why, he had none 39

*1st Clo* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says "Adam digged", could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

*2nd Clo* Go to

*1st Clo* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

*2nd Clo* The gallows maker, for that frame outlives a thousand tenants 50

*1st Clo* I like thy wit well in good faith. The gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come

*2nd Clo* "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

*1st Clo* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke

*2nd Clo* Marry, now I can tell 60

*1st Clo* To't

*2nd Clo* Mass, I cannot tell

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance*

*1st Clo* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next say "a grave maker" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, fetch me a stoup of liquor

[Exit SECOND CLOWN]

*He digs and sings*

"In youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet 70

To contract, O the time, for ah, my beloved,

O, methought, there was nothing meet"

*Ham* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave making?

*Hor* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness

*Ham* 'Tis even so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense

*1st Clo* [Sings]

"But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80

And hath shipped me intil the land,

As if I had never been such"

*Throws up a skull*

*Ham* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw bone, that did the first

murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now n'er reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor* It might my lord 89

*Ham* Or of a courteen, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou good lord?" This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

*Hor* Ay, my lord

*Ham* Why even so, and now my Lady Worms, chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, and we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with em? mine ache to think on't 101

*1st Clo* [Sings]

"A pick-axe, and a spade a spade,

For and a shrouding sheet

O a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet"

*Throws up another skull*

*Ham* There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more of it?

*Hor* Not a jot more, my lord

*Ham* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor* Ay, my lord, and of calf skins too

*Ham* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow whose grave's this, sirrah?

*1st Clo* Mine, sir

[Sings] "O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet" 130

*Ham* I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't

*1st Clo* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours. For my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine

*Ham* Thou dost lie in't to be in't and say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest

1st Clo Tis a quick lie sir twill away again  
from me to you 140

Ham What man dost thou dig it for?

1st Clo For no man sir

Ham What woman then?

1st Clo For none neither

Ham Who is to be buried in t?

1st Clo One that was a woman sir but rest  
her soul she s dead

Ham How absolute the knave is! we must  
speak by the card or equivocation will undo us  
By the Lord Horatio these three years I have  
taken note of it the age is grown so picked that  
the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of  
the courtier he galls his kibe How long hast  
thou been a grave maker?

1st Clo Of all the days i the year I came to t  
that day that our last king Hamlet overcame  
Fortinbras

Ham How long is that since?

1st Clo Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell  
that It was the very day that young Hamlet was  
born he that is mad and sent into England

Ham Ay marry why was he sent into Eng  
land?

1st Clo Why because he was mad He shall  
recover his wits there or if he do not it s no  
great matter there

Ham Why?

1st Clo Twill not be seen in him there there  
the men are as mad as he 170

Ham How came he mad?

1st Clo Very strangely they say

Ham How strangely?

1st Clo Faith in en with losing his wits

Ham Upon what ground?

1st Clo Why here in Denmark I have been  
sexton here man and boy thirty years

Ham How long will a man lie i the earth ere he  
rot? 179

1st Clo I faith if he be not rotten before he die  
—as we have many pocky corpses now a-days  
that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last  
you some eight year or nine year A tanner will  
last you nine year

Ham Why he more than another?

1st Clo Why sir his hide is so tanned with his  
trade that he will keep out water a great while  
and your water is a sore decayer of your whore  
son dead body Here s a skull now this skull has  
lain in the earth three and twenty years 191

Ham Whose was it?

1st Clo A whoreson mad fellow s it was Whose  
do you think it was?

Ham Nay I know not

1st Clo A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a

poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once  
This same skull sir was Yorick s skull the  
king s jester

Ham This?

200

1st Clo E en that

Ham Let me see [*Takes the skull*] Alas poor  
Yorick! I knew him Horatio a fellow of infinite  
jest of most excellent fancy He hath borne me  
on his back a thousand times and now how  
abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises  
at it Here hunt those lips that I have kissed I  
know not how oft Where be your gibes now?  
your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merrim  
ent that were wont to set the table on a roar?  
Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite  
chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady s chamber  
and tell her let her paint an inch thick to this  
favour she must come make her laugh at that  
Prithee Horatio tell me one thing

Hor What s that my lord?

Ham Dost thou think Alexander looked o this  
fashion i the earth?

Hor E en so

20

Ham And smelt so? pah!

*Puts down the skull*

Hor E en so my lord

Ham To what base uses we may return Ho  
ratio! Why may not imagination trace the noble  
dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung  
hole?

Hor Twere to consider too curiously to con  
sider so

Ham No faith not a jot but to follow him  
thither with modesty enough and likelihood to  
lead in as thus Alexander died Alexander was  
buried Alexander returneth into dust the dust is  
earth of earth we make loam and why of that  
loam whereto he was converted might they not  
stop a beer barrel?

Impenious Cæsar dead and turn d to clay  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away

O that that earth which kept the world in  
awe

Should patch a wall to expel the winter s slaw!  
But soft but soft! aside here comes the king

*Enter PRIESTS, &c in procession the corpse of  
OPHELIA LAERTES and Mourners following  
KING QUEEN their trains &c*

The Queen the courtiers Who is this they fol  
low?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken  
The curse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo it own life Twas of s mine estate  
Couch awhile and mark

*[Retiring with HORATIO]*

*Laer* What ceremony else?

*Ham* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth, mark  
*Laer* What ceremony else?

*1st Priest* Her obsequies have been as far enlarged 249

As we have warranty Her death was doubtful,  
And, but that great command *ers* ways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged  
Till the last trumpet, for charitable prayers,  
Shards flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial

*Laer* Must there no more be done?

*First Priest* No more be done  
We should profane the service of the dead  
To sing a requiem and such rest to her 260  
As to peace parted souls

*Laer* Lay her i the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest howling

*Ham* What, the fair Ophelia?  
*Queen* Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

*Scattering flowers*  
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's  
wife,

I thought thy bride bed to have deck'd, sweet  
maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave

*Laer* O treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms

*Leaps into the grave*  
Now pile y our dust upon the quick and dead  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
To o'er top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus

*Ham* [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them  
stand

Like wonder wounded hearers? This is I, 280  
Hamlet the Dane [*Leaps into the grave*]

*Laer* The devil take thy soul!

*Grappling with him*

*Ham* Thou pray'st not well  
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,  
For, though I am not splenetic and rash  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wiseness fear hold off thy hand

*King* Pluck them asunder

*Queen*

All Gentlemen—

*Hor* Good my lord be quiet

*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave*

*Ham* Why, I will fight with him upon this  
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag 290

*Queen* O my son what theme?

*Ham* I loved Ophelia Forty thousand broth-  
ers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum What wilt thou do for her?

*King* O, he is mad, Laertes

*Queen* For love of God forbear him

*Ham* Swounds, show me what thou lt do  
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear  
thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile? 300  
I'll do't Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I,  
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou lt mouth,

I ll rant as well as thou

*Queen* This is mere madness,

And thus awhile the fit will work on him,

Anon as patient as the female dove

When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 310  
His silence will sit drooping

*Ham* Hear you sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever But it is no matter

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew and dog will have his day [*Exit*

*King* I pray you good Horatio wait upon him  
[*Exit HORATIO*]

[*To LAERTES*] Strengthen your patience in our  
last night's speech,

We ll put the matter to the present push

Good Gertrude set some watch over y our son

This grave shall have a living monument 320

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see

Till then in patience our proceeding be [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II A hall in the castle

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO*

*Ham* So much for this sir, now shall you see  
the other

You do remember all the circumstance?

*Hor* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham* Sir in my heart there was a kind of fight  
ing  
That would not let me sleep Methought I lay  
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes Rashly  
And praised be rashness for it let us know  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well  
When our deep plots do pall and that should  
teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends 10  
Rough hew them how we will—  
*Hor* That's most certain.  
*Ham* Up from my cabin  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark  
Groped I to find out them had my desire  
Finger'd their packet and in fine withdrew  
To mine own room again making so bold  
My fears forgetting manners to unseal  
Their grand commission where I found Ho-  
ratio—  
O royal knavery!—an exact command  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons 20  
Importing Denmark's health and England's too  
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life  
That on the supervise no leisure bated  
No not to stay the grinding of the axe  
My head should be struck off  
*Hor* Is't possible?  
*Ham* Here's the commission read it at more  
leisure  
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?  
*Hor* I beseech you  
*Ham* Being thus be-netted round with vil-  
lainies—  
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains 30  
They had begun the play—I sat me down,  
Devised a new commission wrote it fair  
I once did hold it as our statist's do  
A baseness to write fair and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning but sir now  
It did me yeoman's service Wilt thou know  
The effect of what I wrote?  
*Hor* Ay good my lord  
*Ham* An earnest conjuration from the King  
As England was his faithful tributary  
As love between them like the palm might flourish,  
40  
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear  
And stand a comma 'tween their amities  
And many such like as of great charge  
That on the view and knowing of these contents  
Without debatement further more or less  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving time allow'd  
*Hor* How was this seal'd?  
*Ham* Why even in that was heaven's ordnance  
I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal 50  
Folded the writ up in form of the other  
Subscribed it gave it the impression, placed it  
safely  
The changeling never known Now the next  
day  
Was our sea-fight and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already  
*Hor* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to  
*Ham* Why man they did make love to this  
employment  
They are not near my conscience their defeat  
Does by their own insinuation grow  
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 60  
Between the pass and sell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites  
*Hor* Why what a king is this!  
*Ham* Does it not think it thee stand me now  
upon—  
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my  
mother  
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life  
And with such cozenage—is it not perfect con-  
science  
To quit him with this arm? and is it not to be  
damn'd  
To let this canker of our nature come  
In further evil? 70  
*Hor* It must be shortly known to him from  
England  
What is the issue of the business there  
*Ham* It will be short the interim is mine  
And a man's life is no more than a day One  
But I am very sorry good Horatio  
That to Laertes I forgot myself  
For by the image of my cause I see  
The portraiture of his I'll court his favours  
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a towering passion  
*Hor* Peace! who comes here? 80  
*Enter Osr.*  
*Osr* Your lordship is right welcome back to  
Denmark  
*Ham* I humbly thank you sir Dost know this  
water fly?  
*Hor* No my good lord  
*Ham* Thy state is the more gracious for 'tis a  
vice to know him He hath much land and fer-  
tile let a beast be lord of beasts and his crib  
shall stand at the King's mess 'Tis a chough  
but as I say spacious in the possession of dirt 90  
*Osr* Sweet lord if your lordship were at leisure  
I should impart a thing to you from his majesty  
*Ham* I will receive it sir with all diligence of

spirit Put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head

*Osr* I thank your lordship, it is very hot

*Ham* No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly 99

*Osr* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed

*Ham* But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion

*Osr* Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry—as 'twere—I cannot tell how But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head Sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham* I beseech you, remember—

*HAMLET moves him to put on his hat*

*Osr* Nay, good my lord, for mine ease in good faith Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing, indeed, to speak feelingly of him he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see

*Ham* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great artifice, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more

*Osr* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him

*Ham* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Osr* Sir? 130

*Hor* Is it not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do it sir really

*Ham* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Osr* Of Laertes?

*Hor* His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent

*Ham* Of him, sir

*Osr* I know you are not ignorant—

*Ham* I would you did sir, yet in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me Well sir?

*Osr* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

*Ham* I dare not confess that lest I should compare with him in excellence but, to know a man well were to know himself

*Osr* I mean sir for his weapon but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he is unfellowed 150

*Ham* What's his weapon?

*Osr* Rapier and dagger

*Ham* That s two of his weapons but, well

*Osr* The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has im-  
poned as I take it, six French rapiers and pon-  
ards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and  
so Three of the carriages in faith are very dear  
to fancy, very responsive to the huts most deli-  
cate carriages, and of very liberal conceit

*Ham* What call you the carriages?

*Hor* I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

*Osr* The carriages, sir are the hangers

*Ham* The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then But, on six Barbary horses against six French swords their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages that s the French bet against the Danish Why is this "imponed," as you call it? 171

*Osr* The King, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three huts He hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer

*Ham* How if I answer 'no'?

*Osr* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial 179

*Ham* Sir, I will walk here in the hall, if it please his Majesty 'tis the breathing time of day with me, let the foils be brought the gentleman willing and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can if not I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits

*Osr* Shall I re-deliver you e en so?

*Ham* To this effect, sir after what flourish your nature will

*Osr* I commend my duty to your lordship

*Ham* Yours, yours [Exit *OSRIC*] He does well to commend it himself there are no tongues else for s turn

*Hor* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head

*Ham* He did comply with his dug before he sucked it Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out

*Enter a LORD*

*Lord* My Lord his Majesty commended him to you by young *OSRIC*, who brings back to him,



that you attend him in the hall He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes or that you will take longer time

*Ham* I am constant to my purposes they follow the King's pleasure If his fitness speaks mine is ready now or whensoever provided I be so able as now 211

*Lord* The King and Queen and all are coming down

*Ham* In happy time

*Lord* The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment ■ Laertes before you fall to play

*Ham* She well instructs me [Exit Lord]

*Hor* You will lose this wager my lord

*Ham* I do not think so since he went into France I have been in continual practice I shall win at the odds But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart But it is no matter

*Hor* Nay good my lord—

*Ham* It is but foolery but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman

*Hor* If your mind dislike anything obey it I will forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit 229

*Ham* Not a whit we defy augury There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow If it be now 'tis not to come if it be not to come it will be now if it be not now yet it will come the readiness is all Since no man has aught of what he leaves what is't to leave betimes? Let be

*Enter KING QUEEN LAERTES OSRIC, Lords and Attendants with foils and gambrels a table and flagons of wine on it*

*King* Come Hamlet come and take this hand from me

*The King puts LAERTES hand into HAMLET'S*

*Ham* Give me your pardon, sir I've done you wrong

But pardon it as you are a gentleman

This presence knows

And you must needs have heard how I am punished 240

With sore distraction What I have done

That might your nature honour and exception

Roughly awake I here proclaim was madness

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet

If Hamlet from himself be taken away

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes

Then Hamlet does it not Hamlet denies it

Who does it then? His madness? If't be so

Hamlet is of the fiction that is wrong'd

His madness ■ poor Hamlet's enemy 250

Sir in this audience

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother

*Laer* I am satisfied in nature  
Whose motive in this case should stir me most  
To my revenge but in my terms of honour  
I stand aloof and will no reconciliation  
Till by some elder masters of known honour  
I have a voice and precedent of peace 60  
To keep my name ungored But till that time  
I do receive your offer'd love like love  
And will not wrong it

*Ham* I embrace it freely  
And will this brother's wager frankly play  
Give us the foils Come on

*Laer* Come one for me  
*Ham* I'll be your foil Laertes in mine ignorance

Your skill shall like a star in the darkest night  
Stick fiery off indeed

*Laer* You mock me sir

*Ham* No by this hand

*King* Give them the foils young Osric Cousin

*Hamlet* 270  
You know the wager?

*Ham* Very well my lord  
Your Grace hath laid the odds on the weaker side

*King* I do not fear it I have seen you both

But since he is better'd we have therefore odds

*Laer* This is too heavy let me see another

*Ham* This likes me well These foils have all a length

*They prepare to play*

*Osric* Ay my good lord

*King* Set me the stoups of wine upon that table  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit

Or quit in answer of the third exchange 280

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath

And in the cup an union shall he throw

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn Give me the cups

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak

The trumpet to the cannoneer without

The cannons to the heavens the heavens to earth,

Now the King drinks to Hamlet Come begin

And you the judges bear a wary eye 290

*Ham* Come on sir

*Laer* Come my lord

*They play*

*Ham* One

*Laer* No

*Ham* Judgment

*Osric* A hit a very palpable hit

*Laer* Well again

*King* Stay, give me drink Hamlet, this pearl is  
thine,

Here's to thy health

*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within*

Give him the cup

*Ham* I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile  
Come *[They play]* Another hit, what say you?

*Laer* A touch, a touch I do confess

*King* Our son shall win

*Queen* He is fat, and scant of breath

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet 300

*Ham* Good madam!

*King* Gertrude do not drink

*Queen* I will my lord, I pray you pardon me

*King* *[Aside]* It is the poisoned cup, it is too  
late

*Ham* I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by

*Queen* Come, let me wipe thy face

*Laer* My lord, I'll hit him now

*King* I do not think't

*Laer* *[Aside]* And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my  
conscience

*Ham* Come, for the third, Laertes, you but  
dally

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am afraid you make a wanton of me 310

*Laer* Say you so? come on

*They play*

*Osr* Nothing neither way

*Laer* Have at you now!

*LAERTES wounds HAMLET, then, in scuffling, they  
change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES*

*King* Part them, they are incensed

*Ham* Nay, come again

*THE QUEEN falls*

*Osr* Look to the Queen there ho!

*Hor* They bleed on both sides How is it, my  
lord?

*Osr* How is't Laertes?

*Laer* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe

*Osr*,  
*Osr*,

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery

*Ham* How does the Queen?

*King* She swounds to see them bleed

*Queen* No, no the drink the drink!—O my dear  
Hamlet— 320

The drink the drink! I am poisoned *[Dies]*

*Ham* O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd,

Treachery! Seek it out

*Laer* It is here Hamlet Hamlet thou art slain

No medicine in the world can do thee good

In thee there is not half an hour of life

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand

Unbated and envenom'd The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me, lo here I lie, 329

Never to rise again Thy mother's poison'd  
I can no more The King, the King's to blame

*Ham* The point envenom'd too!

Then venom, to thy work

*Stabs the KING*

All Treason! treason!

*King* O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt

*Ham* He thou incestuous, murderous,

damned Dane,

Drink off this potion Is thy union here?

Follow my mother *[KING dies]*

*Laer* He is justly served,

It is a poison temper'd by himself 339

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! *[Dies]*

*Ham* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow  
thee

I am dead Horatio Wretched Queen adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audiences to this act,

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—

But let it be Horatio, I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied

*Hor* Never believe it 351

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left

*Ham* As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup Let go! By heaven I'll have't

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind  
me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain

To tell my story

*March afar off, and shot within*

What warlike noise is this? 360

*Osr* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come

from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley

*Ham* O, I die, Horatio,

The potent poison quite o'er-crowns my spirit

I cannot live to hear the news from England

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras he has my dying voice

So tell him with the occurrences more and less

Which have solicited The rest is silence *[Dies]*

*Hor* Now cracks a noble heart Good night

sweet prince

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! 370

Why does the drum come hither?

*March within*

*Enter FORTINBRAS the ENGLISH AMBASSADORS  
and others*

*Fort* Where is this sight?

*Hor* What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder cease your search

*Fort* This quarry cries on havoc O proud

Death

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell

That thou so many princes at a shot

So bloodily hast struck?

*1st Amb* The sight is dismal

And our affairs from England come too late

The ears are senseless that should give us hear

ing

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd 381

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead

Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor* Not from his mouth

Had it the ability of life to thank you

He never gave commandment for their death

But since so jump upon this bloody question

You from the Polack wars and you from Eng

land

Are here arrived give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view 389

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world

How these things came about So shall you hear

Of carnal bloody and unnatural acts

Of accidental judgements casual slaughters

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause  
And in this upshot purposes mistook  
Fall'n on the inventors' heads all this can I  
Truly deliver

*Fort* Let us haste to hear it

And call the noblest to the audience

For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite  
me

*Hor* Of that I shall have also cause to speak  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on  
more

But let this same be presently perform'd

Even while men's minds are wild lest more mis  
chance

On plots and errors happen

*Fort* Let four captains

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage

For he was likely had he been put on

To have proved most royally and for his pas  
sage

The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410

Speak loudly for him

Take up the bodies Such a sight as this

Becomes the field but here shows much amiss

Go bid the soldiers shoot

*[A dead march. Exeunt bearing off the  
dead bodies after which a peal of ord  
nance is shot off]*

# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF  
FENTON, a gentleman  
SHALLOW, a country justice  
SLENDER, cousin to Shallow  
FORD | two gentlemen duelling at Windsor  
PAGE |  
WILLIAM PAGE, a boy son to Page  
SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson  
DOCTOR CAIUS, a French physician  
HOST of the Garter Inn  
BARDOLPH |  
PISTOL | sharpers attending on Falstaff  
NYM |

ROBIN, page to Falstaff  
SIMPLE servant to Slender  
JOHN RUGBY servant to Doctor Caius  
TWO SERVANTS to Ford

MISTRESS FORD  
MISTRESS PAGE  
ANNE PAGE her daughter  
MISTRESS QUICKLY, servant to Doctor Caius  
SOME CHILDREN as fairies

NON-SPEAKING Servants to Page and Ford  
SCENE Windsor and the neighborhood

## ACT I

### SCENE I Windsor before Page's house

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW SLENDER, and SIR  
HUGH EVANS

Shal Sir Hugh, persuade me not, I will make a  
Star chamber matter of it If he were twenty Sir  
John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow,  
esquire

Slender In the county of Gloucester justice of  
peace and 'Coram'

Shal Ay, cousin Slender, and "Custalorum"

Slender Ay and "Rato-lorum" too, and a gentle-  
man born master parson, who writes himself  
"Armigero," in any bill, warrant quittance, or  
obligation, "Armigero"

Shal Ay, that I do and have done any time  
these three hundred years

Slender All his successors gone before him hath  
done it, and all his ancestors that come after him  
may They may give the dozen white laces in  
their coat

Shal It is an old coat

Evans The dozen white laces do become an  
old coat well, it agrees well passant it is a  
familiar beast to man and signifies love

Shal The lute is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an  
old coat

Slender I may quarter, coz

Shal You may, by marrying

Evans It is marring indeed if he quarter it

Shal Not a whit

Evans Yes, py'r lady, if he has a quarter of  
your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself,  
in my simple conjectures But that is all one If  
Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements  
unto you, I am of the church and will be glad to  
do my benevolence to make atonements and com-  
premises between you

Shal The council shall hear it, it is a riot

Evans It is not meet the council hear a riot,  
there is no fear of God in a riot The council,  
look you shall desire to hear the fear of God,  
and not to hear a riot, take your vizaments in  
that

Shal Ha' o' my life, if I were young again, the  
sword should end it

Evans It is better that friends in the sword, and  
end it, and there is also another device in my  
prain, which peradventure prings goot discre-  
tions with it there is Anne Page which is  
daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty  
virginity

Slender Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair,  
and speaks small like a woman

Evans It is that fery person for all the world as  
just as you will desire and seven hundred pounds  
of moneys and gold and silver, is her grandsire  
upon his death's bed—Got deliver to a joyful  
resurrections!—give when she is able to over-  
take seventeen years old It were a goot motion  
if we leave our prubbles and prables and desire  
a marriage between Master Abraham and Mis-  
tress Anne Page

*Slm* Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound? 60

*Evms* Ay and her father is make her a petter penny

*Slm* I know the young gentlewoman she has good gifts

*E ms* Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts

*Shal* Well let us see honest Master Page Is Falstaff there?

*E ms* Shall I tell you a he? I do despise a liar  
 I do despise one that is false or as I despise one that is not true The knight Sir John is there and I beseech you be ruled by your well willers I will peat the door for Master Page [*Knocks*] What ho! Got pless your house here?

*Page* [*Whm*] Who s there?

*Enter PAGE*

*Evms* Here is Got s plessing and your friend and Justice Shallow and here young Master Slender that peradventures shall tell you an other tale if matters grow to your likings

*Page* I am glad to see your worships well I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow &

*Shal* Master Page I am glad to see you Much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better it was ill killed How dorth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart la! with my heart

*Page* Sir I thank you

*Shal* Sir I thank you by yea and no I do

*Page* I am glad to see you good Master Slender 90

*Slm* How does your fallow greyhound sir? I heard say he was outrun on Corsall

*Page* I could not be judged sir

*Slm* You ll not confess you ll not confess

*Shal* That he will not 'Tis your fault tis your fault tis a good dog

*Page* A cur sir

*Shal* Sir he s a good dog and a fair dog can there be more said? he is good and fair Is Sir John Falstaff here? 100

*Page* Sir he is within and I would I could do a good office between you

*Evms* It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak

*Shal* He hath wronged me, Master Page

*Page* Sir he doth in some sort confess it

*Shal* If it be confessed it is not redressed Is not that so Master Page? He hath wronged me indeed he hath at a word he hath believe me Robert Shallow esquire saith he is wronged

*Page* Here comes Sir John 111

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF BARDOLPH NYM and PISTOL*

*Fal* Now Master Shallow you ll complain of me to the King?

*Shal* Knight you have beaten my men killed my deer and broke open my lodge

*Fal* But not kissed your keeper s daughter?

*Shal* Tut a pin! this shall be answered

*Fal* I will answer it straight I have done all this

That is now answered

*Shal* The council shall know this 120

*Fal* Twere better for you if it were known in counsel you ll be laughed at

*Evms* *Pruca verba* Sir John goot worts

*Fal* Good worts! good cabbage Slender I broke your head what matter have you against me?

*Slm* Marry sir I have matter in my head against you and against your cony catching rascals Bardolph Nym and Pistol

*Bard* You Banbury cheese! 130

*Slm* Ay it is no matter

*Pist* How now Mephistophilus!

*Slm* Ay it is no matter

*Nym* Slice I say! *pruca paries* Slice! that s my humour

*Slm* Where s Simple my man? Can you tell cousin?

*Evms* Peace I pray you Now let us understand There is three umpires in this matter as I understand that is Master Page *fideliest* Master Page and there is myself *fideliest* my self and the three party is lastly and finally mine host of the Garter

*Page* We three to hear it and end it between them

*Evms* Fery goot I will make a prief of it in my note book and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can

*Fal* Pistol!

*Pist* He hears with ears 150

*Evms* The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this He hears with ear? why it is affectations

*Fal* Pistol did you pick Master Slendet s purse?

*Slm* Ay by these gloves did he or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else of seven groats in mill sixpences and two Edward shovel boards that cost me two shilling and two pence a piece of Yeard Miller by these gloves 161

*Fal* Is this true Pistol?

*Evms* No it is false, if it is a pick purse.

*Pist* Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John  
and master mine

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial! Froth and scum thou liest!

*Slen* By these gloves then, 'twas he

*Nym* Be avised sir, and pass good humours

I will say "marry trap" with you if you run  
the nuthook's humour on me, that is the very  
note of it

*Slen* By this hat, then he in the red face had it,  
for though I cannot remember what I did when  
you made me drunk yet I am not altogether an  
ass

*Fal* What say you, Scarlet and John?

*Bard* Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentle-  
man had drunk himself out of his five sen-  
tences 180

*Evms* It is his five senses Fie, what the ignor-  
ance is!

*Bard* And being fap, sir, was, as they say,  
cashiered, and so conclusions passed the careers

*Slen* Ay, you spake in Latin then too, but 'tis  
no matter, I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again  
but in honest, civil godly company, for this  
trick If I be drunk I'll be drunk with those that  
have the fear of God, and not with drunken  
knaves 190

*Evms* So Got udge me that is a virtuous mind

*Fal* You hear all these matters denied, gentle-  
men you hear it

*Enter ANNE PAGE, with wine, MISTRESS FORD and  
MISTRESS PAGE, following*

*Page* Nay, daughter, carry the wine in, we'll  
drink within [Exit ANNE PAGE

*Slen* O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page

*Page* How now, Mistress Ford!

*Fal* Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very  
well met By your leave good mistress 200

*Kisses her*

*Page* Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome  
Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner  
Come gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down  
all unkindness

[*Exeunt all except SHALLOW, SLENDER and EVANS*

*Slen* I had rather than forty shillings I had my  
Book of Songs and Sonnets here

*Enter SIMPLE*

How now Simple! where have you been? I must  
wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book  
of Riddles about you have you?

*Sim* Book of Riddles! why did you not lend  
it to Alice Shortcake upon All hallowmas last, a  
fortnight afore Michaelmas?

*Shal* Come, coz, come, coz, we stay for you  
A word with you coz, marry, this coz there  
is as twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made  
afar off by Sir Hugh here Do you understand  
me?

*Slen* Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable, if it  
be so, I shall do that that is reason

*Shal* Nay, but understand me

*Slen* So I do, sir

*Evms* Give ear to his motions, Master Slen-  
der I will description the matter to you, if you  
be capacity of it

*Slen* Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow  
says I pray you, pardon me, he's a justice of  
peace in his country, simple though I stand here

*Evms* But that is not the question The ques-  
tion is concerning your marriage

*Shal* Ay, there's the point, sir

*Evms* Marry, is it, the very point of it, to  
Mistress Anne Page 220

*Slen* Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon  
any reasonable demands

*Evms* But can you affection the 'oman? Let  
us command to know that of your mouth or of  
your lips, for divers philosophers hold that the  
lips is parcel of the mouth Therefore, precisely,  
can you carry your good will to the maid?

*Shal* Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love  
her? 240

*Slen* I hope sir, I will do as it shall become one  
that would do reason

*Evms* Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you  
must speak possitable if you can carry her your  
desires towards her

*Shal* That you must Will you upon good  
dowry, marry her?

*Slen* I will do a greater thing than that, upon  
your request cousin in any reason

*Shal* Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet  
coz what I do is to pleasure you coz Can you  
love the maid?

*Slen* I will marry her sir at your request  
but if there be no great love in the beginning yet  
heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance,  
when we are married and have more occasion to  
know one another I hope, upon familiarity will  
grow more contempt But if you say Marry her  
"I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved  
and dissolutely 260

*Evms* It is a fery discretion answer, say the  
fall is in the ort "dissolutely the ort is, accord-  
ing to our meaning 'resolutely' His meaning  
is good

*Shal* Ay, I think my cousin meant well

*Slen* Ay or else I would I might be hanged la!

*Shal* Here comes fair Mistress Anne

*Re-enter ANNE PAGE*

Would I were young for your sake Mistress Anne!

*Anne* The dinner is on the table my father desires your worships company 271

*Shal* I will wait on him fair Mistress Anne

*Evans* Od s plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace [*Exeunt SHALLOW and EVANS*]

*Anne* Will t please your worship to come in sir?

*Slen* No I thank you forsooth heartily I am very well

*Anne* The dinner attends you sir

*Slen* I am not a hungry I thank you forsooth Go surrah for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow [*Exit SIMPLE*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man I keep but three men and a boy yet till my mother be dead But what though? Yet I live like a poor gentleman born

*Anne* I may not go in without your worship They will not sit till you come

*Slen* I faith, I'll eat nothing I thank you as much as though I did 291

*Anne* I pray you sir walk in

*Slen* I had rather walk here I thank you I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence three venys for a dish of stewed prunes and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears the town?

*Anne* I think there are sir I heard them talked of 301

*Slen* I love the sport well but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England You are afraid if you see the bear loose are you not?

*Anne* Ay indeed sir

*Slen* That s meat and drink to me now I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times and have taken him by the chain but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed But women indeed cannot abide em they are very ill favoured rough things

*Re-enter PAGE*

*Page* Come gentle Master Slender come we stay for you

*Slen* I'll eat nothin' I thank you sir

*Page* By cock and pie you shall not choose sir! come, come.

*Slen* Nay pray you, lead the way

*Page* Come on, sir

*Slen* Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first

*Anne* Not I sir pray you keep on 321

*Slen* Truly I will not go first truly la! I will not do you that wrong

*Anne* I pray you sir

*Slen* I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome You do yourself wrong indeed la!

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *The same*

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE*

*Evans* Go your ways and ask of Doctor Caius house which is the way and there dwells one Mistress Quickly which is in the manner of his nurse or his dry nurse or his cook or his laundry his washer and his wringer

*Sim* Well sir

*Evans* Nay it is petter yet Give her this letter for it is a oman that altogether is acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page and the letter is to desire and require her to solicit your master s desires to Mistress Anne Page I pray you be gone I will make an end of my dinner there s pippins and cheese to come [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A room in the Garter Inn*

*Enter FALSTAFF HOST BARDOLPH NYM*

*PISTOL, and ROBIN*

*Fal* Mine host of the Garter!

*Host* What says my bully rook? speak scholarly and wisely

*Fal* Truly mine host I must turn away some of my followers

*Host* Discard bully Hercules cashier Let them wag trot trot

*Fal* I sit at ten pounds a week

*Host* Thou art an emperor Cæsar Heisar and Pheezar I will entertain Bardolph he shall draw he shall tap Said I well bully Hector?

*Fal* Do so good mine host

*Host* I have spoke let him follow [*To BARDOLPH*] Let me see thee froth and lime I am at a word follow [*Exit*]

*Fal* Bardolph follow him A tapster is a good trade an old cloak makes a new jerkin a withered serving man a fresh tapster Go adieu 20

*Bard* It is a life that I have desired I will thrive

*Pist* O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit BARDOLPH*]

*Nym* He was gotten in drink Is not the humour conceited?

*Fal* I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox his thefts were too open his filching was like an unskilful singer he kept not time

*Nym* The good humour is to steal at a minute s rest 31

*Pist* Convey the wase it call Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

*Fal* Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels

*Pist* Why, then, let kisses ensue

*Fal* There is no remedy I must cony-catch, I must shift

*Pist* Young ravens must have food

*Fal* Which of you know Ford of this town?

*Pist* I ken the wight He is of substance good 41

*Fal* My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about

*Pist* Two yards, and more

*Fal* No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about, but I am now about no waste, I am about thrift Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife I spy entertainment in her, she discourses, she carves she gives the leer of invitation I can construe the action of her familiar style and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am Sir John Falstaff's"

*Pist* He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English

*Nym* The anchor is deep will that humour pass?

*Fal* Now the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse He hath a legion of angels 60

*Pist* As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I

*Nym* The humour rises it is good Humour me the angels

*Fal* I have writ me here a letter to her and here another to Page's wife who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious ocellades, sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot sometimes my portly belly

*Pist* Then did the sun on dunghill shine 70

*Nym* I thank thee for that humour

*Fal* O she did so course over my exteriors with such a greedy intension that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her She bears the purse too, she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty I will be cheater to them both and they shall be exchequers to me they shall be my East and West Indies and I will trade to them both Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page and thou this to Mistress Ford We will thrive, lads we will thrive

*Pist* Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become And by my side wear steel? then Lucifer take all!

*Nym* I will run no base humour Here take the humour letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation

*Fal* [To ROBIN] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores

Rogues, hence avaunt! vanish like hailstones go, Trudge plod away o the hoof, seek shelter, pack!

Falstaff will learn the humour of the age, French thrift, you rogues, myself and skirted page [Exit FALSTAFF and ROBIN]

*Pist* Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack Base Phrygian Turk!

*Nym* I have operations which be humours of revenge

*Pist* Wilt thou revenge? 100

*Nym* By welkin and her star!

*Pist* With wit or steel?

*Nym* With both the humours I I will discuss the humour of this love to Page

*Pist* And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile

His dove will prove his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile

*Nym* My humour shall not cool I will incense Page to deal with poison I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous That is my true humour

*Pist* Thou art the Mars of malecontents I second thee troop on [Exit

#### SCENE IV A room in Doctor Caius's house

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY

*Quick* What, John Rugby! I pray thee go to the casement, and see if you can see my master Master Doctor Caius coming If he do I faith and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English

*Rug* I'll go watch

*Quick* Go and we'll have a posset for't soon at night in faith at the latter end of a sea-coal fire [Exit RUGBY] An honest willing, kind fellow as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you no tell tale nor no breed bate his worst fault is that he is given to prayer he is something peevish that way but nobody but has his fault but let that pass Peter Simple, you say your name is?

*Sim* Ay for fault of a better

*Quick* And Master Slender's your master?

*Sim* Ay, forsooth

*Quick* Does he not wear a great round beard like a Glover's paring knife? 21

*Sim* No forsooth he hath but a little wee face with a little yellow beard a Cain-coloured beard

*Quick* A softly sprighted man is he not?

*Sim* Ay, forsooth, but he is as tall a man of his



hands as any ■ between this and his head he hath fought with a warrener

*Quick* How say you? O I should remember him Does he not hold up his head as it were and strut in his gait?

*Sims* Yes indeed does he

*Quick* Well heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master Anne is a good girl and I wish—

*Re-enter RUGBY*

*Rug* Out alas! here comes my master

*Quick* We shall all be shent Run in here good young man go into this closet He will not stay long [*Shuts SIMPLE in the closet*] What John Rugby! John! what John I say! Go John go inquire for my master I doubt he be not well that he comes not home 43

[*Singing*] And down down adown a &c

*Enter DOCTOR CAIUS*

*Caius* Vat is you sing? I do not like des roys Pray you go and vetch me in my closet un *houster vert* a box a green a box do intend vat I speak a green a box

*Quick* Ay forsooth I'll fetch it you [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself if he had found the young man he would have been horn mad 52

*Caius* *Le se se se! ma foi il fait fort chaud Je m'en vas à la cour la grande affaire*

*Qui k* is this sir?

*Caius* *Oui mette le au mon pocket deprache* quickly Vere is dat knave Rugby?

*Quick* What John Rugby! John!

*Ru* Here sir!

*Caius* You are John Rugby and you are Jack Rugby Come take a your rapier and come after my heel to the court 62

*Rug* 'Tis ready, sir here in the porch

*Caius* By my trot, I tarry too long Od s me! *Qu as j'oublie!* dere is some simples in my closet dat I will not for the varld I shall leave behind

*Quick* Ay me he'll find the young man there and be mad

*Caius* *O dable dable!* vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling SIMPLE out*] Rugby my rapier! 72

*Quick* Good master be content

*Caius* Wherefore shall I be content a?

*Quick* The young man is an honest man

*Caius* What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet

*Qui k* I beseech you be not so phlegmatic

Hear the truth of it he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh 87

*Caius* Vell

*Sims* Ay forsooth to desire her to—

*Quick* Peace I pray you

*Caius* Peace a your tongue Speak a your tale

*Sims* To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage

*Quick* This is all indeed la! but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire and need not 91

*Caius* Sir Hugh send a you? Rugby *bailler* me some paper Tarry you a little a while

*Writes*

*Quick* [*Aside to SIMPLE*] I am glad he is so quiet if he had been thoroughly moved you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy But notwithstanding man I'll do you your master what good I can and the very yea and the no is the French doctor my master—I may call him my master look you for I keep his house and I wash wring brew bake scour dress meat and drink make the beds and do all my self—

*Sims* [*Aside to QUICKLY*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand

*Quick* [*Aside to SIMPLE*] Are you avised o that? you shall find it a great charge and to be up early and down late but notwithstanding—to tell you in your ear I would have no words of it—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page but notwithstanding that I know Anne's mind—that's neither here nor there

*Caius* You jack nape give a this letter to Sir Hugh by gar it is a challenge I will cut his troat in de park and I will teach a scurvy jack a nape priest to meddle or make You may be gone it is not good you tarry here By gar I will cut all his two stones by gar he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog [*Exit SIMPLE*]

*Quick* Alas he speaks but for his friend 10

*Caius* It is no matter a ver dat Do not you tell a me dat I shall have Anne Page for my self? By gar I will kill de Jack priest and I have appointed mine host of de Jartee to measure our weapon By gar I will myself have Anne Page

*Quick* Sir the maid loves you and all shall be well We must give folks leave to prate what the good jer!

*Caius* Rugby come to the court with me By gar if I have not Anne Page I shall turn your head out of my door Follow my heels Rugby

[*Exeunt CAIUS and RUGBY*]

*Quick* You shall have An fool's head of your own No I know Anne's mind for that Never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's

mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven

*Fent* [Within] Who's within there? ho!

*Quick* Who's there, I trow! Come near the house, I pray you 141

*Enter FENTON*

*Fent* How now, good woman! how dost thou?

*Quick* The better that it pleases your good worship to ask

*Fent* What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

*Quick* In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise heaven for it 151

*Fent* Shall I do any good thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

*Quick* Troth, sir, all is in His hands above. But notwithstanding Master Fenton I'll be sworn on a book she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent* Yes, marry, have I, what of that?

*Quick* Well, thereby hangs a tale. Good faith, it is such another Nan, but I detest an honest maid as ever broke bread. We had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing but for you—well go to

*Fent* Well, I shall see her to day. Hold, there's money for thee, let me have thy voice in my behalf. If thou seest her before me, commend me.

*Quick* Will I? i' faith, that we will and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence and of other woovers

*Fent* Well farewell. I am in great haste now

*Quick* Farewell to your worship [Exit FENTON] Truly an honest gentleman but Anne loves him not for I now Anne's mind as well as another does. Out upon t! what have I forgot? [Exit 180

## ACT II

### SCENE I Before Page's house

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter*

*Mrs Page* What have I scaped love's letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see [Reads] "Ask me no reason why I love you, for though Love use Reason for his physician he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young no more am I go to then there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I ha ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack and so do I would you

desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page—at the least if the love of soldier can suffice—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, tis not a soldier-like phrase but I say, love me By me,

Thine own true knight,

By day or night,

Or any land of light,

With all his might

For thee to fight,

*John Falstaff*

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked wicked world! One that is well nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth. Heaven forgive me! Why I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be as sure as his guts are made of puddings

*Enter MISTRESS FORD*

*Mrs Ford* Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house

*Mrs Page* And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill

*Mrs Ford* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that, I have to show to the contrary

*Mrs Page* Faith but you do in my mind

*Mrs Ford* Well I do then, yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page give me some counsel!

*Mrs Page* What's the matter woman?

*Mrs Ford* O woman if it were not for one trifling respect I could come to such honour!

*Mrs Page* Hang the trifle woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles, what is it?

*Mrs Ford* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so I could be knighted 50

*Mrs Page* What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hacl, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry

*Mrs Ford* We burn daylight. Here read read, perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty and gave such orderly and well behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the

tune of *Green Sleeves* What tempest I throw  
threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his  
belly ashore at Windsor? How shall I be re-  
venged on him? I think the best way were to  
entertain him with hope till the wicked fire of  
lust have melted him in his own grease Did you  
ever hear the like? 70

*Mrs Page* Letter for letter but that the name  
of *Page* and *Ford* differs To thy great comfort  
in this mystery of ill opinions here's the twin  
brother of thy letter but let thine inherit first  
for I protest mine never shall I warrant he  
hath a thousand of these letters writ with blank  
space for different names—sure more—and  
these are of the second edition He will print  
them out of doubt for he cares not what he  
puts into the press when he would put us two  
I had rather be a giantess and lie under Mount  
Pelion Well I will find you twenty lascivious  
turtles ere one chaste man

*Mrs Ford* Why this is the very same the very  
hand the very words What doth he think of us?

*Mrs Page* Nay I know not It makes me almost  
ready to wrangle with mine own honesty I'll  
entertain myself like one that I am not ac-  
quainted withal for sure unless he know some  
strain in me that I know not myself he would  
never have boarded me in this fury

*Mrs Ford* Boarding call you it? I'll be sure  
to keep him above deck

*Mrs Page* So will I If he come under my  
hatches I'll never to sea again Let's be re-  
venged on him Let's appoint him a meeting  
give him a show of comfort in his suit and lead  
him on with a fine baited delay till he hath  
pawned his horse to mine host of the Garter 100

*Mrs Ford* Nay I will consent to act any vil-  
lainy against him, that may not sully the chariness  
of our honesty O that my husband saw this  
letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy

*Mrs Page* Why look where he comes and  
my good man too He's as far from jealousy as I  
am from giving him cause and that I hope is an  
unmeasurable distance

*Mrs Ford* You are the happier woman 110

*Mrs Page* Let's consult together against this  
greasy knight Come hither [They retire

*Enter Ford with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM*

*Ford* Well I hope it be not so

*Pist* Hope is a curial dog in some affairs

*Sir John* affects thy wife

*Ford* Why sir my wife is not young

*Pist* He woos both high and low both rich  
and poor

Both young and old one with another *Ford*

He loves the gallimaufry *Ford* perpend

*Ford* Love my wife!

*Pist* With liver burning hot Prevent or go  
thou

*Lake Sir Actæon* he with Ringwood at thy heels  
O odious is the name!

*Ford* What name sir?

*Pist* The horn I say Farewell

Take heed have open eye for thieves do foot by  
night

Take heed ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds  
do sing

Away Sir Corporal Nym!

Believe it *Page* he speaks sense [Exit

*Ford* [Aside] I will be patient I will find out  
this 121

*Nym* [To *Page*] And thus is true I like not  
the humour of lying He hath wronged me in  
some humours I should have borne the humoured  
letter to her but I have a sword and I shall bite  
upon my necessity He loves your wife there's  
the short and the long My name is Corporal  
Nym I speak and I avouch is true my name  
is Nym and Falstaff loves your wife Adieu  
I love not the humour of bread and cheese and  
there's the humour of it Adieu [Exit 141

*Page* The humour of it quoth a! Here's a  
fellow frights English out of his wits

*Ford* I will seek out Falstaff

*Page* I never heard such a drawing affecting  
rogue

*Ford* If I do find it! Well

*Page* I will not believe such a Catalian though  
the priest of the town commended him for a true  
man 150

*Ford* 'Twas a good sensible fellow Well

*Page* How how Meg!

*MISTRESS PAGE* and *MISTRESS FORD* come forward

*Mrs Page* Whither go you George? I mark you

*Mrs Ford* How now sweet Frank! why art  
thou melancholy?

*Ford* I melancholy! I am not melancholy Get  
you home go

*Mrs Ford* Faith thou hast some crotchets in  
thy head Now will you go *Mistress Page*?

*Mrs Page* Have with you You'll come to  
dinner George [Aside to *MISTRESS FORD*] Look  
who comes yonder She shall be our messenger  
to this paltry knight

*Mrs Ford* [Aside to *MISTRESS PAGE*] Trust me  
I thought on her she'll fit it

Enter *MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*Mrs Page* You are come to see my daughter  
Anne?

*Quick* Ay forsooth and I pray how does  
good *Mistress Anne*? 170

*Mrs Page* Go in with us and see We have an hour's talk with you

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and MISTRESS QUICKLY

*Page* How now, Master Ford?

*Ford* You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

*Page* Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

*Ford* Do you think there is truth in them?

*Page* Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it, but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men, very rogues, now they be out of service

*Ford* Were they his men?

*Page* Marry, were they

*Ford* I like it never the better for that Does he lie at the Garter?

*Page* Ay, marry, does he If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him, and what he gets more of her than sharp words let it lie on my head 191

*Ford* I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together A man may be too confident I would have nothing lie on my head I cannot be thus satisfied

*Page* Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes There is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily

*Enter* HOST

How now mine host?

*Host* How now bully rook! thou'rt a gentleman Cavaleiro-justice I say! 201

*Enter* Shallow

*Shal* I follow, mine host, I follow Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand

*Host* Tell him, cavaleiro justice, tell him, bully rook

*Shal* Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caus the French doctor 210

*Ford* Good mine host o the Garter, a word with you [*Drawing him aside*]

*Host* What sayest thou my bully rook?

*Shal* [*To PAGE*] Will you go with us to behold n? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and I think hath appointed them contrary places for believe me I hear the parson is no jester Hark I will tell you what our sport shall be [*They converse apart*]

*Host* Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleiro? 221

*Ford* None, I protest, but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest

*Host* My hand, bully, thou shalt have egress and regress—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook It is a merry knight Will you go, An heires?

*Shal* Have with you, mine host

*Page* I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier 231

*Shal* Tut, sir, I could have told you more In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what 'Tis the heart, Master Page 'tis here, 'tis here I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats

*Host* Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

*Page* Have with you I had rather hear them scold than fight 240

[*Exeunt* HOST, SHALLOW, and PAGE

*Ford* Though Page be a secure fool and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not Well, I will look further into 't, and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff If I find her honest, I lose not my labour, if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed [*Exit*]

SCENE II *A room in the Garter Inn*

*Enter* FALSTAFF and PISTOL

*Fal* I will not lend thee a penny

*Pist* Why then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open

*Fal* Nor a penny I have been content sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach fellow Nym, or else you had looked through the grate, like a gemmy of baboons I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows, and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan I took it upon mine honour thou hadst it not

*Pist* Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

*Fal* Reason you rogue reason thinkest thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word hang no more about me I am no gibbet for you Go A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Picka hatch! Go You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour Why thou unconfinable baseness it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise I, I I myself sometimes leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my

necessity am fain to shuffle in hedge and to lurch and yet you rogue will ensconce your rags your cat a mountain looks your red lattice phrases and your bold beating oaths under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it you!

30

*Ist* I do relent What would thou more of man?

*Enter ROBIN*

*Rob* Sir here's a woman would speak with you

*Fal* Let her approach

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*Quick* Give your worship good morrow

*Fal* Good morrow good wife

*Quick* Not so an't please your worship

*Fal* Good maid then

*Quick* I'll be sworn

As my mother was the first hour I was born

*Fal* I do believe the swearer What with me?

*Quick* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal* Two thousand fair woman and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing

*Quick* There is one Mistress Ford sir—I pray come a little nearer this ways—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius—

*Fal* Well on Mistress Ford you say—

*Quick* Your worship says very true I pray your worship come a little nearer this ways

30

*Fal* I warrant thee nobody hears mine own people mine own people

*Quick* Are they so? God bless them and make them His servants!

*Fal* Well Mistress Ford what of her?

*Quick* Why sir she's a good creature Lord Lord! your worship's a wanton! Well heaven forgive you and all of us I pray!

*Fal* Mistress Ford come Mistress Ford—

*Quick* Marry this is the short and the long of it you have brought her into such a canaries as tis wonderful The best courteser of them all when the court lay at Windsor could never have brought her to such a canary Yet there has been knights and lords and gentlemen with their coaches I warrant you coach after coach letter after letter gift after gift smelling so sweetly all musk and so rushing I warrant you in silk and gold and in such alluring terms and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest that would have won any woman's heart and I warrant you they could never get an eye wink of her I had myself twenty angels given me this morning but I defy all angels in any such sort as they say but in the way of honesty and I

warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all and yet there has been earls nay which is more pensioners but I warrant you all in one with her

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*Fal* But what says she to me? be brief my good she Mercury

*Quick* Marry she hath received your letter for the which she thanks you a thousand times and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven

*Fal* Ten and eleven?

*Quick* Ay forsooth and then you may come and see the picture she says that you wot of Master Ford her husband will be from home Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him He's a very jealousy man She leads a very frampold life with him good heart

*Fal* Ten and eleven Woman commend me to her I will not fail her

*Quick* Why you say well But I have another messenger to your worship Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too and let me tell you in your ear she's as fartuous a civil modest wife and one I tell you that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer as any is in Windsor whoever be the other and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home but she hopes there will come a time I never knew a woman so dote upon a man Surely I think you have charms la yes in truth

*Fal* Not I I assure thee Setting the attraction of my good parts aside I have no other charms

*Quick* Blessing on your heart for't!

*Fal* But I pray thee tell me this has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

*Quick* That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace I hope That were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page of all loves Her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page and truly Master Page is an honest man Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does do what she will say what she will take all pay all go to bed when she list rise when she list all is as she will and truly she deserves for if there be a kind woman in Windsor she is one You must send her your page no remedy

*Fal* Why I will

*Quick* Nay but do so then and look you he may come and go between you both and in any case have a nay word that you may know one another a mind and the boy never need to unlearn stand any thing for tis not good that children should know any wickedness Old folks you

know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world

*Fal* Fare thee well. Commend me to them both. There's my purse, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. *[Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY and ROBIN.]* This news distracts me!

*Pist* This punk is one of Cupid's carriers. Clap on more sails, pursue, up with your fights, Give fire, she is my prize, or oceanwhelm them all!

*Fal* Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways, I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter BARDOLPH*

*Bard* Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

*Fal* Brook is his name?

*Bard* Ay, sir.

*Fal* Call him in. *[Exit BARDOLPH.]* Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to, via!

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised*

*Ford* Bless you, sir! 160

*Fal* And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

*Ford* I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal* You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. *[Exit BARDOLPH.]*

*Ford* Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much my name is Brook.

*Fal* Good Master Brook. I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford* Good Sir John. I sue for yours, not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion, for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

*Fal* Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

*Ford* Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me. If you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all or half for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter. 181

*Ford* I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

*Fal* Speak, good Master Brook. I shall be glad to be your servant.

*Ford* Sir, I hear you are a scholar—I will be brief with you—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means as desire to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection, but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

*Fal* Very well, sir, proceed.

*Ford* There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

*Fal* Well, sir.

200

*Ford* I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, followed her with a doting observance, engrossed opportunities to meet her, feed every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her, not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given, briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this.

"Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues.

Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

*Fal* Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford* Never.

*Fal* Have you importuned her to such a purpose? 221

*Ford* Never.

*Fal* Of what quality was your love, then?

*Ford* Like a fair house built on another man's ground, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

*Fal* To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

*Ford* When I have told you that I have told you all. Some say that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance authentic in your place and person generally allowed for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal* O, sir!

*Ford* Believe it for you know it There is money spend it spend it spend more spend all I have only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife Use your art of wooing win her to consent to you if any man may you may as soon as any

*Fil* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously 250

*Ford* O understand my drift She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour that the folly of my soul dares not present itself She is too bright to be looked against Now could I come to her with any detection in my hand my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves I could drive her then from the ward of her purity her reputation her marriage vow and a thousand other her defences which now are too too strongly embattled against me What say you to it Sir John? 261

*Fal* Master Brook I will first make bold with your money next give me your hand and last as I am a gentleman you shall if you will enjoy Ford's wife

*Ford* O good sir!

*Fal* I say you shall

*Ford* Want no money Sir John you shall want none

*Fal* Want no Mistress Ford Master Brook you shall want none I shall be with her I may tell you by her own appointment even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth Come you to me at night you shall know how I speed

*Ford* I am blest in your acquaintance Do you know Ford sir? 280

*Fal* Hang him poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not Yet I wrong him to call him poor they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money for the which his wife seems to me well favoured I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer and there's my harvest home

*Ford* I would you knew Ford, sir that you might avoid him if you saw him

*Fal* Hang him, mechanical salt butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits I will awe him with my cudgel it shall hang like a meteor over the cuckold's horns Master Brook thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant and thou shalt lie with his wife Come to me soon at night Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his

style thou Master Brook shalt know him for knave and cuckold Come to me soon at night

[Exit]

*Ford* What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him the hour is fixed the match is made Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused my coffers ransacked my reputation gnawn at and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong but stand under the adoption of abominable terms and by him that does me this wrong Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well Lucifer well Barbason, well yet they are devils additions the names of fiends but Cuckold! Wiltol! —Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name Page is an ass a secure ass He will trust his wife he will not be jealous I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter Parson Hu the Welshman with my cheese an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle or a thief to walk my ambling gelding than my wife with herself Then she plots then she ruminates then she devises and what they think in their hearts they may effect they will break their hearts but they will effect God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour I will prevent thus detect my wife be revenged on Falstaff and laugh at Page I will about it better three hours too soon than a minute too late Fie fie fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit]

### SCENE III A field near Windsor

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY

*Caius* Jack Rugby!

*Rug* Sir?

*Caius* Vat is de clock Jack?

*Rug* 'Tis past the hour sir that Sir Hugh promised to meet

*Caius* By gar he has save his soul dat he is no come he has pray his Pible well dat he is no come By gar Jack Rugby he is dead already if he be come

*Rug* He is wise sir he knew your worship would kill him if he came

*Caius* By gar de herring is no dead so as I will kill him Take your rapier Jack I will tell you how I will kill him

*Rug* Alas sir I cannot fence

*Caius* Villainsy take your rapier

*Rug* Forbear here's company

Enter HOST SHALLOW SLENDER and PAGE

*Host* Bless thee bully doctor!

*Shal* Save you Master Doctor Caius!

*Page* Now, good master doctor! 20  
*Slend* Give you good morrow sir  
*Caus* Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

*Host* To see thee fight to see thee foim, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Ascalapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead bully stale? is he dead?

*Caus* By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de world, he is not show his face 32

*Host* Thou art a Castalion King-Urinal Hector of Greece, my boy!

*Caus* I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come

*Shal* He is the wiser man master doctor He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies, if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions Is it not true, Master Page?

*Page* Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace

*Shal* Bodykins, Master Page though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page we have some salt of our youth in us we are the sons of women, Master Page 51

*Page* 'Tis true, Master Shallow

*Shal* It will be found so Master Page Master Doctor Caus, I am come to fetch you home I am sworn of the peace You have showed yourself a wise physician and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman You must go with me, master doctor

*Host* Pardon, guest justice A word, Mounseur Mockwater 60

*Caus* Mock water! vat is dat?

*Host* Mock water, in our English tongue is valour, bully

*Caus* By gar, den, I have as mush mock water as de Englishman Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar me vill cut his ears

*Host* He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully

*Caus* Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

*Host* That is he will make thee amends 70

*Caus* By gar me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me for by gar me vill have it

*Host* And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag

*Caus* Me tank you for dat

*Host* And moreover bully—but first master guest, and Master Page and eke Cavaleiro Slend-

der, go you through the town to Frogmore [Aside to them]

*Page* Sir Hugh is there, is he?

*Host* He is there See what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields Will it do well?

*Shal* We will do it

*Page, Shal, and Slend* Adieu good master doctor [Exeunt PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER]

*Caus* By gar, me vill kill de priest for he speak for a jack-an ape to Anne Page

*Host* Let him die, sheathe thy impatience throw cold water on thy choler, go about the fields with me through Frogmore I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is at a farm house ■ feasting, and thou shalt woo her Cried I am? said I well?

*Caus* By gar, me dank you vor dat By gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest de earl, de knight, de lords de gentlemen, my patients

*Host* For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page Said I well?

*Caus* By gar, tis good, vell said 100

*Host* Let us wag then

*Caus* Come at my heels, Jack Rugby [Exeunt]

## ACT III

## SCENE I A field near Frogmore

## Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE

*Evans* I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving man and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caus that calls himself doctor of physic?

*Sim* Marry sir, the pirtue ward the parkward, every way old Windsor way and every way but the town way

*Evans* I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way

*Sim* I will, sir [Exit to]

*Evans* Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am and tremping of mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me How melancholies I am! I will knog his urnals about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork 'Pless my soul! [Sings]

"To shallow rivers to whose falls  
 Melodious birds sings madrigals,  
 There will we make our peds of roses,  
 And a thousand fragrant posies 20  
 To shallow —

Mercy, on me! I have a great dispositions to cry [Sings]

Melodious birds sing madrigals—



When as I sat in Babylon—  
And a thousand vagrant posies  
To shallow &c

*Re-enter SIMPLE*

*Sim* Yonder he is coming this way Sir Hugh

*Evans* He's welcome [*Sings*]

To shallow rivers to whose falls —

Heaven prosper the right! What weapons is he?

*Sim* No weapons sir There comes my master  
Master Shallow and another gentleman from  
Frogmore over the stile this way

*Evans* Pray you give me my gown or else  
keep it in your arms

*Enter PAGE SHALLOW and SLENDER*

*Shal* How now master Parson! Good morrow  
good Sir Hugh keep a gamester from the dice  
and a good student from his book and it is won-  
derful

*Slm* [*Aside*] Ah sweet Anne Page! 40

*Page* Save you good Sir Hugh!

*Evans* Pless you from his mercy sake all of  
you!

*Shal* What the sword and the word! do you  
study them both master parson?

*Page* And youthful still! in your doublet and  
hose thus raw rheumatic day!

*Evans* There is reasons and causes for it

*Page* We are come to you to do a good office  
master parson 50

*Evans* Fery well what is it?

*Page* Yonder is a most reverend gentleman  
who belike having received wrong by some per-  
son, is at most odds with his own gravity and  
patience that ever you saw

*Shal* I have lived fourscore years and upward  
I never heard a man of his place gravity and  
learning so wide of his own respect

*Evans* What is he?

*Page* I think you know him Master Doctor  
Caus the renowned French physician 61

*Evans* Got a will and his passion of my heart!  
I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of  
porridge

*Page* Why?

*Evans* He has no more knowledg in Hibo-  
crates and Galen—and he is a knave besides a  
cowardly knave as you would desires to be ac-  
quainted withal

*Page* I warrant you he is the man should fight  
with him 71

*Slm* [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

*Shal* It appears so by his weapons keep them  
asunder here comes Doctor Caus

*Enter HOST CAIUS and RUGBY*

*Page* Nay good master parson keep in your  
weapon

*Shal* So do you good master doctor

*Host* Disarm them and let them question Let  
them keep their limbs whole and hack our Eng-  
lish 80

*Caus* I pray you let a me speak a word with  
your ear Wherefore will you not meet a me?

*Evans* [*Aside to CAIUS*] Pray you use your pa-  
tience In good time

*Caus* By gar you are de coward de Jack dog  
John ape

*Evans* [*Aside to CAIUS*] Pray you let us not be  
laughing stocks to other men's humours I desire  
you in friendship and I will one way or other  
make you amends [*Aloud*] I will knog your  
urinals about your knave's cogscomb for miss-  
ing your meetings and appointments 92

*Caus* Double! Jack Rugby—mine host de Jar-  
teer—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I  
not at de place I did appoint?

*Evans* As I am a Christians soul now look you  
this is the place appointed I'll be judgement by  
mine host of the Garter

*Host* Peace I say Gallia and Gaul French and  
Welsh soul-curer and body-curer! 100

*Caus* Ay dat is very good excellent

*Host* Peace I say! hear mine host of the Garter  
Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?  
Shall I lose my doctor? no he gives me the po-  
tions and the motions Shall I lose my parson  
my priest my Sir Hugh? no he gives me the  
proverbs and the no-verbs Give me thy hand  
terrestrial so Give me thy hand celestial so  
Boys of art I have deceived you both I have  
directed you to wrong places Your hearts are  
mighty your skins are whole and let burn  
sack be the issue Come lay their swords in  
pawn Follow me lads of peace follow follow  
follow

*Shal* Trust me a mad host Follow gentlemen  
follow

*Slm* [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exit SHALLOW SLENDER, PAGE, and HOST*]  
*Caus* Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make a  
de sot of us ha ha?

*Evans* This is well he has made us his vlot  
in stog I desire you that we may be friends  
and let us knog our prains together to be revenge  
on this same scall scurvy cogging companion,  
the host of the Garter

*Caus* By gar with all my heart I'll promise to  
bring me where is Anne Page by gar he deceive  
me too

*Evans* Well, I will smite his noddles Pray you follow  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *A street*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN

*Mrs Page* Nay, keep your way, little gallant, you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader Whether had you rather lead mine eyes or eye your master's heels?

*Rob* I had rather forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf

*Mrs Page* O, you are a flattering boy Now I see you'll be a courtier

Enter FORD

*Ford* Well met, Mistress Page Whither go you? 10

*Mrs Page* Truly, sir, to see your wife Is she at home?

*Ford* Ay, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company I think, if your husbands were dead you two would marry

*Mrs Page* Be sure of that—two other husbands  
*Ford* Where had you this pretty weathercock?

*Mrs Page* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of What do you call your knight's name, sirrah? 21

*Rob* Sir John Falstaff

*Ford* Sir John Falstaff?

*Mrs Page* He, he I can never hit on a name There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

*Ford* Indeed she is

*Mrs Page* By your leave sir I am sick till I see her

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN]

*Ford* Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep he hath no use of them Why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score He pieces out his wife's inclination he gives her folly motion and advantage and now she's going to my wife and Falstaff's boy with her A man may hear this shower sing in the wind And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots they are laid and our revolted wives share damnation together Well I will take him then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Acton and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim [Clock heard] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search There I shall find Falstaff I shall be rather praised for this than mocked for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there I will go 50

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY

*Shal, Page, &c* Well met Master Ford  
*Ford* Trust me, a good knot I have good cheer at home And I pray you all go with me

*Shal* I must excuse myself Master Ford

*Slen* And so must I sir We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of

*Shal* We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer 60

*Slen* I hope I have your good will father Page

*Page* You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether

*Caius* Ay, be gar and de maid is love-a me My nursh a Quickly tell me so much

*Host* What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers he dances, he has eyes of youth he writes verses, he speaks holiday he smells April and May He will carry t, he will carry t tis in his buttons he will carry t 71

*Page* Not by my consent, I promise you The gentleman is of no having He kept company with the wild prince and Poins he is of too high a region, he knows too much No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance If he take her let him take her simply, the wealth I have waits on my consent and my consent goes not that way

*Ford* I beseech you heartily some of you go home with me to dinner Besides your cheer you shall have sport I will show you a monster Master doctor you shall go, so shall you Master Page and you Sir Hugh

*Shal* Well fare you well We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SLENDER]

*Caius* Go home, John Rugby I come anon

[*Exit* RUGBY]

*Host* Farewell my hearts I will to my honest knight Falstaff and drink canary with him

[*Exit*]

*Ford* [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipewine first with him I'll make him dance Will you go gentlemen?

*All* Have with you to see this monster

[*Exeunt*]SCENE III *A room in Ford's house*

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE

*Mrs Ford* What John! What Robert!

*Mrs Page* Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

*Mrs Ford* I warrant What Robin I say!

*Enter Servants with a basket*

*Mrs Page* Come come come

*Mrs Ford* Here set it down

*Mrs Page* Give your men the charge we must be brief

*Mrs Ford* Marry as I told you before John and Robert be ready here hard by in the brew house and when I suddenly call you come forth and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders That done trudge with it in all haste and carry it among the whistlers in Datchet mead and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side

*Mrs Page* You will do it?

*Mrs Ford* I ha told them over and over they lack no direction Be gone and come when you are called

*[Exeunt Servants 20]*

*Mrs Page* Here comes little Robin

*Enter ROBIN*

*Mrs Ford* How now my eyas musket! what news with you?

*Rob* My master Sir John is come in at your back-door Mistress Ford and requests your company

*Mrs Page* You little Jack a Lent have you been true to us?

*Rob* Ay I'll be sworn My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it for he swears he'll turn me away

*Mrs Page* Thou'rt a good boy This secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee and shall make thee a new doublet and hose I'll go hide me

*Mrs Ford* Do so Go tell thy master I am alone

*[Exit ROBIN]* Mistress Page remember you your cue

*Mrs Page* I warrant thee if I do not act it hiss me

*[Exit 41]*

*Mrs Ford* Go to then We'll use this unwhole some humidity this gross watery pumpon we'll teach him to know turtles from jays

*Enter FALSTAFF*

*Fal* Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why now let me die for I have lived long enough This is the period of my ambition O this blessed hour!

*Mrs Ford* O sweet Sir John

*Fal* Mistress Ford I cannot cog I cannot prate, Mistress Ford Now shall I sin in my wish I would thy husband were dead I'll speak it before the best lord I would make thee my lady

*Mrs Ford* I your lady Sir John! alas I should be a pitiful lady!

*Fal* Let the court of France show me such an other I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond Thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the ship-tire the tire valiant or any tire of Venetian admittance

*Mrs Ford* A plain kerchief Sir John My brows become nothing else nor that well neither

*Fal* By the Lord thou art a traitor to say so Thou wouldst make an absolute courtier and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were not Nature thy friend Come thou canst not hide it

*Mrs Ford* Believe me there's no such thing in me

*Fal* What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee Come I cannot cog and say thou art this and that like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds that come like women in men's apparel and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time I cannot But I love thee none but thee and thou deservest it

*Mrs Ford* Do not betray me sir I fear you love Mistress Page

*Fal* Thou mightest as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kiln

*Mrs Ford* Well heaven knows how I love you and you shall one day find it

*Fal* Keep in that mind I'll deserve it

*Mrs Ford* Nay I must tell you so you do or else I could not be in that mind

*Rob* *[Within]* Mistress Ford Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door sweating and blowing and looking wildly and would needs speak with you presently

*Fal* She shall not see me I will ensconce me behind the arras

*Mrs Ford* Pray you do so She's a very tattling woman

*[FALSTAFF hides himself]*

*Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN*

What's the matter? how now?

*Mrs Page* O Mistress Ford what have you done? You're shamed you're overthrown, you're undone for ever!

*Mrs Ford* What's the matter good Mistress Page?

*Mrs Page* O well a-day Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband to give him such cause of suspicion!

*Mrs Ford* What cause of suspicion?

*Mrs Page* What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you! 111

*Mrs Page* Why, alas, what's the matter?

*Mrs Page* Your husband's coming hither, woman with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

*Mrs Ford* 'Tis not so, I hope.

*Mrs Page* Pray heaven it be not so that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it, but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed, call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*Mrs Ford* What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend, and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

*Mrs Page* For shame! never stand "you had rather" and "you had rather." Your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking, or—it is whiting time—send him by your two men to Datchet mead. 141

*Mrs Ford* He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

*Fal* [Coming forward] Let me see t' let me see t' O let me see t' I'll in, I'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I'll in. 150

*Mrs Page* What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters knight?

*Fal* I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never—

*Gets into the basket, they cover him with foul linen.*

*Mrs Page* Help to cover your master boy. Call your men. Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight!

*Mrs Ford* What, John! Robert! John!

[Exit ROBIN]

*Re-enter Servants*

Go take up these clothes here quickly. Where's the cowl staff? look how you drumble! Carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead quickly, come.

*Enter FORD PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

*Ford* Pray you come near. If I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me. Then let

me be your jest, I deserve it. How now! whither bear you this?

*Serv* To the laundress forsooth.

*Mrs Ford* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

*Ford* Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck, I warrant you, buck, and of the season too. It shall appear [Exit Servants with the basket] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to night, I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys. Ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first [Locking the door] So now uncape.

*Page* Good Master Ford be contented. You wrong yourself too much.

*Ford* True Master Page. Up, gentlemen, you shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen.

[Exit 180]

*Evans* This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius* By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France, it is not jealous in France.

*Page* Nay, follow him, gentlemen, see the issue of his search.

[Exit PAGE, CAIUS, and EVANS]

*Mrs Page* Is there not a double excellency in this?

*Mrs Ford* I know not which pleases me better that my husband is deceived or Sir John.

*Mrs Page* What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

*Mrs Ford* I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

*Mrs Page* Hang him dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

*Mrs Ford* I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

*Mrs Page* I will lay a plot to try that and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

*Mrs Ford* Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly to him and excuse his throwing into the water and give him another hope to betray him to another punishment?

*Mrs Page* We will do it. Let him be sent for tomorrow, eight o'clock to have amends. 210

*Re-enter FORD PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

*Ford* I cannot find him. May be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

*Mrs Page* [Aside to MISTRESS FORD] I heard you that?

*Mrs Ford* You use me well Master Ford do you?

*Ford* Ay I do so

*Mrs Ford* Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

*Ford* Amen! 220

*Mrs Page* You do yourself mighty wrong Master Ford

*Ford* Ay ay I must bear it

*Evans* If there be any pody in the house and in the chambers and in the coffers and in the presses heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

*Caus* By gar nor I too There is no bodies

*Page* Hee hee Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle

*Ford* Tis my fault Master Page I suffer for it

*Evans* You suffer for a pad conscience Your wife is as honest a oman as I will desires among five thousand and five hundred too

*Caus* By gar I see tis an honest woman

*Ford* Well I promised you a dinner Come come walk in the Park I pray you pardon me I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this Come wife come Mistress Page I pray you pardon me pray heartily pardon me

*Page* Let a go in, gentlemen but trust me we'll mock him I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast After we'll a birding together I have a fine hawk for the bush Shall it be so?

*Ford* Anything

*Evans* If there is one, I shall make two in the company 251

*Caus* If dere be one or two I shall make a the third

*Ford* Pray you go Master Page

*Evans* I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave mine host

*Caus* Dat is good by gar with all my heart!

*Ford* A lousy knave to have his gibes and his mockeries! *Exeunt* 260

#### SCENE IV A room in Page's house

*Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE*

*Fent* I see I cannot get thy father's love Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan

*Anne* Alas how then?

*Fent* Why thou must be thyself He both object I am too great of birth

And that my state being galled with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth

Besides these other bars he lays before me

My riots past my wild societies

And tells me tis a thing impossible I should love thee but as a property

*Anne* May be he tells you true

*Fent* No heaven so speed me in my time to come!

*Albert* I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee *Anne* Yet wooing thee I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags And tis the very riches of thyself

That now I am at

*Anne* Gentle Master Fenton

Yet seek my father's love still seek it sit

If opportunity and humblest suit 20

Cannot attain it why then—hark you hither! *(They converse apart)*

*Enter SHALLOW SLENDER and MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*Shal* Break their talk Mistress Quickly My kinsman shall speak for himself

*Slen* I'll make a shaft or a bolt on t Slid tis but venturing

*Shal* Be not dismayed

*Slen* No she shall not dismay me I care not for that but that I am afraid

*Quick* Hark ye Master Slender would speak a word with you 30

*Anne* I come to him *(Aside)* This is my father's choice

O what a world of vile ill favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

*Quick* And how does good Master Fenton?

Pray you a word with you

*Shal* She's coming to her coz O boy thou hadst a father!

*Slen* I had a father Mistress Anne my uncle can tell you good jests of him Pray you uncle tell Mistress Anne the jest how my father stole two geese out of a pen good uncle 41

*Shal* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you

*Slen* Ay that I do as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire

*Shal* He will maintain you like a gentlewoman

*Slen* Ay that I will come cut and long tail under the degree of a squire

*Shal* He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure 50

*Anne* Good Master Shallow let him woo for himself

*Shal* Marry I thank you for it I thank you for that good comfort She calls you coz I'll leave you

*Anne* Now Master Slender—

*Slen* Now good Mistress Anne—

*Anne* What is your will?

*Slen* My will! od's heartlings that's a pretty

jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven, I am not such a sickly creature I give heaven praise 62

Anne I mean Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slender Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you Your father and my uncle hath made motions If it be my luck, so, if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can You may ask your father, here he comes 70

*Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE*

Page Now, Master Slender Love him daughter Anne

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me sir, thus still to haunt my house I told you sir, my daughter is disposed of

Fenton Nay, Master Page, be not impatient

Mistress Page Good Master Fenton, come not to my child

Page She is no match for you

Fenton Sir, will you hear me?

Page No, good Master Fenton

Come Master Shallow, come, son Slender in. knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton

*[Exit PAGE, SHALLOW and SLENDER]*

Quick Speak to Mistress Page

Fenton Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners, I must advance the colours of my love

And not retire Let me have your good will

Anne Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool

Mistress Page I mean it not, I seek you a better husband

Quick That's my master master doctor

Anne Alas, I had rather be set quick in the earth 90

And bow'd to death with turnups!

Mistress Page Come, trouble not yourself Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy,

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected

Till then farewell sir she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry

Fenton Farewell gentle mistress farewell Nan

*[Exit MISTRESS PAGE and ANNE]*

Quick This is my doing now 'Nay' said I 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton' This is my doing

Fenton I thank thee, and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring There's for thy pains

Quick Now heaven send thee good fortune!

*[Exit FENTON]* A kind heart he hath A woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne, or I would Master Slender had her or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her I will do what I can for them all three for so I have promised and I'll be as good as my word, but speciously for Master Fenton Well I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses What a beast am I to slack it! *[Exit]*

SCENE V *A room in the Garter Inn*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH*

Fal Bardolph, I say—

Bard Here, sir

Fal Go fetch me a quart of sack, put a toast in't *[Exit BARDOLPH]* Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and buttered and give them to a dog for a new year's gift The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen in the litter, and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking, if the bottom were as deep as hell I should drown I had been drowned but that the shore was shelvy and shallow—a death that I abhor, for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy

*Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack*

Bard Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you 21

Fal Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water, for my belly's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins Call her in

Bard Come in woman!

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

Quick By your leave I cry you mercy Give your worship good morrow

Fal Take away these chalices Go brew me a pottle of sack finely 30

Bard With eggs sir?

Fal Simple of itself, I'll no pullet sperm in my brewage *[Exit BARDOLPH]* How now!

*Quick* Marry sir I come to your worship from Mistress Ford

*Fal* Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough I was thrown into the ford I have my belly full of ford

*Quick* Alas the day! good heart that was not her fault She does so take on with her men they mistook their erection 41

*Fal* So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise

*Quick* Well she laments sir for it that it would yearn your heart to see it Her husband goes this morning a birding she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine I must carry her word quickly She'll make you amends I warrant you

*Fal* Well I will visit her Tell her so and bid her think what a man is Let her consider his frailty and then judge of my merit 52

*Quick* I will tell her

*Fal* Do so Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

*Quick* Eight and nine sir

*Fal* Well be gone I will not miss her

*Quick* Peace be with you sir [Exit

*Fal* I marvel I hear not of Master Brook he sent me word to stay within I like his money well O here he comes 60

*Enter FORD*

*Ford* Bless you, sir!

*Fal* Now master Brook you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

*Ford* That, indeed Sir John is my business

*Fal* Master Brook I will not lie to you I was at her house the hour she appointed me

*Ford* And sped you sir?

*Fal* Very ill favouredly Master Brook

*Ford* How so sir? Did she change her determination? 70

*Fal* No Master Brook but the peaking Cor nuto her husband, Master Brook dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy comes me in the instant of our encounter after we had embraced kissed, protested and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy and at his heels a rabble of his companions thither provoked and instigated by his distemper and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love

*Ford* What while you were there? 80

*Fal* While I was there

*Fal* And did he search for you and could not find you?

*Fal* You shall hear As good luck would have it comes in one Mistress Page gives intelligence of Ford's approach and, in her invention

and Ford's wife's distraction they conveyed me into a buck basket

*Ford* A buck basket!

*Fal* By the Lord a buck basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks socks foul stockings greasy napkins that Master Brook there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril

*Ford* And how long lay you there?

*Fal* Nay you shall hear Master Brook what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good Being thus crammed in the basket a couple of Ford's knaves his hinds were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet lane They took me on their shoulders met the jealous knave their master in the door who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it but fate ordaining he should be a cuckold held his hand Well on went he for a search and away went I for foul clothes But mark the sequel Master Brook I suffered the pangs of three several deaths first an intolerable fright to be detected with a jealous rotten bell wether next to be compassed like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck hilt to point heel to head and then to be stopped in, like a strong distillation with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease Think of that—a man of my kidney—think of that—that am as subject to heat as butter a man of continual dissolution and thaw—it was a miracle to scape suffocation And in the height of this bath when I was more than half stewed in grease like a Dutch dish to be thrown into the Thames and cooled glowing hot in that surge like a horse shoe think of that—hissing hot—think of that Master Brook

*Ford* In good sadness sir I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this My suit then is desperate you'll undertake her no more?

*Fal* Master Brook I will be thrown into Erna as I have been into Thames ere I will leave her thus Her husband is this morning gone a birding I have received from her another embassy of meeting twixt eight and nine in the hour Master Brook

*Ford* 'Tis past eight already sir

*Fal* Is it? I will then address me to my appointment Come to me at your convenient leisure and you shall know how I speed and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her Adieu You shall have her Master Brook Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford [Exit

*Ford* Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream?

do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well I will proclaim myself what I am. I will now take the lecher, he is at my house, he cannot 'scape me, 'tis impossible he should. He cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box, but lest the devil that guides him should aid him I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make one mad let the proverb go with me. I'll be horn-mad. [Exit]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I A street

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM

Mrs Page Is he at Master Ford's already think'st thou?

Quick Sure he is by this or will be presently. But, truly he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs Page I'll be with her by and by, I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes, 'tis a playing-day, I see.

## Enter SIR HUGH EVANS

How now Sir Hugh! no school to-day? 10

Evans No, Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick Blessing of his heart!

Mrs Page Sir Hugh my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans Come hither William, hold up your head, come.

Mrs Page Come on sirrah hold up your head answer your master be not afraid. 20

Evans William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will Two.

Quick Truly I thought there had been one number more because they say, 'Od's nouns.

Evans Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will Pulcher.

Quick Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats sure. 30

Evans You are a very simplicity woman I pray you peace. What is *lapis* William?

Will A stone.

Evans And what is 'a stone' William?

Will A pebble.

Evans No, it is *lapis* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will *Lapis*.

Evans That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles? 40

Will Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Evans *Nominativo* *hic, hæc, hoc*, pray you, mark *genitivo, hujus*. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will *Accusativo, hunc*.

Evans I pray you have your remembrance, child, *accusativo* *hunc, hanc, hoc*.

Quick "Hang hog" is Latin for bacon, I warrant you. 50

Evans Leave your prabbles, 'oman, What is the fociative case William?

Will O—*vocativo* O.

Evans Remember, William fociative is *caret*.

Quick And that's a good root.

Evans 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs Page Peace!

Evans What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will Genitive case!

Evans Ay.

Will Genitive—*horum, harum, horum*.

Quick Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child if she be a whore.

Evans For shame, 'oman.

Quick You do ill to teach the child such words. He teaches him to huck and to hack which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum. Fie upon you! 70

Evans 'Oman art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs Page Prithce, hold thy peace.

Evans Show me now William some declensions of your pronouns.

Will Forsooth I have forgot.

Evans It is *qui, quæ, quod*. If you forget your *ques* your *ques* and your *quods* you must be preaches. Go your ways and play go.

Mrs Page He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs Page Adieu good Sir Hugh.

[Exit SIR HUGH.]

Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long.



SCENE II *A room in Ford's house**Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD*

*Fal* Mistress Ford your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance I see you are obsequious in your love and I profess requital to a hair's breadth not only Mistress Ford in the simple office of love but in all the accoutrement complement and ceremony of it But are you sure of your husband now?

*Mrs Ford* He's a birding sweet Sir John

*Mrs Page* *[Within]* What ho gossip Ford! what, ho? 10

*Mrs Ford* Step into the chamber Sir John

*[Exit FALSTAFF]*

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE*

*Mrs Page* How now sweetheart! who's at home besides yourself?

*Mrs Ford* Why none but mine own people

*Mrs Page* Indeed!

*Mrs Ford* No certainly *[Aside to her]* Speak louder

*Mrs Page* Truly I am so glad you have nobody here

*Mrs Ford* Why? 20

*Mrs Page* Why woman your husband is in his old lines again He so takes on yonder with my husband so rails against all married mankind so curses all Eve's daughters of what complexion soever and so buffets himself on the forehead crying 'Peer out peer out' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness civility and patience, to this his distemper he is in now I am glad the fat knight is not here

*Mrs Ford* Why does he talk of him? 30

*Mrs Page* Of none but him and I swear he was carried out the last time he searched for him in a basket protests to my husband he is now here and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport to make another experiment of his suspicion But I am glad the knight is not here now he shall see his own foolery

*Mrs Ford* How near is he Mistress Page? 40

*Mrs Page* Hard by at street end he will be here anon

*Mrs Ford* I am undone! The knight is here

*Mrs Page* Why then you are utterly shamed and he's but a dead man What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder

*Mrs Ford* Which way should I go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

*Re-enter FALSTAFF*

*Fal* No I'll come no more: the basket May I not go out ere he come? 51

*Mrs Ford* Alas three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols that none shall issue out otherwise you might slip away ere he came But what make you here?

*Fal* What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney

*Mrs Ford* There they always use to discharge their birding pieces Creep into the kiln hole

*Fal* Where is it? 60

*Mrs Ford* He will seek there on my word Neither press coffer chest trunk well vault but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places and goes to them by his note There is no hiding you in the house

*Fal* I'll go out then

*Mrs Page* If you go out in your own semblance you die Sir John Unless you go out disguised—

*Mrs Ford* How might we disguise him? 70

*Mrs Page* Alas the day I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him otherwise he might put on a hat a muffler and a kerchief and so escape

*Fal* Good hearts devise something Any extremity rather than a mischief

*Mrs Ford* My maid's aunt the fat woman of Brentford has a gown above

*Mrs Page* On my word it will serve him she's as big as he is and there's her thrummed hat and her muffler too Run up Sir John

*Mrs Ford* Go go sweet Sir John Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head

*Mrs Page* Quick quick! we'll come dress you straight Put on the gown the while 85

*[Exit FALSTAFF]*

*Mrs Ford* I would my husband would meet him in this shape He cannot abide the old woman of Brentford he swears she's a witch forbade her my house and hath threatened to beat her

*Mrs Page* Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel and the devil guide his cudgel after wards!

*Mrs Ford* But is my husband coming?

*Mrs Page* Ay in good measure is he and talks of the basket too howsoever he hath had intelligence

*Mrs Ford* We'll try that for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it as they did last time

*Mrs Page* Nay but he'll be here presently Let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford

*Mrs Ford* I'll first direct my men what they

shall do with the basket Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight [Exit]

*Mrs Page* Hang him dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough

We'll leave a proof by that which we will do,  
Wives may be merry and yet honest too  
We do not act that often jest and laugh  
Tis old but true, Still swine eats all the draff

[Exit]

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with TWO SERVANTS*

*Mrs Ford* Go sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders Your master is hard at door if he bid you set it down obey him Quickly dispatch [Exit]

*1st Serv* Come come, take it up

*2nd Serv* Pray heaven it be not full of knight again

*1st Serv* I hope not, I had as lief bear so much lead

*Enter FORD PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS*

*Ford* Ay, but if it prove true Master Page have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket villain! Somebody call my wife Youth in a basket! O you pandarous rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me Now shall the devil be shamed! What, wife I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleach ing!

*Page* Why, this passes Master Ford you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinnioned

*Evans* Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! 131

*Shal* Indeed Master Ford this is not well indeed

*Ford* So say I too sir

*Re-enter MISTRESS FORD*

Come hither, Mistress Ford Mistress Ford the honest woman the modest wife the virtuous creature that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause mistress do I?

*Mrs Ford* Heaven be my witness you do if you suspect me in any dishonesty 140

*Ford* Well said brazen face! hold it out Come forth villain!

*Pulling clothes out of the basket*

*Page* This passes!

*Mrs Ford* Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone

*Ford* I shall find you anon

*Fords* Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes Come away

*Ford* Empty the basket, I say!

*Mrs Ford* Why, man, why? 150

*Ford* Master Page as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is My intelligence is true my jealousy is reasonable Pluck me out all the linen

*Mrs Ford* If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death

*Page* Here's no man

*Shal* By my fidelity this is not well Master Ford this wrongs you 161

*Evans* Master Ford you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart This is jealousies

*Ford* Well he's not here I seek for

*Page* No nor nowhere else but in your brain

*Ford* Help to search my house this one time If I find not what I seek show no colour for my extremity let me for ever be your table-sport, let them say of me, "As jealous as Ford that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman" Satisfy me once more, once more search with me

*Mrs Ford* What ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down, my husband will come into the chamber

*Ford* Old woman! what old woman's that?

*Mrs Ford* Why it is my mad aunt of Brentford

*Ford* A witch a quean an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands does she? We are simple men we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune telling She works by charms by spells by the figure and such daubery as this is beyond our element We know nothing Come down you witch you hag, you come down, I say!

*Mrs Ford* Nay, good sweet husband! Good gentlemen let him not strike the old woman 190

*Re-enter FALSTAFF in woman's clothes, and MISTRESS PAGE*

*Mrs Page* Come, Mother Prat come give me your hand

*Ford* I'll prate her [Beating him] Out of my door you witch you hag you baggage, you polecat you ronyon! out out! I'll conjure you I'll fortune tell you [Exit FALSTAFF]

*Mrs Page* Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman

*Mrs Ford* Nay he will do it Tis a goodly credit for you 200

*Ford* Hang her witch!

*Evans* By yea and no I think the woman is a

witch indeed I like not when a woman has a great peard I spy a great peard under his muffler

*Ford* Will you follow gentlemen? I beseech you follow see but the issue of my jealousy If I cry out thus upon no trail never trust me when I open again

*Page* Let's obey his humour a little further Come gentlemen 211

[*Exeunt FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAULS and EVANS*]

*Mrs Page* Trust me he beat him most pitifully

*Mrs Ford* Nay by the mass that he did not he beat him most unpitifully methought

*Mrs Page* I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar it hath done meritorious service

*Mrs Ford* What think you? may we with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge? 222

*Mrs Page* The spirit of wantonness is sure scared out of him If the devil have him not in fee simple with fine and recovery he will never I think in the way of waste attempt us again

*Mrs Ford* Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

*Mrs Page* Yes by all means if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains If they can find in their hearts the poor unvir-  
tuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted we two will still be the ministers

*Mrs Ford* I'll warrant they'll have him publicly shamed and methinks there would be no period to the jest should he not be publicly shamed

*Mrs Page* Come, to the forge with it then shape it I would not have things cool [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III A room in the Garter Inn

*Enter HOST and BARDOLPH*

*Bard* Sir the Germans desire to have three of your horses The Duke himself will be tomorrow at court and they are going to meet him

*Host* What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court Let me speak with the gentlemen They speak English?

*Bard* Ay sir I'll call them to you

*Host* They shall have my horses but I'll make them pay I'll sauce them They have had my house a week at command I have turned away my other guests They must come off I'll sauce them Come [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE IV A room in Ford's house

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD and SIR HUGH EVANS*

*Evans* 'Tis one of the best discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon

*Page* And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

*Mrs Page* Within a quarter of an hour

*Ford* Pardon me wife Henceforth do what thou wilt

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness Now doth thy honour stand

In him that was of late an heretic,  
As firm as faith

*Page* 'Tis well tis well no more 10  
Be not as extreme in submission  
As in offence

But let our plot go forward Let our wives  
Yet once again to make us public sport  
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow  
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it  
*Ford* There is no better way than that they spoke of

*Page* How? to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie fie! he'll never come

*Evans* You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously beaten as an old woman Methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come methinks his flesh is punished he shall have no desires

*Page* So think I too

*Mrs Ford* Devise but how you'll use him when he comes

And let us two devise to bring him thither

*Mrs Page* There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest  
Doth all the winter time at still midnight 30  
Walk round about an oak with great ragged horns

And there he blasts the tree and takes the cattle  
And makes milch kine yield blood and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner  
You have heard of such a spirit and well you know

The superstitious idle headed old  
Received and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth

*Page* Why yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak 40  
But what of this?

*Mrs Ford* Marry this is our device  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us

*Page* Well let it not be doubted but he'll come

And in this shape when you have brought him thither

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

*Mrs Page* That likewise have we thought upon,  
and thus  
Nan Page, my daughter, and my little son  
And three or four more of their growth we'll  
dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and  
white

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads, 50  
And rattles in their hands Upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she and I are newly met  
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once  
With some diffused song Upon their sight,  
We two in great amazedness will fly  
Then let them all encircle him about  
And fairy-like to pinch the unclean knight,  
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread  
In shape profane

*Mrs Ford* And till he tell the truth, 60  
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound  
And burn him with their tapers

*Mrs Page* The truth being known,  
We'll all present ourselves dis horn the spirit,  
And mock him home to Windsor

*Ford* The children must  
Be practised well to this, or they'll never do it

*Evens* I will teach the children their behaviors,  
and I will be like a jack-an-apes also to burn the  
knight with my taber

*Ford* That will be excellent I'll go buy them  
vizards 70

*Mrs Page* My Nan shall be the queen of all the  
fairies

Finely attired in a robe of white

*Page* That silk will I go buy [*Aside*] And in  
that time

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away  
And marry her at Eton Go send to Falstaff  
straight

*Ford* Nay I'll to him again in name of  
Brook

He'll tell me all his purpose Sure he'll come

*Mrs Page* Fear not you that Go get us proper-  
ties

And tricking for our fairies

*Evens* Let us about it It is admirable pleasures  
and very honest knaveries 80

[*Exeunt PAGE, FORD and EVANS*]

*Mrs Page* Go mistress Ford  
Send quickly to Sir John to know his mind

[*Enter MISTRESS FORD*]

I'll to the doctor He hath my good will  
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page  
That Slender though well landed is an idiot,  
And he my husband best of all affects  
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court He, none but he, shall have her,  
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave  
her [*Exit* 90

SCENE V *A room in the Garter Inn*

*Enter HOST and SIMPLE*

*Host* What wouldst thou have, boor? what,  
thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss, brief short,  
quick snap

*Sim* Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John  
Falstaff from Master Slender

*Host* There's his chamber his house, his castle,  
his standing bed and truckle-bed, 'tis painted  
about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and  
new Go knock and call he'll speak like an  
Anthropophagium unto thee Knock, I say 11

*Sim* There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone  
up into his chamber I'll be so bold as stay, sir,  
till she come down, I come to speak with her,  
indeed

*Host* Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be  
robbed I'll call Bully knight! bully Sir John!  
speak from thy lungs military Art thou there? it  
is thine host thine Ephesian calls

*Fal* [*Above*] How now mine host! 20

*Host* Here's a Bohemian-Tartar carries the  
coming down of thy fat woman Let her descend,  
bully let her descend my chambers are honour-  
able Fie! privacy? fie!

*Enter FALSTAFF*

*Fal* There was mine host an old fat woman  
even now with me, but she's gone

*Sim* Pray you, sir was it not the wise woman of  
Brentford?

*Fal* Ay, marry, was it, mussel shell What  
would you with her? 30

*Sim* My master, sir, Master Slender sent to  
her seeing her go through the streets to know  
sir, whether one Nym sir that beguiled him of  
a chain had the chain or no

*Fal* I spake with the old woman about it

*Sim* And what says she, I pray, sir?

*Fal* Marry she says that the very same man  
that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened  
him of it

*Sim* I would I could have spoken with the  
woman herself, I had other things to have spoken  
with her too from him 40

*Fal* What are they? let us know

*Host* Ay come quick

*Sim* I may not conceal them sir

*Host* Conceal them or thou diest

*Sim* Why sir they were nothing but about  
Mistress Anne Page to know if it were my mas-  
ter's fortune to have her or no

*Fal* Tis tis his fortune

50

*Sim* What sir?

*Fal* To have her or no Go say the woman told me so

*Sim* I will be bold to say so sir?

*Fal* Ay sir like who more bold

*Sim* I thank your worship I shall make my master glad with these tidings [Exit

*Host* Thou art clerkly thou art clerkly Sir

*John* Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal* Ay that there was mine host one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life and I paid nothing for it neither but was paid for my learning

*Enter BARDOLPH*

*Bard* Out alas sir! cozenage mere cozenage!

*Host* Where be my horses? speak well of them varletto

*Bard* Run away with the cozeners for so soon as I came beyond Lon they threw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire and set spurs and away like three German devils three Doctor Faustuses 71

*Host* They are gone but to meet the Duke villain Do not say they be fled Germans are honest men

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS*

*Evans* Where is mine host?

*Host* What is the matter sir?

*Evans* Have a care of your entertainments There is a friend of mine come to town tells me there is three cozen Germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins of Maidenhead of Colebrook of horses and money I tell you for good will look you You are wise and full of gibes and vinting stocks and tis not convenient you should be cozened Fare you well [Exit

*Enter DOCTOR CULS*

*Culus* Vere is mine host de Jartec?

*Host* Here, master doctor in perplexity and doubtful dilemma

*Culus* I cannot tell it is dat but it is tell a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany By my troe dere is no duke dat the court is know to come I tell you for good vill adieu [Exit 91

*Host* Hue and cry villain go Assist me knight I am undone Fly run hue and cry villain I am undone! [Exit *Host* and *BARDOLPH*

*Fal* I would all the world might be cozened for I have been cozened and beaten too If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath

been washed and cudgelled they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crestfallen as a dried pear I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero Well if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers I would repent

*Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY*

Now whence come you?

*Quick* From the two parties forsooth

*Fal* The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed I have suffered more for their sakes more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear

*Quick* And have not they suffered? Yes I warrant speciously one of them Mistress Ford good heart is beaten black and blue that you cannot see a white spot about her

*Fal* What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford But that my admirable dexterity of wit my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me the knave constable had set me in the stocks in the common stocks for a witch

*Quick* Sir let me speak with you in your chamber You shall hear how things go and I warrant to your content Here is a letter will say somewhat Good hearts what ado here is to bring you together! Sure one of you does not serve heaven well that you are so crossed 130

*Fal* Come up into my chamber [Exit

SCENE VI Another room in the Garter Inn

*Enter FENTON and HOST*

*Host* Master Fenton talk not to me my mind is heavy I will give over all

*Fent* Yet hear me speak Assist me in my posture

And as I am a gentleman I will give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss

*Host* I will hear you Master Fenton and I will at the least keep your counsel

*Fent* From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page Who mutually hath answered my affection 10

So far forth as herself might be her chooser Even to my wish I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at The mirth whereof so larded with my matter That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both For at staff I hath a great scene The image of the jest

I'll show you here at large *Host* good mine

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one

Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen, 20

The purpose why, *in* here, *in* which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father hath commanded her to slip

Away with Slender and with him at Eton

Immediately to marry She hath consented

Now, sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match

And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed

That he shall likewise shuffle her away,

While other sports are tasking of their minds, 30

And at the deanery, where a priest attends,

Straight marry her To this her mother's plot

She seemingly obedient likewise hath

Made promise to the doctor Now thus it rests

Her father means she shall be all in white,

And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

To take her by the hand and bid her go

She shall go with him Her mother hath intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,

For they must all be mask'd and vizarded 40

That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head,

And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,

The maid hath given consent to go with him

*Host* Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

*Fent* Both, my good host, to go along with me

And here it rests that you'll procure the vicar

To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,

And in the lawful name of marry ing 50

To give our hearts united ceremony

*Host* Well, husband your device I'll to the vicar

Bring you the maid you shall not lack a priest

*Fent* So shall I evermore be bound to thee

Besides, I'll make a present recompense [*Exeunt*]

## ACT V

### SCENE I A room in the Garter Inn

*Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS QUICKLY*

*Fal* Prithce, no more prattling go I'll hold  
This is the third time I hope good luck lies in  
odd numbers Away! go They say there is di-  
vinity in odd numbers either in nativity, chance,  
or death Away!

*Quick* I'll provide you a chain and I'll do what  
I can to get you a pair of horns

*Fal* Away I say time wears Hold up your  
head, and mine [*Exit MISTRESS QUICKLY*]

*Enter FORD*

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the  
matter will be known to-night, or never Be you  
in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak and  
you shall see wonders

*Ford* Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as  
you told me you had appointed?

*Fal* I went to her, Master Brook, as you see,  
like a poor old man, but I came from her, Master  
Brook like a poor old woman That same knave  
Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of  
jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever govern-  
ed frenzy I will tell you He beat me grievously,  
in the shape of a woman, for in the shape of a  
man Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a  
weaver's beam because I know also life is a  
shuttle I am in haste, go along with me I'll tell  
you all, Master Brook Since I plucked geese,  
played truant, and whipped top I knew not what  
twas to be beaten till lately Follow me I'll tell  
you strange things of this knave Ford on whom  
to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his  
wife into your hand Follow Strange things in  
hand, Master Brook! Follow [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE II Windsor Park

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER*

*Page* Come, come, we'll couch i' the castle-  
ditch till we see the light of our fairies Remem-  
ber, son Slender, my daughter

*Slen* Ay, forsooth, I have spoke with her and  
we have a nay-word how to know one another  
I come to her in white, and cry 'mum', she cries  
'budget', and by that we know one another

*Shal* That's good too, but what needs either  
your "mum" or her "budget"? the white will de-  
cipher her well enough It hath struck ten  
o'clock

*Page* The night is dark light and spirits will  
become it well Heaven prosper our sport! No  
man means evil but the devil, and we shall know  
him by his horns Let's away, follow me [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III A street leading to the Park

*Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD and  
DOCTOR CAIUS*

*Mrs Page* Master doctor my daughter is in  
green When you see your time, take her by the  
hand away with her to the deanery and dispatch  
it quickly Go before into the Park We two  
must go together

*Caius* I know what I have to do Adieu

*Mrs Page* Fare you well sir [*Exit CAIUS*] My  
husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of

Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marry in<sup>o</sup> my daughter But 'tis no matter better a little chiding than a great deal of heart break //

*Mrs Ford* Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies and the Welsh devil Hugh?

*Mrs Page* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak with obscured lights which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting they will at once display to the night

*Mrs Ford* That cannot choose but amaze him

*Mrs Page* If he be not amazed he will be mocked if he be amazed he will every way be mocked //

*Mrs Ford* We'll betray him finely

*Mrs Page* Against such lewdsters and their lechery

Those that betray them do no treachery

*Mrs Ford* The hour draws on To the oak to the oak! [Exeunt]

#### SCENE IV Windsor Park

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised with others as Fairies*

*Exeunt* Trib trib fairies come and remember your parts Be bold I pray you follow me into the pit and when I give the watch words do as I bid you Come come trib trib [Exeunt]

#### SCENE V Another part of the Park

*Enter FALSTAFF disguised as Herne with a buck's head upon him*

*Fal* The Windsor bell hath struck twelve the minute draws on Now the hot blooded gods assist me! Remember Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa love set on thy horns O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man in some other a man a beast You were also Jupiter a swan for the love of Leda O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast O Jove a beastly fault! And then an other fault in the semblance of a fowl I think on't Jove a foul fault! When gods have hot backs what shall poor men do? For me I am here a Windsor stag and the fattest I think in the forest Send me a cool rut time Jove or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

*Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE*

*Mrs Ford* Sir John! art thou there my deer? my male deer?

*Fal* My doe with the black scur! Let the sky rain potatoes let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes

let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here

*Mrs Ford* Mistress Page come with me, sweetheart

*Fal* Divide me like a bribe buck each a haunch I will keep my sides to myself my shoulders for the fellow of this walk and my horns I bequeath your husbands Am I a woodman ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why now in Cupid a child of conscience he makes restitution As I am a true spirit welcome!

*Noise within*

*Mrs Page* Alas what noise?

*Mrs Ford* Heaven forgive our sins!

*Fal* What should this be?

*Mrs Ford* }

*Mrs Page* } Away away! [They run off]

*Fal* I think the devil will not have me damned lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire he would never else cross me thus 40

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised as a Satyr PITOL as Hobgoblin MISTRESS QUICKLY ANNE PAGE, and others as Fairies with tapers*

*Quick* Fairies black grey green and white You moonshyne revellers and shades of night You orphan heirs of fied destiny Attend your office and your quality Crier Hobgoblin make the fairy oyes

*Pit* Elves list your names silence you airy toys

*Cricket* to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap Where fires thou findst unraked and hearths unswept

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery 50

*Fal* They are fairies he that speaks to them shall die

I'll wink and couch no man their works must eye

*Lies down upon his face*

*Exeunt* Where's a Bede? Go you and where you find a maid

That ere she sleep has thrice her prayers said Raise up the organs of her fantasy Sleep she as sound in careless infancy But those as sleep and think not on their sins Pinch them arms legs backs shoulders sides and shins

*Quick* About about

Search Windsor Castle elves within and out 60 Strew good luck couples on every sacred room That it may stand till the perpetual doom In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit Worthy the owner and the owner it The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm and every precious flower,  
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,  
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!  
And nightly meadow fairies, look you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass in a ring  
The expressure that it bears green let it be,  
More fertile fresh than all the field to see,  
And "Honi soit qui mal y pense" write  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and  
white,

Like sapphire, pearl and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood bending knee  
Fairies use flowers for their charactery  
Away disperse But till 'tis one o'clock,  
Our dance of custom round about the oak  
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget  
Evms Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourselves  
in order set,

And twenty glow worms shall our lanterns be  
To guide our measure round about the tree  
But stay, I smell a man of middle earth  
Fal Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy,  
lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist Vile worm, thou wast overlooked even in  
thy birth  
Quick With trial fire touch me his finger-end  
If he chaste the flame will back descend  
And turn him to no pain but if he start,  
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart  
Pist A trial come  
E ms Come will this wood take fire?

They burn him with their tapers  
Fal Oh Oh Oh!  
Quick Corrupt corrupt and tainted in desire!  
About him fairies sing a scornful rhyme,  
And, as you trip still pinch him to your time

SONG

Fie on sinful fantasy!  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart whose flames aspire  
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher  
Pinch him fairies mutually,  
Pinch him for his villainy  
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out

During this song they pinch FALSTAFF DOCTOR  
CALLS comes one way and steals away a lay in  
green slender another way and takes off a lay  
in white and FENTON comes and steals away  
ANNE PAGE I roste of hunting is I heard within  
All the Fairies run away FALSTAFF pills off his  
larks head and rises

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE and  
MISTRESS FORD

Page Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd  
you now  
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?  
Mrs Page I pray you come, hold up the jest no  
higher  
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor  
wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yoles  
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master  
Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave,  
here are his horns, Master Brook, and Master  
Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his  
buck basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of  
money, which must be paid to Master Brook,  
his horses are arrested for it Master Brook

Mrs Ford Sir John we have had ill luck, we  
could never meet I will never take you for my  
love again but I will always count you my deer

Fal I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass  
Ford Ay, and an ox too, both the proofs are  
extant

Fal And these are not fairies? I was three or  
four times in the thought they were not fairies  
and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden  
surprise of my powers drove the grossness of the  
foppery into a received belief in despite of the  
teeth of all rhyme and reason that they were  
fairies See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-  
Lent when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evms Sir John Falstaff serve God, and leave  
your desires and fairies will not pinse you

Ford Well said, fairy Hugh  
Evms And leave your jealousies too, I pray  
you

Ford I will never mistrust my wife again till  
thou art able to woo her in good English

Fal Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried  
it that it wants matter to prevent so gross over-  
reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat  
too? shall I have a cockcomb of fire? This time I  
were choked with a piece of toasted cheese

E ms Scese is not good to give putter, your  
belly is all putter

Fal Scese and "putter" have I lived to stand  
at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?  
This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-  
walking through the realm

Mrs Page Why Sir John do you think, though  
we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by  
the head and shoulders and have given ourselves  
without scruple to hell that ever the devil could  
have made you our delight?

Ford What a hodre pudding? a bag of flax?



favour—for so **III** I must confess—not brown neither—

**Cres** No but brown

**Pan** Faith to say truth brown and not brown

**Cres** To say the truth true and not true

**Pan** She praised his complexion above Paris

**Cres** Why Paris hath colour enough

**Pan** So he has 109

**Cres** Then Troilus should have too much If she praised him above his complexion is higher than his he having colour enough and the other higher is too flaming a praise for a good complexion I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose

**Pan** I swear to you I think Helen loves him better than Paris

**Cres** Then she's a merry Greek indeed

**Pan** Nay I am sure she does She came to him the other day into the compassed window—and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

**Cres** Indeed a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total

**Pan** Why he is very young and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother Hector

**Cres** Is he so young a man and so old a lifter? 129

**Pan** But to prove to you that Helen loves him she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

**Cres** Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

**Pan** Why you know tis dimpled I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia

**Cres** O he smiles valiantly

**Pan** Does he not?

**Cres** O yes an ewere a cloud in autumn 139

**Pan** Why go to then But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus—

**Cres** Troilus will stand to the proof if you'll prove it so

**Pan** Troilus! why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg

**Cres** If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head you would eat chickens the shell

**Pan** I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin indeed she has a marvellous white hand I must needs confess— 151

**Cres** Without the rack

**Pan** And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin

**Cres** Alas poor chin many a wart is richer

**Pan** Put there was such laughing! Queen Hector laughed that her eyes ran o'er

**Cres** With mill stones

**Pan** And Cassandra laughed

**Cres** But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes Did her eyes run or too? 161

**Pan** And Hector laughed

**Cres** At what was all this laughing?

**Pan** Marry at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin

**Cres** An't had been a green hair I should have laughed too

**Pan** They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer

**Cres** What was his answer? 170

**Pan** Quoth she Here's but two and fifty hairs on your chin and one of them is white

**Cres** This is her question

**Pan** That's true make no question of that

Two and fifty hairs quoth he and one white That white hair is my father and all the rest are his sons Jupiter! quoth she which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forlorn one quoth he, pluck it out and give it him But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed and Paris so chafed and all the rest so laughed that it passed

**Cres** So let it now for it has been a great while going by

**Pan** Well cousin I told you a thing yesterday think on't

**Cres** So I do

**Pan** I'll be sworn 'tis true he will weep you an ewere a man born in April 189

**Cres** And I'll spring up in his tears an ewere a nettle against May

*A retreat sounded*

**Pan** Hark! they are coming from the field shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass row and illum? good niece do sweet niece **Cres** aside

**Cres** At your pleasure

**Pan** Here here here's an excellent place here we may see most bravely I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by but mark Troilus above the rest 200

**Cres** Speak not so loud

*ÆNEAS passes*

**Pan** That's Æneas is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy I can tell you But mark Troilus you shall see anon

*ANTENOR passes*

**Cres** Who's that?

**Pan** That's Antenor he has a shrewd wit I can tell you and he's a man good enough he's one of the soundest judgments in Troy whosoever and a proper man of person When comes Troil

us? I'll show you Troilus anon If he see me, you shall see him nod at me

*Cres* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan* You shall see

*Cres* If he do the rich shall have more

*HECTOR passes*

*Pan* That's Hector, that, that, look you, that, there's a fellow! Go thy way Hector! There's a brave man niece O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

*Cres* O, a brave man! 220

*Pan* Is a' not? it does a man's heart good Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there, there's no jesting, there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say There be hacks!

*Cres* Be those with swords?

*Pan* Swords! anything he cares not an the devil come to him, it's all one By God's lid it does one's heart good Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris 230

*PARIS passes*

Look ye yonder, niece, is't not a gallant man too is't not? Why, this is brave now Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt Why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! You shall see Troilus anon

*HELENUS passes*

*Cres* Who's that?

*Pan* That's Helenus I marvel where Troilus is That's Helenus I think he went not forth to-day That's Helenus 240

*Cres* Can Helenus fight, uncle?

*Pan* Helenus? no Yes, he'll fight indifferent well I marvel where Troilus is Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus? Helenus is a priest"

*Cres* What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

*TROILUS passes*

*Pan* Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus 'Tis Troilus! there's a man niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

*Cres* Peace, for shame peace! 250

*Pan* Mark him note him O brave Troilus! Look well upon him niece Look you how his sword is bloodied and his helm more hacked than Hector's and how he looks and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three and two! Go thy way Troilus go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess

he should take his choice O admirable man! Paris? Paris is durt to him and I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot 260

*Cres* Here come more

*Forces pass*

*Pan* Asses fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die! the eyes of Troilus Ne'er look ne'er look, the eagles are gone, crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece

*Cres* There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus 269

*Pan* Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel

*Cres* Well well

*Pan* "Well well!" Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape discourse manhood, learning gentleness virtue, youth liberality and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*Cres* Ay, a minced man, and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out 281

*Pan* You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie

*Cres* Upon my back, to defend my belly, upon my wit to defend my wiles, upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty my mask, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these, and at all these wards I lie at a thousand watches

*Pan* Say one of your watches 290

*Cres* Nay I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow unless it swell past hiding and then it's past watching

*Pan* You're such another!

*Enter TROILUS & BOY*

*Boy* Sir my lord would instantly speak with you

*Pan* Where? 299

*Boy* At your own house there he unarms him

*Pan* Good boy, tell him I come [Exit boy] I doubt he be hurt Fare ye well good niece

*Cres* Adieu uncle

*Pan* I'll be with you niece, by and by

*Cres* To bring uncle?

*Pan* Ay a token from Troilus

*Cres* By the same token you are a bawd

[Exit PANDARUS]

Words vows gifts tears and love's full sacrifice

He offers in another s enterprise  
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see 310  
Than in the glass of Pandar s praise may be  
Yet hold I off Women are angels wooing  
Things won are done joy s soul lies in the doing  
That she beloved knows nought that knows not  
this  
Men prize the thing ungain d more than it is  
That she was never yet that ever knew  
Love got so sweet ■ when desire did sue  
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach  
Achievement ■ command ungain d beseech  
Then though my heart s content firm love doth  
bear 320  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear

[Exeunt]

SCENE III The Grecian camp Before  
Agamemnon s tent

Somet Enter AGAMEMNON NESTOR ULYSSES  
MENELAUS and others

Agam Princes  
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?  
The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promised largeness Checks and dis  
asters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear d  
As knots by the conflux of meeting sap  
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth  
Nor princes is it matter new to us 10  
That we come short of our suppose so far  
That after seven years siege yet Troy walls  
stand  
Sith every action that hath gone before,  
Whereof we have record, trial did draw  
Bas and thwart not answering the aim  
And that unbodied figure of the thought  
That gave t surmised shape Why then you  
princes  
Do you with cheeks abash d behold our works  
And call them shames? which are indeed nought  
else  
But the protractive trials of great Jove 20  
To find persistive constancy in men  
The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune s love for then the bold and coward  
The wise and fool the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft seem all affined and kin  
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all winnows the light away  
And what hath mass or matter by itself  
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled 30  
Nest With due observance of thy godlike seat

Great Agamemnon Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men The sea being smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast making their way  
With those of nobler bulk  
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis and anon behold  
The strong ribb d bark through liquid mountains  
cut 40  
Bounding between the two moist elements  
Like Perseus horse where s then the saucy boat  
Whose weak untimber d sides but even now  
Co-rivall d greatness? Either to harbour fled  
Or made a coast for Neptune Even so  
Doth valour s show and valour s worth divide  
In storms of fortune for in her ray and bright  
ness  
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze  
Than by the tiger but when the splitting wind  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks 50  
And flies fled under shade why then the thing of  
courage  
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize  
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key  
Retorts to chiding fortune  
Ulyss Agamemnon  
Thou great commander nerve and bone of  
Greece  
Heart of our numbers soul and only spirit  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up hear what Ulysses speaks  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which [To AGAMEMNON] most mighty for  
thy place and sway 60  
[To NESTOR] And thou most reverend for thy  
stretch d-out life  
I give to both your speeches which were such  
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass and such again  
As venerable Nestor hatch d in silver  
Should with a bond of air strong as the axle tree  
On which heaven rides knit all the Greekish  
cars  
To his experienced tongue yet let it please both  
Thou great and wise to hear Ulysses speak  
Agam Speak Prince of Ithaca and be r of less  
expect 70  
That matter needless of importless burden,  
Divide thy lips than we are confident  
When rank Thersites opens his mastic jaws  
We shall hear music v it and oracle  
Ulyss Troy yet upon his basis had been down,  
And the great Hector s sword had lack d a mas  
ter  
But for these instances

The specialty of rule hath been neglected,  
 And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this plain so many hollow factions  
 When that the general is not like the hive 81  
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask  
 The heavens themselves, the planets, and this  
 centre

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season form,  
 Office, and custom in all line of order,  
 And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
 In noble eminence enthroned and sphered 90  
 Amidst the other, whose medicinable eye  
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil  
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
 Sans check to good and bad But when the  
 planets

In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
 What plagues and what portents! what mutiny!  
 What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!  
 Commotion in the winds! frights changes, hor-  
 rors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
 The unity and married calm of states 100  
 Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is  
 shaken

Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
 The enterprise is sick! How could communities,  
 Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,  
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores  
 The primogenitive and due of birth  
 Prerogative of age, crowns sceptres laurels,  
 But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
 Take but degree away untune that string  
 And hark, what discord follows! Each thing  
 meets 110

In mere oppugnancy The bounded waters  
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores  
 And make a sop of all this solid globe  
 Strength should be lord of imbecility  
 And the rude son should strike his father dead  
 Force should be right or rather right and wrong,  
 Between whose endless jar justice resides  
 Should lose their names and so should justice too  
 Then every thing includes itself in power  
 Power into will will into appetite 120  
 And appetite, an universal wolf  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey  
 And last eat up himself Great Agamemnon,  
 This chaos when degree is suffocate,  
 Follows the choking  
 And this neglect of degree it is  
 That by a pace goes backward with a purpose

It hath to climb The general's disdain'd  
 By him one step below, he by the next, 130  
 That next by him beneath, so every step,  
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick  
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever  
 Of pale and bloodless emulation  
 And tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
 Not her own sinews To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength  
 Nest Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd  
 The fever whereof all our power is sick  
 Agam The nature of the sickness found,  
 Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?  
 Ulyss The great Achilles, whom opinion  
 crowns  
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,  
 Having his ear full of his airy fame  
 Grows dainty of his worth and in his tent  
 Lies mocking our designs With him Patroclus  
 Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
 Breaks scurril jests,  
 And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
 Which slanderer, he imitation calls 150  
 He pageants us Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
 Thy topless deputation he puts on  
 And, like a strutting player whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring and doth think it rich  
 To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-  
 age—

Such to-be-pitied and overwrested seeming  
 He acts thy greatness in and when he speaks,  
 'Tis like a chime a mending with terms un-  
 squared  
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
 dropp'd 160  
 Would seem hy perboles At this fusty stuff  
 The large Achilles on his press'd bed lolling,  
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,  
 Cries Excellent! tis Agamemnon just  
 Now play me Nestor hem, and stroke thy  
 beard

As he being drest to some oration "  
 That's done as near as the extremest ends  
 Of parallels as like as Vulcan and his wife  
 Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!'  
 'Tis Nestor right Now play him me, Patroclus  
 Arming to answer in a night alarm' 171  
 And then forsooth the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth to cough and spit,  
 And with a palsy fumbling on his gorget  
 Shake in and out the rivet And at this sport  
 Sir Valour dies cries "O enough, Patroclus,  
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my spleen And in this fashion,

All our abilities gifts natures shapes  
 Severals and generals of grace exact  
 Achievements plots orders preventions  
 Excitements in the field or speech for truce  
 Success or loss what ~~is~~ or is not serves  
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes  
*Nest* And in the imitation of these twain—  
 Who ~~is~~ Ulysses says opinion crowns  
 With an imperial voice—many are infect  
 Ajax is grown self will'd and bears his head  
 In such a rein in full as proud a place  
 As broad Achilles keeps his tent like him  
 Makes factious feasts rails on our state of  
 war  
 Bold as an oracle and sets Thersites  
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint  
 To match us in comparisons with dirt  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure  
 How rank soever rounded in with danger  
*Ulyss* They tax our policy and call it coward  
 ice  
 Count wisdom as no member of the war  
 I ore stall prescience and esteem no act  
 But that of hand The still and mental parts 200  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike  
 When fitness calls them on and know by meas-  
 ure  
 Of their observant toil the enemies weight—  
 Why this hath not a finger's dignity  
 They call this bed work mappery closet war  
 So that the ram that batters down the wall  
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise  
 They place before his hand that made the engine  
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls  
 By reason guide his execution 210  
*Nest* Let this be granted and Achilles horse  
 Makes many Thetis sons  
*A trucker*  
*Agam* What trumpet? look Menelaus  
*Men* From Troy  
  
*Enter AENEAS*  
*Agam* What would you fore our tent?  
*Ane* Is this great Agamemnon's tent I pray  
 you?  
*Agam* Even this  
*Ane* May one that is a herald and a prince  
 Do a fast message to his kingly ears?  
*Agam* With surety stronger than Achilles  
 arm 220  
 Fore all the Greekish heads which with one  
 voice  
 Call Agamemnon head and general  
*Ane* Fair leave and large security How may  
 A stranger to those most imperial looks  
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

How?

*Agam*  
*Ane* Ay  
 I ask that I might waken reverence  
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
 The youthful Phoebus 30  
 Which is that god in office guiding men?  
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?  
*Agam* This Trojan scorns us or the men of  
 Troy  
 Are ceremonious courtiers  
*Ane* Courtiers as free as debonaire unarm'd  
 As bending angels that s their fame in peace  
 But when they would seem soldiers they have  
 galls  
 Good arms strong joints true swords and  
 Jove's accord  
 Nothing so full of heart But peace *Aneas*  
 Peace Trojan lay thy finger on thy lips! 340  
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth  
 If that the praised himself bring the praise forth  
 But what the repining enemy commends  
 That breath fame blows that praise sole pure  
 transcends  
*Agam* Sir you of Troy call you yourself  
*Aneas*?  
*Ane* Ay Greek that is my name  
*Agam* What's your affair I pray you?  
*Ane* Sir pardon us for Agamemnon's ears  
*Agam* He hears nought privately that comes  
 from Troy  
*Ane* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper  
 him 350  
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear  
 To set his sense on the attentive bent  
 And then to speak  
*Agam* Speak frankly as the wind  
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour  
 That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake  
 He tells thee so himself  
*Ane* Trumpet blow loud  
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents  
 And every Greek of mettle let him know  
 What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud  
*Trumpet sounds*  
 We have great Agamemnon, here in Troy 60  
 A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—  
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
 Is rusty grown He bade me take a trumpet  
 And to this purpose speak kings princes lords!  
 If there be one among the fair at f Greece  
 That holds his honour higher than his ease  
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril  
 That knows his valour and knows not his fear  
 That loves his mistress more than in confession  
 With truant vows to her own lips he loves 270

And dare avow her beauty and her worth  
 In other arms than hers—to him this challenge  
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,  
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,  
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call  
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,  
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love  
 If any come Hector shall honour him, 280  
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,  
 The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth  
 The splinter of a lance Even so much

*Agam.* This shall be told our lovers, Lord  
*Aeneas,*

If none of them have soul in such a kind,  
 We left them all at home But we are soldiers,  
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
 If then one is or hath, or means to be 289  
 That one meets Hector, if none else, I am he

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man  
 When Hector's grandsire suck'd He is old  
 now

But if there be not in our Grecian host  
 One noble man that hath one spark of fire  
 To answer for his love, tell him from me  
 I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver  
 And in my vantage put this wither'd brawn,  
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady  
 Was fairer than his grandam and as chaste  
 As may be in the world His youth in flood 300  
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood  
*Aeneas.* Now heavens forbid such scarcity of  
 youth!

*Ulysses.* Amen

*Agam.* Fair Lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your  
 hand,

To our pavilion shall I lead you sir  
 Achilles shall have word of this intent,  
 So shall each lord of Greece from tent to tent  
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go  
 And find the welcome of a noble foe

*[Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR]*

*Ulysses.* Nestor! 310

*Nest.* What says Ulysses?

*Ulysses.* I have a young conception in my brain,  
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape

*Nest.* What is it?

*Ulysses.* This 'tis

Blunt wedges rivet hard knots The seeded pride  
 That hath to this maturity blown up  
 In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,  
 Or, shedding breed a nursery of like evil,  
 To overbulk us all

*Nest.*

Well, and how?

320

*Ulysses.* This challenge that the gallant Hector  
 sends,

However it is spread in general name,  
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance

Whose grossness little characters sum up  
 And in the publication, make no strain,  
 But that Achilles, were his brain as barren  
 As banks of Libya—though, Apollo knows,  
 'Tis dry enough—will with great speed of judgment,

Ay with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330  
 Pointing on him

*Ulysses.* And wake him to the answer, think  
 you?

*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet Whom may you else  
 oppose

That can from Hector bring his honour off,  
 If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,  
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells,  
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
 With their finest palate, and trust to me, Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly poised  
 In this wild action, for the success, 340

Although particular, shall give a scantling  
 Of good or bad unto the general,  
 And in such indexes, although small pricks  
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
 The baby figure of the giant mass  
 Of things to come at large It is supposed  
 He that meets Hector issues from our choice,  
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,  
 Makes merit her election, and doth boil,  
 As twere from forth us all a man distill'd 350

Out of our virtues, who miscarrying,  
 What heart receives from hence the conquering  
 part

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?  
 Which entertain'd limbs are his instruments,  
 In no less working than are swords and bows  
 Directed by the limbs

*Ulysses.* Give pardon to my speech  
 Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector  
 Let us like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
 And think perchance, they'll sell, if not 360  
 The lustre of the better yet to show,  
 Shall show the better Do not consent  
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet,  
 For both our honour and our shame in this  
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eyes What  
 are they?

*Ulysses.* What glory our Achilles shares from  
 Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him  
 But he already is too insolent  
 And we were better parch in Afric sun 370  
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes  
 Should he scape Hector fair If he were foil'd  
 Why then we did our main opinion cruell  
 In taint of our best man No make a lottery  
 And by device let blockish Ajax draw  
 The sort to fight with Hector Among ourselves  
 Give him allowance for the better man  
 For that will physic the great Myrmidon  
 Who broils in loud applause and make him fall  
 His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends 380  
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off  
 We'll dress him up in voices If he fail  
 Yet go we under our opinion still  
 That we have better men But hit or miss  
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes  
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes  
 Nest Ulysses  
 Now I begin to relish thy advice  
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith  
 To Agamemnon Go we to him straight 390  
 Two curs shall tame each other pride alone  
 Must tarre the mastiffs on 'twere their bone  
 [Exeunt]

## ACT II

## SCENE I A part of the Grecian camp

Enter AJAX and THERSITES

Ajax Thersites'  
 Ther Agamemnon how if he had boils full  
 all over generally?  
 Ajax Thersites  
 Ther And those boils did run? Say so did not  
 the general run then? Were not that a botchy  
 core?  
 Ajax Don't  
 Ther Then would come some matter from  
 him I see none now 40  
 Ajax Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not  
 hear? [Beating him] Feel then  
 Ther The plague of Greece upon thee thou  
 mongrel beef witted lord  
 Ajax Speak then, thou new-edst leaven speak  
 I will beat thee into handsomeness  
 Ther I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holi-  
 ness but I think thy horse will sooner con an  
 oration than thou learn a prayer without book  
 Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain o  
 thy jalet's tricks!  
 Ajax Toadstool learn me the proclamation  
 Ther Dost thou think I have no sense thou  
 strikest me thus?

Ajax The proclamation?  
 Ther Thou art proclaimed a fool I think  
 Ajax Do not porpentine do not my fingers  
 itch  
 Ther I would thou didst itch from head to foot  
 and I had the scratchun of thee I would make  
 thee the loathsomest scab in Greece When thou  
 art forth in the incursions thou strik'st slow  
 as another  
 Ajax I say the proclamation!  
 Ther Thou grumblest and railest every hour  
 on Achilles and thou art as full of envy at his  
 greatness as Cerberus at Proserpina's beauty  
 ay that thou barkest at him.  
 Ajax Mistress Thersites!  
 Ther Thou shouldst strike him 40  
 Ajax Cobloaf!  
 Ther He would pun thee into shivers with his  
 fist as a sailor breaks a biscuit  
 Ajax [Beating him] You whoreson cur!  
 Ther Do do  
 Ajax Thou stool for a witch!  
 Ther Ay do do thou sodden witted lord!  
 Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine  
 elbows an assineo may tutor thee Thou  
 scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash  
 Trojans and thou art bought and sold among  
 those of any wit like a barbarian slave If thou  
 use to beat me I will begin at thy heel and tell  
 what thou art by inches thou tunc of no bowels  
 thou!  
 Ajax You dog!  
 Ther You scurvy lord!  
 Ajax [Beating him] You cur!  
 Ther Wats his idiot? do rudeness do camel  
 do do 59

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

Achil Why how now Ajax! wherefore do  
 you thus? How now Thersites! what's the  
 matter man?  
 Ther You see him there do you?  
 Achil Ay what's the matter?  
 Ther Nay look upon him  
 Achil So I do What's the matter?  
 Ther Nay but regard him well  
 Achil Well! why I do so  
 Ther But yet you look not well upon him  
 for whosoever you take him to be he is Ajax 70  
 Achil I know that fool  
 Ther Ay but that fool knows not himself  
 Ajax Therefore I beat thee  
 Ther Lo lo lo, rat modicums of it!  
 utters! his evas ears thus long I t  
 bobbed his rain! he has beat my  
 I will buy nine a penny and ha

matter is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow  
 Thus lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in  
 his belly and his guts in his head, I'll tell you  
 what I say of him 87

*Achil* What?

*Ther* I say, this Ajax—

*Ajax offers to beat him*

*Achil* Nay, good Ajax

*Ther* Has not so much wit—

*Achil* Nay, I must hold you

*Ther* As will stop the eye of Helen's needle,  
 for whom he comes to fight

*Achil* Peace, fool!

*Ther* I would have peace and quietness, but  
 the fool will not He there that he Look you  
 there

*Ajax* O thou damned cur! I shall—

*Achil* Will you set your wit to a fool's?

*Ther* No I warrant you, for a fool's will  
 shame it

*Patr* Good words, Thersites

*Achil* What's the quarrel?

*Ajax* I bade the vile owl go learn me the  
 tenour of the proclamation and he rails upon me

*Ther* I serve thee not 101

*Ajax* Well go to go to

*Ther* I serve here voluntary

*Achil* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas  
 not voluntary No man is beaten voluntary, Ajax  
 was here the voluntary and you as under an  
 impress

*Ther* E'en so a great deal of your wit too,  
 lies in your sinews or else there be liars Hector  
 shall have a great catch, if he knock out either  
 of your brains A' were as good crack a fusty nut  
 with no kernel

*Achil* What, with me too Thersites?

*Ther* There's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose  
 wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on  
 their toes yoke you like draught-oxen and make  
 you plough up the wars

*Achil* What, what?

*Ther* Yes good sooth To Achilles! to Ajax!  
 to! 120

*Ajax* I shall cut out your tongue

*Ther* 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as  
 thou afterwards

*Patr* No more words Thersites peace!

*Ther* I will hold my peace when Achilles  
 brach bids me shall!

*Idil* There's for you Patroclus

*Ther* I will see you hanged like clotpoles  
 ere I come any more to your tents I will keep  
 where there is wit stirring and leave the faction  
 of fools [Exit

*Patr* A good riddance

*Achil* Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through  
 all our host

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,  
 Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy  
 To morrow morning call some knight to arms  
 That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare  
 Maintain—I know not what, 'tis trash Farewell  
*Ajax* Farewell Who shall answer him?

*Achil* I know not 'Tis put to lottery, other-  
 wise 140

He knew his man

*Ajax* O meaning you I will go learn more of it  
 [Exit

SCENE II *Troy a room in Priam's palace*

*Enter PRIAM, HECTOR TROILUS, PARIS and  
 HELENUS*

*Pri* After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,  
 Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks  
 "Deliver Helen and all damage else—

As honour loss of time, travail expense,  
 Wounds, friends and what else dear that is con-  
 sumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war—

Shall be struck off" Hector, what say you to it?

*Hect* Though no man lesser fears the Greeks  
 than I

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam 10

There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
 More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
 More ready to cry out, 'Who knows what fol-  
 lows?'

Than Hector is The wound of peace is surety,  
 Surety secure but modest doubt is call'd  
 The beacon of the wise the tent that searches  
 To the bottom of the worst Let Helen go  
 Since the first sword was drawn about this ques-  
 tion

Every rithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes,  
 Hath been as dear as Helen I mean of ours 20  
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name the value of one ten

What merits in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up?

*Tro* Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king

So great as our dread father in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past proportion of his infinite?

And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30

With spans and inches so diminutive

As fears and reasons? fie for godly shame!

*Hcl* No marvel though you bite

reasons,



You are so empty of them Should not our father  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons  
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

*Tro* You are for dreams and slumbers brother  
priest

You for your gloves with reason Here are your  
reasons

You know an enemy intends you harm  
You know a sword employ'd is perilous 40

And reason flies the object of all harm  
Who marvels then when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove  
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay if we talk of reason

Let's shut our gates and sleep Manhood and  
honour

Should have hare hearts would they but sat their  
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason Reason and respect  
Make livers pale and lusthood deject 50

*Hec* Brother she is not worth what she doth  
cost

The holding

*Tro* What is aught but as 'tis valued?

*Hec* But value dwells not in particular will

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer 'Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god

And the will dotes that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects

Without some image of the affected merit 60

*Tro* I take to-day a wife and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my will

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears

Two traded pilots twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgement how may I avoid

Although my will distaste what it elected

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion

To blench from this and to stand firm by honour

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant

When we have soild them, nor the remainder 70

lands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,

Because we now are full It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails

The seas and winds old wranglers took a truce

And did him service he touch'd the ports desired

And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held cap-

tive

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and

freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt

Is she worth keeping? why she is a pearl 81  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand  
ships

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants  
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—

As you must need, for you all cried Go go—

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize—

As you must needs for you all clapp'd your

hands

And cried Inestimable! —why do you now

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate

And do a deed that fortune never did 90

Beogar the estimation which you prized

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base

That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n

That in their country did them that disgrace

We fear to warrant in our native place!

*Gas* [Hithin] Cry Trojans cry!

*Pri* What noise? what shriek is this?

*Tro* 'Tis our mad sister I do know her voice

*Gas* [Hithin] Cry Trojans!

*Hec* It is Cassandra 100

*Enter CASSANDRA raving*

*Gas* Cry Trojans cry! lend me ten thousand  
eyes

And I will fill them with prophetic tears

*Hec* Peace sister peace!

*Gas* Virgins and boys mid age and wrinkled  
eld

Soft infancy that nothing canst but cry

Add to my clamours let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come

Cry Trojans cry! practise your eyes with tears!

Troy must not be nor goodly Ilium stand

Our firebrand brother Paris burns us all 110

Cry Trojans cry! a Helen and a woe

Cry cry! Troy burns or else let Helen go [Exit

*Hec* Now youthful Troilus do not these high

strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? or is your blood

So madly hot that no discourse of reason

No fear of bad success in a bad cause

Can qualify the same?

*Tro* Why brother I Hector

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth firm it 120

Nor once defect the courage of our minds

Because Cassandra's mad Her brain-sick rap-

tures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel

Which hath our several honours all engaged

To make it gracious For my private part

I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons

And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain!

*Par* Else might the world convince of levity  
As well my undertakings as your counsels, 131  
But I attest the gods, y our full consent  
Gave wings to my propension and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project  
For what alas, can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour,  
To stand the push and enmity of those  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
*Were I alone to pass the difficulties*  
And had as ample power as I have will, 140  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,  
Nor faint in the pursuit

*Tri* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights  
You have the honey still, but these the gall,  
So to be valiant is no praise at all

*Par* Sir, I propose not merely to my self  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen, 150  
Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be  
That so degenerate a strain as this  
Should once set footing in y our generous bosoms?  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble  
Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed  
Where Helen is the subject then, I say, 160  
Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel

*Hec* Paris and Troilus, you have both said  
well,

And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have glozed, but superficially not much  
Unlike y oung men whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy  
The reasons y ou allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood  
Than to make up a free determination 170  
Twixt right and wrong for pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision Nature craves  
All dues be render'd to their owners Now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? If this law  
Of nature be corrupted through affection  
And that great minds of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills resist the same  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation 180

To curb those raging appetites that are  
Most disobedient and refractory  
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,  
As it is known she is, these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong  
But makes it much more heavy Hector's opinion  
Is this in way of truth, yet ne'ertheless,  
My spritely brethren, I propend to y ou 190  
In resolution to keep Helen still,  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance  
Upon our joint and several dignities  
*Tro* Why, there you touch'd the life of our  
design

Were it not glory that we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood  
Spent more in her defence But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds, 200  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us,  
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promised glory  
As smiles upon the forehead of this action  
For the wide world's revenue

*Hec* I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits 210  
I was advertised their great general slept,  
Whilst emulation in the army crept  
This, I presume, will wale him *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *The Grecian camp before Achilles tent*

*Enter THERSITES, solus*

*Ther* How now Thersites! what, lost in the  
labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax  
carry it thus? he beats me and I rail at him  
O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise  
that I could beat him whilst he railed at me  
Sfoot I'll learn to conjure and raise devils but  
I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations  
Then there's Achilles a rare engineer! If Troy  
be not taken till these two undermine it the  
walls will stand till they fall of themselves O  
thou great thunder-darter of Olympus forget  
that thou art Jove the king of gods and Mer-  
cury lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus,  
if ye take not that little little less than little wit  
from them that they have! which short armed  
ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce it  
will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a

spider without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web After this the vengeance on the whole camp<sup>1</sup> or rather the bone ache<sup>1</sup> for that methinks is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket I have said my prayers and devil Envy say Amen What ho<sup>1</sup> my Lord Achilles<sup>1</sup>

*Enter PATROCLUS*

*Patr* Who s there<sup>2</sup> Thersites<sup>1</sup> Good Thersites come in and rail

*Ther* If I could have remembered a gilt counter feist thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation But it is no matter thyself upon thyself<sup>1</sup> The common curse of mankind folly and ignorance be thine in great revenue<sup>1</sup> Heaven bless thee from a tutor and discipline come not near thee<sup>1</sup> Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death<sup>1</sup> then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse I ll be sworn and sworn upon t she never shrouded any but lazars Amen Where s Achilles<sup>2</sup>

*Patr* What art thou devout? wast thou in prayer<sup>2</sup>

*Ther* Ay The heavens hear me<sup>1</sup> 40

*Enter ACHILLES*

*Achil* Who s there<sup>2</sup>

*Patr* Thersites my lord

*Achil* Where, where<sup>2</sup> Art thou come<sup>2</sup> why my cheese my digestion why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals<sup>2</sup> Come what s Agamemnon<sup>2</sup>

*Ther* Thy commander Achilles Then tell me Patroclus what s Achilles<sup>2</sup>

*Patr* Thy lord Thersites Then tell me I pray thee what s thyself<sup>2</sup> 50

*Ther* Thy knower Patroclus Then tell me Patroclus what art thou<sup>2</sup>

*Patr* Thou mayst tell that knowest

*Achil* O tell tell

*Ther* I ll decline the whole question Agamemnon commands Achilles Achilles is my lord I am Patroclus knower and Patroclus is a fool

*Patr* You rascal<sup>1</sup>

*Ther* Peace fool<sup>1</sup> I have not done 60

*Achil* He is a privileged man Proceed Thersites

*Ther* Agamemnon is a fool Achilles is a fool Thersites is a fool and as aforesaid Patroclus is a fool

*Achil* Derive this come

*Ther* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon Thersites is a fool to

serve such a fool and Patroclus is a fool positive

*Patr* Why am I a fool? 71

*Ther* Make that demand of the prover It suffices me thou art Look you who comes here<sup>2</sup>

*Achil* Patroclus I ll speak with nobody Come in with me Thersites [Exit]

*Ther* Here is such patchery such ju ling and such knavery<sup>1</sup> All the argument is a cuckold and a whore a good quarrel is draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon Now the dry serpigo on the subject<sup>1</sup> and war and lechery confound all<sup>1</sup> [Exit]

*Enter AGAMEMNON ULYSSES NESTOR  
DIOMEDES and AJAX*

*Agam* Where is Achilles<sup>2</sup>

*Patr* Within his tent but ill disposed my lord

*Agam* Let it be known to him that we are here

He shent our messengers and we lay by Our apptainments visiting of him Let him be told so lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place 89 Or know not what we are

*Patr* I shall say so to him [Exit]

*Ulyss* We saw him at the opening of his tent He is not sick

*Ajax* Yes lion sick sick of proud heart You may call it melancholy if you will favour the may but by my head tis pride But why why? let him show us the cause A word my lord

[Takes AGAMEMNON aside]

*Nest* What moves Ajax thus to lay at him<sup>2</sup>

*Ulyss* Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him 100

*Nest* Who Thersites?

*Ulyss* He

*Nest* Then will Ajax lack matter if he have lost his argument

*Ulyss* No you see he is his argument that has his argument Achilles

*Nest* All the better their fraction is more our wish than their faction But it was a strong composure a fool could disunite

*Ulyss* The anuity that wisdom knits not folly may easily untie Here comes Patroclus 111

*Re-enter PATROCLUS*

*Nest* No Achilles with him

*Ulyss* The elephant hath joints but none for courtesy His legs are legs for necessity not for flexure

*Patr* Achilles bids me say he is much sorry If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state To call upon him he hopes it is no other

But for your health and your digestion sake, 120  
An after dinner's breath

*Agam* Hear you Patroclus  
We are too well acquainted with these answers,  
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,  
Cannot outfly our apprehensions  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason  
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his virtues,  
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,  
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,  
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted Go and tell him 130  
We come to speak with him, and you shall not  
sin,

If you do say we think him over-proud  
And under honest, in self assumption greater  
Than in the note of judgement, and worthier than  
himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command  
And underwrite in an observing kind  
His humorous predominance yea, watch  
His pettish luncs, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
The passage and whole carriage of this  
action 140

Rode on his tide Go tell him this, and add,  
That if he overhold his price so much  
We'll none of him, but let him, like an engine  
Not portable, lie under this report  
"Bring action hither, this cannot go to war"  
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
Before a sleeping giant Tell him so

*Patr* I shall, and bring his answer presently  
[Exit

*Agam* In second voice we'll not be satisfied  
We come to speak with him Ulysses, enter you  
[Exit ULYSSES

*Ajax* What is he more than another? 151

*Agam* No more than what he thinks he is  
*Ajax* Is he so much? Do you not think he  
thinks himself a better man than I am?

*Agam* No question

*Ajax* Will you subscribe his thought, and say  
he is?

*Agam* No noble Ajax you are as strong as  
valiant as wise no less noble, much more  
gentle and altogether more tractable 160

*Ajax* Why should a man be proud? How doth  
pride grow? I know not what pride is

*Agam* Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and  
your virtues the fairer He that is proud eats up  
himself, pride is his own glass, his own trumpet  
his own chronicle, and whatever praises itself  
but in the deed devours the deed in the praise

*Ajax* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the en-  
gendering of toads 170

*Nest* [Aside] Yet he loves himself Is't not  
strange?

*Re enter ULYSSES*

*Ulysses* Achilles will not to the field tomorrow  
*Agam* What's his excuse?

*Ulyss* He doth rely on none,  
But carries on the stream of his dispose  
Without observance or respect of any  
In will peculiar and in self-admission

*Agam* Why will he not upon our fair re-  
quest

Untent his person and share the air with us?

*Ulyss* Things small as nothing, for request's  
sake only,

He makes important Possess'd he is with great-  
ness, 180

And speaks not to himself but with a pride  
That quarrels at self breath Imagined worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse  
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages  
And batters down himself What should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud that the death tokens  
of it

Cry "No recovery"

*Agam* Let Ajax go to him  
Dear lord go you and greet him in his tent  
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led 190  
At your request a little from himself

*Ulyss* O Agamemnon, let it not be so!  
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes  
When they go from Achilles Shall the proud  
lord

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam  
And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd  
Of that we hold an idol more than he?  
No, thus thrice worthy and right valiant lord 200  
Must not so stale his palm nobly acquired,  
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as Achilles is,  
By going to Achilles

That were to enlarge his fat already pride  
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion  
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid  
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him'

*Nest* [Aside to DIOMEDES] O, this is well he  
rubs the vein of him 210

*Dio* [Aside to NESTOR] And how his silence  
drinks up this applause!

*Ajax* If I go to him, with my armed fist  
I'll pash him o'er the face

*Agam* O, no you shall not go

*Ajax* An a be proud with me I'll pheeze his pride

Let me go to him

*Ulyss* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel

*Ajax* A paltry insolent fellow!

*Nest* [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

*Ajax* Can he not be sociable? 220

*Ulyss* [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness

*Ajax* I'll let his humours blood

*Agam* [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient

*Ajax* An all men were o' my mind—

*Ulyss* [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion

*Ajax* A should not bear it so a should eat swords first Shall pride carry it?

*Nest* [*Aside*] An would you'd carry half

*Ulyss* [*Aside*] A would have ten shares 230

*Ajax* I will knead him I'll make him supple

*Nest* [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm Force him with praises Pour in pour in his ambition is dry

*Ulyss* [*To ALAMENON*] My lord you feed too much on this dislike

*Nest* Our noble general do not do so

*Dio* You must prepare to fight without Achilles

*Ulyss* Why tis this naming of him does him harm

Here is a man—but tis before his face 240  
I will be silent

*Nest* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous as Achilles is

*Ulyss* Know the whole world he is as valiant

*Ajax* A whoreson dog that shall palter thus with us!

Would he were a Trojan!

*Nest* What a vice were it in Ajax now—

*Ulyss* If he were proud—

*Dio* Or covetous of praise—

*Ulyss* As or surly borne—

*Dio* Or strange or self affected! 250

*Ulyss* Thank the heavens lord thou art of sweet composure

Praise him that got thee she that gave thee suck

Famed be thy tutor and thy parts of nature

Thrice famed, beyond all erudition

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half and, for thy vigour

Bull bearing, Milo his addition yield

To snevy Ajax I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore confines 260

Thy spacious and dilated parts Here's Nestor

Instructed by the antiquary times

He must he is he cannot but be wise

But pardon, father Nestor were your days  
As green as Ajax and your brain so temper'd  
You should not have the eminence of him

But be as Ajax

*Ajax* Shall I call you father?

*Nest* Ay my good son

*Dio* Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax

*Ulyss* There's no tarrying here the hart  
Achilles

Keeps thicket Please it our great general 270

To call together all his state of war

Fresh kings are come to Troy to-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast

And here's a lord—come knights from east to west

And cull their flower Ajax shall cope the best

*Agam* Go we to council Let Achilles sleep

Let his boats sail swift though greater hulks draw  
deep | *Exeunt*

### ACT III

#### SCENE I Troy Priam's palace

*Enter a SERVANT and PANDARUS*

*Pan* Friend you! pray you a word Do not  
you follow the young Lord Paris?

*Serv* Ay sir when he goes before me

*Pan* You depend upon him I mean?

*Serv* Sir I do depend upon the lord

*Pan* You depend upon a noble gentleman I  
must needs praise him

*Serv* The lord be praised!

*Pan* You know me do you not?

*Serv* Faith sir superficially 10

*Pan* Friend know me better I am the Lord  
Pandaros

*Serv* I hope I shall know your honour better

*Pan* I do desire it

*Serv* You are in the state of grace

*Pan* Grace! not so friend honour and lord  
ship are my titles [*Musick within*] What music  
is this?

*Serv* I do but partly know sir It is music in  
parts 20

*Pan* I know you the musicians?

*Serv* Wholly sir

*Pan* Who play they to?

*Serv* To the hearers sir

*Pan* At whose pleasure friend?

*Serv* At mine sir and theirs that love music

*Pan* Command I mean, friend

*Serv* Who shall I command, sir?

*Pan* Friend we understand not one another

I am too coarsely and thou art too cunning At  
whose request do these men play? 31

*Serv* That's to it indeed, sir Marry sir at the

request of Paris my lord, who's there in person, with him the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

*Pan* Who, my cousin Cressida?

*Serv* No, sir, Helen Could you not find out that by her attributes?

*Pan* It should seem fellow that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus I will make a complimentary assault upon him for my business seethes

*Serv* Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

*Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended*

*Pan* Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 49

*Helen* Dear lord, you are full of fair words

*Pan* You speak your fair pleasure sweet queen Fair prince here is good broken music

*Par* You have broke it cousin, and by my life you shall make it whole again you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance Nell he is full of harmony

*Pan* Truly, lady, no

*Helen* O, sir—

*Pan* Rude, in sooth in good sooth, very rude 60

*Par* Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits

*Pan* I have business to my lord dear queen

My lord will you vouchsafe me a word?

*Helen* Nay this shall not hedge us out We'll hear you sing certainly

*Pan* Well, sweet queen you are pleasant with me But marry thus my lord my dear lord and most esteemed friend your brother Troilus— 70

*Helen* My Lord Pandarus honey-sweet lord—

*Pan* Go to sweet queen go to!—commends himself most affectionately to you—

*Helen* You shall not bob us o it of our melody If you do our melancholy upon your head!

*Pan* Sweet queen sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i faith

*Helen* And to make a sweet lady sad is a 'our offence 80

*Pan* Nay that shall not serve your turn that shall it not in truth la Nay I care not for such words no no And my lord he desires you that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse

*Helen* My Lord Pandarus—

*Pan* What says my sweet queen, my very sweet queen?

*Par* What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 90

*Helen* Nay, but, my lord—

*Pan* What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you You must not know where he sups

*Par* I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida

*Pan* No, no no such matter, you are wide Come your disposer is sick

*Par* Well I'll make excuse

*Pan* Ay good my lord Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick 101

*Par* I spy

*Pan* You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument Now, sweet queen

*Helen* Why this is kindly done

*Pan* My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have sweet queen

*Helen* She shall have it my lord if it be not my lord Paris

*Pan* He! no, she'll none of him they two are twain 111

*Helen* Falling in, after falling out, may make them three

*Pan* Come, come, I'll hear no more of this, I'll sing you a song now

*Helen* Ay ay, prithee now By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead

*Pan* Ay you may, you may

*Helen* Let thy song be love This love will undo us all O Cupid Cupid Cupid! 120

*Pan* Love! ay, that it shall i faith

*Par* Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love

*Pan* In good troth it begins so

[Sings] ' Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For O love's bow

Shoots buck and doe

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore 130

These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound it to kill

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still

Oh! oh! a while but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh ho!

*Helen* In love, i faith to the very tip of the nose 139

*Par* He eats nothing but doves love and that breeds hot blood and his blood begets hot

thoughts and hot thoughts beget hot deeds and hot deeds is love

*Par* Is this the generation of love? hot blood hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why they are vipers Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord who is a field to-day?

*Par* Hector Desphobus Helenus Antenor and all the gallantry of Troy I would fain have armed to-day but my Nell would not have it so How chance my brother Troilus went not? 151

*Helen* He hangs the lip at something You know all Lord Pandarus

*Par* Not I honey sweet queen I long to hear how they sped to-day You'll remember your brother's excuse?

*Par* To a hair

*Par* Farewell sweet queen

*Helen* Commend me to your niece

*Par* I will sweet queen [Exit 160

*A retreat sounded*

*Par* They're come from field Let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors Sweet Helen I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector His stubborn buckles With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews you shall do more Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector

*Helen* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant Paris

Yea what he shall receive of us in duty

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have 170

Yea overshines ourself

*Par* Sweet above thought I love thee [Exeunt

SCENE II *The same Pandarus orchard*

*Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS BOY meeting*

*Par* How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

*Boy* No sir he stays for you to conduct him thither

*Par* ■ here he comes

*Enter TROILUS*

How now how now!

*Tro* Sirrah walk off [Exit boy

*Par* Have you seen my cousin?

*Tro* No Pandarus I stalk about her door Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks 10

Staying for waftage O be thou my Charon,

And give me swift transporance to those fields

Where I may wallow in the liv'ly beds

Proposed for the deserv'er! O gentle Pandarus

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings

And fly with me to Cressid!

*Par* Walk here! the orchard I'll bring her straight [Exit

*Tro* I am giddy expectation whirls me round The imaginary relish is so sweet 20

That it enchants my sense What will it be

When that the watery palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice repured nectar? death I fear me

Swooning destruction or some joy too fine

Too subtle potent tuned too sharp in sweetness

For the capacity of my ruder powers

I fear it much and I do fear besides

That I shall lose distinction in my joys

As doth a battle when they charge on heaps

The enemy flying 30

*Re-enter PANDARUS*

*Par* She's making her ready she'll come straight You must be witty now She does so blush and fetches her wind so short as if she were frayed with a sprite I'll fetch her It is the prettiest villain she fetches her breath ■ short as a new ta'en sparrow [Exit

*Tro* Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse

And all my powers do their bestowing lose

Like vassalage at unawares encountering 40

The eye of majesty

*Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA*

*Par* Come come what need you blush? shame's a baby Here she is now swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me What are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways come your ways as you draw backward we'll put you in the fills Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtain and let's see your picture Alas the day how loath you are to offend daylight! an'twere dark you'd close sooner So so rub on, and kiss the mistress Ho v now! a kiss in fee farm! build there carpenter the air is sweet Nay you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you The falcon as the tercel for all the ducks! the river Go to go to

*Tro* You have bereft me of all words lady

*Par* Words pay no debts give her deeds but she'll bereave you ■ the deeds too if she call your activity in question What billing again? Here's In witness whereof the parties interchangeably — Come in, come in I'll go get a fire [Exit

*Cres* Will you walk in my lord?

*Tro* O Cressida how often have I wished me thus!

*Cres* Wished, my lord! The gods grant—  
O my lord!

*Tro* What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

*Cres* More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes

*Tro* Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly

*Cres* Blind fear, that seeing reason leads finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear To fear the worst oft cures the worse

*Tro* O, let my lady apprehend no fear, in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster

*Cres* Nor nothing monstrous neither?

*Tro* Nothing, but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers, thining it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit

*Cres* They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten and discharging less than the tenth part of one They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

*Tro* Are there such? such are not we Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove, our head shall go bare till merit crown it No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present, we will not name desert before his birth and, being born his addition shall be humble Few words to fair faith Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus

*Cres* Will you walk in my lord?

*Re-enter PANDARUS*

*Pan* What blushing still? have you not done talking yet

*Cres* Well uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you

*Pan* I thank you for that if my lord get a boy of you you'll give him me Be true to my lord if he flinch chide me for it

*Tro* You know now your hostages, your uncle's word and my firm faith

*Pan* Nay I'll give my word for her too Our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed they are constant being won They are burs I can tell you they'll stick where they are thrown

*Cres* Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day  
For many weary months

*Tro* Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

*Cres* Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—  
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant

I love you now, but not, till now, so much

But I might master it In faith I lie,

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother See we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I loved you well I woo'd you not,

And yet good faith, I wish'd myself a man

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent See, see your silence,

Cunning in dumbness from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth

*Tro* And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence

*Pan* Pretty, i' faith

*Cres* My lord I do beseech you pardon me,

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss

I am ashamed O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord

*Tro* Your leave sweet Cressid!

*Pan* Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

*Cres* Pray you, content you

*Tro* What offends you, lady?

*Cres* Sir, mine own company

*Tro* You cannot shun

Yourself

*Cres* Let me go and try,

I have a kind of self resides with you

But an unkind self that itself will leave,

To be another's fool I would be gone

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak

*Tro* Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely

*Cres* Perchance, my lord I show more craft than love,

And fell so roundly to a large confession

To angle for your thoughts But you are wise,

Or else you love not for to be wise and love

Exceeds man's might that dwells with gods above.

*Tro* O that I thought it could be in a woman—

As if it can I will presume in you—

To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love

To keep her constancy in plight and youth,



Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays' 170  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,  
That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be affronted with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love  
How were I then uplifted? but alas!  
I am as true as truth's simplicity  
And simpler than the infancy of truth

*Cres* In that I'll war with you  
*Tro* O virtuous fight  
When right with right wars who shall be most  
right' 179

True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truths by Troilus When their  
rhymes

Full of protest of oath and big compare,  
Want similes truth tired with iteration,  
As true as steel as plantane to the moon,  
As sun to day as turtle to her mate  
As iron to adamant as earth to the centre  
Yet after all comparisons of truth  
As truth's authentic author to be cited  
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,  
And sanctify the numbers

*Cres* Prophet may you be! 190  
If I be false or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing yet let memory  
From false to false among false maids in love  
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said as  
false

As air as water wind or sandy earth  
As fox to lamb as wolf to heifer's calf 200  
Pard' in the hind, or stepdame to her son,  
Yea, let them say to stuck the heart of false  
hood,

As false as Cressid  
*Ian* Go to a bargain made Seal it seal it I'll  
be the witness Here I hold your hand here  
my cousin's If ever you prove false one to an  
other since I have taken such pains to bring you  
together let all piteous goers-between be called to  
the world's end after my name call them all  
Pandars let all constant men be Troiluses all  
false women Cressids and all brokers-between  
Pandars say amen

*Tro* Amen

*Cres* Amen

*Pan* Amen Whereupon I will show you a  
chamber with a bed which bed because it shall  
not speak of your pretty encounters press it to  
death Away!

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here  
Bed-chamber Pandar to provide this gear' 220  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON ULYSSES DIOMEDES NESTOR

AJAX MENELAUS and CALCHAS

*Cal* Now princes for the service I have done  
you

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud  
To call for recompense Appear it to your mind  
That through the sight I bear in things to love  
I have abandon'd Troy left my possession  
Incur'd a traitor's name exposed myself  
From certain and possess'd conveniences  
To doubtful fortunes sequestering from me all  
That time acquaintance custom and condition  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature 10  
And here to do you service am become  
As new into the world strange unacquainted  
I do beseech you as in way of taste  
To give me now a little benefit  
Out of those many register'd in promiss  
Which you say live to come in my behalf  
*Agam* What wouldst thou of us Trojan?  
make demand

*Cal* You have a Trojan prisoner call'd An-  
tenor

Yesterday took Troy holds him very dear  
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—  
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange 21  
Whom Troy hath still denied But thus Antenor  
I know in such a wrest in their affairs  
That their negotiations all must slack  
Wanting his manage and they will almost  
Give us a prince of blood a son of Priam  
In change of him Let him be sent great princes  
And he shall buy my daughter and her presence  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done  
In most accepted pain

*Agam* Let Diomedes bear him, 30  
And bring us Cressid hither Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us Good Diomed  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange  
What bring word if Hector will to-morrow  
Be answer'd in his challenge Ajax is ready  
*Dio* This shall I undertake and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS]

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS *Before their tent*

*Ulyss* Achilles stands at the entrance of his  
tent

Please it our general in pass strangely by him,  
As if he were for or and prizes all 40  
Lay negl'gent and loose regard upon him

I will come last 'Tis like he'll question me  
 Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him  
 If so, I have derision medicinable,  
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,  
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink  
 It may do good, pride hath no other glass  
 To show itself but pride, for supple I nees  
 Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees  
*Agam* We'll execute your purpose and put on  
 A form of strangeness as we pass along, 51  
 So do each lord and either greet him not,  
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more  
 Than if not look'd on I will lead the way

*Achil* What, comes the general to speak with me?  
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy

*Agam* What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

*Nest* Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

*Achil* No

*Nest* Nothing, my lord 60

*Agam* The better

[*Exeunt AGAMEMNON and NESTOR*]

*Achil* Good day, good day

*Men* How do you? how do you? [*Exit*]

*Achil* What, does the cuckold scorn me?

*Ajax* How now, Patroclus?

*Achil* Good morrow, Ajax

*Ajax* Ha?

*Achil* Good morrow

*Ajax* Ay, and good next day, too [*Exit*]

*Achil* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles? 70

*Pat* They pass by strangely They were used to bend

To send their smiles before them to Achilles

To come as humbly as they used to creep

To holy altars

*Achil* What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune

Must fall out with men too What the declined is

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others

As feel in his own fall for men like butterflies

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer

And not a man for being simply man 80

I hath any honour but honour for those honours

That are without him as place riches favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit,

Which when they fall as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another and together

Decide in the fall But 'tis not so with me

Fortune and I are friends I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,  
 Save these men's looks, who do, methinks, find  
 out 90

Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
 As they have often given Here is Ulysses,  
 I'll interrupt his reading  
 How now, Ulysses!

*Ulyss* Now, great Thetis' son!  
*Achil* What are you reading?

*Ulyss* A strange fellow here  
 Writes me "That man, how dearly ever parted  
 How much in having or without or in,  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,  
 As when his virtues shining upon others 100  
 Hear them and they retort that heat again  
 To the first giver"

*Achil* This is not strange, Ulysses  
 The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 The bearer knows not but commends itself  
 To other's eyes, nor doth the eye itself,  
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
 Not going from itself, but eye to eye opposed  
 Salutes each other with each other's form,  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there 110  
 Where it may see itself This is not strange at all

*Ulyss* I do not strain at the position—  
 It is familiar—but at the author's drift,  
 Who, in his circumstance expressly proves  
 That no man is the lord of anything,  
 Though in and of him there be much consisting,  
 Till he communicate his parts to others,  
 Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
 Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
 Where they're extended who like an arch,  
 reverberates 120

The voice again or like a gate of steel  
 Fronting the sun receives and renders back  
 His figure and his heat I was much wrapt in this,  
 And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax  
 Heavens what a man in there! a very horse,  
 That has he knows not what Nature, what things  
 there are

Most abject in regard and dear in use!  
 What things again most dear in the esteem  
 And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-mor-  
 row — 130

An act that very chance doth throw upon him—  
 Ajax renown'd O heavens what some men do,  
 While some men leave to do!  
 How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,  
 Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!  
 How one man eats into another's pride,  
 While pride is fasting in his wantonness!

To see these Grecian lords!—why even already  
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, 140  
And great Troy shrieking

*Achil* I do believe it for they pass'd by me  
As misers do by beggars: nether gave to me  
Good word nor look: What are my deeds for  
got?

*Ulyss* Time hath my lord a wallet at his back  
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion  
A great sized monster of infiniteitude  
Those scraps are good deeds past which are de-  
vour'd

As fast as they are made forgot as soon  
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord, 150  
Keeps honour bright to have done as to hang  
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail

In monumental mockery: Take the instant way  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow  
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path  
For Emulation hath a thousand sons

That one by one pursue: If you give way  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright  
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost 160

Or like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear  
Or run and trampled on: Then what they do in  
present

Though less than yours in past must o'er-top  
yours

For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the  
hand

And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly  
Grasps in the corner: Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing: O! let not virtue  
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was 170  
For beauty wit

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating Time

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin

That all with one consent praise new-born gawds  
Though they are made and moulded of things  
past

And give to dust that is a little gilt

More laud than gilt or dust

The present eye praises the present object 180

Then marvel not thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye

Than what not stirs: The cry went once on thee,

And still it might and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive

And ease thy reputation in thy tent  
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late  
Made emulous missions amongst the gods them  
selves

And brave great Mars on faction

*Achil* Of this my privacy 190

I have strong reasons

*Ulyss* But gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroic

Tis known Achilles that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters

*Achil* Ha! known!

*Ulyss* Is that a wonder?

The providence that is in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps  
Keeps place with thought and almost like the  
gods

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles: 200

There is a mystery—with whom relation

Durst never meddle—in the soul of state

Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressure to

All the commerce that you have had with Troy

As perfectly is ours as yours: my lord

And better would it fit Achilles much

To throw down Hector than Polyxena

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her trump

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing 211

Great Hector's sister did Achilles win

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him

Farewell my lord: I as your lover speak

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break  
[Exit

*Patr* To this effect Achilles have I moved  
you

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loathed than an effeminate man

In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this

They think my little stomach to the war 220

And your great love to me restrains you thus

Sweet, rouse yourself and the weak wanton

Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold

And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air

*Achil* Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

*Patr* Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by  
him

*Achil* I see my reputation is at stake

My fame is shrewdly gored

*Patr* O then beware

Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-  
selves

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger,  
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
 Even then when we sit idly in the sun  
*Achil* Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus  
 I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him  
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat  
 To see us here unarm'd I have a woman's longing,  
 An appetite that I am sick withal  
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,  
 To talk with him and to behold his visage, 240  
 Even to my full of view

*Enter THERSITES*

A labour saved!

*Ther* A wonder!

*Achil* What?

*Ther* Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself

*Achil* How so?

*Ther* He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing

*Achil* How can that be? 250

*Ther* Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning bites his lip with a polite regard as who should say, There were wit in this head an't would out and so there is but it lies coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking The man's undone for ever for if Hector break not his neck in the combat, he'll break himself in vain glory He knows not me I said 'Good morrow Ajax' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land fish languageless a monster A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin

*Achil* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites

*Ther* Who? I? why, he'll answer nobody he professes not answering Speaking in for beggars he wears his tongue in his arms I will put on his presence let Patroclus make demands to me you shall see the pageant of Ajax

*Achil* To him Patroclus Tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six or seven times laurel'd captain-general of the Grecian army Agamemnon et cetera Do this 250

*Enter* Jove bless great Ajax!

*Ther* Hum!

*Patr* I come from the worthy Achilles—

*Ther* Ha!

*Patr* Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent—

*Ther* Hum!

*Patr* And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon

*Ther* Agamemnon!

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*Patr* Ay, my lord

*Ther* Ha!

*Patr* What say you to't?

*Ther* God b' wi' you, with all my heart

*Patr* Your answer, sir

*Ther* If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other How soever, he shall pay for me ere he has me

*Patr* Your answer, sir

*Ther* Fare you well, with all my heart 300

*Achil* Why but he is not in this tune, is he?

*Ther* No, but he's out o' tune thus What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains I know not, but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on

*Achil* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight

*Ther* Let me bear another to his horse for that's the more capable creature 310

*Achil* My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd

And I myself see not the bottom of it

[*Exeunt* *ACHILLES* and *PATROCLUS*]

*Ther* Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance [Exit]

## ACT IV

### SCENE I Troy a street

*Enter from one side* *ÆNEAS* and *Servant with a torch*, *from the other* *PARIS* *DIOPHOBUS* *ANTenor* *DIONIDES* and *others with torches*

*Par* See ho! who is that there?

*Des* It is the Lord Æneas

*Æne* Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long  
 As you Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed mate of my company

*Des* That's my mind too Good morrow Lord Æneas

*Par* A valiant Greek Æneas—take his hand—  
 Witness the process of your speech wherein  
 You told how Diomed a whole week by days

Did haunt you in the field

*Ene* Health to you valiant sir 10

During all question of the gentle truce

But when I meet you arm'd as black defiance

As heart can think or courage execute

*Dio* The one and other Diomed embraces

Our healths are now in calm and so long health!

But when contention and occasion meet

By Jove I'll play the hunter for thy life

With all my force pursuit and policy

*Ene* And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly

With his face backward In humane gentleness

Welcome to Troy! now by Anchuses life 21

Welcome indeed! By Venus hand I swear

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill more excellently

*Dio* We sympathise Jove let Eneas live

If to my sword his fate be not the glory

A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But in mine emulous honour let him die

With every joint a wound and that to-morrow!

*Ene* We know each other well 30

*Dio* We do and long to know each other worse

*Par* This is the most despicable gentle greeting

The noblest hateful love, that ever I heard of

What business lord so early?

*Ene* I was sent for to the king but why I know not

*Par* His purpose meets you 'Twas to bring this Greek

To Calchas house and there to render him

For the enfr'd Antenor the fair Cressid

Let's have your company or if you please

Haste there before us I constantly do think— 40

Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge—

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night

Rouse him and give him note of our approach

With the whole quality wherefore I fear

We shall be much unwelcome

*Ene* That I assure you

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece

Than Cressid borne from Troy

*Par* There is no help

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so On lord we'll follow you

*Ene* Good morrow all [Exit with Servant

*Par* And tell me noble Diomed, faith tell me

true 51

I've in the soul of sound good fellowship

Who, in your thoughts merits fair Helen best

Myself or Menelaus?

*Dio* Both alike

He merits well to have her that doth seek her

Not making any scruple of her sojourn

With such a hell of pain and world of charge

And you as well to keep her that defend her

Not palating the taste of her dishonour

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends 60

He like a pining cuckold would drink up

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece

You like a lecher out of whorish loins

Are pleased to breed out your inheritors

Both merits poised each weighs not less nor more

But he as he the heavier for a whore

*Par* You are too bitter to your country woman

*Dio* She's bitter to her country Hear me Paris

For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk for every scruple 70

Of her contaminated carrion weight

A Trojan hath been slain Since she could speak

She hath not given so many good words' breath

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death

*Par* Fair Diomed you do as chapmen do

Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy

But we in silence hold this virtue well

We'll but commend what we intend to sell

Here lies our way [Exit

SCENE II The same court of Pandarus house

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA

*Tro* Dear trouble not yourself The morn is cold

*Cres* Then, sweet my lord I'll call mine uncle down

He shall unbolt the gates

*Tro* Trouble him not

To bed to bed Sleep kill those pretty eyes

And give as soft attachment to thy senses

As infants empty of all thought!

*Cres* Good morrow then

*Tro* I prithee now to bed

*Cres* Are you a weary of me?

*Tro* O Cressida! but that the busy day

Waked by the lark hath roused the ribald crows

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer

I would not from thee

*Cres* Night hath been too brief

*Tro* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights

she stays

As tediously as hell but flies the grasps of love

With wings more momentary swift than thought

You will catch cold and curse me

*Cres* Prithce tarry

You men will never tarry

O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off

And then you would have carried I lack! there's

one up

*Par* [Within] What's all the doors open here? 20

*Tro* It's your uncle

*Cres* A pestilence on him! now will he be  
mocking  
I shall have such a life!

*Enter PANDARUS*

*Pan* How now, how now! how go maiden-  
heads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin *Cres*  
sid?

*Cres* Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking  
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too

*Pan* To do what? to do what? let her say what  
What have I brought you to do?

*Cres* Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll  
ne'er be good 30

Nor suffer others

*Pan* Ha ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor *capoc-*  
*chus*! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a  
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

*Cres* Did not I tell you? Would he were  
knock'd in the head!

*Knocking within*

Who's that at door? good uncle go and see

My lord come you again into my chamber

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily

*Tro* Ha ha! 39

*Cres* Come, you are deceived, I think of no such  
thing

*Knocking within*

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in

I would not for half Troy have you seen here

*[Exit TROILUS and CRESSIDA]*

*Pan* Who's there? what's the matter? will you  
beat down the door? How now! what's the  
matter?

*Enter AENEAS*

*Aene* Good morrow, lord good morrow

*Pan* Who's there? my Lord *Aeneas*! By my  
troth

I knew you not What news with you so early?

*Aene* Is not Prince Troilus here?

*Pan* Here! what should he do here? 50

*Aene* Come he is here, my lord, do not deny  
him

It do him import much to speak with me

*Pan* Is he here say you? tis more than I know

I'll be sworn For my own part, I came in late

What should he do here?

*Aene* Who?—nay then Come come, you'll do  
him wrong ere you're ware You'll be so true to  
him, to be false to him Do not you know of him  
be yet go fetch him hither, go

*Re-enter TROILUS*

*Tro* How now! what's the matter? 60

*Aene* My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute  
you,

My matter is so rash There is at hand  
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,  
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor  
Delivered to us, and for him forthwith,  
I re the first sacrifice, within this hour,  
We must give up to Diomedes' hand  
The Lady Cressida

*Tro* Is it so concluded?

*Aene* By Priam and the general state of Troy  
They are at hand and ready to effect it 70

*Tro* How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them And my Lord *Aeneas*,

We met by chance, you did not find me here

*Aene* Good, good, my lord the secrets of na-  
ture

Have not more gift in taciturnity

*[Exit TROILUS and AENEAS]*

*Pan* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The  
devil take Antenor! the young prince will go  
mad A plague upon Antenor! I would they had  
broke's neck!

*Re-enter CRESSIDA*

*Cres* How now! what's the matter? who was  
here? 81

*Pan* Ah ah!

*Cres* Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my  
lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the  
matter?

*Pan* Would I were as deep under the earth as I  
am above!

*Cres* O the gods! what's the matter?

*Pan* Prithee get thee in Would thou hadst  
ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his  
death O poor gentleman! A plague upon An-  
tenor!

*Cres* Good uncle I beseech you, on my knees I  
beseech you what's the matter?

*Pan* Thou must be gone wench thou must be  
gone thou art changed for Antenor thou must  
to thy father and be gone from Troilus 'Twill  
be his death 'twill be his bane, he cannot bear it

*Cres* O you immortal gods! I will not go

*Pan* Thou must 101

*Cres* I will not uncle I have forgot my father  
I know no touch of consanguinity

No kin no love no blood no soul so near me

As the sweet Troilus O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of false  
hood

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force and  
death

Do to this body what extremes you can  
But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,  
 Drawing all things to it I'll go in and weep—  
*Pan* Do do  
*Cres* Tear my bright hair and scratch my  
 praised cheeks  
 Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my  
 heart  
 With sounding Troilus I will not go from Troy  
 [Exit]

SCENE III *The same street before Pandarus  
 house*

Enter PARIS TROILUS ENEAS DEIPHOBUS  
 ANTEHOR and DIONEES

*Par* It is great mornin<sup>g</sup> and the hour prefix'd  
 Of her delivery, to this valiant Greek  
 Comes fast upon Good my brother Troilus  
 Tell you the lady what she is to do  
 And haste her to the purpose  
*Tro* Walk into her house  
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently  
 And in his hand when I deliver her  
 Think it an altar and thy brother Troilus  
 A priest there offering to it his own heart

[Exit]

*Par* I know what 'tis to love  
 And would as I shall pity I could help  
 Please you walk in my lords [Exit]

SCENE IV *The same Pandarus house*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA

*Pan* Be moderate be moderate  
*Cres* Why tell you me of moderation?  
 The grief is fine, full perfect that I taste  
 And violenteth in a sense as strong  
 As that which causeth it How can I moderate it?  
 If I could temporize with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,  
 The like allayment could I give my grief  
 My love admits no qualifying dross  
 No more my grief in such a precious loss  
*Pan* Here, here here he comes

Enter TROILUS

Ah, sweet ducks

*Cres* O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him]

*Pan* What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me  
 embrace too O heart as the goodly saying is  
 —O heart heavy heart

Why sighst thou without breaking?  
 where he answers a ain,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart  
 By friendship nor by speaking

There was never a truer rhyme Let us cast  
 away nothing for we may live to have need of

such a verse We see it we see it How now  
 lambs?

*Tro* Cressid I love thee in so strain'd a purity  
 That the bless'd gods as angry with my fancy  
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their deities take thee from  
 me

*Cres* Have the gods envy? 20

*Pan* Ay ay ay ay 'tis too plain a case

*Cres* And is it true that I must go from Troy?

*Tro* A hateful truth

*Cres* What and from Troilus too?

*Tro* From Troy and Troilus

*Cres* Is it possible?

*Tro* And suddenly where injury of chance  
 Puts back leave-taking justics roughly by  
 All time of pause rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all reprieve, forcibly prevents  
 Our lock'd embrasures strangles our dear vows  
 Even in the birth of our own labouring breath  
 We two that with so many thousand sighs  
 Did buy each other must poorly sell ourselves  
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one  
 Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
 Crams his rich thievery up he knows not how  
 As many farewells as be stars in heaven  
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to  
 them

He fumbles up into a loose adieu  
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss  
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears 30

*Ane* [To him] My lord is the lady ready?

*Tro* Hark! you are call'd Some say the Genius  
 so

Cries come to him that instantly must die  
 Bid them have patience she shall come anon

*Pan* Where are my tears? rain to lay this wind  
 or my heart will be blown up by the root

[Exit]

*Cres* I must then to the Grecians?

*Tro* No remedy

*Cres* A woful Cressid amongst the merry  
 Greeks?

When shall we see again?

*Tro* Hear me my love Be thou but true of  
 heart— 60

*Cres* I true? how now? what wicked deem is  
 this?

*Tro* Nay we must use expostulation kindly  
 For it is parting from us  
 I speak not be thou true as fearing thee,  
 For I will throw my glove to Death himself  
 That there's no maculation in thy heart  
 But be thou true say I to fashion in  
 My sequent protestation be thou true  
 And I will see thee

*Cres* O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers 70  
 As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true  
*Tro* And I'll grow friend with danger Wear this sleeve  
*Cres* And you this glove When shall I see you?  
*Tro* I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,  
 To give thee nightly visitation  
 But yet be true  
*Cres* O heavens! "be true again!"  
*Tro* Hear why I speak it, love  
 The Grecian youths are full of quality,  
 They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,  
 Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise 80  
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,  
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—  
 Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—  
 Mal'es me afraid  
*Cres* O heavens! you love me not  
*Tro* Die I a villain, then!  
 In this I do not call your faith in question  
 So mainly as my merit I cannot sing,  
 Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,  
 Nor play at subtle games, fair virtues all  
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant 90  
 But I can tell that in each grace of these  
 There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil  
 That tempts most cunningly But be not tempted  
*Cres* Do you think I will?  
*Tro* No  
 2. something may be done that we will not  
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves  
 When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
 Presuming on their changeable potency  
*Aene* [Within] Nay, good my lord—  
*Tro* Come kiss, and let us part 100  
*Par* [Within] Brother Troilus!  
*Tro* Good brother, come you hither,  
 And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you  
*Cres* My lord will you be true?  
*Tro* Who? I? alas, it is my vice my fault  
 Whilst others fish with craft for great opinion  
 I with great truth catch mere simplicity  
 Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
 With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare  
 Fear not my truth, the moral of my wit  
 Is "plain and true", there's all the reach of it 110  
*Enter AENEAS PARIS ANTEOR, DEIPHOBUS, and DIOMEDES*  
 Welcome Sir Diomed! here is the lady  
 Which for Antenor we deliver you

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
 And by the way possess thee what she is  
 Entreat her fair, and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
 If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
 Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
 As Priam is in Ilion  
*Di* Fair Lady Cressid,  
 So please you, save the thanks this prince expects  
 The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek, 120  
 Pleads your fair usage, and to Diomed  
 You shall be mistress and command him wholly  
*Tro* Grecian thou dost not use me courteously,  
 To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
 In praising her I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
 She is as far high soaring o'er thy praises  
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant  
 I charge thee use her well even for my charge,  
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard, 130  
 I'll cut thy throat  
*Di* O, be not moved, Prince Troilus  
 Let me be privileged by my place and message,  
 To be a speaker free When I am hence  
 I'll answer to my lust, and know you, lord,  
 I'll nothing do on charge To her own worth  
 She shall be prized, but that you say "be it so,"  
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "no"  
*Tro* Come, to the port I'll tell thee Diomed  
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head  
 Lady give me your hand, and as we walk, 140  
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk  
*[Exit TROILUS CRESSIDA, and DIOMEDES]*  
*Trumpet within*  
*Par* Hark! Hector's trumpet  
*Aene* How have we spent this morning!  
 The prince must think me tardy, and remiss  
 That swore to ride before him to the field  
*Par* 'Tis Troilus' fault Come, come to field  
 with him  
*Di* Let us make ready straight  
*Aene* Yea with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,  
 Let us address to tend on Hector's heels  
 The glory of our Troy doth this day lie 149  
 On his fair worth and single chivalry *[Exit]*  
 SCENE V The Grecian camp lists set out  
*Enter AJAX armed, AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and others*  
*Agam* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
 Anticipating time with starting courage  
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
 Thou dreadful Ajax that the appalled air



May pierce the head of the great combatant

And hale him hither

*Ajax* Thou trumpet there's my purse

Now crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe

Blow villain till thy spher'd bias cheek

Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon

Come stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout  
blood 10

Thou blow st for Hector

*Trumpet sounds*

*Ulyss* No trumpet answers

*Achil* 'Tis but early days

*Agam* Is not yond Diomed with Calchas  
daughter?

*Ulyss* 'Tis he I ken the manner of his gait

He rises on the toe That spirit of his

In aspiration lifts him from the earth

*Enter DIOMEDES with CRESSIDA*

*Agam* Is this the Lady Cressid?

*Dio* Even she

*Agam* Most dearly welcome to the Greeks  
sweet lady

*Nest* Our general doth salute you with a kiss

*Ulys* Yet is the kindness but particular 20

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general

*Nest* And very courtly counsel I'll begin

So much for Nestor

*Achil* I'll take that winter from your lips fair  
lady

Achilles bids you welcome

*Men* I had good argument for kissing once

*Latr* But that's no argument for kissing now

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment

And parted thus you and your argument

*Ulyss* O deadly gall and theme of all our  
scorns! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns

*Patr* The first was Menelaus kiss this mine

Patroclus kisses you

*Men* O this is trim!

*Patr* Paris and I kiss evermore for him

*Men* I'll have my kiss sir Lady by your  
leave

*Cres* In kissing do you render or receive?

*Patr* Both take and give

*Cres* I'll make my match to live

The kiss you take is better than you give

Therefore no kiss

*Men* I'll give you boot I'll give you three for  
one 40

*Cres* You're an odd man give even, or give  
none

*Men* An odd man, lady! every man is odd

*Cres* No Paris is not if you know 'tis true

That you are odd and he is even with you

*Men* You fillip me o' the head

*Cres* No I'll be sworn

*Ulyss* It were no match your nail against his  
horn

May I sweet lady beg a kiss of you?

*Cres* You may

*Ulyss* I do desire it

*Cres* Why beg then

*Ulyss* Why then for Venus sake give me a  
kiss

When Helen is a maid again and his 50

*Cres* I am your debtor claim it when 'tis due

*Ulyss* Never's my day and then a kiss of you

*Dio* Lady a word I'll bring you to your  
father [Exit with CRE. SID]

*Nest* A woman of quick sense

*Ulyss* Fie fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip

Nay her foot speaks her wanton spirits look  
out

At every joint and motive of her body

O these encounterers so glib of tongue

That give accosting welcome ere it comes

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts 60

To every ticklish reader set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity

And daughters of the game

*Trumpet within*

*All* The Trojans trumpet

*Agam* Yonder comes the troop

*Enter HECTOR armed ENEAS TROILUS and other  
TROJANS with Attendants*

*Ene* Hail all you state of Greece! what shall  
be done

To him that victory commands? or do you pur-  
pose

A victor shall be known? will you the knights

Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other or shall be divided

By any voice or order of the field? 70

*Hector* bid us ask

*Agam* Which way would Hector have it?

*Ene* He cares not he'll obey conditions

*Achil* 'Tis done like Hector but securely  
done

A little proudly and great deal misprizing

The knight opposed

*Ene* If not Achilles sir

What is your name?

*Achil* If not Achilles nothing

*Ene* Therefore Achilles But where'er know  
this

In the extremity of great and little

Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector

The one almost as infinite as all 80

The other blank as nothing Weigh him well  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,  
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek  
*Achil* A maiden battle, then? O, I perceive  
you

*Re-enter DIOMEDES*

*Agam* Here is Sir Diomed Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax As you and Lord Æneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight, 90  
So be it, either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath The combatants being kin  
Half stunts their strife before their strokes begin

*AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists*

*Ulyss* They are opposed already

*Agam* What Trojan is that same that looks so  
heavy?

*Ulyss* The youngest son of Priam a true  
knight

Not yet mature yet matchless firm of word,  
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,  
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon  
calm'd,

His heart and hand both open and both free 100  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows,  
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath,  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous,  
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
To tender objects but he in heat of action  
Is more vindictive than jealous love  
They call him Troilus and on him erect  
A second hope as fairly built as Hector  
Thus says Æneas one that knows the youth 110  
Even to his inches and with private soul  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me

*Alarm* HECTOR and AJAX fight

*Agam* They are in action

*Nest* Now Ajax hold thine own!

*Tro* Hector thou sleep'st

Awake thee!

*Agam* His blows are well disposed There,  
Ajax!

*Dio* You must no more

*Trumpe* cease

*Arc* Princes enough so please you

*Ajax* I am not warm yet let us fight again

*Dio* As Hector pleases

*Hec* Why then will I no more

Thou art great lord my father's sister's son, 120

A cousin german to great Priam's seed,

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation twixt us twain

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so  
That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan, the sinews of this leg  
All Greek and this all Troy, my mother's blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister  
Bounds in my father's," by Jove multipotent,  
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish  
member 130

Wherein my sword had not impressure made  
Of our rank feud but the just gods gainsay  
Thay any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee Ajax  
By him that thunders thou hast lusty arms  
Hector would have them fall upon him thus  
Cousin all honour to thee!

*Ajax* I thank thee, Hector  
Thou art too gentle and too free a man  
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence 140  
A great addition earned in thy death  
*Hect* Not Neoptolemus so mirable  
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st  
Oyes

Cries "This is he," could promise to himself  
A thought of added honour torn from Hector  
*Æne* There is expectance here from both the  
sides,

What further you will do

*Hect* We'll answer it,

The issue is embracement Ajax farewell

*Ajax* If I might in entreaties find success—  
As seld I have the chance—I would desire 150  
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents

*Dio* 'Tis Agamemnon's wish and great Achilles  
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector

*Hect* Æneas call my brother Troilus to me,  
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part,  
Desire them home Give me thy hand my  
cousin

I will go eat with thee and see your knights

*Ajax* Great Agamemnon comes to meet us  
here

*Hect* The worthiest of them tell me name by  
name 160

But for Achilles mine own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size

*Agam* Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

But that would be rid of such an enemy

But that's no welcome Understand more clear  
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with  
hunks

And formless ruin of oblivion

But in this extant moment faith and truth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing

Bids thee with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart great Hector welcome  
*Hect* I thank thee most imperious Agamemnon

*Agam* [To TROILUS] My well famed lord of Troy no less to you

*Alex* Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting

You brace of warlike brothers welcome hither

*Hect* Who must we answer?

*Ene* The noble Menelaus

*Hect* O you my lord? by Mars his gauntlet thanks!

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove

She's well but bade me not commend her to you

*Alex* Name her not now sir she's a deadly theme 181

*Hect* O pardon I offend

Nest I have thou gallant Trojan seen thee oft

Labouring for destiny make cruel way

Through ranks of Greekish youth and I have seen thee

As hot as Perseus spur thy Phrygian steed

Despising many foreruns and subduements

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword in the air

Not letting it decline on the declined

That I have said to some my standers by 190

Lo Jupiter in yonder dealing life!

And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in

Like an Olympian wrestling This have I seen

But thus thy countenance still lock'd in steel

I never saw till now I knew thy grandsire

And once fought with him He was a soldier good

But by great Mars the captain of us all

Never like thee Let an old man embrace thee

And worthy warrior welcome to our tents 200

*Alex* 'Tis the old Nestor

*Hect* Let me embrace thee good old chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time

Most reverend Nestor I am glad to clasp thee

Nest I would my arms could match thee in contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy

*Hect* I would they could

Nest Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee tomorrow 209

Well welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time

*Ulyss* I wonder now how yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us

*Hect* I know your favour Lord Ulysses well

Ah, sir there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed

In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy

*Ulyss* Sir I foretold you then what would ensue

My prophecy is but half his journey yet

For yonder walls that partly front your town,

Yonder towers whose wanton tops do buss the clouds 220

Must kiss their own feet

*Hect* I must not believe you

There they stand yet and modestly I think

The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost

A drop of Grecian blood The end crowns all

And that old common arbitrator Time

Will one day end it

*Ulyss* So to him we leave it

Most gentle and most valiant Hector welcome

After the general I beseech you next

To feast with me and see me at my tent

*Achil* I shall forestall thee Lord Ulysses thou! 230

Now Hector I have fed mine eyes on thee

I have with exact view perused thee Hector

And quoted joint by joint

*Hect* Is thus Achilles?

*Achil* I am Achilles

*Hect* Stand fair I pray thee Let me look on thee

*Achil* Behold thy fill

*Hect* Nay I have done already

*Achil* Thou art too brief I will the second time

As I would buy thee view thee limb by limb

*Hect* O like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er 239

But there's more in me than thou understand'st

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eyes?

*Achil* Tell me you heavens in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there or there or there?

That I may give the local wound a name

And make distinct the very breach whereout

Hector's great spirit flew Answer me heavens!

*Hect* It would discredit the blest gods' proud man

To answer such a question Stand again

Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly

As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250

Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil* I tell thee yea

*Hect* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so

I'd not believe thee Henceforth guard thee well

For I'll not kill thee there nor there nor there

But by the forge that smithed Mars his helm

I'll kill thee every where yea o'er and o'er

You wisest Grecians pardon me this brag

His insolence draws folly from my lips

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never—

*Ajax* Do not chafe thee, cousin 260  
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,  
Till accident or purpose bring you to't  
You may have every day enough of Hector,  
If you have stomach, the general state, I fear,  
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him

*Hec* I pray you, let us see you in the field  
We have had pelting wars, since you refused  
The Grecian cause

*Achil* Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death,  
To-night all friends

*Hec* Thy hand upon that match 270  
*Agam* First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent

There in the full convive we Afterwards,  
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall  
Concur together, severally entreat him  
Beat loud the tabourines let the trumpets  
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know  
[*Exeunt all except TROILUS and ULYSSES*]

*Tro* My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,  
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*Ulys* At Menelaus' tent, most princely  
Troilus

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night, 280  
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,  
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
On the fair Cressid

*Tro* Shall I, sweet lord be bound to you so  
much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,  
To bring me thither?

*Ulys* You shall command me sir  
As gentle tell me of what honour was  
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there  
That waits her absence?

*Tro* O, sir, to such as boasting show their  
scars 290

A mock is due Will you walk on my lord?  
She was beloved she loved she is and doth  
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT V

SCENE I *The Grecian camp before Achilles' tent*

*Enter* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

*Achil* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine  
to-night

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow  
Patroclus let us feast him to the height

*Enter* Here comes Thersites

*Enter* THERSITES

*Achil* How now, thou core of envy!  
Thou crusty batch of nature what's the news?

*Ther* Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,  
and idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee

*Achil* From whence, fragment?

*Ther* Why, thou full dish of fool from Troy

*Patr* Who keeps the tent now?

*Ther* The surgeon's box, or the patient's  
wound

*Patr* Well said, adversity! and what need these  
tricks?

*Ther* Pruthee, be silent, boy, I profit not by  
thy talk Thou art thought to be Achilles' male  
varlet

*Patr* Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

*Ther* Why, his masculine whore Now, the  
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping,  
ruptures, catarrhs loads o' gravel i the back,  
lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt rotten  
livers, wheezing lungs bladders full of impost-  
hume, sciaticas, lumekins i the palm incurable  
bone-ache and the rivelled fee simple of the  
tetter, take and take again such preposterous  
discoveries!

*Patr* Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou,  
what meanest thou to curse thus? 30

*Ther* Do I curse thee?

*Patr* Why no you ruinous butt you whore-  
son indistinguishable cur, no

*Ther* No! why art thou then exasperate thou  
idle immaterial skein of sleave-silk thou green  
saracen flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a  
prodigal's purse, thou? Ah how the poor world  
is pestered with such waterflies diminutives of  
nature!

*Patr* Out, gall!

*Ther* Finch egg!

*Achil* My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted  
quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle

Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba

A token from her daughter my fair love

Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn I will not break it

I'll Greeks, full fame honour or go or stay

My major vow lies here thus I'll obey

Come, come Thersites help to trim my tent 30

This night in banquetting must all be spent

Away Patroclus!

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS]

*Ther* With too much blood and too little brain  
there two may run mad but if with too much  
brain and too little blood they do I'll be a

of madmen Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails but he has not so much brain as ear wax and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his brother the bull—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds a thrifty shoeing horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg—to what form but that he is should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass were nothing he is both ass and ox to an ox, were nothing he is both ox and ass To be a dog a mule a cat a fitchew a toad a lizard an owl a parrot, or a herring without a roe I could not care but to be Menelaus I would conspire against destiny Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites for I care not to be the louse of a lazard so I were not Menelaus Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR TROILUS AJAX AGAMEMNON  
ULYSSES NESTOR MENELAUS and DIOMEDES  
with lights

Agam We go wrong we go wrong  
Ajax No yonder is  
There where we see the lights  
Hect I trouble you  
Ajax No not a whit  
Ulyss Here comes himself to guide you

Re-enter ACHILLES

Achil Welcome brave Hector welcome  
princes all  
Agam So now fair Prince of Troy I bid good  
night  
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you  
Hect Thanks and good night to the Greeks  
general 80  
Men Good ni ht my lord  
Hect Good ni ht sweet Lord Menelaus  
Ther Sweet draught! Sweet quoth a Sweet  
sink sweet sewer  
Achil Good night and welcome both at once  
to those  
That go or tarry  
Agam Good night  
[Exit AGAMEMNON and MENELAUS]  
Achil Old Nestor tames and you too  
Diomed,  
Keep Hector company an hour or two  
Dio I cannot lord I have important business  
The tide whereof is now Good night great  
Hector 90  
Hect Give me your hand  
Ulyss [Aside to TROILUS] Follow his torch he  
goes to Calchas tent  
I'll keep you company

Tro Sweet sir you honour me  
Hect And so good night  
[Exit DIOMEDES ULYSSES and  
TROILUS following]  
Achil Come come enter my tent  
[Exit AGAMEMNON HECTOR AJAX and NESTOR]  
Ther That same Diomed's a false hearted  
rogue a most unjust knave I will no more trust  
him when he leers than I will a serpent when he  
hisses He will spend his mouth and promise  
like Brabblers the hound but when he performs  
astronomers foretell it it is prodigious there  
will come some change the sun borrows of the  
moon when Diomed keeps his word I will  
rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him  
They say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the  
traitor Calchas tent I'll after Nothing but  
lechery! all incontinent varlets! [Exit]

SCENE II The same before Calchas tent

Enter DIOMEDES

Dio What are you up here ho? speak  
Cal [Within] Who calls?  
Dio Diomed Calchas I think Where's your  
daughter?  
Cal [Within] She comes to you  
Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES at a distance after  
them THERSITES  
Ulyss Stand where the torch may not discover  
us

Enter CRESSIDA

Tro Cressid comes forth to him  
Dio How now my charge!  
Cres Now my sweet guardian! Hark a word  
with you [Within]  
Tro Yea, so familiar!  
Ulyss She will sing any man at first sight  
Ther And any man may sing her if he can  
take her chaff she's noted  
Dio Will you remember?  
Cres Remember! yes  
Dio Nay I ut do then  
And let your mind be coupled with your words  
Tro What should she remember?  
Ulyss List  
Cres Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to  
folly  
Ther Roguery!  
Dio Nay then— 20  
Cres I'll tell you what—  
Dio Foh foh! come, tell a pin You are for  
sworn  
Cres In faith I cannot What would you have  
me do?  
Ther A juo' ling trick—to be secretly open.

*Dio* What did you swear you would bestow on me?

*Cres* I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath,  
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek

*Dio* Good night

*Tro* Hold, patience!

*Ulyss* How now, Trojan? 30

*Cres* Diomed—

*Dio* No, no, good night I'll be your fool no more

*Tro* Thy better must

*Cres* Har! one word in your ear

*Tro* O plague and madness!

*Ulyss* You are moved, prince, let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wathful terms This place is dangerous,

The time right deadly, I beseech you, go

*Tro* Behold I pray you!

*Ulyss* Nay, good my lord, go off  
You flow to great distraction, come, my lord 41

*Tro* I pray thee, stay

*Ulyss* You have not patience, come

*Tro* I pray, stay, by hell and all hell's tortments,

I will not speak a word!

*Dio* And so, good night

*Cres* Nay, but you part in anger

*Tro* Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

*Ulyss* Why, how now, lord?

*Tro* By Jove,

I will be patient

*Cres* Guardian!—why, Greek!

*Dio* Foh foh! adieu, you palter

*Cres* In faith I do not Come hither once again

*Ulyss* You shake my lord, at something Will  
you go? 50

You will break out

*Tro* She strokes his cheek!

*Ulyss* Come Come

*Tro* Nay stay by Jove I will not speak a word

There is between my will and all offences

A guard of patience Stay a little while

*Tro* How the devil Luxury with his fat rump

and potato-finger tickles these together!

*Tro* lechers, fly!

*Dio* But will you then?

*Cres* In faith I will, I never trust me else

*Dio* Give me some token for the surety of it 60

*Cres* I'll fetch you one— [Exit]

*Ulyss* You have sworn patience

*Tro* I fear me not sweet lord

I will not be myself nor have cognition

Of what I feel I am all patience

*Re-enter CRESSIDA*

*Tro* Now the pledge, now, now, now!

*Cres* Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve

*Tro* O beauty! where is thy faith?

*Ulyss* My lord—

*Tro* I will be patient, outwardly I will

*Cres* You look upon that sleeve, behold it well

He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again

*Dio* Whose was't? 71

*Cres* It is no matter, now I have't again

I will not meet with you to-morrow night

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more

*Tro* Now she sharpens Well said, whetstone!

*Dio* I shall have it

*Cres* What, this?

*Dio* Ay, that

*Cres* O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80

As I kiss thee Nay, do not snatch it from me,

He that takes that doth take my heart withal

*Dio* I had your heart before this follows it

*Tro* I did swear patience

*Cres* You shall not have it, Diomed faith you shall not,

I'll give you something else

*Dio* I will have this Whose was it?

*Cres* It is no matter

*Dio* Come tell me whose it was

*Cres* 'Twas one's that loved me better than  
you will

But now you have it take it

*Dio* Whose was it? 90

*Cres* By all Diana's waiting women yond

And by herself, I will not tell you whose

*Dio* To-morrow will I wear it on my helm

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it

*Tro* Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn

It should be challenged

*Cres* Well well 'tis done, 'tis past And yet  
it is not

I will not keep my word

*Dio* Why then, farewell

Thou never shalt meet Diomed again

*Cres* You shall not go One cannot speak a  
word 100

But it straight starts you

*Dio* I do not like this fooling

*Tro* Nor I by Pluto But that that likes not  
you pleases me best

*Dio* What shall I come the hour?

*Cres* Ay come—O Jove!—do come—I shall  
be plagued

*Diw* Farewell till then

*Cres* Good night I prithee come  
[*Exit DIOMEDES*]

*Troilus* farewell! one eye yet looks on thee  
But with my heart the other eye doth see  
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find  
The error of our eyes directs our mind 110  
What error leads must err O then conclude  
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude [*Exit*  
*Ther* A proof of strength she could not publish  
more

Unless she said My mind is now turn'd where  
*Ulyss* All's done my lord

*Tro* It is  
*Ulyss* Why stay we then?

*Tro* To make a recordation to my soul  
Of every syllable that here was spoke  
But if I tell how these two did co-act  
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?  
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart 120  
An assurance so obstinately strong  
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears  
As if those organs had deceptious functions  
Created only to calumniate  
Was Cressid here?

*Ulyss* I cannot conjure Trojan

*Tro* She was not sure

*Ulyss* Most sure she was

*Tro* Why my negation hath no taste of mad-  
ness

*Ulyss* Nor mine my lord Cressid was here  
but now

*Tro* Let it not be believed for womanhood!  
Think we had mothers do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics apt without a theme 131  
For depravation to square the general sex  
By Cressid's rule rather think this not Cressid

*Ulyss* What hath she done, Prince that can  
soil our mothers?

*Tro* Nothing at all unless that this were she

*Ther* Will he swagger himself out on his own  
eyes?

*Tro* This she? no this is Diomed's Cressida  
If beauty have a soul this is not she  
If souls guide vows if vows be sanctimonies  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight 140  
If there be rule in wry itself  
This is not she O madness of discourse  
That cause sets up with and against itself!  
Be sold authority! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason  
Without revolt this is and is not Cressid  
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight  
Of this strange nature that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division 150  
Admits no orifice for a point as subtle  
As Ariadne's broken woof to enter  
Instance O instance! strong as Pluto's gates  
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven  
Instance O instance! strong as heaven itself  
The bonds of heaven are slipped dissolved and  
loosed

And with another knot five finger tied  
The fractions of her faith orts of her love  
The fragments scraps the bits and greasy relics  
Of her once eaten faith are bound to Diomed 160  
*Ulyss* May worthy Troilus be half attach'd  
With that which here his passion doth express?  
*Tro* Ay Greek and that shall be divulged  
well

In characters as red as Mars his heart  
Inflamed with Venus Never did young man  
fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul  
Hark Greek as much as I do Cressid love  
So much by weight hate I her Diomed  
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm  
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill 170  
My sword should bite it not the dreadful spout  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call  
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear  
In his descent than shall my prompted sword  
Falling on Diomed

*Ther* He'll tickle it for his concupy

*Tro* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false false  
false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name  
And they'll seem glorious

*Ulyss* O contain yourself 180  
Your passion draws ears hither

*Enter AENEAS*

*Aene* I have been seeking you this hour my  
lord

Hector by this is arming him in Troy

Ajax your guard, stays to conduct you home

*Tro* Have with you, Prince My courteous  
lord, adieu

Farewell revolted fair! and Diomed

Stand fast and wear a castle on thy head!

*Ulyss* I'll bring you to the gates

*Tro* Accept distracted thanks

[*Exit TROILUS AENEAS and ULYSSES*]

*Ther* Would I could meet that rogue Diomed!  
I would croak like a raven I would bode I  
would bode Patroclus will give me anything for  
the intelligence of this whore The parrot will  
not do more for an almond than he for a commo-

dious drab Lechery, lechery, still, wars and  
lechery, nothing else holds fashion A burning  
devil take them! [Exit

SCENE III *Troy before Priam's palace*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE

And When was my lord so much ungently  
temper d,

To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day

Hect You train me to offend you, get you in

By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

And My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to  
the day

Hect No more, I say

Enter CASSANDRA

Cas Where is my brother Hector?

And Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent

Consort with me in loud and dear petition

Pursue we him on knees, for I have dream'd 10

Of bloody turbulence, and thus whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of  
slaughter

Cas O 'tis true

Hect Ho! bid my trumpet sound

Cas No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet  
brother

Hect Be gone, I say The gods have heard me  
swear

Cas The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows

They are polluted offerings more abhorr'd

Than spotted livers in the sacrifice

And O be persuaded! do not count it holy

To hurt by being just It is as lawful 20

For we would give much to use violent thefts,

And rob in the behalf of charity

Cas It is the purpose that makes strong the  
vow,

But vows to every purpose must not hold

Unarm sweet Hector

Hect Hold you still I say

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate

Life every man holds dear but the brave man

Holds honour far more precious-dear than life

Enter TROILUS

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-  
day?

And Cassandra, call my father to persuade 30

[Exit CASSANDRA

Hect No, faith, young Troilus doff thy har-  
ness youth

I am to-day the vein of chivalry

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy

Tro Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,

Which better fits a lion than a man

Hect What vice is that, good Troilus? chide  
me for it

Tro When many times the captive Grecian  
falls, 40

Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You bid them rise, and live

Hect O, 'tis fair play

Tro Fool's play, by heaven, Hector

Hect How now! how now!

Tro For the love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,

And when we have our armours buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth

Hect Fie savage, fie!

Tro Hector, then 'tis wars

Hect Troilus, I would not have you fight to-  
day 50

Tro Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience nor the hand of Mars

Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire,

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears,

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword

drawn

Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,

But by my ruin

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM

Cas Lay hold upon him Priam, hold him fast

He is thy crutch, now if thou lose thy stay, 60

Thou on him leaning and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together

Pri Come, Hector, come go back

Thy wife hath dream'd thy mother hath had  
visions,

Cassandra doth foresee and I my self

Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt

To tell thee that this day is ominous

Therefore, come back

Hect Aeneas is a field

And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,

Even in the faith of valour to appear

This morning to them

Pri Ay, but thou shalt not go

Hect I must not break my faith 71

You know me dutiful therefore dear sir

Let me not shame respect but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me royal Priam

Cas O Priam yield not to him!

And Do no, dear father



*Hect* Andromache, I am offended with you  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in

[*Exit ANDROMACHE*]

*Tro* This foolish, dreaming superstitious girl  
Makes all these bodements

*Cal* O farewell dear Hector!  
Look how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns  
pale! 81

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!  
Hark how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!  
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!  
Behold distraction frenzy and amazement  
Like witless antics one another meet  
And all cry Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

*Tro* Away! away!  
*Cal* Farewell yet soft! Hector I take my  
leave

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive [*Exit*  
*Hect* You are amazed my begeth at her ex-  
claim 91

Go in and cheer the town We'll forth and fight  
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at  
night

*Pri* Farewell! the gods with safety stand about  
thee!

[*Exeunt severally PRIAM and HECTOR Alarms*]

*Tro* They are at it hark! Proud Diomed be-  
lieve,

I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve

[*Enter PANDARUS*]

*Pan* Do you hear my lord? do you hear?

*Tro* What no?

*Pan* Here's a letter come from yond poor girl

*Tro* Let me read 100

*Pan* A whoreson tisk a whoreson rascally  
tisk so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of  
this girl and what one thing what another that  
I shall leave you one of these days And I have a  
rheum in mine eye too and such an ache in my  
bones that unless a man were cursed I cannot  
tell what to think on! What says she there?

*Tro* Words words mere words no matter  
from the heart

The effect doth operate another way 109  
*Terrors the letter*

Go and to wind there turn and change to-  
gether

My love with words and errors still she feeds  
Lot edifies another with her deeds

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE III Plains between Troy and the Grecian  
camp

*Alarms excursions Enter TITIVISES*

*Ther* Now they are clapper-clawing one an-

other I'll go look on That dissembling abomin-  
able varlet Diomed has got that same scurvy  
doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy  
there in his helm I would fain see them meet  
that that same young Trojan ass that loves the  
whore there might send that Greekish whore-  
masterly villain with the sleeve back to the dis-  
sembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand  
O the other side the policy of those crafty  
swearing rascals that stale old mouse-eaten dry  
cheese Nestor and that same dog fox Ulysses  
is not proved worth a blackberry They set me  
up in policy that mongrel cur Ajax against that  
dog of as bad a kind Achilles And now is the cur  
Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles and will not  
arm to-day whereupon the Grecians begin to  
proclaim barbarism and policy grows into an ill  
opinion Soft! here comes sleeve and t other

[*Enter DIOMEDES TROILUS following*]

*Tro* Fly not for shouldst thou take the river  
Slyx 10

I would swim after

*Dio* Thou dost miscall retire

I do not fly but advantageous care

Withdrew me from the odds of multitude

Have at thee!

*Ther* Hold thy whore Grecian!—now for thy  
whore Trojan!—now the sleeve now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMEDES fighting*]

[*Enter HECTOR*]

*Hect* What art thou Greek? art thou for  
Hector's march?

Art thou of blood and honour?

*Ther* No no I am a rascal a scurvy rascal  
knave a very filthy rogue 11

*Hect* I do believe thee Live [*Exit*]

*Ther* God a mercy that thou wilt believe me  
but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!  
What's become of the wenching rogues? I think  
they have swallowed one another I would laugh  
at that miracle Yet in a sort lechery eats itself  
I'll seek them [*Exit*]

SCENE V Another part of the plains

[*Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant*]

*Dio* Go go my servant take thou Troilus  
horse

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid  
fellow commend my service to her beauty  
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan  
And am her knight by proof

*Ser* I go my lord [*Exit*]

[*Enter AGAMEMNON*]

*Agam.* Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
 Hath beat down Menon, bastard Margarelon  
 Hath Doreus prisoner,  
 And stands colossus wise waving his beam,  
 Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10  
*Epistrophus* and *Cedius*, Polyxenes is slain,  
*Amphimachus* and *Thoas* deadly hurt,  
*Patroclus* ta'en or slain and *Palamedes*  
 Sore hurt and bruised The dreadful *Sagittary*  
 Appals our numbers Haste we, *Diomed*,  
 To reinforcement or we perish all

*Enter NESTOR*

*Nest.* Go, bear *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,  
 And bid the snail-paced *Ajax* arm for shame  
 There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field  
 Now here he fights on *Galathea* his horse, 20  
 And there lacks work, anon he is there afoot,  
 And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls  
 Before the belching whale, then is he yonder,  
 And there the strawy Greeks ripe for his edge  
 Fall down before him like the mower's swath  
 Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and  
 takes

Dexterity so obeying appetite  
 That what he will he does, and does so much  
 That proof is call'd impossibility

*Enter ULYSSES*

*Ulys.* O courage courage Princes' great  
*Achilles* 30  
 Is arming weeping cursing vowing vengeance  
*Patroclus'* wounds have roused his drowsy blood,  
 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*  
 That noseless, handless hack'd, and chipp'd  
 come to him,  
 Crying on *Hector* *Ajax* hath lost a friend  
 And foams at mouth and he is arm'd and at it,  
 Roaring for *Troilus* who hath done to-day  
 Mad and fantastic execution  
 Engaging and redeeming of himself  
 With such a careless force and forceless care 40  
 As if that luck in very spite of cunning  
 Bade him win all

*Enter AJAX*

*Ajax.* *Troilus!* thou coward *Troilus!* [Exit  
*Dio.* 15 there there  
*Nest.* So so we draw together

*Enter Achilles*

*Achil.* Where is this *Hector?*  
 Come come, thou boy-queller show thy face  
 Know what it is to meet *Achilles'* army  
*Hector!* where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector*  
 [Exit

SCENE VI *Another part of the plains*

*Enter AJAX*

*Ajax.* *Troilus* thou coward *Troilus*, show thy  
 head!

*Enter DIOMEDES*

*Dio.* *Troilus* I say! where's *Troilus?*

*Ajax.* What wouldst thou?

*Dio.* I would correct him

*Ajax.* Were I the general thou shouldst have  
 my office

Ere that correction *Troilus* I say! what, *Troilus!*

*Enter TROILUS*

*Tro.* O traitor *Diomed!* turn thy false face thou  
 traitor

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse!

*Dio.* Ha art thou there?

*Ajax.* I'll fight with him alone Stand *Diomed*

*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not look upon 10

*Tro.* Come both you cogging Greeks have at  
 you both! [Exit fighting

*Enter HECTOR*

*Hect.* Yea *Troilus?* O, well fought my young-  
 est brother!

*Enter ACHILLES*

*Achil.* Now do I see thee ha! have at thee,  
*Hector!*

*Hect.* Pause, if thou wilt

*Achil.* I do disdain thy courtesy proud

*Trojan*

Be happy that my arms are out of use,  
 My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  
 But thou anon shalt hear of me again

Till when, go seek thy fortune [Exit

*Hect.* Fare thee well  
 I would have been much more a fresher man, 20  
 Had I expected thee How now my brother!

*Re-enter TROILUS*

*Tro.* *Ajax* hath ta'en *Aeneas* Shall it be?  
 No by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
 He shall not carry him, I'll be ta'en too  
 Or bring him off Fate hear me what I say!  
 I reck not though I end my life to-day [Exit

*Enter more in sumptuous armour*

*Hect.* Stand stand, thou Greek thou art a good  
 mark

No wilt thou not? I like thy armour well

I'll crush it and unlock the rivers all

But I'll be master of it Wilt thou not bear,  
 abide

Why then fly on I'll hunt thee for thy hide 31  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII *Another part of the plains*

*Enter* ACHILLES *with* MYRMIDONS

*Achil* Come here about me you my Myrmidons

Mark what I say Attend me where I wheel  
Strike not a stroke but keep yourselves in breath

And when I have the bloody Hector found  
Empale him with your weapons round about  
In fellest manner execute your aims  
Follow me sirs and my proceeding eye  
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt*]

*Enter* MENELAUS *and* PARIS *fighting then*  
THEIRSITES

*Ther* The cuckold and the cuckold maker are  
at it Now bull! now dog! Loo Paris loo! now  
my double henned sparrow! loo Paris loo! The  
bull has the game ware horns ho!  
[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS]

*Enter* MARGARELON

*Mar* Turn, slave and fight

*Ther* What are thou?

*Mar* A bastard son of Priam's

*Ther* I am a bastard too I love bastards I am  
a bastard begor bastard instructed bastard in  
mind bastard in valour in everything illegiti-  
mate One bear will not bite another and where  
fore should one bastard? Take heed the quarrel's  
most ominous to us If the son of a whore fi he  
for a whore he tempts judgement Farewell bas-  
tard [*Exit*]

*Mar* The devil take thee coward! [*Exit*]

SCENE VIII *Another part of the plains*

*Enter* HECTOR

*Hect* Most putrefied core so fair without  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life  
No's my day's work done I'll take good  
breath

Rest sword thou hast thy fill of blood and death  
*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him*

*Enter* ACHILLES *and* MYRMIDONS

*Achil* Look Hector how the sun begins to set  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels  
Even with the veil and darkening of the sun  
To close the day up Hector's life is done

*Hect* I am arm'd forth advantage Greek

*Achil* Strike fellows strike this is the man I  
seek [*HECTOR falls* 10

So lion fall thou next! now Troy sink down!  
Here lies thy heart thy sinews and thy bone  
On Myrmidons and cry you all amain,  
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain  
*A retreat sounded*

Hark! a return upon our Grecian part  
*Myr* The Trojan trumpets sound the like my  
lord

*Achil* The dragon wing of night o'erspreads  
the earth  
And stickler like the armies separates  
My half supped sword that frankly would have  
fed

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed 20  
*Sheathes his sword*

Come tie his body to my horse's tail  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IX *Another part of the plains*

*Enter* AGAMEMNON AJAX MENELAUS NESTOR  
DIOMEDES *and others* *Marching* *Shouts within*

*Agam* Hark! hark! what shout is that?

*Nest* Peace drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!  
Achilles!

*Dio* The bruit is Hector's slain and by Achil-  
les

*Ajax* If it be so yet bragless let it be  
Great Hector was a man as good as he

*Agam* March patiently along Let one be sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent  
If in his death the gods have us befriended 9  
Great Troy's ours and our sharp wars are  
ended [*Exeunt* *Marching*]

SCENE X *Another part of the plains*

*Enter* AENEAS *and* Trojans

*Aene* Stand ho! yet are we masters of the field  
Never go home here starve we out the night

*Enter* TROILUS

*Tro* Hector is slain

*All* Hector! the gods forbid

*Tro* He's dead and at the murderer's horse's  
tail

In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful  
field

Frown on, you heavens effect your rage with  
speed

Sit gods upon your thrones and smile at Troy!  
I say at once let your brief plagues be mercy

And linger not our sure destructions on 9

*Aene* My lord you do discomfort all the host

*Tro* You understand me not that tell me so

I do not speak of flight of fear of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and men

Address their dangers in Hector is gone  
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?<sup>2</sup>  
 Let him that will a screech-owl ay e be call'd,  
 Go in to Troy, and say there, "Hector's dead!"  
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone,  
 Make w eils and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
 Cold statues of the y outh, and, in a word, 20  
 Scare Troy out of itself But march away  
 Hector is dead, there is no more to say  
 Stay y et You vile abominable tents,  
 Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare  
 I'll through and through you' and, thou great-  
 sized cow ard,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates  
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts  
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go, 30  
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe

[*Exeunt AENEAS and Trojans*]

*As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other  
 side, PANDARUS*

*Pan* But hear y ou hear y ou!

*Tro* Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame  
 ursue thy life, and live ay e with thy name!

[*Exit*]

*Pan* A goodly medicine for my aching bones!  
 O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent  
 despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly  
 are you set a work and how ill requited! why  
 should our endeavour be so loved and the per-  
 formance so loathed? what verse for it? what  
 instance for it? Let me see 41

"Full merrily the humble bee doth sing  
 Till he hath lost his honey and his sting,  
 And being once subdued in armed tail,  
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail"

*Good traders in the flesh set this in y our painted  
 cloths*

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,  
 Your eyes, half out weep out at Pandar's fall  
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans, 50  
 Though not for me, y et for y our aching bones  
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade  
 Some two months hence my will shall here be  
 made

It should be now, but that my fear is this  
 Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss  
 Till then I ll sweat and seek about for eases,  
 And at that time bequeathe y ou my diseases

[*Exit*]

# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE  
DUKE OF FLORENCE  
BERTRAM *Count of Rousillon*  
LAFEU *an old lord*  
PAROLLES *a follower of Bertram*  
TWO FRENCH LORDS *in the Florentine service*  
RINALDO *steward of the Countess*  
A COUNTESS *servant to the Countess*  
THREE FRENCH LORDS *attending on the King*  
A GENTLEMAN *a stranger*  
TWO SOLDIERS  
A MESSENGER

COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON *mother to Bertram*  
HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess*  
A WIDOW *of Florence*  
DIANA *daughter to the Widow*  
MARIANA *neighbour and friend to the Widow*

NON-SPEAKING LORDS Officers Soldiers French and  
Florentine Violenta *neighbour and friend to the Widow* Attendants

SCENE Rousillon Paris Florence Marseilles

## ACT I

SCENE I *Rousillon the Count's palace*

Enter BERTRAM the COUNTESS OF ROUSSILLON  
HELENA and LAFEU *all in black*

Count In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband

Ber And I in going madam weep over my father's death anew but I must attend his Majesty's command to whom I am now in ward evermore in subjection

Laf You shall find of the King a husband madam you, sir a father He that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted rather than lack it where there is such abundance

Count What hope is there of his Majesty's amendment?

Laf He hath abandoned his physicians madam under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time

Count This young gentlewoman had a father—O that had't how sad a passage tis—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty had it stretched so far would have made nature immortal and death should have play for lack of work Would for the King's sake he were living I think it would be the death of the King's disease

Laf How called you the man you speak of madam?

Count He was famous sir in his profession and it was his great right to be so Gerard de Narbon

Laf He was excellent indeed madam The King very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly He was skilful enough to have lived still if knowledge could be set up against mortality

Ber What is it my good lord the King languishes of?

Laf A fistula my lord

Ber I heard not of it before

Laf I would it were not notorious Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count His sole child my lord and bequeathed to my overlooking I have those hopes of her good that her education promises her dispositions she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities there commendations go with pity they are virtues and traitors too In her they are the better for their simpleness she derives her honesty and achieves her goodness

Laf Your commendations madam get from her tears

Count 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek No more of this Helena go to no more lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than have it

*Hel* I do affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too

*Laf* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead excessive grief the enemy to the living

*Count* If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal

*Ber* Madam, I desire your holy wishes

*Laf* How understand we that?

*Count* Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father 70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue  
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all trust a few,  
Do wrong to none Be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend  
Under thy own life's key Be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech What heaven more  
will,

That thee may furnish and my prayers pluck  
down

Fall on thy head! Farewell my lord,  
'Tis an unseason'd courtier, good my lord 80  
Advise him

*Laf* He cannot want the best  
That shall attend his love

*Count* Heaven bless him! Farewell Bertram [Exit

*Ber* [To HELENA] The best wishes that can be  
forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be  
comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and  
make much of her

*Laf* Farewell pretty lady You must hold the  
credit of your father

[Exit BERTRAM and LAFEU]  
*Hel* O were that all! I think not on my  
father 90

And these great tears grace his remembrance  
more

Than those I shed for him What was he like?  
I have forgot him My imagination

Carries no favour in it but Bertram's  
I am undone, there is no living none

If Bertram be away! 'T were all one  
That I should love a bright particular star

And think to wed it he is so above me  
In his bright radiance and collateral light

Must I be comforted not in his sphere 100

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself  
The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love 'T was pretty though a plague,  
To see him every hour to sit and draw

His arched brows his hawking eye his curls  
In our heart's table heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour  
Pierces me to the bone and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his reliques Who comes here?

## Enter PAROLLES

[Aside] One that goes with him I love him for  
his sake, 110

And yet I love him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward,

Yet these fix evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak in the cold wind Withal, full oft we  
see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly

*Par* Save you fair queen!

*Hel* And you monarch!

*Par* No

*Hel* And no 120

*Par* Are you meditating on virginity?

*Hel* Ay You have some stain of soldier in  
you let me ask you a question Man is enemy to  
virginity, how may we barricado it against  
him?

*Par* Keep him out

*Hel* But he assails, and our virginity, though  
valiant, in the defence yet is weak Unfold to us  
some warlike resistance

*Par* There is none Man sitting down before  
you, will undermine you and blow you up 130

*Hel* Bless our poor virginity from underminers  
and blowers up! Is there no military policy, how  
virgins might blow up men?

*Par* Virginity being blown down man will  
quicker be blown up Marry in blowing him  
down again with the breach yourselves made  
you lose your city It is not politic in the com-  
monwealth of nature to preserve virginity Loss  
of virginity is rational increase and there was  
never virgin got till virginity was first lost That  
you were made of is metal to make virgins  
Virginity by being once lost may be ten times  
found by being ever kept it is ever lost 'Tis  
too cold a companion away with it!

*Hel* I will stand for it a little though therefore  
I die a virgin

*Par* There's little can be said in it, 'tis against  
the rule of nature To speak on the part of vir-  
ginity is to accuse your mothers which is most  
infallible disobedience He that hangs himself is  
a virgin Virginity murders itself and should be  
buried in highways out of all sanctified limit as a  
desperate offendress against nature Virginity  
breeds mites, much like a cheese, consumes itself  
to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his  
own stomach Besides virginity is peevish  
proud idle made of self love which is the most  
inhibited sin in the canon Keep it not you can  
no choose but lose by it Out with it within  
ten year it will make itself ten, which is a

goodly increase and the principal itself not much the worse Away with t'

*Hel* How might one do sir to lose it to her own liking?

*Pir* Let me see Marry all to like him that ne'er it likes 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying the longer kept the less worth Of with t' while 'tis vendible answer the time wif request Virginity like an old courtier wears her cap out of fashion richly suited but unsuitable just like the brooch and the tooth pick which wear not now Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek And your virginity your old virginity is like one of our French withered pears it looks ill it eats drily marry 'tis a withered pear it was formerly better marry yet 'tis a withered pear Will you anything with it?

*Hel* Not my virginity yet  
There shall your master have a thousand loves  
A mother and a mistress and a friend 181  
A phoenix captain, and an enemy  
A guide a goddess and a sovereign  
A counsellor a traitress and a dear  
His humble ambition proud humility  
His jarring concord and his discord dulcet,  
His faith his sweet disaster with a world  
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms  
That blinking Cupid gossips Now shall he—  
I know not what he hall God send him well!

The court is a learning place and he is one— 191

*Pir* What one, faith?

*Hel* That I wish well 'Tis pity—

*Pir* What's pity?

*Hel* That wishing well had not a body in t,  
Which might be felt that we the poorer born  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes  
Might with effects of them follow our friends  
And show what we alone must think which never  
Returns us thanks 200

*Enter PAGE*

*Page* Monsieur Parolles my lord calls for you  
[Exit]

*Pir* Little Helen farewell If I can remember thee I will think of thee at court

*Hel* Monsieur Parolles you were born under a charitable star

*Pir* Under Mars I

*Hel* I especially think under Mars

*Pir* Why under Mars?

*Hel* The wars have so kept you under that you must needs be born under Mars 210

*Pir* When he was predominant

*Hel* When he was retrograde I think rather

*Pir* Why think you so?

*Hel* You go so much backward when you fight.

*Par* That's for advantage

*Hel* So is running away when fear proposes the safety But the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good win<sup>r</sup> and I like the wear well 19

*Par* I am so full of business I cannot answer thee acutely I will return perfect courtier in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee else thou diest in thine unthankfulness and thine ignorance makes thee away Farewell When thou hast leisure say thy prayers when thou hast none remember thy friends Get thee a good husband and use him as he uses thee So farewell [Exit 230]

*Hel* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie  
Which we ascribe to heaven The fated sky  
Gives us free scope only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull  
What power is it which mounts my love so high,  
That makes me see and cannot feed mine eye? 239  
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things  
Impossible be strange attempts to those 239  
That weigh their pains in sense and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be Who ever strove  
To show her merit that did miss her love?  
The king's disease—my project may deceive me

But my intents are fix'd and will not leave me [Exit]

SCENE II Paris the King's palace

Flourish of cornets Enter the KING OF FRANCE,  
with letters LORDS and divers Attendants

*King* The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears

Have fought with equal fortune and continue  
A braving war

*1st Lord* So 'tis reported sir

*King* Nay 'tis most credible we here receive it  
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin Austria,  
With caution that the Florentine will move us  
For speedy aid wherein our dearest friend  
Prejudicates the business and would seem  
To have us make denial

*1st Lord* His love and wisdom,  
Approved so to your Majesty may plead 10  
For amplest credence

*King* He hath arm'd our answer  
And Florence is denied before he comes  
Yet for our gentlemen that mean to see  
The Tuscan service freely have they leave  
To stand on either part

*2nd Lord* It well may serve  
A nursery to our gentry who are sick

For breathing and exploit

*King* What's he comes here?

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES*

*1st Lord* It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord

Young Bertram

*King* Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face,

Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, 20

Hath well composed thee Thy father's moral parts

May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris

*Ber* My thanks and duty are your Majesty's

*King* I would I had that corporal soundness now,

As when thy father and myself in friendship

First tried our soldiership! He did look far

Into the service of the time and was

Disciple of the bravest He lasted long,

But on us both did haggish age steal on

And wore us out of act It much repairs me 30

To talk of your good father In his youth

He had the wit which I can well observe

To-day, in our young lords but they may jest

Till their own scorn return to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levity in honour

So like a courtier Contempt nor bitterness

Were in his pride or sharpness, if they were,

His equal had awaked them and his honour,

Clock to itself knew the true minute when

Exception bid him speak, and at this time 40

His tongue obey'd his hand Who were below him

He used as creatures of another place

And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,

Making them proud of his humility

In their poor praise he humbled Such a man

Might be a copy to these younger times,

Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now

But goes backward

*Ber* His good remembrance sir,

I'm richer in your thoughts than on his tomb

So in proof lives not his epitaph 50

As in your royal speech

*King* Would I were with him! He would

always stay—

Yet think I hear him now his plausible words

He scatter'd not in ears but grafted them

To grow there and to bear— Let me not live—

This is good melancholy oft began

On the catastrophe and l'heel of pastime

When it was out— Let me not live 't'wixt he

And my flame lacks oil to be the snuff

Of softer spirits whose apprehensive senses 60

All but new things disdain whose judgments are

More fathers of their garments whose con-

tinuities

Expire before their fashions " This he wish'd

I after him do after him wish too,

Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,

I quickly were dissolved from my hive,

To give some labourers room

*2nd Lord*

You are loved, sir,

They that least lend it you shall lack you first

*King* I fill a place, I know 't' How long is't,

*Count*

Since the physician at your father's died? 70

He was much famed

*Ber* Some six months since my lord

*King* If he were living, I would try him yet

Lend me an arm the rest have worn me out

With several applications Nature and sickness

Debate it at their leisure Welcome Count,

My son's no dearer

*Ber*

Thank your Majesty

[*Exeunt Flourish*]

SCENE III Rousillon The Count's palace

*Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD and CLOWN*

*Count* I will now hear, what say you of this gentlewoman?

*Stew* Madam, the care I have had to even your content I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours for then we wound our modesty and make foul the clearness of our deservings when of ourselves we publish them

*Count* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe 'Tis my slowness that I do not for I know you lack not folly to commit them and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours

*Clo* 'Tis not unknown to you, madam I am a poor fellow

*Count* Well sir

*Clo* No madam 'tis not so well that I am poor though many of the rich are damned but, if I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world Isabel the woman and I will do as we may 21

*Count* Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

*Clo* I do beg your good will in this case

*Count* In what case?

*Clo* In Isabel's case and mine own Service is no heritage and I think I shall never have the blessing of God till I have issue of my body for they say barnes are blessings

*Count* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry

*Clo* My poor body madam requires it I am driven on by the flesh and he must needs go that the devil drives

*Count* Is this all your worship's reason?

*Clo* I faith madam I have other holy reasons, such as they are



*Count* May the world know them?

*Clo* I have been madam a wicked creature as you and all flesh and blood are and indeed I do marry that I may repent

*Count* Thy marriage sooner than thy wickedness 41

*Clo* I am out o' friends madam and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake

*Count* Such friends are thine enemies knave

*Clo* You're shallow ma'am in great friends for the knaves come to do that for me which I am weary of He that ears my land is my team and gives me leave to in the crop if I be his cuckold he's my drudge He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend ergo he that kisses my wife is my friend If men could be contented to be what they are there were no fear in marriage for young Charbon the puritan and old Posam the papist how some of their hearts are severed in religion their heads are both one they may yowl horns together like any deer in the herd

*Count* Wilt thou ever be a foul mouthed and calumnious knave? 61

*Clo* A prophet I madam and I speak the truth the next way

For I the ballad will repeat

Which men full true shall find

Your marriage comes by destiny

Your cuckoo sings by kind

*Count* Get you gone sir I'll talk with you more anon

*Stew.* May it please you madam that he bid Helen come to you. O her I am to speak 71

*Count* Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her Helen I mean

*Clo* [Sings]

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond done done fond

Was this kin Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then 80

Among nine bad if one be good

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten

*Count* What one good in ten? you corrupt the song sirrah

*Clo* One good woman in ten madam which is a purifying o' the song Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the true woman, if I were the parson One in ten, quoth a! An we might have a good

woman born but one every blazing star or at an earthquake twould mend the lottery well a man may draw his heart out ere a pluck one

*Count* You'll be gone sir knave, and do as I command you

*Clo* That man should be at woman's command and yet no hurt done! Though honesty be no puritan yet it will do no hurt it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart I am going forsooth The business is for Helen to come hither [Exit 101]

*Count* Well now

*Stew.* I know madam you love your gentle woman entirely

*Count* Faith I do Her father bequeathed her to me and she herself without other advantage may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds There is more owing her than is paid and more shall be paid her than she'll demand

*Stew.* Madam I was very late more near her than I think she wished me Alone she was and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears she thought I dare vow for her they touched not any stranger sense Her matter was she loved you on Fortune she said was no goddess that had put such difference betwixt their two estates Love no god that would not extend his might only where qualities were level Dian no queen of virgins that would suffer her poor knight surprised without rescue in the first assault or ran on afterward This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ever I heard virgin exclaim in which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal since in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it

*Count* You have discharged this honestly keep it to yourself Many likelihoods informed me of this before which hung so tottering in the balance that I could neither believe nor misdoubt Pray you leave me Seal this in your bosom and I thank you for your honest care I will speak with you further anon

[Exit STEWARD]

Enter HELENA

Even so it was with me when I was young

If ever we are nature's these are ours this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong

Our blood to us this to our blood is born

It is the show and seal of nature's truth

We're love's strong passion is impress'd in youth

By our sweetest branches of day's fragrance 149

Such were our faults, or then we thought them none

Her eye is sick on't I observe her now

Hel What is your pleasure, madam?

Count You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you

Hel Mine honourable mistress

Count Nay a mother

Why not a mother? When I said 'a mother,'

Me thought you saw a serpent what's in "mother,"

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were enwombed mine 'Tis often seen 150

Adoption strives with nature and choice breeds

A native slip to us from foreign seeds

You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan

Yet I express to you a mother's care

God's mercy maiden! does it curd thy blood

To say I am thy mother? What's the matter

That this distemper'd messenger of wet

The many-colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

Why? that you are my daughter?

Hel That I am not

Count I say, I am your mother

Hel Pardon madam 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother

I am from humble, he from honour'd name,

No note upon my parents' his all noble

My master my dear lord he is and I

His servant live, and will his vassal die

He must not be my brother

Count Nor I your mother?

Hel You are my mother, madam, would you were—

So that my lord your son were not my brother—

Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers

I care no more for than I do for heaven 170

So I were not his sister Can't no other

But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count Yes Helen you might be my daughter

in law

God shield you mean it not! daughter and mother

So true upon your pulse What pale again?

My fear hath catch'd your fondness Now I see

The mystery of your loneliness and find

Your salt tears head Now to all sense tis gross

You love my son invention is a shame

Against the proclamation of this passion 180

To say thou dost not therefore tell me true

P tell me then, tis so for look thy cheeks

Confess it th' one to th' other and thine eyes

See it so growly down in thy behaviour

Tha' in their kind they speak it Only in

And tell th' obdurate thy tongue

Tha' truth should be suspected Speak it so?

If it be so you have wound a goodly clew,

If it be not, forswear 't Howe'er, I charge thee,

As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 190

To tell me truly

Hel Good madam, pardon me!

Count Do you love my son?

Hel Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count Love you my son?

Hel Do not you love him, madam?

Count Go not about, my love hath in't a bond,  
Whereof the world takes note Come, come,  
disclose

The state of your affection, for your passions

Have to the full approach'd

Hel Then, I confess

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,

That before you, and next unto high heaven,

I love your son 200

My friends were poor, but honest, so s my love

Be not offended for it hurts not him

That he is loved of me I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit

Nor would I have him till I do deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be

I know I love in vain, strive against hope,

Yet in this captious and intemperate sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love

And lack not to lose still Thus Indian like, 210

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun that looks upon his worshipper

But know's of him no more My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love

For loving where you do but if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever in so true a flame of liking

Wish chaste and love dearly that your Dian

Was both herself and love O then give pity

To her whose state is such that cannot choose

But lend and give where she is sure to lose, 221

That seeks not to find that her search implies

But riddle like lives sweetly where she dies!

Count Had you not lately an intent—speak  
truth—

To go to Paris?

Hel Madam, I had

Count Wherefore? tell true

Hel I will tell truth by grace itself I swear

You know my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and proved effects such as his reading

And manifest experience had collected

For general sovereignty and that he will'd me

In heedfull reservation to be now them 231

As notes whose faculties inclusive were

More than they were in me Amongst the rest

There is a remedy, approved set do in

To cure the desperate languishings whereof

The King is render'd lost

*Count* This was your motive

For Paris was it? speak

*Hel* My lord your son made me to think of this

Else Paris and the medicine and the King  
Had from the conversation of my thoughts 240

Haply been absent then

*Count* But think you Helen

If you should tender your supposed aid

He would receive it? he and his physicians

Are of a mind he that they cannot help him

They that they cannot help How shall they credit

A poor unlearned virgin when the schools

Embowell'd of their doctrine have left off

The danger to itself?

*Hel* There's something in it  
More than my father's skill which was the greatest

Of his profession that his good receipt 250

Shall for my legacy be sanctified

By the luckiest stars in heaven and would your honour

But give me leave to try success I'd venture

The well lost life of mine on his Grace's cure

By such a day and hour

*Count* Dost thou believe it?

*Hel* Ay madam knowingly

*Count* Why Helen thou shalt have my leave and love

Means and attendants and my loving greetings

To those of mine in court I'll stay at home

And pray God's blessing into thy attempt 260

Be gone to-morrow and be sure of this

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT II

### SCENE I Paris the King's palace

*Flourish of cornets* Enter the King attended with  
divers young lords taking leave for the Floren-  
tine war *BERTRAM* and *PAROLLES*

*King* Farewell young lords these warlike principles

Do not throw from you and you my lords fare-  
well!

Share the advice betwixt you if both gain, ill

The gift doth stretch itself as ill received

And is enough for both

*1st Lord* 'Tis our hope sir

After well enter'd soldiers to return

And find your Grace in health

*King* No no it cannot be and yet my heart

Will not confess he owes the malady

That doth my life besiege Farewell young  
lords 10

Whether I live or die be you the sons  
Of worthy Frenchmen let higher Italy—  
Those bated that inherit but the fall

Of the last monarchy—see that you come

Not to woo honour but to wed it when

The bravest questant shrinks find what you seek

That fame may cry you loud I say farewell

and Lord Health at your bidding serve your  
majesty!

*King* Those girls of Italy take heed of them

They say our French lack language to deny 20

If they demand Beware of being captives

Before you serve

*Both* Our hearts receive your warnings

*King* Farewell Come hither to me

[*Exit attended*]

*1st Lord* O my sweet lord that you will stay  
behind us!

*Par* 'Tis not his fault the spark

and *1st Lord* O tis brave wars!

*Par* Most admirable I have seen those wars!

*Ber* I am commanded here and kept a coil  
with

Too young and the next year and tis too  
early

*Par* An thy mind stand to it boy steal away  
bravely

*Ber* I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry 3

Till honour be bought up and no sword worn

But one to dance with! By heaven I'll steal  
away

*1st Lord* There's honour in the theft

*Par* Commend it Count

and *Lord* I am your accessory and so fare-  
well

*Ber* I grow to you and our parting is a tor-  
tured body

*1st Lord* Farewell captain

and *Lord* Sweet Monsieur Parolles!

*Par* Noble heroes my sword and yours are  
kin Good sparks and lu'trous a word, good

metals you shall find in the regiment of the  
Spurio one Captain Spurio with his cicatrice an

emblem of war here on his sinister cheek 11

was this very sword entrenched in! Say to him I

live and observe his reports for me

*1st Lord* We shall noble captain [*Exeunt LORDS*]

*Par* Mars dote on you for his novices! what  
will ye do? 50

*Ber* Stay The King!

*Re-enter KING BERTRAM and PAROLLES retires*

*Par* [To BERTRAM.] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords, you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu. Be more expressive to them, for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak and move under the influence of the most received star, and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

*Ber* And I will do so. 60

*Par* Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword men.

[*Exeunt BERTRAM and PAROLLES*]

*Enter LAFEU*

*Laf* [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

*King* I'll see thee to stand up.

*Laf* Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,

And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

*King* I would I had, so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

*Laf* Good faith, across. But, my good lord, thus, 70

Will you be cured of your infirmity?

*King* No.

*Laf* O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?

Yes, but you will my noble grapes an' if

My royal fox could reach them. I have seen a medicine

That's able to breathe life into a stone,

Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary

With spritely fire and motion, whose simple touch

Is powerful to arise King Pepin nay,

To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand. 80

And write to her a love line.

*King* What "her" 's this?

*Laf* Why, Doctor She. My lord, there's one arrived.

If you will see her. Now, by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts

In this my light deliverance. I have spoke

With one that in her sex her years' profession

Wisdom and constancy hath amazed me more

Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her?

For that is her demand and know her business?

Th' done, laugh well at me.

*King* Now good Lafcu 90

Pring in the admiration that we with thee

May spend or wonder too, or take off thine

P, wondering how thou took'st it.

*Laf*

And not be all day neither.

*King* Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

*Re enter LAFEU, with HELENA*

*Laf* Nay, come your ways.

*King* This haste hath wings indeed.

*Laf* Nay, come your ways,

This is his majesty, say your mind to him.

A traitor you do look like, but such traitors

His Majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle,  
That dare leave two together, fare you well. 101

[*Exit*]

*King* Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

*Hel* Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father,

In what he did profess well found.

*King*

I knew him.

*Hel* The rather will I spare my praises towards him,

Knowing him is enough. On's bed of death

Many receipts he gave me chiefly one,

Which as the dearest issue of his practice,

And of his old experience the only darling, 110

He bade me store up as a triple eye,

Safer than mine own two more dear, I have so,

And, hearing your high Majesty is touch'd

With that malignant cause wherein the honour

Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,

I come to tender it and my appliance

With all bound humbleness.

*King* We thank you, maiden,

But may not be so credulous of cure,

When our most learned doctors leave us and

The congregated college have concluded. 120

That labouring art can never ransom nature

From her invidible estate, I say we must not

So stain our judgement, or corrupt our hope,

To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics, or to disserve so

Our great self and our credit to esteem

A senseless help when help past sense we deem.

*Hel* My duty then shall pay me for my pains.

I will no more enforce mine office on you

Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts 130

A modest one to bear me back again.

*King* I cannot give thee less to be call'd grateful.

Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give.

As one near death to those that wish him live.

But what at full I know thou know'st no part,

I know all my peril thou no art.

*Hel* What I can do can do no hurt to try,

Since you set up your rest gainst remedy  
He that of greatest works is finisher  
Oft does them by the weakest minister 140  
So holy writ in babes hath judgement shown  
When judges have been babes great floods have  
flown

From simple sources and great seas have dried  
When miracles have by the greatest been denied  
Oft expectation fails and most oft there  
Where most it promises and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest and despair most fits  
King I must not hear thee fare thee well  
kind maid

Thy pains not used must by thyself be paid  
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward 150

Hel Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd  
It is not so with Him that all things knows  
As tis with us that square our guess by shows  
But most it is presumption in us when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men  
Dear sir to my endeavours give consent  
Of heaven nor me make an experiment  
I am not an impostor that proclaim  
Myself against the level of mine aim  
But know I think and think I know most sure 160  
My art is not past power nor you past cure

King Art thou so confident within what space  
Hopedst thou my cure?

Hel The great at grace lending grace,  
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring  
Ere twice in muck and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp  
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass  
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly 170  
Health shall live free and sickness freely die

King Upon thy certainty and confidence  
What darest thou venture?

Hel Tax of impudence,  
A strumpet's boldness a divulged shame  
Traduced by odious ballads my maiden's name  
Scar'd otherwise nay worse—if worse—et  
tended

With vilest torture let my life be ended

King Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth  
speak

His powerful as und within an organ weak  
And what impossibility would slay 180  
In common sense serve saves another way  
Thy life is dear for all that life can rate  
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate  
Youth, beauty wisdom courage all  
That happiness and prime can happy call  
Thou this to hazard needs must intimate  
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate

Sweet practiser thy physic I will try  
That ministers thine own death if I die  
Hel If I break time or sinch in property 190  
Of what I spoke unpitied let me die  
And well deserved Not helping death's my fee  
But if I help what do you promise me?

King Make thy demand

Hel But will you make it even?

King Ay by my sceptre and my hopes of  
heaven

Hel Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly  
hand

What husband in thy power I will command  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France  
My low and humble name to propagate 200  
With any branch or issue of thy state  
But such a one thy vassal whom I know  
Is free for me to ask thee to bestow

King Here is my hand the premises observed,  
Thy will by my performance shall be served  
So make the choice of thy own time for I  
Thy resolved patient on thee still rely  
More should I question thee and more I must  
Though more to know could not be more to  
trust

From whence thou camest how tended on but  
rest 210

Unquestion'd welcome and undoubted bliss  
Give me some help here ho! If thou proceed  
As high as word my deed shall march thy need  
[Flourish Exit]

SCENE II Rousillon the Count's palace

Enter COUNTS and CLOWN

Count Come on sir I shall now put you to  
the height of your breeding

Clo I will show myself highly fed and lowly  
taught I know my business is but to the court

Count To the court! why what place make you  
special when you put off that with such con-  
tempt? Bar to the court!

Clo Truly madam, if God have lent a man any  
manners he may easily put it off at court He  
that cannot make a leg put off's cap kiss his  
hand and say nothing has neither leg hands lip-  
nor cap and indeed such a fellow to say pre-  
cisely were not for the court but for me I have  
an answer will serve all men

Count Marry that's a bountiful answer that  
fits all questions

Clo It is like a barber's chair that fits all but  
rocks the pin-buttock the quatch buttock the  
brawn buttock, or any buttock

Count Will your answer serve fit to all ques-  
tions? 21

*Clo* As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling I have, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin

*Count* Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions? 37

*Clo* From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question

*Count* It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands

*Clo* But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it Here it is, and all that belongs to't Ask me if I am a courtier it shall do you no harm to learn 39

*Count* To be young again if we could I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

*Clo* O Lord, sir! There's a simple putting off More more, a hundred of them

*Count* Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you

*Clo* O Lord, sir! Thick thiel spare not me

*Count* I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat

*Clo* O Lord sir! Nay, put me to't, I warrant you 51

*Count* You were lately whipped sir, as I think

*Clo* O Lord sir! spare not me

*Count* Do you cry, "O Lord sir" at your whipping and 'spare not me'? Indeed your O Lord sir! is very sequent to your whipping, if you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't

*Clo* I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my O Lord sir! I see things may serve long but not serve ever 61

*Count* I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain so merrily with a fool

*Clo* O Lord sir! why there's serves well again

*Count* An end sir, to your business Give Helens this

And urge her to a present answer back

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son

This is not much

*Clo* No much commendation to them 70

*Count* Not much employment for you You will be a slave?

*Clo* Most fruitfully, I am there before my legs

*Count* Haste you again [Helen serves]

SCENE III *Paris the King's palace*

*Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES*

*Laf* They say miracles are past and we have our philosophical persons to make modern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear

*Par* Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times

*Ber* And so 'tis

*Laf* To be relinquished of the artists— 10

*Par* So I say

*Laf* Both of Galen and Paracelsus

*Par* So I say

*Laf* Of all the learned and authentic fellows—

*Par* Right, so I say

*Laf* That gave him out incurable—

*Par* Why, there 'tis, so say I too

*Laf* Not to be helped—

*Par* Right, as 'twere, a man assured of a—

*Laf* Uncertain life, and sure death 20

*Par* Just, you say well so would I have said

*Laf* I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world

*Par* It is indeed, if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

*Laf* A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor

*Par* That's it, I would have said the very same

*Laf* Why, your dolphin is not lustier I ore me, I speak in respect— 31

*Par* Nay, 'tis strange 'tis very strange that is the brief and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

*Laf* Very hand of heaven

*Par* Ay, so I say

*Laf* In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister, great power, great transcendence which should indeed give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king as to be—[*pausing*] generally thankful

*Par* I would have said it you say well Here comes the king

*Enter KING HELENA and Attendants*

*LAFFU and PAROLLES retire*

*Laf* Listening as the Dutchman says I'll like a maid the better whilst I have a tooth in my head Why he's able to lead her a coranto

*Par* Mort d'un vaingre! is not this Helen? 50

*Laf* I ore God I think so

*King* Go call before me all the lords in court Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side,

And with this healthful hand whose banish'd  
sense

Thou hast repeal'd a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promised gift  
Which but attends thy naming

*Enter three or four Lords*

Fair maid send forth thine eye This youthful  
parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
Or whom both sovereign power and father's  
voice 60

I have to use thy frank election make  
Thou hast power to choose and they none to for-  
sake

*Hel* To each of you one fair and virtuous mis-  
tress

Fall when Love please! marry to each but one!  
*Laf* I'd give bay Curtal and his furniture

My mouth no more were broken than these boys  
And writ a little beard

*King* Peruse them well  
Not one of those but had a noble father

*Hel* Gentlemen

Heaven hath through me restored the King to  
health 70

*All* We understand it and thank heaven for  
you

*Hel* I am a simple maid and therein wealthiest  
That I protest I simply am a maid

Please it your Majesty I have done already  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me

We blush that thou shouldst choose but be re-  
fused

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever  
We'll ne'er come there again

*King* Make choice and see  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me

*Hel* Now Dian, from thy altar do I fly 80  
And to imperial Love that god most high

Do my sighs stream Sir will you hear my suit?  
*1st Lord* And grant it

*Hel* Thanks sir all the  
rest is mute

*Laf* I had rather be in this choice than throw  
ames ace for my life

*Hel* The honour sir that flames in your fair  
eyes

Before I speak too threaten by replies  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above

Her that so wishes and her humble love!

*2nd Lord* No better if you please

*Hel* My wish receive 90

Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave  
*Laf* Do all they deny her? An they were sons of  
mine I'd have them whipp'd or I would send

them to the Turk to make eunuchs of

*Hel* Be not afraid that I your hand should take  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune if you ever wed!

*Laf* These boys are boys of ice, they'll none  
have her Sure they are bastards to the English  
the French ne'er got 'em 101

*Hel* You are too young too happy and too  
good

To make yourself a son out of my blood  
*4th Lord* Fair one I think not so

*Laf* There's one grape yet I am sure thy father  
drunk wine But if thou be'st not an ass I am a  
youth of fourteen I have I nown thee already

*Hel* [To BERTRAM] I dare not say I take you  
but I give

Me and my service ever whilst I live 110  
Into your guiding power This is the man

*King* Why then young Bertram take her  
she's thy wife

*Ber* My wife my liege! I shall beseech your  
Highness

In such a business give me leave to use  
The help of mine own eyes

*King* Know'st thou not Bertram,  
What she has done for me?

*Ber* Yes my good lord  
But never hope to know why I should marry her

*King* Thou know'st she has raised me from my  
sickly bed

*Ber* But follows it my lord to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well

She had her breeding at my father's charge 121  
A poor physician's daughter my wife Disdain

Rather corrupt me ever!

*King* This only title thou disdain'st in her the  
which

I can build up Strange is it that our bloods  
Of colour weight and heat pour'd all together

Would quite confound distinction yet stand off  
In differences so mighty If she be

All that is virtuous save what thou dislikest  
A poor physician's daughter thou dislikest 130

Of virtue for the name But do not so  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed

The place is dignified by the doer's deed  
Where great additions swell and virtue none

It is a dropst of honour Good alone  
Is good without a name Vileness is so

The property by what it is should go  
Not by the title She is young wise fair

In these to nature she's an immediate heir  
And these breed honour That is honour's scorn, 141

Which challenges itself as honour's born  
And is not like the sire Honours thrive

When rather from our acts we them derive  
 Than our foregoers The mere word s a slave  
 Debosh'd on every tomb on every grave  
 A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb  
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
 Of honour d bones indeed What should be  
 said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
 I can create the rest Virtue and she 150

Is her own dower, honour and wealth from me  
*Her* I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't

*King* Thou wrongst thyself, if thou shouldst  
 strive to choose

*Hel* That you are well restored, my lord, I'm  
 glad

Let the rest go

*King* My honour's at the stake, which to de-  
 feat,

I must produce my power Here, take her hand,  
 Proud scornful boy unworthy this good gift,  
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up  
 My love and her desert, that canst not dream  
 We, poisoning us in her defective scale 161

Shall weigh thee to the beam, that wilt not know,  
 It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow Check thy contempt  
 Obey our will, which travails in thy good

Believe not thy disdain, but presently  
 Do thine own fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy duty owes and our power claims  
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers and the careless lapse 170  
 Of youth and ignorance, both my revenge and  
 hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice  
 Without all terms of pity Speak, thine answer

*Her* Pardon my gracious lord, for I submit  
 My fancy to your eyes When I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour  
 Lies where you bid it I find that she, which late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base is now  
 The praised of the king, who, so ennobled

Is as twice born so

*King* Take her by the hand 180  
 And tell her she is thine, to whom I promise

A counterpoise if not to thy estate  
 A balance more replete

*Her* I take her hand  
*King* Good fortune and the favour of the king

Smile upon this contract who e ceremony  
 Shall seem expedient on the now born brief

And be perform'd to-night The solemn feast  
 Shall move a tread upon the coming space

I receive absent friends As thou lovest her  
 Thy love's to me religion else does err 190

[Exit all but LAFEL and PAROLLES]

*Laf* [Advancing] Do you hear, monsieur? a  
 word with you

*Par* Your pleasure, sir?

*Laf* Your lord and master did well to make his  
 recantation

*Par* Recantation! My lord! my master!

*Laf* Ay, is it not a language I speak?

*Par* A most harsh one, and not to be understood  
 without bloody succeeding My master!

*Laf* Are you companion to the Count Rousil-  
 lon? 201

*Par* To any count, to all counts, to what is man

*Laf* To what is count's man Count's master is  
 of another style

*Par* You are too old, sir, let it satisfy you, you  
 are too old

*Laf* I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man, to  
 which title age cannot bring thee 209

*Par* What I dare too well do I dare not do

*Laf* I did think thee, for two ordinaries to be a  
 pretty wise fellow, thou didst make tolerable

vent of thy travel, it might pass Yet the scarfs  
 and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dis-

suaue me from believing thee a vessel of too great  
 a burthen I have now found thee, when I lose

thee again I care not Yet art thou good for noth-  
 ing but taking up, and that thou art scarce worth

*Par* Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity  
 upon thee— 221

*Laf* Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest  
 thou hasten thy trial, which if—Lord have mercy

on thee for a lien! So my good window of lattice  
 fare thee well Thy casement I need not open

for I look through thee Give me thy hand

*Par* My lord you give me most egregious in-  
 dignity

*Laf* Ay with all my heart, and thou art worthy  
 of it 231

*Par* I have not my lord deserved it

*Laf* Yes good faith every dram of it, and I will  
 not bate thee a scruple

*Par* Well I shall be wiser

*Laf* Even as soon as thou canst, for thou hast  
 to pull at a smack o the contrary If ever thou

be art bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt  
 find what it is to be proud of thy bondage I have

a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or  
 rather my knowledge that I may say in the de-  
 fault 'He is a man I know'

*Par* My lord you do me most insupportable  
 vexation

*Laf* I would it were hell pains for thy sake  
 and my poor doing eternal for doing I am pa-

as I will be thee in what motion age will give  
 me leave [Exit] 241

*Par* Well thou hast a son shall take this



grace off me scurvy old filthy scurvy lord!  
Well I must be patient there is no fettering of  
authority I'll beat him by my life if I can meet  
him with any convenience an he were double  
and double a lord I'll have no more pity of his  
age than I would have of—I'll beat him an if I  
could but meet him again

*Re-enter LAFEU*

*Laf* Sirrah your lord and master's married  
there's news for you You have a new mistress

*Par* I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship  
to make some reservation of your wrongs He is  
my good lord Whom I serve above is my master

*Laf* Who's God?

*Par* Ay sir

*Laf* The devil it is that's thy master Why dost  
thou garter up thy arms in this fashion? dost  
make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so?  
Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy  
nose stands By mine honour if I were but two  
hours younger I'd beat thee Methinks thou art  
a general offence and every man should beat  
thee I think thou wast created for men to breathe  
themselves upon thee

*Par* This is hard and undeserved measure my  
lord

*Laf* Go to sir you were beaten in Italy for  
picking a kernel out of a pomegranate you are a  
vagabond and no true traveller you are more  
saucy with lords and honourable personages than  
the commission of your birth and virtue gives  
you heraldry You are not worth another word  
else I'd call you knave I leave you *[Exit Laf]*

*Par* Good very good it is so then Good very  
good let it be concealed awhile

*Re-enter BERTRAM*

*Ber* Undone and forfeited to cares forever!

*Par* What's the matter sweetheart?

*Ber* Although before the solemn priest I have  
sworn,

I will not bed her

*Par* What what sweetheart?

*Ber* O my Parolles they have married me!

I'll to the Tuscan wars and never bed her 290

*Par* France is a dog hole and it no more merits  
The tread of a man's foot To the wars!

*Ber* There's letters from my mother What the  
import is I know not yet

*Par* Ay that would be known To the wars  
my boy to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen

That hugs his knick wicky here at home

Spending his manly marrow in her arms

Which should sustain the bound and high curve

Of Mars's fiery steed To other regions 300  
France is a stable we that dwell in the pades  
Therefore to the war!

*Ber* It shall be so I'll send her to my house  
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her  
And wherefore I am fled write to the king  
That which I durst not speak his present gift  
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields

Where noble fellows strike War is no strife  
To the dark house and the detested wife

*Par* Will this capriccio hold in thee? art sure?

*Ber* Go with me to my chamber and advise me  
I'll send her straight away To morrow 312  
I'll to the wars she to her single sorrow

*Par* Why these balls bound there's noise in it  
Tis hard!

A young man married is a man that's married  
Therefore away and leave her bravely go  
The king has done you wrong but hush tis so  
*[Exit Par]*

SCENE IV Paris the king's palace

*Enter HELENA and CLOWN*

*Hel* My mother greets me kindly Is she well?

*Clo* She is not well but yet she has her health  
She's very merry but yet she is not well but  
thanks be given she's very well and wants nothing  
in the world but yet she is not well

*Hel* If she be very well what does she ail  
that she's not very well?

*Clo* Truly she's very well indeed but for two  
things

*Hel* Wha two things? 10

*Clo* One that she's not in heaven whither God  
send her quickly! the other that she's in earth  
from whence God send her quickly!

*Enter PAROLLES*

*Par* Bless you my fortunate lady!

*Hel* I hope sir I have your good will in have  
mine own good fortunes

*Par* You had my prayers to lead them on and  
to keep them on have them still O my knave  
how does my old lady?

*Clo* So that you had her wrinkles and I her  
money I would she did as you say 21

*Par* Why I say nothing

*Clo* Marry you are the wiser man for many a  
man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing  
To say nothing to do nothing to know nothing  
and to have nothing is to be a great part of your  
title which is within a very little of nothing

*Par* Away! thou art a knave

*Clo* You should have said sir before a knave  
thou art a knave that's before me thou art a  
knave this had been truth sir 31

*Par* Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee

*Clo* Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable, and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure and the increase of laughter

*Par* A good knave, I' faith, and well fed  
Madam, my lord will go away to-night, 40  
A very serious business calls on him  
The great prerogative and rite of love,  
Which, as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint,  
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,  
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy  
And pleasure drown the brim

*Hel* What's his will else?

*Par* That you take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding, 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think

May make it probable need

*Hel* What more commands he?

*Par* That, having this obtain'd, you presently attend his further pleasure

*Hel* In everything I wait upon his will

*Par* I shall report it so

*Hel* I pray you [Exit PAROLLES]

Come, sirrah [Exit

SCENE V Paris the King's palace

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM

*Laf* But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier

*Ber* Yes, my lord and of very valiant proof

*Laf* You have it from his own deliverance

*Ber* And by other warranted testimony

*Laf* Then my dial goes not true I took this lark for a bunting

*Ber* I do assure you, my lord he is very great in knowledge and accordingly valiant

*Laf* I have then sinned against his experience and transgressed against his valour, and my state this way is dangerous since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent Here he comes I pray you, make us friends I will pursue the amity

Enter PAROLLES

*Par* [To BERTRAM] These things shall be done,

*Laf* Pray you sir who's his tailor?

*Laf* Sir?

*Laf* O I know him well, I sir, he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor 21

*Ber* [Aside to PAROLLES] Is she gone to the king?

*Par* She is

*Ber* Will she away to-night?

*Par* As you'll have her

*Ber* I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure

Given order for our horses, and to-night,  
When I should take possession of the bride,  
End ere I do begin 29

*Laf* A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner, but one that lies three thirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard and thrice beaten God save you, captain

*Ber* Is there any unkindness between my lord and you monsieur?

*Par* I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure

*Laf* You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence

*Ber* It may be you have mis-taken him, my lord

*Laf* And shall do so ever though I took him at 's prayers Fare you well my lord and believe this of me there can be no kernel in this light nut the soul of this man is his clothes Trust him not in matter of heavy consequence I have kept of them tame and know their natures Farewell monsieur I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evil [Exit

*Par* An idle lord I swear

*Ber* I think so

*Par* Why do you not know him?

*Ber* Yes I do know him well and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass Here comes my clog

Enter HELENA

*Hel* I have sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the king and have procured his leave For present parting only he desires 61  
Some private speech with you

*Ber* I shall obey his will You must not marvel Helen, at my course Which holds no colour with the time nor does The ministrations and required office On my particular Prepared I was not For such a business therefore am I found So much unsettled This drives me to entreat you That present hither take your way for home And rather than ask why I entreat you,

For my respects are better than they seem  
And my appointments have in them a need  
Greater than shows itself at the first view  
To you that know them not This to my mother

*Grin, a letter*

I will be two days ere I shall see you so  
I leave you to your wisdom

*Hel* Sir I can nothing say

But that I am your most obedient servant

*Ber* Come, come, no more of that

*Hel* And ever shall

With true observance seek to eke out that

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd

To equal my great fortune

*Ber* Let that go 81

My hate is very great Farewell his home

*Hel* Pray sir your pardon

*Ber* Well what would you say?

*Hel* I am not worthy of the wealth I owe

Nor dare I say tis mine and yet it is

But like a timorous thief most fain would steal

What law does vouch mine own

*Ber* What would you have?

*Hel* Something and scarce so much nothing  
indeed

I would not tell you what I would my lord  
Faith yes 90

Strangers and foes do sunder and not kiss

*Ber* I pray you stay not but in haste to horse

*Hel* I shall not break your bidding good my  
lord

*Ber* Where are my other men, monsieur? Fare  
well [Exit HELENA]

Go thou toward home where I will never come

Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum

Away and for our flight

*Par* Bravely coragio! [Exeunt]

### ACT III

#### SCENE I Florence the Duke's palace

*Flourish Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended  
the two French LORDS with a troop of soldiers*

*Duke* So that from point to point now have you  
heard

The fundamental reasons of this war

Whose great decision hath much blood let  
forth

And more thirsts after

*1st Lord* Holy seems the quarrel

Upon your Grace's part black and fearful

On the opposer

*Duke* Therefore we marvel much our cousin  
France

Would in so just a business shut his bosom

Against our borrowing prayers

*2nd Lord*

Good my lord

The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10

But like a common and an outward man

That the great figure of a council frames

By self unable motion therefore dare not

Say what I think of it since I have found

Myself in my incertain grounds to fail

As often as I guess'd

*Duke*

Be it his pleasure

*1st Lord* But I am sure the younger of our na-  
ture

That surfeit on their ease will day by day

Come here for physic

*Duke* Welcome shall they be

And all the honours that can fly from us 20

Shall on them settle You know your places well

When better fall for your avails they fell

To-morrow to the field [Flourish Exeunt]

#### SCENE II Roussillon the Count's palace

*Enter COUNTESS and CLOWN*

*Count* It hath happened all as I would have had  
it save that he comes not along with her

*Clo* By my troth I take my young lord to be a  
very melancholy man

*Count* By what observance I pray you?

*Clo* Why he will look upon his boot and sing  
mend the ruff and sing ask questions and sing  
pick his teeth and sing I know a man that had  
this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for  
a song 10

*Count* Let me see what he writes and when he  
means to come [Opening a letter]

*Clo* I have no mind to Isabel since I was at court  
Our old ling and our Isbels in the country are  
nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o the  
court The brains of my Cupid's knocked out  
and I begin to love as an old man loves money  
with no stomach

*Count* What have we here?

*Clo* Can that you have there [Exit 20]

*Count* [Reads] I have sent you a daughter in-  
law She hath recovered the king and undone  
me I have wedded her not bedded her and  
sworn to make the not eternal You shall hear  
I am run away know it before the report come  
If there be breadth enough in the world I will  
hold a long distance My duty to you

Your unfortunate son,  
Bertram

This is not well rash and unbridled boy 30

To fly the favours of so good a king

To pluck his indignation on thy head

By the misprising of a maid too virtuous

For the contempt of empire

*Re-enter CLOWN*

*Clo* O madam, yonder is heavy news within  
between two soldiers and my young lady!

*Count* What is the matter?

*Clo* Nay, there is some comfort in the news,  
some comfort your son will not be killed so soon  
as I thought he would 40

*Count* Why should he be killed?

*Clo* So say I, madam if he run away, as I hear  
he does The danger is in standing to't, that's the  
loss of men though it be the getting of children  
Here they come will tell you more, for my part,  
I only hear your son was run away *[Exit]*

*Enter HELENA and TWO FRENCH LORDS*

*1st Lord* Save you good madam

*Hel* Madam, my lord is gone for ever gone

*2nd Lord* Do not say so

*Count* Think upon patience Pray you gentlemen 50

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief

That the first face of neither, on the start

Can woman me unto t Where is my son, I pray  
you?

*2nd Lord* Madam, he is gone to serve the duke  
of Florence

We met him thitherward, for thence we  
came,

And after some dispatch in hand at court,  
Thither we bend again

*Hel* Look on his letter madam, here's my  
passport

*[Reads]* 'When thou canst get the ring upon my  
finger which never shall come off and show me  
a child begotten of thy body that I am father to  
then call me husband, but in such a then I write  
a never'

This is a dreadful sentence

*Count* Brought you this letter gentlemen?

*1st Lord* Ay madam  
And for the contents sake are sorry for our  
pains

*Count* I prithee lady have a better cheer

If thou en-rosset all the griefs are thine

Thou robbst me of a moiety He was my son

Ik I do wash his name out of my blood 70  
And thou art all my child Towards Florence is  
he

*2nd Lord* Ay, madam

*Count* And to be a soldier?

*2nd Lord* Such is his noble purpose and be  
lieve it

The Duke will lay upon him all the honour

The good convenience claims

*Count* Return you thither

*1st Lord* Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of  
speed

*Hel* *[Reads]* "Till I have no wife I have nothing  
in France"

'Tis bitter

*Count* Find you that there?

*Hel* Ay, madam

*1st Lord* 'Tis but the boldness of his hand hap-  
py which his heart was not consenting to 80

*Count* Nothing in France until he have no wife!

There is nothing here that is too good for him

But only she, and she deserves a lord

That twenty such rude boys might tend upon

And call her hourly mistress Who was with  
him?

*1st Lord* A servant only and a gentleman

Which I have sometime known

*Count* Parolles was it not?

*1st Lord* Ay, my good lady he

*Count* A very tainted fellow, and full of wicked-  
edness

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90  
With his inducement

*1st Lord* Indeed good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much

Which holds him much to have

*Count* You're welcome, gentlemen

I will entreat you when you see my son,

To tell him that his sword can never win

The honour that he loses More I'll entreat you

Written to bear along

*2nd Lord* We serve you madam,

In that and all your worthiest affairs

*Count* Not so but as we change our cour-  
tesies 100

Will you draw near?

*[Exeunt COUNTESS and the TWO LORDS]*

*Hel* 'Till I have no wife I have nothing in  
France'

Nothing in France until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none Rousillon none in France,

Then hast thou all again Poor lord! is it I

That chase thee from thy country and expose

Those tender limbs of thine to the event

Of the none sparing war? and is it I

That drive thee from the sportive court where  
thou

Wast shot at with fair eyes to be the mark 110

Of smoky muskets O you leaden messengers

That ride upon the violent speed of fire

I have with false aim move the still peering air

That sings with piercing do not touch my lord

Whoever shoots a hum I set him there

Whoever charges on his forward breast

I am the cause that do hold him to t

And, though I kill him not I am the cause

His death was so effected Better were  
I met the ray in lion when he roar'd 120  
With sharp constraint of hunger better were  
That all the miseries which nature owes  
Were mine at once No come thou home Rou-  
sillon  
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar  
As oft it loses all I will be gone  
My being here it is that holds thee hence  
Shall I stay here to do it? no no although  
The air of paradise did fan the house  
And angels officed all I will be gone  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight 130  
To console thine ear Come night end day  
For with the dark poor thief I'll steal away

[Exit]

SCENE III Florence before the Duke's palace

*Flourish Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, BERTRAM  
PAROLLES, Soldiers Drum and Trumpets*

Duke The general of our horse thou art and  
we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune

Ber Sir it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet  
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake  
To the extreme edge of hazard

Duke Then go thou forth  
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber This very day  
Great Mars I put my self into thy file  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum hater of love [Exeunt 11]

SCENE IV Rousillon the Count's palace

*Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD*

Count Alas! and would you take the letter of  
her?

Might you not know she would do as she has  
done

By sending me a letter? Read it again

Stew. [Reads]

I am Saint Jaques pilgrim, thither gone  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With sainted vow my faults to have amended  
Write write, that from the bloody course of  
war

My dearest master your dear son, may he  
Bless him at home in peace whilst I from far 10  
His name with zealous service sanctify  
His taken labours bid him me forgive  
I his despicable Juno sent him forth  
From courtly friends with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dogs the heels of  
worth

He is too good and fair for Death and me  
Whom I my self embrace to set him free  
Count Ah what sharp strings are in her duldest  
words!

Rinaldo you did never lack advice so much,  
As letting her pass so Had I spoke with her 20  
I could have well diverted her intents  
Which thus she hath prevented

Stew. Pardon me, madam  
If I had given you this at over night  
She might have been married and yet she  
writes

Pursuit would be but vain

Count What angel shall  
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,  
Unless her prayers whom heaven delights to  
hear

And loves to grant relieve him from the wrath  
Of greatest justice Write, write, Rinaldo  
To this unworthy husband of his wife 30

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth  
That he does weigh too light My greatest grief  
Though little he do feel it set down sharply

Dispatch the most convenient messenger  
When haply he shall hear that she is gone

He will return and hope I may that she  
Hearing so much will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love Which of them both  
Is dearest to me I have no skill in sense

To make distinction Provide this messenger 40  
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak

Grief would have tears and sorrow bids me  
speak [Exeunt 12]

SCENE V Florence without the walls at  
tucket afar off

*Enter an old WIDOW of Florence DIANA VIOLENTA,  
and MARIANA with other Citizens*

Widow Nay come for if they do approach the  
city we shall lose all the sight

Dia They say the French Count has done most  
honourable service

Wid It is reported that he has taken their great  
est commander and that with his own hand he  
slew the Duke's brother [Tucket] We have lost  
our labour they are gone a contrary way Mark!  
you may know by their trumpets 1

Mari Come let's return again, and suffice our-  
selves with the report of it Well Diana take  
heed of this French earl The honour of a maid is  
her name and no legacy is so rich as honesty

Wid I have told my neighbour how you have  
been solicited by a gentleman his companion

Mari I know that knave hang him one Parol-

les, a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl Beware of them, Diana, their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under Many a maid hath been seduced by them, and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them I hope I need not to advise you further but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost

*Dia* You shall not need to fear me

*Wid* I hope so

*Enter HELENA, disguised like a Pilgrim*

Look here comes a pilgrim I know she will lie at my house, thither they send one another I'll question her God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

*Hel* To Saint Jaques le Grand

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid* At the Saint Francis here beside the port

*Hel* Is this the way? 40

*Wid* Ay, marry, is't

*A march afar*

Hark you! they come this way

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,  
But till the troops come by,  
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged,  
The rather, for I think I know your hostess  
As ample as my self

*Hel* Is it yourself?

*Wid* If you shall please so pilgrim

*Hel* I thank you and will stay upon your leisure

*Wid* You came, I think from France?

*Hel* I did so

*Wid* Here you shall see a countryman of yours  
That has done worthy service 51

*Hel* His name I pray you

*Dia* The Count Rousillon know you such a one?

*Hel* But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him

His face I know not

*Dia* Whatsome'er he is,

He's bravely taken here He stole from France

As 'tis reported for the kin, had married him

As 'tis his liking Think you it is so?

*Hel* Ay, surely, mere the truth I know his lady

*Dia* There is a gentleman that craves the Count's reports but curiously of her

*Hel* What's his name? 60

*Dia* Monsieur Parolles

*Hel* O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise or to the worth  
Of the great Count himself, she is too mean  
To have her name repeated All her deserving  
Is a reserved honesty, and that  
I have not heard examined

*Dia* Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife  
Of a detesting lord

*Wid* I warrant, good creature, wheresoe'er she is

Her heart weighs sadly This young maid might  
do her 70

A shrewd turn, if she pleased

*Hel* How do you mean?

May be the amorous Count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose

*Wid* He does indeed,  
And brokes with all that can in such a suit  
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid

But she is arm'd for him and keeps her guard

In honestest defence

*Mar* The gods forbid else!

*Wid* So, now they come

*Drum and Colours*

*Enter BERTRAM PAROLLES and the whole army*

That is Antonio, the Duke's eldest son,

That, Escalus

*Hel* Which is the Frenchman?

*Dia* He 80

That with the plume 'Tis a most gallant fellow  
I would he loved his wife If he were honest  
He were much goodlier Is't not a handsome  
gentleman?

*Hel* I like him well

*Dia* 'Tis pity he is not honest Yond's that same  
knav

That leads him to these places Were I his lady,  
I would poison that vile rascal

*Hel* Which is he?

*Dia* That jack-an-apes with scarfs Why is he  
melancholy?

*Hel* Perchance he's hurt in the battle 90

*Mar* Lose our drum! well

*Mar* He's shrewdly vexed at something Look  
he has spied us

*Wid* Marry hang you!

*Mar* And your courtsey, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exit BERTRAM PAROLLES and army*]

*Wid* The troop is past Come pilgrim I will  
bring you

Where you shall find out Ofenyo and penitents  
There's six or five to great Saint Jaques bound  
Already at my house

*Hel* I humbly thank you  
Please it this matron and this gentle maid 100  
To eat with us to-night the charge and thankings  
Shall be for me and to requite you further  
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin  
Worthy the note

*Both* We'll take your offer kindly  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Camp before Florence*

*Enter BERTRAM and the TWO FRENCH LORDS*

*2nd Lord* Nay good my lord put him to't let him have his way

*1st Lord* If your lordship find him not a hiding hold me no more in your respect

*2nd Lord* On my life my lord a bubble

*Ber* Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

*1st Lord* Believe it my lord in mine own direct knowledge without any malice but to speak of him as my kinsman he's a most notable coward an infinite and endless liar an hourly promise breaker the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment

*1st Lord* It were fit you knew him lest reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not he might at some great and trusty business in a main danger fail you

*Ber* I would I knew in what particular action to try him 19

*1st Lord* None better than to let him fetch off his drum which you hear him so confidently undertake to do

*2nd Lord* I with a troop of Florentines will suddenly surprise him such I will have whom I am sure he knows not from the enemy We'll bind and hoodwink him so that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaquer of the adversary when we bring him to our own tents Be but your lordship present at his examination If he do not for the promise of his life and in the hottest compulsion of base fear offer to betray you and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you and that with the divine fork of his soul upon oath never trust my judgment in anything

*1st Lord* O for the love of laughter let him fetch his drum he says he has a stratagem for't When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted if you give him not John Drum's entertainment your inclining cannot be removed Here he comes

*ENTER PAROLIES*

*2nd Lord* [Aside to BERTRAM] O for the love of laughter hinder not the honour of his design Let

him fetch off his drum in any hand

*Ber* How now monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition

*1st Lord* A pox on't let it go 'tis but a drum 49

*Par* But a drum 'tis but a drum? A drum so lost! There was excellent command—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings and to rend our own soldiers!

*1st Lord* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service It was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented if he had been there to command

*Ber* Well we cannot greatly condemn our success Some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum but it is not to be recovered 60

*Par* It might have been recovered

*Ber* It might but it is not now

*Par* It is to be recovered but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer I would have that drum or another or *huguet*

*Ber* Why if you have a stomach to't monsieur if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter be magnanimous in the enterprise and go on I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit If you speed well in't the Duke shall both speak of it and extend to you what further becomes his greatness even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness

*Par* By the hand of a soldier I will undertake it

*Ber* But you must not now slumber in't

*Par* I'll about it this evening and I will presently pen down my dilemmas encourage myself in my certainty put myself into my mortal preparation and by midnight look to hear further from me

*Ber* May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you are gone about it?

*Par* I know not what the success will be my lord but the attempt I vow

*Ber* I know thou art valiant and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee Farewell 90

*Par* I love not many words [Exit]

*2nd Lord* No more than a fish loves water Is not this a strange fellow my lord that so confidently seems to undertake this business which he knows is not to be done damns himself to do and dares better be damned than to do it?

*1st Lord* You do not know him my lord as we do Certain it is that he will steal himself into a man's favour and for a week escape a great deal of discourses but when you find him out you have him ever after 101

*Ber* Why do you think he will make no deed

at all of this that so seriously he does address himself unto?

*2nd Lord* None in the world, but return with an invention and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him: you shall see his fall to night, for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect. 109

*1st Lord* We'll make you some sport with the fox ere we ease him. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafew. When his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him: which you shall see this very night.

*2nd Lord* I must go look my twigs. He shall be caught.

*Ber* Your brother he shall go along with me.

*2nd Lord* As it please your lordship, I'll leave you. [Exit]

*Ber* Now will I lead you to the house, and show you.

The lass I spoke of.

*1st Lord* But you say she's honest.

*Ber* That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once. 120

And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her,

By this same cockcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters which she did re-send.

And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature. Will you go see her?

*1st Lord* With all my heart, my lord. [Exeunt]

SCENE VII Florence the Widow's house

Enter HELENA and WIDOW

*Hel* If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

*Wid* Though my estate be fallen, I was well born.

Nothing acquainted with these businesses And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

*Hel* Nor would I wish you first give me trust: the Count he is my husband.

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word: and then you cannot by the good aid that I of you shall borrow. 11

*Wid* I should believe you for you have show'd me that which well approves.

You regret in fortune.

*Hel* Take this piece of gold And let me buy your friendly help thus far. Which I will ever pay and pay again.

When I have found it. The Count he wooes your daughter.

Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolved to carry her. Let her in fine consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. 20

Now his important blood will nought deny That she'll demand. A ring the County wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house From son to son: some four or five descents Since the first father wore it. This ring he holds In most rich choice, y'e in his idle fire To buy his will: it would not seem too dear, How'er repented after.

*Wid* Now I see The bottom of your purpose. 29

*Hel* You see it lawful then. It is no more. But that your daughter ere she seems as won, Desires this ring: appoints him an encounter, In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent. After this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

*Wid* I have yielded. I instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place with this deceit so lawful May prove coherent. Every night he comes With musics of all sorts and songs composed. 40 To her unworthiness. It nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves: for he persists As if his life lay on't.

*Hel* Why then to-night Let us assay our plot, which if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed And lawful meaning in a lawful act. Where both not sin: and yet a sinful fact. But let's about it. [Exeunt]

## ACT IV

SCENE I Without the Florentine camp

Enter SECOND FRENCH LORD with five or six of her SOLDIERS in ambush

*2nd Lord* He can come no other way, but by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon him speak what terrible language you will. Though you understand it not yourselves: no matter for we must not seem to understand him: unless some one among us whom we must produce for an interpreter.

*1st Sld* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

*2nd Lord* Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice? 11

*1st Sld* No sir, I warrant you.

*2nd Lord* For what live ye woolsey have thou to speak to us? 12



*1st Sold* E'en such as you speak to me  
*nd Lord* He must think us some band of  
 strangers: the adversary's entertainment. Now  
 he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages  
 therefore we must every one be a man of his own  
 fancy, not to know what we speak one to another  
 so we seem to know, is to know straight our pur-  
 pose: choughs language gabble enough and good  
 enough. As for you interpreter, you must seem  
 very politic. But cough! ho! here he comes to  
 beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return  
 and swear the lies he forges.

*Enter PAROLLES*

*Par* Ten o'clock within these three hours  
 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I  
 say I have done? It must be a very plausible in-  
 vention that carries it. They begin to smoke  
 me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often  
 at my door. I find my tongue is too foolhardy,  
 but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it,  
 and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my  
 tongue.

*2nd Lord* [*Aside in ambush*] This is the first  
 truth that e'er thine own tongue is as guilty of.

*Par* What the devil should move me to under-  
 take the recovery of this drum, being not igno-  
 rant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no  
 such purpose? I must give myself some hurts,  
 and say I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will  
 not carry it: they will say, Came you off with  
 so little? and great ones I dare not give. Where-  
 fore, what's the instance? Tongue, I must put  
 you into a butter woman's mouth, and buy my-  
 self another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me  
 into these perils.

*2nd Lord* Is it possible he should know what  
 he is, and be that he is? 49

*Par* I would the cutting of my garments would  
 serve the turn, or the breaking of my Spanish  
 sword.

*nd Lord* We cannot afford you so.

*Par* Or the barrow of my beard, and to say it  
 was in stratagem.

*2nd Lord* I would not do.

*Par* Or to drown my clothes, and say I was  
 stripped.

*2nd Lord* Hardly serve.

*Par* Though I swore I leaped from the window  
 of the citadel— 61

*nd Lord* How deep?

*Par* Thirty fathom.

*2nd Lord* Three great oaths would scarce make  
 that be believed.

*Par* I would I had any drum of the enemy's. I  
 would swear I recovered it.

*nd Lord* You shall hear one anon.  
*Par* A drum now of the enemy's—

[*Alarm within*]

*2nd Lord* *Thro' a mor'ous cargo cargo cargo 71*  
*All Cargo cargo cargo willow's par corbo*  
*cargo*

*Par* O ransom, ransom! do not hide mine eyes.  
*They seize and blindfold him*

*1st Sold* *Boskos thrown to boskos*

*Par* I know you are the Maskos recruit,  
 And I shall lose my life for want of language.  
 If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,  
 Italian, or French, let him speak to me. I'll  
 discover that which shall undo the Florentine. So.  
*1st Sold* *Boskos carries to* I understand thee, and  
 can speak thy tongue. *Kerrylybonto*, sir, betake  
 thee to thy faith, for seventeen pontarls are at  
 thy bosom.

*Par* O!

*1st Sold* O pray, pray, pray! *Manka re'ma*  
*dulche*

*nd Lord* *Oscorbudulches volivoreo*

*1st Sold* The general is content to spare thee,  
 yet

And hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on, go  
 To gather from thee. Haply thou may'st inform  
 Someth' to save thy life.

*Par* O let me live!

And all the secrets of our camp I'll show.  
 Their force, their purposes, nay, I'll speak that  
 Which you will wonder at.

*1st Sold* But wilt thou faithfully?

*Par* If I do not, damn me.

*1st Sold* *Acordo linta*

Come on, thou art granted space.

[*Exit with PAROLLES guarded. A short*  
*alarm within*]

*2nd Lord* Go tell the Count Rousillon, and  
 my brother.

We have caught the woodcock, and will keep  
 him muffled. 100

Till we do hear from them.

*2nd Sold*

*nd Lord* A will betray us all unto ourselves.  
 Inform on that.

*2nd Sold* So I will sir.

*2nd Lord* Till then I'll keep him dark, and  
 safely lock'd. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. Florence, the Visconti's house.

*Enter BERTRAM and DIANA*

*Ber* They told me that your name was Forti-  
 bell.

*Dia* No, my good lord, Diana.

*Ber* Titled goddess,  
 And worth it with addition. But fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,  
You are no maiden but a monument  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now, for you are cold and stern,  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got

*Di* She then was honest

*Be* So should you be

*Di* No

My mother did but duty, such, my lord

As you owe to your wife

*Be* No more o that,

I prithee do not strive against my vows  
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service

*Di* Ay, so you serve us

Till we serve you but when you have our roses

You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves

And mock us with our bareness

*Be* How have I sworn! 20

*Di* 'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true

What is not holy, that we swear not by,

But take the High'st to witness Then pray you, tell me,

If I should swear by God's great attributes,

I loved you dearly, would you believe my oaths

When I did love you ill? This has no holding,

To swear by him whom I protest to love,

That I will work against him, therefore your oaths

Are words and poor conditions but unscal'd, 30

At least in my opinion

*Be* Change it, change it

Be not so holy-cruel Love is holy,

And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts

That you do charge men with Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,

Who then recover Say thou art mine and ever

My love as it begins shall so perceiver

*Di* I see that men make ropes in such a scarce

That we'll forsake ourselves Give me that ring

*Be* I'll lend it thee my dear but have no

power 40

To give it from me

*Di* Will you no, my lord

*Be* It is an honour bring to our house

Perpetual down from many ancestors

Which were the greatest obloquy the world

brings to thee

*Di* Mine honour's such a ring

My dear's the jewel of our house

Imparted down from many ancestors

Which were the greatest obloquy to the world  
In me to lose Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion Honour on my part, 50  
Against your vain assault

*Be* Here, take my ring  
My house mine honour, yea, my life be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee

*Di* When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window

I'll order take my mother shall not hear

Now will I charge you in the band of truth

When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,

Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me

My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd, 60

And on your finger in the night I'll put

Another ring, that what in time proceeds

May token to the future our past deeds

Adieu, till then, then, fail not You have won

A wife of me though there my hope be done

*Be* A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee [Exit

*Di* For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end

My mother told me just how he would woo

As if she sat in's heart, she says all men 70

Have the like oaths He had sworn to marry me

When his wife's dead, therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried Since Frenchmen are so braid

Marry that will I live and die a maid

Only in this disguise I think it no sin

To cozen him that would unjustly win [Exit

### SCENE III The Florentine camp

Enter the TWO FRENCH LORDS and some two or three SOLDIERS

*1st Lord* You have not given him his mother's letter?

*2nd Lord* I have deliver'd it an hour since  
There is something in it that stings his nature for  
on the reading it he changed almost into another man

*1st Lord* He has much worthy blame laid upon  
him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady 9

*2nd Lord* Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King who had even  
tuned his bow to sing happiness to him I will  
tell you a thing but you shall let it dwell darkly  
with you

*1st Lord* When you have spoken it's dead,  
and I am the grave of it

*2nd Lord* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste re-

noun and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour. He hath given her his monumental ring and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

*1st Lord* Now God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves what things are we!

*2nd Lord* Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons we still see them reveal themselves till they attain to their abhorred ends so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

*1st Lord* Is it not meant damnable in us to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

*2nd Lord* Not till after midnight for he is diered to his hour.

*1st Lord* That approaches apace I would gladly have him see his company anatomized that he might take a measure of his own judgments wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

*2nd Lord* We will not meddle with him till he come for his presence must be the whip of the other.

*1st Lord* In the mean time what hear you of these wars?

*2nd Lord* I hear there is an overture of peace.

*1st Lord* Nay I assure you a peace concluded.

*2nd Lord* What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher or return again into France?

*1st Lord* I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

*2nd Lord* Let it be forbid, sir so should I be a great deal of his act.

*1st Lord* Sir his wife some two months since fled from his house. Her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jacques le Grand which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished and there residing the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief in fine made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

*2nd Lord* How is this justified?

*1st Lord* The stronger part of it by her own letters which makes her story true even to the point of her death. Her death itself which could not be her office to say is come was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

*2nd Lord* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

*1st Lord* Ay and the particular confirmations point from point to the full arming of the verity.

*2nd Lord* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

*1st Lord* How mightily sometimes we make

us comforts of our losses!

*2nd Lord* And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

*1st Lord* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

*Enter a MESSENGER*

How now! where's your master?

*Mess* He met the Duke in the street sir of whom he hath taken a solemn leave. His lordship will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the King.

*2nd Lord* They shall be no more than needful there if they were more than they can commend.

*1st Lord* They cannot be too sweet for the King's tartness. Here's his lordship now.

*Enter BERTRAM*

How now my lord! is it not after midnight?

*Ber* I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses a month's length a piece by an abstract of success. I have congied with the Duke done my adieu with his nearest buried a wife mourned for her writ to my lady mother I am returning entertained my convoy and between these main parcels of dispatch effected many nicer needs. The last was the greatest but that I have not ended yet.

*2nd Lord* If the business be of any difficulty and this morning your departure hence it requires haste of your lordship.

*Ber* I mean the business is not ended as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come bring forth this counterfeit module has deceived me like a double meaning prophet.

*2nd Lord* Bring him forth. Has sat the stocks all night poor gallant knave.

*Ber* No matter his heels have deserved it in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

*2nd Lord* I have told your lordship already the stocks carry him. But to answer you as you would be understood he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morzan, whom he supposes to be a friar from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting the stocks and what thank you he hath confessed?

*Ber* Nothing of me has a?

*And Lord* His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face. If your lordship be in it, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

*Enter PAROLLES guarded and FIRST SOLDIER*

*Ber* A plague upon him! muffled! he can say nothing of me. Hush, hush!

*1st Lord* Hoodman comes! *Portotartarosa*

*1st Sold* He calls for the tortures. What will you say without em?

*Par* I will confess what I know without constraint. If ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

*1st Sold* *Bosko chimureho*

*1st Lord* *Boblibindo chucurmurco*

*1st Sold* You are a merciful general. Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

*Par* And truly, as I hope to live.

*1st Sold* [Reads] "First demand of him how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that?" 150

*Par* Five or six thousand, but very weak and unserviceable. The troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues upon my reputation and credit and as I hope to live.

*1st Sold* Shall I set down your answer so?

*Par* Do. I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

*Ber* All's one to him. What a past saving slave is this! 159

*1st Lord* You're deceived, my lord, this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist—that was his own phrase—that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

*2nd Lord* I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

*1st Sold* Well, that's set down. 169

*Par* Five or six thousand horse. I said—I will say true—or thereabouts, set down for I'll speak truth.

*1st Lord* He's very near the truth in this.

*Ber* But I can hum no thanks for't in the nature he'd live it.

*1st Lord* Poor rogues, I pray you say.

*1st Sold* Well, that's set down.

*Par* Humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor. 179

*1st Lord* [He is] Demand of him of what

trough they are a fool. What say you to that?

*Par* By my troth, sir, if I were to live this prison here, I will tell true. Let me see. *Spirito* a hundred and fifty. *Schias* 127, so many. *Coran*

bus, so many, Jaques so many, Guiltian, Cosmo Lodowiel, and Gratiu two hundred and fifty each, mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentiu, two hundred and fifty each, so that the muster file rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll, half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks lest they shake themselves to pieces.

*Ber* What shall be done to him?

*1st Lord* Nothing but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the Duke.

*1st Sold* Well, that's set down. [Reads] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be 't the camp, a Frenchman, what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honesty and expertness in wars or whether he thinks it were not possible with well weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?"

*Par* I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them singly.

*1st Sold* Do you know this Captain Dumain? 180

*Par* I know him. A' was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

*FIRST LORD raises his hand as if to strike him*

*Ber* Nay, by your leave, hold your hands though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

*1st Sold* Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 219

*Par* Upon my knowledge he is and lousy.

*1st Lord* Nay, look not so upon me. We shall hear of your lordship anon.

*1st Sold* What is his reputation with the Duke?

*Par* The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine and writ to me this other day to turn him out on the band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

*1st Sold* Marry, we'll search. 229

*Par* In good sadness I do not know either it is there or it is upon a file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

*1st Sold* Here 'tis, here's a paper. Shall I read it to you?

*Par* I do not know if it be it or no.

*Ber* Our interpreter does it well.

*1st Lord* Excellently.

*1st Sold* [Reads] Dian, the Count's a fool and full of gold—

*Par* That is not the Duke's letter, sir, that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Romillon, a foolish idle boy, for all

that very ruttish I pray you sir put it up again  
*1st Sold* Nay I'll read it first by your favour  
 Par My meaning in't I protest was very  
 honest in the behalf of the maid for I knew the  
 young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious  
 boy who is a whale to virginity and devours up  
 all the fry it finds 250

*Ber* Damnable both sales rogue!

*1st Sold* [Reads] When he swears oaths bid  
 him drop gold and take it

After he score he never pays the score  
 Half won is match well made match and well  
 make it

He ne'er pays after-debts take it before  
 And say a soldier Dian told thee thus  
 Men are to mell with boys are not to kiss  
 For count of this the Count's a fool I know it  
 Who pays before but not when he does it we it  
 Thine as he vowed to thee in thine ear 260

*Parolles*

*Ber* He shall be whipped through the army  
 with this rhyme in in's torchhead

*2nd Lord* This is your devoted friend sir the  
 manifold linguist and the omnipotent soldier

*Ber* I could enlure anything before but a cat  
 and now he's a cat to me

*1st Sold* I perceive sir by the general's looks  
 we shall be fain to hang you 269

*Par* My life sir in any case Not that I am  
 afraid to die but that my offences being many  
 I would repent out the remainder of nature Let  
 me live sir in a dungeon in the stocks or any  
 where so I may live

*1st Sold* Will see what may be done so you  
 confess freely therefore once more to this Cap-  
 tain Dumain You have answered to his reputa-  
 tion with the Duke and to his valour What is  
 his honesty? 29

*Par* He will steal sir an egg out of a cloister  
 for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus  
 he professes not keeping of oaths in breaking  
 em he is stronger than Hercules he will lie sir  
 with such volubility that you would think truth  
 were a fool drunkenness is his best virtue for he  
 will be swine-drunk and in his sleep he does  
 little harm save to his bed-clothes about him  
 but they know his conditions and lay him in  
 straw I have but little more to say sir of his  
 honesty He has everything that an honest man  
 should not have what an honest man should have  
 he has nothing

*1st Lord* I begin to love him for this

*Ber* For this description of thine honesty?

A pox upon him for me he's more and more a cat

*1st Sold* What say you to his expertness in  
 war?

*Par* Faith sir has led the drum before the  
 English tragedians to belie him I will not and  
 more of his soldiership I know not except in  
 that country he had the honour to be the officer  
 at a place there called Mile-end to instruct sir  
 the doubling of files I would do the man what  
 honour I can but of this I am not certain

*1st Lord* He hath out villain'd villainy so far  
 that the rarity redeems him

*Ber* A pox on him he's a cat still

*1st Sold* His qualities being at this poor price  
 I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to  
 revolt 310

*Par* Sir for a *quart d'oru* he will sell the fee  
 simple of his salvation the inheritance of it and  
 cut the entail from all remainders and a per-  
 petual succession for it perpetually

*1st Sold* What's his brother the other Captain  
 Dumain?

*2nd Lord* Why does he ask him of me?

*1st Sold* What's he?

*Par* Even a crow to the same nest not altogether  
 so great as the first in goodness but greater a  
 great deal in evil He excels his brother for a  
 coward yet his brother is reputed one of the  
 best that is in a retreat he outruns any lackey  
 marry in coming on he has the cramp

*1st Sold* If your life be saved will you under-  
 take to betray the Florentine?

*Par* Ay and the captain of his horse Count  
 Rousillon

*1st Sold* I'll whisper with the general and know  
 his pleasure 330

*Par* [Aside] I'll no more drumming a plume  
 of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well and  
 to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young  
 boy the Count have I run into this danger yet  
 who would have suspected an ambush where I  
 was taken?

*1st Sold* There is no remedy sir but you must  
 die The general says you that have so traitor-  
 ously discovered the secrets of your army and  
 made such pestiferous reports of men very  
 nobly held can serve the world for no honest use  
 therefore you must die Come headsman off  
 with his head!

*Par* O Lord sir let me live or let me see my  
 death

*1st Sold* That shall you and take your leave  
 of all your friends [Unblim'ing him]

So look about you know you are here?

*Ber* Good morrow not he captain 349

*2nd Lord* God bless you Captain Parolles

*1st Lord* God save you noble captain

*2nd Lord* Captain what greeting will you to  
 my Lord Lascu? I am for France

*1st Lord* Good captain will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you but fare you well

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM and LORDS

*1st Sold* You are undone, captain, all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet 359

*Par* Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

*1st Sold* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation Fare ye well, sir, I am for France too We shall speak of you there

[*Exit with* SOLDIERS

*Par* Yet am I thankful If my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this Captain I'll be no more, But I will eat and drink and sleep as soft As captain shall Simply the thing I am Shall make me live Who knows himself a braggart, 370

Let him fear this, for it will come to pass That every braggart shall be found an ass Rust, sword! cool blushes! and, Parolles live Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive! There's place and means for every man alive I'll after them [*Exit*

SCENE IV Florence the Widow's house

[*Enter* HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA

*Hel* That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety, 'fore whose throne 'tis needful

Let I can perfect mine intents, to kneel Time was I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life which gratitude Through stinky Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks I duly am inform'd His Grace is at Marcellus, to which place We have convenient convey You must know I am supposed dead The army breaking 11 My husband hies him home where heaven aid

And by the leave of me, good lord the king, We'll be before our welcome

*Hel* Gentle madam You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome

*Hel* Nor you mistress I've a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love Doubt not but heaven Will bring me up to be your daughter's dowry And his other to be my marriage 10 And his other to be my marriage

That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night So lust doth play With what it loathes for that which is away But more of this hereafter You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf

*Dia* Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer

*Hel* Yet, I pray you 30 But with the word the time will bring on summer

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp We must away, Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us All's well that ends well Still the fine's the crown

Whate'er the course, the end is the renown

[*Exeunt*

SCENE V Rousillon the Count's palace

[*Enter* COUNTESS, LAFCU, and CLOWN

*Laf* No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saf-fron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble bee I speak of

*Count* I would I had not known him, it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating If she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love

*Laf* 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb

*Clo* Indeed sir she was the sweet marjoram of the salad or rather the herb of grace

*Laf* They are not herbs you know they are nose herbs 20

*Clo* I am no great Nebuchadnezzar sir I have not much skill in grass

*Laf* Whether dost thou profess thyself a knave or a fool

*Clo* A fool sir at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's

*Laf* Your distinction

*Clo* I would cozen the man of his wife and do his service

*Laf* So you were a knave at his service in deed? 31

*Clo* And I would give his wife my husband, sir, and do service

*Laf* I will subscribe for thee thou art both knave and fool

*Clo* At your service

*Laf* No no no

*Clo* Why sir if I cannot serve you I can serve as great a prince as you are

*Laf* Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

*Clo* Faith sir a has an English name but his fisonomy is more hotter in France than there

*Laf* What prince is that?

*Clo* The Black Prince sir alias the Prince of Darkness alias the devil

*Laf* Hold thee there's my purse I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of serve him still

*Clo* I am a woodland fellow sir that always loved a great fire and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire But sure he is the prince of the world let his nobility remain in's court I am for the house with the narrow gate which I take to be too little for pomp to enter Some that humble themselves may but the many will be too chill and tender and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire

*Laf* Go thy ways I begin to be awary of thee and I tell thee so before because I would not fall out with thee Go thy ways Let my horses be well looked to without any tricks

*Clo* If I put any tricks upon em sir they shall be jades tricks which are their own right by the law of nature [Exit]

*Laf* A shrewd knave and an unhappy

*Count* So he is My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him By his authority he remains here which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness and indeed he has no pace but runs where he will 71

*Laf* I like him well tis not amiss And I was about to tell you since I heard of the good lady's death and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter which, in the minority of them both, his Majesty out of a self-gracious remembrance did first propose His Highness hath promised me to do it and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter How does your ladyship like it?

*Count* With very much content my lord and I wish it happily effected

*Laf* His Highness comes post from Marseilles of as able body as when he numbered thirty He will be here to-morrow or I am deceived by him that in such intell'gence hath seldom failed

*Count* It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see

him ere I die I have letters that my son will be here to-night I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together

*Laf* Madam I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted

*Count* You need but plead your honourable privilege

*Laf* Lady of that I have made a bold charter but I thank my God it holds yet

*Re-enter CLOWN*

*Clo* O madam yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face Whether there be a scar under t or no the velvet knows but tis a goodly patch of velvet His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half but his right cheek is worn bare

*Laf* A scar nobly got or a noble scar is a good livery of honour so belike is that

*Clo* But it is your carbonadoed face

*Laf* Let us go see your son I pray you I long to talk with the young noble soldier 109

*Clo* Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats and most courteous feathers which bow the head and nod at every man [Exit]

## ACT V

### SCENE I Marseilles a street

*Enter HELENA WIDOW and DIANA with two Attendants*

*Hel* But this exceeding posting day and night Must wear your spirits low we cannot help it But since you have made the days and nights as one

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs Be bold you do so grow in my requital As nothing can unroot you In happy time

*Enter a GENTLEMAN A STRANGER*

This man may help me to his Majesty's ear If he would spend his power God save you sir

*Gent* And you

*Hel* Sir I have seen you in the court of France.

*Gent* I have been sometimes there 11

*Hel* I do presume sir that you are not fallen From the report that goes upon your goodness And therefore goaded with most sharp occasions Which lay nice manners by I put you to The use of your own virtues for the which I shall continue thankful

*Gent* What's your will?

*Hel* That it will please you To give this poor petition to the king And aid me with that store of power you have 20 To come into his presence

*Gent* The king's not here

*Hel* Not here, sir!  
*Gent* Not, indeed  
 He hence removed last night and with more haste  
 Than is his use

*Wid* Lord, how we lose our pains!  
*Hel* All s well that ends well yet,  
 Though time seem so adverse and means unfit  
 I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

*Gent* Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon,  
 Whither I am going

*Hel* I do beseech you, sir,  
 Since you are like to see the King before me, 30  
 Commend the paper to his gracious hand,  
 Which I presume shall render you no blame  
 But rather make you thank your pains for it  
 I will come after you with what good speed  
 Our means will make us means

*Gent* This I'll do for you  
*Hel* And you shall find yourself to be well  
 thank'd

Whate'er falls more We must to horse again  
 Go, go provide [Exit

SCENE II *Rousillon before the Count's palace*

*Enter CLOWN, and PAROLLES, following*

*Par* Good Monsieur Lavache, give my Lord  
 Lafew this letter I have ere now sir been better  
 known to you when I have held familiarity with  
 fresher clothes, but I am now sir muddled in  
 fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of  
 her strong displeasure

*Cl* Truly fortune's displeasure is but sluttish  
 if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of I will  
 henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering  
*Par* Thee allow the wind

*Par* Nay you need not to stop your nose sir  
 I spake but by a metaphor

*Cl* Indeed sir if your metaphor stink, I will  
 stop my nose or against any man's metaphor  
*Par* Thee get thee further

*Par* Pray you sir deliver me this paper

*Cl* Ioh! prithee stand away A paper from  
 fortune's close stool to give to a nobleman!  
 Look here he comes himself 19

*Enter LAFFU*

Here is a purr of fortune's sir or of fortune's cat  
 —but not a muck-cat—that has fallen into the  
 unclean fishpond of her displeasure and as he  
 says is maddish withal Pray you sir use the  
 cap as you may, for he looks like a poor, de-  
 ceitful ingenious foolish rascally brave I do  
 pity his distress in my similes of cornfor and  
 bunch-metious to distep [Exit

*Par* My lord I am a man when fortune hath  
 made him scratch

*Laf* And what would you have me to do? 'Tis  
 too late to pare her nails now Wherein have  
 you played the knave with fortune, that she  
 would scratch you who of herself is a good lady  
 and would not have knaves thrive long under  
 her? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you Let the  
 justices make you and fortune friends I am for  
 other business

*Par* I beseech your honour to hear me one  
 single word

*Laf* You beg a single penny more Come, you  
 shall have it, save your word 40

*Par* My name my good Lord, is Parolles

*Laf* You beg more than "word," then Cox  
 my passion! give me your hand How does your  
 drum?

*Par* O my good lord, you were the first that  
 found me!

*Laf* Was I in sooth? and I was the first that  
 lost thee

*Par* It lies in you my lord, to bring me in  
 some grace for you did bring me out 50

*Laf* Out upon thee knave! dost thou put upon  
 me at once both the office of God and the devil?  
 One brings thee in grace and the other brings  
 thee out [Trumpets sound] The king's coming,  
 I know by his trumpets Sirrah inquire further  
 after me I had talk of you last night Though  
 you are a fool and a knave you shall eat, go to,  
 follow

*Par* I praise God for you [Exit

SCENE III *Rousillon the Count's palace*

*Flourish Enter KING, COUNTESS LAFFU, the TWO  
 FRENCH LORDS with Attendants*

*King* We lost a jewel of her and our esteem  
 Was made much poorer by it but your son,  
 As mad in folly lack'd the sense to know  
 Her estimation home

*Count* 'Tis past, my liege  
 And I beseech your Majesty to make it  
 Natural rebellion done: the blaze of youth  
 When oil and fire too strong for reason's force  
 O'erbeats it and burns on

*King* My honour'd lady  
 I have forgiven and forgotten all  
 Though my revenges were high bent upon him  
 And watch'd the time to shoo

*Laf* This I must say 11  
 But first I beg my pardon the young lord  
 Did to his Majesty his mother and his lady  
 Offence of mighty note by to himself  
 The greatest wrong of all He to a wife  
 Who he loved as did as on that surer  
 Of richer eyes who's words all ears took cap-  
 tive



Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to  
serve

Humbly call'd mistress

*King* Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear Well call him  
hither 20

We are reconcil'd and the first view shall kill  
All repetition Let him not ask our pardon  
The nature of his great offence is dead  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
The incensing relics of it Let him approach  
A stranger no offender and inform him  
So tis our will he should

*1st Lord* I shall my liege *[Exit]*  
*King* What says he to your daughter? have  
you spoke?

*Laf* All that he is hath reference to your high  
ness

*King* Then shall we have a match I have  
letters sent me 30

That set him high in fame

*Enter BERTRAM*

*Laf* He looks well on't

*King* I am not a day of season,  
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once but to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way so stand thou forth  
The time is fair again

*Ber* My high repented blames  
Dear sovereign pardon to me

*King* All is whole  
Not one word more of the consumed time  
Let's take the instant by the fore and top  
For we are old and on our quick st decrees 40  
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time  
Steals ere we can effect them You remember  
The daughter of this lord?

*Ber* Admiringly my liege at first  
I stuck my choice upon her ere my heart  
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue  
Where the impression of mine eye mixing  
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me  
Which warp'd the line of every other fair our  
Scorn'd a fair colour or express'd it stolen 50  
Extended or contracted all proportions  
To a most hideous object thence it came  
That she whom all men praised and whom my  
self

Since I have lost have loved, was in mine eye  
The dust that did offend it

*King* Well excus'd  
That thou didst love her strikes some scores  
away

From the great compt but love that comes too  
late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried  
To the great sender turns a sour offence  
Crying That's good that's gone Our rash  
faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have  
Not knowing them until we know their grave  
Oft our displeasures to ourselves unjust  
Destroy our friends and after weep their dust  
Our own love waking cries to see what's done  
While shame full late sleeps out the afternoon  
Be this sweet Helen a knell and now forget her  
Send forth your amorous token for fair *Maudlin*  
The main consents are had and here we'll stay  
To see our widow's second marriage day 70  
*Count* Which better than the first O dear  
heaven blest!

Or ere they meet in me, O nature cease!

*Laf* Come on my son in whom my house's  
name

Must be digested give a favour from you  
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter  
That she may quickly come *[BERTRAM gives a  
ring]* By my old beard

And every hair that's on't Helen that's dead  
Was a sweet creature Such a ring as this  
The last that e'er I took her leave at court  
I saw upon her finger

*Ber* Hers it was not 80  
*King* Now pray you let me see it for mine  
eye

While I was speaking oft was fasten'd to't  
This ring was mine and, when I gave it Helen,  
I bade her if her fortunes ever stood  
Necessitated to help that by this token  
I would relieve her Had you that craft to reach  
her

Of what should stead her most?

*Ber* My gracious sovereign  
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so  
The ring was never hers

*Count* Son on my life  
I have seen her wear it and she reckon'd it 90  
At her life's rate

*Laf* I am sure I saw her wear it  
*Ber* You are deceived, my lord she never saw  
it

In Florence was it from a casket thrown me  
Wrapp'd in a paper which contain'd the name  
Of her that threw it Noble she was and thought  
I stood engaged but when I had subscribed  
To mine own fortune and inform'd her fully  
I could not answer in that course of honour  
As she had made the overture she ceased  
In heavy satisfaction and would never  
Receive the ring again 100

*King* *Plutus himself*

That knows the tinct and multiply'ing medicine,  
Hath not in nature's my story more science  
Than I have in this ring 'Twas mine, 'twas  
Helen's

Whoever gave it you Then, if you know  
That you are well acquainted with yourself,  
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforce-  
ment

You got it from her She call'd the saints to  
surety

That she would never put it from her finger,  
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed, 110  
Where you have never come, or sent it us  
Upon her great disaster

Her She never saw it

King Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine  
honour,

And makest conjectural fears to come into me,  
Which I would fain shut out If it should prove  
That thou art so inhuman—'twill not prove so—  
And yet I know not Thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead, which nothing but to close  
Her eyes my self, could win me to believe,  
More than to see this ring Take him away 120

Guards seize BERTRAM

My fore past proofs however the matter fall,  
Shall tax my fears of little vanity  
Having vainly fear'd too little Away with him!  
We'll sift this matter further

Her If you shall prove

This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy  
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,  
Where yet she never was [Exit, guarded  
King I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings

FRITZ A GENTLEMAN

Get GRACIOUS sovereign,  
Whether I have been to blame or no, I know not  
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130  
Who hath for four or five removes come short  
To tender it herself I undertook it  
Vanguish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech  
Of the poor suppliant who by this I know  
Is here attending Her business looks in her  
With an importing visage and she told me,  
In a sweet verbal brief it did concern  
Your Highness with herself

King [Re-As] Upon his many protestations to  
marry me when his wife was dead I blush to say  
I have won me Now is the Count Rousillon a  
witness His vows are forfeited to me and my  
honour is paid to him He stole from Florence  
till he was caught and I follow him to his country  
for justice Grant it me, O king! in you it best  
I seek rather a seducer flourisheth and a poor  
Florentine. Diana Capilet

Laf I will buy me a son in law in a fair, and  
toll for this I'll none of him

King The heavens have thought well on thee,  
Lafeu, 150

To bring forth this discovery Seek these suitors  
Go speedily and bring again the Count  
I am afraid the life of Helen, lady,  
Was foully snatch'd

Count Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM guarded

King I wonder sir, with what eyes are monsters to  
you,

And that you fly them as you swear them lord-  
ship,

Yet you desire to marry

Enter WIDOW and DIANA

What woman's that?

Dia I am my lord, a wretched Florentine,  
Derived from the ancient Capilet  
My suit, as I do understand you know, 160  
And therefore know how far I may be pitted

King If I am her mother, sir, whose age and  
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring,  
And both shall cease, without your remedy  
King Come hither, Count, do you know these  
women?

Her My lord I neither can nor will deny  
But that I know them Do they charge me fur-  
ther?

Dia Why do you look so strange upon your  
wife?

Her She's none of mine, my lord

Dia If you shall marry,  
You give away this hand and that in mine 170  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are  
mine

You give away myself which is known mine,  
For I by vow am so embodied yours,  
That she which marries you must marry me,  
Either both or none

Laf Your reputation comes too short for my  
daughter, you are no husband for her

Her My lord this is a fond and desperate crea-  
ture

Whom sometime I have laugh'd with Let your  
Highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 180  
Than for to think that I would sink it here

King Sir for my thought, you have them all to  
frisk

Till your deeds' gain them fairer prove your  
honour

Than my thought it lies

*Du* Good my lord  
Ask him upon his oath if he does think  
He had not my virginity

*King* What say'st thou to her?

*Ber* She's impudent my lord  
And was a common gamester to the camp

*Du* He does me wrong my lord if I were so  
He might have bought me at a common price  
Do not believe him O behold this ring  
Whose high respect and rich validity  
Did lack a parallel yet for all that  
He gave it to a commoner o the camp  
If I be one

*Court* He blushes and tis it  
Of six preceding ancestors that gem  
Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue  
Hath it been owed and worn This is his wife  
That ring's a thousand proofs

*King* Methought you said  
You saw one here in court could witness it 200

*Du* I did my lord but loath am to produce  
So bad an instrument His name's Parolles

*Laf* I saw the man to-day if man he be

*King* Find him and bring him hither

[Exit an Attendant]  
*Ber* What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave  
With all the spots in the world tax'd and de-  
bosh'd

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth  
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter  
That will speak anything?

*King* She hath that ring of yours

*Ber* I think she has Certain it is I liked her  
And boarded her the wanton way of youth 211  
She knew her distance and did angle for me  
Madding my earnestness with her restraint  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy and in fine  
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace  
Subdued me to her rate She got the ring  
And I had that which any inferior might  
At market price have bought

*Du* I must be patient  
You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife 20  
May justly diet me I pray you yet  
Since you lack virtue I will lose a husband  
Send for your ring I will return it home,  
And give me mine again

*Ber* I have it not

*King* What ring was yours I pray you?

*Du* Sir much like

The same upon your finger

*King* Know you this ring? this ring was his of  
late

*Du* And this was it I gave him, being abroad

*King* The story then goes false, you threw it  
him

Out of a casement

*Du* I have spoke the truth. 230

Enter PAROLLES

*Ber* My lord I do confess the ring was hers

*King* You boggle shrewdly every feather  
starts you

Is this the man you speak of?

*Du* Ay my lord

*King* Tell me sirrah but tell me true, I charge  
you

Not fearing the displeasure of your master

Which on your just proceeding I'll keep off

By him and by this woman here what know you?

*Par* So please your Majesty my master hath  
been an honourable gentleman Tricks he hath  
had in him which gentlemen have 240

*King* Come come to the purpose Did he love  
this woman?

*Par* Faith sir he did love her but how?

*King* How I pray you?

*Par* He did love her sir as a gentleman loves a  
woman

*King* How is that?

*Par* He loved her sir and lov'd her not

*King* As thou art a knave and no knave What  
an equivocal companion is this? 250

*Par* I am a poor man and at your Majesty's  
command

*Laf* He's a good drum my lord but a naughty  
orator

*Du* Do you know he promised me marriage?

*Par* Faith I know more than I'll speak

*King* But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

*Par* Yes so please your Majesty I did go be-  
tween them as I said but more than that he  
lov'd her for indeed he was mad for her and  
talk'd of Satan and of Limbo and of Furies and I  
know not what yet I was in that credit with  
them at that time that I knew of their going to  
bed and of other motions as promising her mar-  
riage and things which would derive me ill will  
to speak of therefore I will not speak what I  
know

*King* Thou hast spoken all already unless thou  
canst say they are married but thou art too fine  
in thy evidence therefore stand aside 260  
This ring you say was yours?

*Du* Ay my good lord

*King* Where did you buy it? or who gave it  
you?

*Du* It was not given me nor I did not buy it

*King* Who lent it you?

*Du* It was not lent me neither

*King* Where did you find it, then?  
*Du* I found it not  
*King* If it were yours by none of all these ways  
 how could you give it him?

*Du* I never gave it him  
*Laf* This woman's an easy glove, my lord, she  
 goes off and on at pleasure

*King* This ring was mine, I gave it his first  
 wife 280

*Du* It might be yours or hers for aught I know  
*King* Take her away, I do not like her now,  
 To prison with her, and away with him  
 Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,  
 Thou diest within this hour

*Du* I'll never tell you  
*King* Take her away

*Du* I'll put in bail, my liege  
*King* I think thee now some common cus-  
 tomer

*Du* By Jove if ever I knew man 'twas you  
*King* Wherefore hast thou accused him all this  
 while? 289

*Du* Because he's guilty and he is not guilty,  
 He knows I am no maid and he'll swear to't,  
 I'll swear I am a maid and he knows not  
 Great *King* I am no strumpet by my life,  
 I am either maid or else this old man's wife

*King* She does abuse our ears To prison with  
 her

*Du* Good mother fetch my bail Stay royal  
 sir [Exit widow]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,  
 And he shall surety me But for this lord  
 Who hath abused me, as he knows himself  
 Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him  
 He knows himself my bed he hath defiled 301

And at that time he got his wife with child  
 Dead though she be she feels her young one kick  
 So there's my riddle one that's dead is quick  
 And now behold the meaning

*Re-enter widow, with MILENA*

*King* Is there no exorcist  
 Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?  
 Is't real that I see?

*Id* No my good lord

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,  
 The name and not the thing  
*Ber* Both both O pardon!  
*Hel* O my good lord, when I was like this  
 maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind There is your ring,  
 And look you here's your letter, this it says  
 'When from my finger you can get this ring  
 And are by me with child, &c This is done  
 Will you be mine now you are doubly won?

*Ber* If she my liege, can make me know this  
 clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly

*Hel* If it appear not plain and prove untrue,  
 Deadly divorce step between me and you!

O my dear mother do I see you living? 320  
*Laf* Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep  
 anon

[To PAROLLES] Good Tom Drum, lend me a  
 handkercher So,

I thank thee, wait on me home I'll make sport  
 with thee

Let thy courtesies alone they are scurvy ones  
*King* Let us from point to point this story  
 know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow  
 [To DIANA] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped  
 flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower,  
 For I can guess that by thy honest aid

Thou kept'st a wife herself thy self a maid 330  
 Of that and all the progress, more and less,  
 Resolutely more leisure shall express

All yet seems well and if it end so meet  
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet

[Flourish]

# EPIL OGUE

*King* The king's a beggar now the play is  
 done

All is well ended if this suit be won  
 That you express content which we will pay

With strife to please you day exceeding day  
 Ours be your patience then and yours our parts

Your gentle hands lend us and take our hearts  
 [Exeunt] 340

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## DRAVATIS PERSONÆ

VINCENTIO *the Duke*  
 ANGELO *the Deputy*  
 ESCALUS *an ancient Lord*  
 CLAUDIO *a young gentleman*  
 LUCIO *a fantastic*  
 TWO GENTLEMEN  
 PROVOST  
 THOMAS | *two friars*  
 PETER |  
 A JUSTICE  
 VARRIUS  
 ELBOW *a simple constable*  
 FROTH *a foolish gentleman*  
 POPEY *servant to Mistress Overdone*  
 ABHORSON *a executioner*

BARNARDINE *a dissolute prisoner*  
 A BOY  
 A MESSENGER  
 A SERVANT to Angelo

ISABELLA *sister to Claudio*  
 MARIANA *betrothed to Angelo*  
 JULIET *beloved of Claudio*  
 FRANCISCA *a nun*  
 MISTRESS OVERDONE *a bawd*

NON-SPEAKING *Lords Officers Citizens and Attendants*

SCENE *Vienna*

## ACT I

*Enter ANGELO*

SCENE I *An apartment in the Duke's palace*

*Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords and Attendants*

Duke Escalus

Escal My lord

Duke Of government the properties to unfold  
 Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse

Since I am put to know that your own science  
 Exceeds in that the lists of all advice  
 My strength can give you Then no more remains

But that to your sufficiency

as your worth is able,

And let them work The nature of our people

Our city's institutions and the terms

For common justice you are as pregnant in

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember There is our commission,  
 From which we would not have you warp Call  
 hither

I say bid come before us Angelo

*[Exit an Attendant]*

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply

Lent him our terror dress'd him with our love

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power What think you of it?

Escal If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour

It is Lord Angelo

Duke

Look where he comes

Ang Always obedient to your Grace's will  
 I come to know your pleasure

Duke Angelo

There is a kind of character in thy life

That to the observer doth thy history

Fully unfold Thy self and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues they on thee

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do

Not light them for themselves for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us were all alike

As if we had them not Spirits are not finely  
 touch'd

But to fine issues nor Nature never lends

The smallest scruple of her excellence

But like a thrifty goddess she determines

Herself the glory of a creditor

Both thanks and use But I do bend my speech

To one that can my part in him advertise

Hold therefore Angelo

In our remove be thou full yourself

Mortality and mercy in Vienna

Live in thy tongue and heart Old Escalus

Though first in question is thy secondary

Take thy commission

Ang Now good my lord

Let there be some more test made of my metal

Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamp'd upon it

Duke No more evasion

We have with a leav'd and prepared choice

Proceeded to you therefore take your honours

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value We shall write to you,  
As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us, and do look to know  
What doth befall you here So fare you well  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60  
Of your commissions

*Alg* Yet give leave my lord

That we may bring you something on the way

*Duke* My haste may not admit it,

Nor need you, on mine honour have to do

With any scruple, your scope is as mine own

So to enforce or qualify the laws

As to your soul seems good Give me your hand

I'll privily away I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes

Though it do well, I do not relish well 70

Their loud applause and Aves vehement,

Nor do I think the man of safe discretion

That does affect it Once more fare you well

*Ang* The heavens give safety to your purposes!

*Fisc* Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

*Duke* I thank you Fare you well [Exit

*Fisc* I shall desire you sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you and it concerns me

To look into the bottom of my place

A power I have, but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed 81

*Ang* 'Tis so with me Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point

*Fisc* I'll wait upon your honour [Exeunt

## SCENE II A Street

*Enter LUCIO and TWO CRISTEMEN*

*Lario* If the Duke with the other dukes come  
not to composition with the King of Hungary,  
why then all the dukes fall upon the King

*1st Gent* Heaven grant us its peace but not the  
King of Hungary!

*2nd Gent* Amen

*Lario* Thou concludest like the sanctimonious  
priest that went to sea with the Ten Command-  
ments but escaped one out of the table

*3rd Gent* Thou shalt not steal 10

*Lario* As that he razed

*1st Gent* Why away a good handman to com-  
p with the captain and all the rest from their func-  
tions they put forth to steal There's no a soul

of us all that is the thanks-giving before  
we do relish the prison well that prays for

*2nd Gent* I never heard any soldier like

*Lucio* I believe thee, for I think thou never  
wast where grace was said 20

*2nd Gent* No? a dozen times at least

*1st Gent* What, in metre?

*Lucio* In any proportion or in any language

*1st Gent* I think, or in any religion

*Lucio* Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of  
all controversy, as, for example, thou thyself art  
a wicked villain despite of all grace

*1st Gent* Well, there went but a pair of shears  
between us

*Lucio* I grant, as there may between the lists  
and the velvet Thou art the list 31

*1st Gent* And thou the velvet Thou art good  
velvet, thou art a three piled piece, I warrant  
thee I had as lief be a list of an English kersey  
as be piled, as thou art piled, for a French velvet  
Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio* I think thou dost, and indeed, with most  
painful feeling of thy speech I will out of thine  
own confession learn to begin thy health but,  
whilst I live forget to drink after thee 40

*1st Gent* I think I have done myself wrong have  
I not?

*2nd Gent* Yes, that thou hast whether thou art  
rained or free

*Lucio* Behold behold, where Madam Mitiga-  
tion comes! I have purchased as many diseases  
under her roof as come to—

*2nd Gent* To what I pray?

*Lucio* Judge

*2nd Gent* To three thousand dolours a year

*1st Gent* Ay and more 51

*Lucio* A French crown more

*1st Gent* Thou art always figuring diseases in  
me but thou art full of error I am sound

*Lucio* Nay, not as one would say healthy but  
so sound as things that are hollow Thy bones  
are hollow, impiety has made a feast of thee

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDOONE*

*1st Gent* How now! which of your hips has the  
most profound sciatica?

*Mrs O* Well well there's one yonder arrest-  
ed and carried to prison was worth five thousand  
of you all

*2nd Gent* Who's that I pray thee

*Mrs O* Marry sir that's Claudio Signior  
Claudio

*1st Gent* Claudio to prison? is not so

*Mrs O* Nay but I know tis so I saw him  
arrested saw him carried away and which is  
more within three days he has had to be  
dropp'd off 70

*Lario* But after all this I would not  
have us be any the less of it?

*Mrs O* I am too sure of it and it is for getting  
Madam Julietta with child

*Lucio* Believe me this may be He promised to  
meet me two hours since, and he was ever pre-  
cise in promise keeping

*nd Gent* Besides you know it draws some  
thing near to the speech we had to such a purpose

*1st Gent* But most of all agreeing with the  
proclamation 81

*Lucio* Away! let's go learn the truth of it

*[Exeunt LUCIO and GENTLEMEN]*

*Mrs O* Thus what with the war what with  
the sweat what with the gallows and what with  
poverty I am custom shrunk

*Enter POMPEY*

How now! what's the news with you?

*Tom* Yonder man is carried to prison

*Mrs O* Well what has he done?

*Pom* A woman

*Mrs O* But what's his offence? 90

*Tom* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river

*Mrs O* What is there a maid with child by  
him?

*Tom* No but there's a woman with maid by  
him You have not heard of the proclamation  
have you?

*Mrs O* What proclamation man?

*Tom* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must  
be plucked down

*Mrs O* And what shall become of those in the  
city? 101

*Pom* They shall stand for seed They had gone  
down too but that a wise burgher put in for  
them

*Mrs O* But shall all our houses of resort in the  
suburbs be pulled down?

*Pom* To the ground mistress

*Mrs O* Why here's a change indeed in the  
commonwealth What shall become of me?

*Pom* Come fear not you good counsellors lack  
no clients Though you change your place you  
need not change your trade I'll be your rapster  
still Courage! there will be pity taken on you  
you that have worn your eyes almost out in the  
service, you will be considered

*Mrs O* What's to do here Thomas rapster?  
let's withdraw

*Pom* Here comes Signior Claudio led by the  
provost to prison and there's Madam Juliet

*[Exeunt]*

*Enter PROVOST CLAUDIO JULIET and  
Officers*

*Claud* Fellow why dost thou show me thus to  
the world? 120

Bear me to prison where I am committed

*Prov* I do it not in evil disposition

But from Lord Anselmo by special charge

*Claud* Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence by woe  
The words of heaven on whom it will it will  
On whom it will not so yet still tis just

*Re-enter LUCIO and TWO GENTLEMEN*

*Lucio* Why how now Claudio! whence comes  
this restraint?

*Claud* From too much liberty my Lucio, lib-  
erty

As surfeit is the father of much fast 130

So every scope by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint Our natures do pursue

Like rats that run down their proper bane

A thirsv evil and when we drink we die

*Lucio* If I could speak so wisely under an ar-  
rest I would send for certain of my creditors  
And yet to say the truth I had no lief have the  
foppery of freedom as the morality of imprison-  
ment What's thy offence Claudio?

*Claud* What but to speak of would offend  
again 140

*Lucio* What is't murder?

*Claud* No

*Lucio* Lechery?

*Claud* Call it so

*Prov* Away sir! you must go

*Claud* One word, good friend Lucio a word  
with you

*Lucio* A hundred if they'll do you any good  
Is lechery so look'd after?

*Claud* Thus stands it with me Upon a true  
contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed 150

You know the lady she is fast my wife

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order This we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us But it chanced

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment

With character too gross was writ on Juliet

*Lucio* With child perhaps?

*Claud* Unhappily even so 160

And the new deputy now for the Duke—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride

Who newly in the seat that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up

I stagger in but this new governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170  
Which have, like unscour'd armour hung by the wall

So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round  
And none of them been worn, and for a name  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me 'Tis surely for a name

*Lucio* I warrant it is, and thy head stands so  
tickle on thy shoulders that a milkmaid if she be  
in love may sigh it off Send after the Duke and  
appeal to him

*Claud* I have done so, but he's not to be  
found 180

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service  
This day my sister should the cloister enter  
And there receive her approbation  
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,  
Implore her, in my voice that she make friends  
To the strict deputy, bid herself assay him,  
I have great hope in that, for in her youth  
There is a prone and speechless dialect  
Such as move men, beside she hath prosperous  
art

When she will play with reason and discourse  
And well she can persuade 191

*Lucio* I pray she may, as well for the encour-  
agement of the like which else would stand  
under grievous imposition as for the enjoying of  
thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus  
foolishly lost at a game of tick tick I'll to her

*Claud* I thank you good friend Lucio  
*Lucio* Within two hours

*Claud* Come officer away!  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Angelo is cry*Enter *DUKE* and *FRIAR THOMAS*

*Duke* No holy father throw away that  
thought  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom Why I desire thee  
To give me secret harbour hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends  
Of men and youth

*Friar* May your Grace speak of it  
*Duke* My holy sir none better knows than you  
How I have ever loved the life removed  
And the middle peace to hunt a semblance  
Where you h and out and wile strivers  
keep

That's need'd to Lord Angelo  
Am of a nature and firmable innocence  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna  
And these powers be travel'd to Poland  
For I have a new duke in the next year

And so it is received Now pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do thus?

*Friar* Gladly, my lord

*Duke* We have strict statutes and most biting  
laws,

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,  
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip, 21  
Even like an overgrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey Now, as fond fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,  
Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror not to use in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd, so our de-  
crees,

Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
And liberty plucks a justice by the nose,  
The baby beats the nurse and quite athwart 30  
Goes all decorum

*Friar* It rested in your Grace  
To unloose this tied up justice when you pleased,  
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo

*Duke* I do fear, too dreadful  
Sith twas my fault to give the people scope  
T'would be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do for we bid this be done,  
When evil deeds have their permissive pass  
And not the punishment Therefore indeed, my  
father

I have on Angelo imposed the office 40  
Who may in the ambush of my name strike  
home

And yet my nature never in the fight  
To do in slander And to behold his sway,  
I will as twere a brother of your order  
Visit both prince and people therefore I prithee,  
Supply me with the habit and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear me  
Like a true friar More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you  
Only this one Lord Angelo is precise 50  
Stands at a guard with envy scarce confesses  
That his blood flows or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose what our seemers be  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *Isabella*Enter *ISABELLA* and *FRANCISCA*

*Isa* And have you cur'd no farther priviledges  
*Franc* Are none that I shall reach  
*Isa* Yes truly I speak no as desiring more  
But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the overbold the votary of Saint Cleopatra  
*Isa* [*Music*] Ho Peace be with thy lips  
*Franc* Whose lips which call'd



*From* It is a man's voice Gentle Isabella  
Turn you the key and know his business of hum  
You may I may not you are yet unsworn  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with  
men 10

But in the presence of the prioress  
Then if you speak you must not show your face  
Or if you show your face you must not speak  
He calls again I pray you answer him *[Exit*  
*Isab* Peace and prosperity! Who is it that calls?

*Enter* CLAUDIO

*Lucio* Hail virgin if you be, as those cheek  
roses  
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella  
A novice of this place and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20  
*Isab* Why her unhappy brother? let me ask  
The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella and his sister

*Lucio* Gentle and fair your brother kindly  
greet you

Not to be weary with you he is in prison

*Isab* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio* For that which if myself might be his  
judge

He should receive his punishment in thanks

He hath got his friend with child

*Isab* Sir make me not your story

*Lucio* It is true 30

I would not—though tis my familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest

Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted

By your renouncement an immortal spirit

And to be talk'd with in sincerity

As with a saint

*Isab* You do blaspheme the good in mocking  
me

*Lucio* Do not believe it Fewness and truth tis  
thus

Your brother and his lover have embraced 40

As those that feed grow full as blossoming time

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry

*Isab* Is he one with child by him? My cousin  
Juliet?

*Lucio* Is she your cousin?

*Isab* Adoptedly as school maids change their  
names

By vain though apt affection

*Lucio* She is it is

*Isab* O let him marry her

*Lucio* This is the point

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence 50  
Bore many gentlemen myself being one  
In hand and hope of action but we do learn  
By those that know the very nerves of state  
His givings-out were of an infinite distance  
From his true meant design Upon his place  
And with full line of his authority  
Governs Lord Angelo a man whose blood  
Is very snow-breath one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge 60  
With profits of the mind study and fast  
He—to give fear to use and liberty  
Which have for long run by the hideous law  
As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
Falls into forfeit he arrests him on it  
And follows close the rigour of the statute  
To make him an example All hope is gone  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo And that's my path of business  
Twice you and your poor brother 70

*Isab* Doth he so seek his life?  
*Lucio* Has beenured him  
Already and as I hear the Provost hath  
A warrant for his execution  
*Isab* Alas! what poor ability is in me  
To do him good?  
*Lucio* Assay the power you have  
*Isab* My power? Alas I doubt—  
*Lucio* Our doubts are traitors  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt Go to Lord Angelo  
And let him learn to know when maidens sue 80  
Men give like god but when they weep and  
kneel  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them  
*Isab* I'll see what I can do  
*Lucio* But speedily

*Isab* I will about it straight  
No longer staying but to give the Mother  
Notice of my affair I humbly thank you  
Commend me to my brother Soon at night  
I'll send him certain word of my success

*Lucio* I take my leave of you

*Isab* Good sir adieu 90

*[Exit Isab]*

## ACT II

SCENE I A hall in Angelo's house

*Enter* ANGELO ESCALUS and a JUSTICE PROVOST  
Officers and other Attendants behind

*Ang* We must not make a scarecrow of the  
law

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape till custom make it  
Their perch and not their terror

*Iscal* As, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentle  
man

Whom I would save, had a most noble father!

Let but your honour know,

Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue

That in the working of your own affections 10  
Had time colored with place or place with wish-  
ing

Or that the resolute acting of your blood

Could have attained the effect of your own pur-  
pose

Whether you had not sometime in your life

Laid in this point which now you censure  
him

And pulled the law upon you

*Ang* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Iscalus*,

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two 20  
Guilty than him they try. What's open made to  
justice

That justice seizes. What know the laws

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very preg-  
nant

The jewel that we find we stoop and take it

Because we see it but what we do not see

We tread upon and never think of it

You may not so extenuate his offence

For I have had such faults, but rather tell me

When I, that censure him, do so offend

Let mine own judgement pattern out my death

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die

*Isc* Be it as your wisdom will

*Ang* Where is the Provost?

*Prov* Here, if it like your honour

*Ang* See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning

Put him in his confessor, let him be prepared

For that is the utmost of his pilgrimage

*[Exit Provost]*

*Isc* *[Aloud]* Well, heaven forgive him! and

Forgive us all!

Some live in sin, and some in virtue fall

Some from the tracks of vice and answer

Not

And we are condemned for a fault alone 40

*[Enter Duke]* Now go to, 'ere we begin to

scold

*Isc* Come from the way. If there be good

in a man, 'ere he be calld to death, let us

their abuses in common houses. I know no law  
Bring them away

*Ang* How now, sir! What's your name? and  
what's the matter?

*Flb* If it please your honour, I am the poor  
Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow. I do  
lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before  
your good honour two notorious benefactors 50

*Ang* Benefactors? Well, what benefactors  
are they? are they not malefactors?

*Flb* If it please your honour, I know not well  
what they are, but precise villains they are that  
I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the  
world that good Christians ought to have

*Isc* Thus comes off well, here's a wise  
officer

*Ang* Go to, what quality are they of? Elbow  
is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

*Pom* He cannot, sir, he's out at elbow 60

*Ang* What are you sir?

*Elb* He, sir! a tapster, sir, parcel bawd, one  
that serves a bad woman, whose house sir was  
as they say plucked down in the suburbs and  
now she professes a hot house which, I think, is  
a very ill house too

*Isc* How know you that?

*Flb* My wife sir, whom I detest before heaven  
and your honour— 70

*Isc* How's thy wife?

*Flb* Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven is an  
honest woman—

*Isc* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Flb* I say sir I will detest myself also as  
well as she that this house, if it be not a bawd's  
house, it is pity of her life for it is a naughty  
house

*Isc* How dost thou know that constable?

*Flb* Marry sir by my wife who if she had  
been a woman cardinally given might have been  
accused in fornication adultery and all unclea-  
liness there

*Isc* By the woman's means?

*Flb* Ay sir by Mistress Overdone's means  
but as she spit in her face so she defied him

*Pom* Sir if it please your honour this is no 80

*Flb* Prove it before these varlets here thou  
honestable man prove it

*Isc* Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

*Isc* Sir, she came in great with child and  
longing saving your honour's reverence for  
stewed prunes sir we had but two in the house  
which at that very dish an' times odd as I were,  
in a trual dish a dish of some three pence your  
honour's have seen such dishes they are not  
Cordeliers but very good dishes—

*Flb* Go to go to prima for the dish sir

*Pom* No indeed sir not of a pun you are therein in the right but to the point As I say this Mistress Elbow being as I say with child and being great bellied and longing as I said for prunes and having but two in the dish as I said Master Froth here this very man, having eaten the rest as I said and as I say paying for them very honestly for as you know Master Froth I could not give you three pence again

*Froth* No indeed

*Pom* Very well you being then if you be remembered cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes—

*Froth* Ay so I did indeed

*Pom* Why very well I telling you then if you be remembered that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of unless they kept very good diet as I told you—

*Froth* All this is true

*Pom* Why very well then—

*Escal* Come, you are a tedious fool to the purpose What was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her

*Pom* Sir your honour cannot come to that yet

*Escal* No sir nor I mean it not

*Pom* Sir but you shall come to it by your honour's leave And I beseech you look into Master Froth here sir a man of fourscore pound a year whose father died at Hallowmas Was it not at Hallowmas Master Froth?

*Froth* All hallond eve

*Pom* Why very well I hope here be truths

He sir sitting as I say in a lower chair sir was in the Lunch of Grapes where indeed you have a delight to sit have you not?

*Froth* I have so because it is an open room and good for winter

*Pom* Why very well then I hope here be truths

*Ang* This will last out a night in Russia When nights are longest there I'll take my leave

And leave you to the hearing of the cause

Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all

*Escal* I think no less Good morrow to your lordship

Now sir come on What was done to Elbow's wife once more?

*Pom* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once

*Elb* I beseech you sir ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Pom* I beseech your honour ask me

*Escal* Well sir what do I this gentleman to her?

*Pom* I beseech you, sir look in this gentle

man's face Good Master Froth look upon his honour tis for a good purpose Doth your honour mark his face?

*Fiscal* Ay sir very well

*Pom* Nay I beseech you mark it well

*Escal* Well I do so

*Pom* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

*Escal* Why no

*Pom* I'll be supposed upon a book his face is the worst thing about him Good then if his face be the worst thing about him how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour

*Fiscal* He's in the right Constable what say you to it?

*Elb* First an it like you the house is a respected house next this is a respected fellow and his mistress is a respected woman

*Pom* By this hand sir his wife is a more respected person than any of us all

*Elb* Varlet thou liest thou liest wicked varlet! the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man woman or child

*Pom* Sir she was respected with him before he married with her

*Escal* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

*Elb* O thou cattiff! O thou varlet! thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her or she with me let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer I rove this thou wicked Hannibal or I'll have mine action of battery on thee

*Escal* If he took you a box in the ear you might have your action of slander too

*Elb* Marry I thank your good worship for it What is it your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked cattiff?

*Escal* Truly officer because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are

*Elb* Marry I thank your worship for it Thou seest thou wicked varlet now what's come upon thee Thou art to continue no more thou varlet thou art to continue

*Fiscal* Where were you born, friend?

*Froth* Here in Vienna sir

*Fiscal* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth* Yes an'pleas you sir

*Fiscal* Sir What trade are you of sir?

*Pom* A tapster a poor widdish tapster

*Fiscal* Your true name?

*Pom* Mistress Overd ne

Escal Hath she had any more than one husband? 211

Pom Nine, sir, Overdone by the last

Fscal Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters, they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you

Froth I thank your worship For mine own part I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in 220

Escal Well, no more of it, Master Froth farewell [Exit FROTH] Come you hither to me, Master tapster What's your name, Master tapster?

Pom Pompey  
Fscal What else?

Pom Bum sir

Fscal Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? Come, tell me true it shall be the better for you

Pom Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live

Fscal How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Pom If the law would allow it sir

Fscal But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna - 41

Pom Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youth of the city?

Fscal No Pompey

Pom Truly, sir, in my poor opinion they will not then If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves you need not to fear the lawds

Fscal There are pretty orders beginning I can tell you It is but heading and hanging - 50

Pom If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads If this law hold in Vienna ten year I'll rent the fairest house in it after three pence a bay If you live to see the next year I say Pompey told you so

Fscal Mark you good Pompey and in respect of your prophecies hark you I advise you let me not find you before me again upon any such idle whatsoevers no nor for duelling where you do If I do Pompey I shall beat you to the ground and give a shew'd Caesar to you as you shall desire Pompey I shall have you whipt for this time Pompey farewell

Pom I thank your worship for your good

counsel, [aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine

Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade, The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade

[Exit 270

Escal Come hither to me, Master Elbow, come hither, Master constable How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb Seven year and a half sir

Escal I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time You say, seven years together?

Elb And a half sir

Escal Alas it hath been great pains to you They do you wrong to put you so oft upon it Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters As they are chosen they are glad to choose me for them I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all

Fscal Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven the most sufficient of your parish

Elb To your worship's house sir

Escal To my house Fare you well

[Exit ELBOW

What's o'clock, think you?

290

Just Eleven sir

Escal I pray you home to dinner with me

Just I humbly thank you

Fscal It grieves me for the death of Claudio, But there's no remedy

Just Lord Angelo is severe

Fscal It is but needful Mercy is not itself that oft looks so

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe

But yet—poor Claudio! There's no remedy

Come, sir

[Exit 300

SCENE II Aroli's room in the same

Enter PROVOST and a SERVANT

Serv He's hearing of a cause he will come straight

I'll tell him of you

Prov Pray you do [Exit SERVANT]

I'll know

His pleasure may be he will relent Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects all ages smack of this vice, and he To die for it!

Enter ANGELO

Prov Now what's the matter provost?

Prov Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

Prov Did not I tell three year I did thou nor no more?



To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, be-  
thank you,

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it

*Lucio* [Aside to ISABELLA] Ay, well said

*Ang* The law hath not been dead, though it  
hath slept 90

Those many have not dared to do that evil,  
If the first that did the edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed Now 'tis awake,  
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass that shows what future evils,  
Either new, or by remissness new-conceived,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere they live, to end

*Isab* Yet show some pity

*Ang* I show it most of all when I show justice,  
For then I pity those I do not know, 101

Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,  
And do him right that answering one foul wrong,  
Lives not to act another Be satisfied

Your brother dies to-morrow be content

*Isab* So you must be the first that gives this  
sentence,

And he, that suffers O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant

*Lucio* [Aside to ISABELLA] That's well said

*Isab* Could great men thunder 110

As Jove himself does Jove would never be quiet,  
For every pelting petty officer

Would use his heaven for thunder,  
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,

Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak

Than the soft myrtle, but man, proud man

Drest in a little brief authority,

Most ignorant of what he's most assured, 120

His glassy essence like an angry ape

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep who with our spleens

Would all themselves laugh mortal

*Lucio* [Aside to ISABELLA] O, to him to him

wench! he will relent,

He is coming, I perceive it

*Prov* [Aside] Pray heaven she win him!

*Isab* We cannot weigh our brother with ourself

Great men may jest with saints, 'tis wit in them

But in the less foul profanation

*Lucio* [Aside] Thou art the right girl more o'

that

*Isab* That in the captain's but a choleric word

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy 131

*Lucio* [Aside to ISABELLA] Art advis'd o' that?

more on't

*Ang* Why do you put these sayings upon me?

*Isab* Because authority, though it err like  
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself

That skins the vice o' the top Go to your bosom,

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth  
know

That's like my brother's fault If it confess

A natural guiltiness such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 140

Against my brother's life

*Ang* [Aside] She speaks and 'tis

Such sense that my sense breeds with it Fare  
you well

*Isab* Gentle my lord turn back

*Ang* I will betunk me Come again to-morrow

*Isab* Hark how I'll bribe you Good my lord,  
turn back

*Ang* How! bribe me?

*Isab* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall  
share with you

*Lucio* [Aside to ISABELLA] You had marr'd all  
else

*Isab* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor 150

As fancy values them but with true prayers

That shall be up at heaven and enter there

Ere sun rise, prayers from preserv'd souls,

From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate

To nothing temporal

*Ang* Well come to me to-morrow

*Lucio* [Aside to ISABELLA] Go to, 'tis well,  
away!

*Isab* Heaven keep your honour safe!

*Ang* [Aside] Amen

For I am that way going to temptation

Where prayers cross

*Isab* At what hour to-morrow

Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang* At any time fore noon 160

*Isab* Save your honour!

[Exit ISABELLA LUCIO and PROVOST

*Ang* From thee even from thy virtue!

What's this what's this? Is this her fault or  
mine?

The tempter or the tempted who sins most?

Ha!

Nor she nor doth she tempt but it is I

That lying by the violet in the sun

Do as the carrion does not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground  
enough 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou or what art thou Angelo?  
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things  
 That make her good? O let her brother live!  
 Thieses for their robbery have authority  
 When judges steal themselves What do I love  
 her  
 That I desire to hear her speak again  
 And feast upon her eyes? What is it I dream on?  
 O cunning enemy that to catch a saint 180  
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous  
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on  
 To sin in loving virtue Never could the strumpet  
 With all her double vigour art and nature  
 Once stir my temper but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite Ever till now  
 When men were fond I smiled and wonder d  
 how [Exit]

SCENE III *A room in a prison*

Enter severally DUKE disguised as a friar and  
 PROVOST

Duke Hail to you Provost! so I think you are  
 Prov I am the Provost What's your will  
 good friar?  
 Duke Bound by my charity and my blest order  
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
 Here in the prison Do me the common right  
 To let me see them and to make me know  
 The nature of their crimes that I may minister  
 To them accordingly  
 Prov I would do more than that If more were  
 needful

## Enter JULIET

Look here comes one a gentlewoman of mine 10  
 Who falling in the flaws of her own youth  
 Hath blister'd her report She is with child  
 And he that got it sentenced a young man  
 More fit to do another such offence  
 Than die for this

Duke When must he die?  
 Prov As I do think to-morrow  
 I have provided for you stay awhile [To JULIET  
 And you shall be conducted]

Duke Repent you, fair one of the sin you  
 carry?

Jul I do and bear the shame most patiently 20  
 Duke I'll teach you how you shall arraign your  
 conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
 Or hollowly put on

Jul I'll gladly learn

Duke Love you the man that wrong'd you

Jul Yes as I love the woman that wrong'd  
 him

Duke So then it seems your most offenceful act

Was mutually committed?

Jul Mutually

Duke Then was your sin of heavier kind than  
 his

Jul I do confess it and repent it father

Duke 'Tis meet so daughter but lest you do  
 repent 30

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame  
 Which sorrow = always toward ourselves not  
 heaven

Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it  
 But as we stand in fear—

Jul I do repent me as it is an evil

And take the shame with joy

Duke There rest  
 Your partner as I hear must die to-morrow  
 And I am going with instruction to him

Grace go with you Benedicite! [Exit]

Jul Must die to-morrow! O injurious love 40  
 That respites me a life whose very comfort  
 Is still a dying horror!

Prov 'Tis pity of him [Exeunt]

SCENE IV *A room in Angelo's house*

Enter ANGELO

Ang When I would pray and think I think  
 and pray

To several subjects Heaven hath my empty  
 words

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue  
 Anchors on Isabel Heaven in my mouth  
 As if I did but only chew his name  
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
 Of my conception The state whereon I studied,  
 Is like a good thing being often read  
 Grown fear'd and tedious = my gravity  
 Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride 10  
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume  
 Which the air beats for vain O place O form,  
 How often dost thou with thy case thy habit  
 Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls  
 To thy false seeming! Blood thou art blood  
 Let a worse spirit good angel on the devil's horn  
 'Tis not the devil's crest

Enter a SERVANT

How now! who's there?

Serv One Isabel a sister desires access to you

Ang Teach her the way [Exit SERVANT] O  
 heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart 20  
 Making both it unable for itself

And dispossessing all my other parts

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons  
 Come all to help him and so stop the air

By which he should revive, and even so  
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
 Must needs appear offence

*Enter ISABELLA*

How now, fair maid? 30

*Isab* I am come to know your pleasure

*Ang* That you might know it, would much  
 better please me

Than to demand what 'tis Your brother cannot  
 live

*Isab* Even so Heaven keep your honour!

*Ang* Yet may he live awhile, and, it may be,

As long as you or I Yet he must die

*Isab* Under your sentence?

*Ang* Yea

*Isab* When, I beseech you, that in his reprieve,  
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40

That his soul sicken not

*Ang* Ha! fie these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stolen

A man already made, as to remit

Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's  
 image

In stamps that are forbid 'Tis all as easy

Falsely to take away a life true made

As to put metal in restrained means

To make a false one

*Isab* 'Tis set down so in heaven but not in  
 earth 50

*Ang* Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly

Which had you rather, that the most just law

Now took your brother's life, or to redeem him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness

As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab* Sir, believe this,

I had rather give my body than my soul

*Ang* I talk not of your soul Our compell'd sins

Stand more for number than for account

*Isab* How say you?

*Ang* Nay, I'll not warrant that for I can speak

Against the thing I say Answer to this 60

I now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life

Might there not be a charity in sin

To save this brother's life?

*Isab* Please you to do't,

I'll take it as a peril to my soul,

It is no sin at all, but charity

*Ang* Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul

Were equal poise of sin and charity

*Isab* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,

Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

If that be sin I'll make it my morn prayer 71

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer

*Ang* Nay but hear me

Your sense pursues not mine Either you are  
 ignorant,

Or seem so craftily, and that's not good

*Isab* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better

*Ang* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most  
 bright

When it doth tax itself, as these black masks  
 Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder 80

Than beauty could display'd But mark me,

To be received plain I'll speak more gross

Your brother is to die

*Isab* So

*Ang* And his offence is so, as it appears,

Accountant to the law upon that pain

*Isab* True

*Ang* Admit no other way to save his life—

As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the loss of question—that you, his sister,

Finding yourself desired of such a person, 91

Whose credit with the judge or own great place

Could fetch your brother from the manacles

Of the all-building law and that there were

No earthly mean to save him, but that either

You must lay down the treasures of your body

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer,

What would you do?

*Isab* As much for my poor brother as myself

That is were I under the terms of death, 100

The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,

And strip my self to death as to a bed

That longing have been sick for ere I'd yield

My body up to shame

*Ang* Then must your brother die

*Isab* And 'twere the cheaper way

Better it were a brother died at once

Than that a sister by redeeming him

Should die for ever

*Ang* Were not you then as cruel as the sentence

That you have slander'd so? 110

*Isab* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon

Are of two houses Lawful mercy

Is nothing kin to foul redemption

*Ang* You seem'd of late to make the law a

tyrant,

And rather proved the sliding of your brother

A merriment than a vice

*Isab* O pardon me my lord, it oft falls out,

To have what we would have we speak not

what we mean

I something do excuse the thing I hate,

For his advantage that I dearly love

*Ang* We are all frail 120



*Isab* Else let my brother die  
 If not a fedary but only he  
 Owe and succeed thy weakness  
*Ang* Nay women are frail too  
*Isab* Ay the glasses where they view them  
 selves

Which are as easy broke as they make forms  
 Women! Help Heaven! men their creation mar  
 In profiting by them Nay call us ten times frail  
 For we are soft our complexions are  
 And credulous to false prints

*Ang* I think it well 130  
 And from this testimony of your own sex—  
 Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger  
 Than faults may shake our frames—let me be  
 bold

I do arrest your words Be that you are  
 That is a woman if you be more you are none  
 If you be one, as you are well express'd  
 By all external warrants show it now  
 By putting on the destined livery

*Isab* I have no tongue but one gentle my lord,  
 Let me entreat you speak the former language

*Ang* Plainly conceive I love you

*Isab* My brother did love Juliet

And you tell me that he shall die for it

*Ang* He shall not Isabel if you give me love

*Isab* I know your virtue hath a license in it

Which seems a little fouler than it is

To pluck on others

*Ang* Believe me on mine honour

My words express my purpose

*Isab* Ha! little honour to be much believed

And most pernicious purpose! Seeming seem  
 inn! 150

I will proclaim thee Angelo look for it

Sign me a present pardon for my brother

Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world  
 aloud

What man thou art

*Ang* Who will believe thee Isabel?

My unsoil'd name the austereness of my life

My vouch against you and my place the state

Will so your accusation overweigh

That you shall stifle in your own report

And smell of calumny I have begun,

And now I give my sensual race the rein 160

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite

Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes

That banish what they sue for redeem thy

brother

By yielding up thy body to my will

Or else he must not only die the death

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To lingering sufferance Answer me to-morrow

Or by th' affection that now galls me more

I'll prove a tyrant to him As for you  
 Say what you can my false o'erweighs your  
 true [Exit 170

*Isab* To whom should I complain? Did I tell  
 this

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths  
 That bear in them one and the self same tongue  
 Either of condemnation or approof

Bidding the law make court sy to their will

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother

Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the  
 blood

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour

That had he twenty heads to tender down 180

On twenty bloody blocks he'd yield them up

Before his sister should her body stoop

To such abhorred pollution

Then Isabel live chaste and brother die

More than our brother our chastity

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request

And fit his mind to death for his soul's rest  
 [Exit

### ACT III

#### SCENE I A room in the prison

Enter DUKE disguised as before CLAUDIO and  
 PROTEST

*Duke* So then you hope of pardon from Lord  
 Angelo?

*Claudio* The miserable have no other medicine  
 But only hope

I've hope to live and am prepared to die

*Duke* Be absolute for death either death or  
 life

Shall thereby be the sweeter Reason thus with  
 life

If I do lose thee I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep A breath thou  
 art

Servile to all the skyey influences

That dost this habitation where thou keep'st 20

Hourly afflict Merely thou art Death's fool

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet run'st toward him still Thou art not  
 noble

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
 Are nurs'd by baseness Thou art by no means  
 valiant

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm Thy best of rest is sleep

And that thou oft provokes't yet grow'st fear'st

Thy death which is no more Thou art not thy  
 self

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains 30

That issue out of dust Happy thou art not,  
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,  
And what thou hast, forget st Thou are not  
certain

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
After the moon If thou art rich, thou'rt poor,  
For, lil an ass whose back with ingots bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And death unloads thee Friend hast thou none,  
For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,  
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, 30  
Do curse the gout, serpigo and the rheum  
For ending thee no sooner Thou hast nor youth  
nor age,

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied eld, and when thou art old and rich  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor  
beauty

To make thy riches pleasant What s y et in this  
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
Lie hid moe thousand deaths yet death we fear,  
That makes these odds all even 41

*Claud* I humbly thank y ou  
To sue to live I find I seek to die,  
And seeking death find life Let it come on  
*Isab* [Wishim] What, ho! Peace here, grace and  
good company!

*Prov* Who s there? come in The wish de-  
serves a welcome

*Duke* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again

*Claud* Most holy sir I thank you

*Enter ISABELLA*

*Isab* My business is a word or two with *Claud*  
10

*Prov* And very welcome Look, signior, here's  
your sister

*Duke* Provost a word with you 50

*Prov* As many as you please

*Duke* Bring me to hear them speak where I  
may be concealed [Exit duke and provost]

*Claud* Now sister, what s the comfort?

*Isab* Why,

As all comforts are, most good, most good  
indeed

Lord Angelo having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger  
Therefore your best appointment make with  
speed 60

To-morrow you set on

*Claud* Is there no remedy?

*Isab* None but such remedy as to save a  
head,

To cleave a heart in twain

*Claud* But is there any?

*Isab* Yes, brother, you may live

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death

*Claud* Perpetual durance?

*Isab* Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,

To a determin'd scope

*Claud* But in what nature? 70

*Isab* In such a one as, you consenting to t,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you  
bear,

And leave you naked

*Claud* Let me know the point

*Isab* O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake,

Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,

And six or seven winters more respect

Than a perpetual honour Darest thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,

And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great 80

As when a giant dies

*Claud* Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch

From flowery tenderness? If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms

*Isab* There spake my brother, there my father's  
grave

Did utter forth a voice Yes thou must die

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances This outward-sainted deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90

Nips youth i' the head and follies doth emmew

As falcon doth the fowl is yet a devil,

His filth within being cast he would appear

A pond as deep as hell

*Claud* The prenzie Angelo!

*Isab* O, tis the cunning livery of hell

The damned'st body to invest and cover

In prenzie guards! Dost thou think Claudio?

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou mightst be freed

*Claud* O heavens! it cannot be

*Isab* Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank  
offence, 100

So to offend him still This night's the time

That I should do what I abhor to name

Or else thou diest to-morrow

*Claud* Thou shalt not do't

*Isab* O, were it but my life

I'll throw it down for your deliverance

As frankly as a pin

*Claud* Thanks dear Isabel

*Isab* Be ready Claudio for your death to-morrow

*Claud* Yes Has he affections in him That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,

When he would force it? Sure it is no sin 110  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least

*Isab* Which is the least?

*Claud* If it were damnable he being so wise  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

*Isab* What says my brother?

*Claud* Death is a fearful thing

*Isab* And shamed life a hateful

*Claud* Ay but to die and go we know not where

To lie in cold obstruction and to rot  
This sensible warm motion 120

A kneaded clod and the delighted spirit

To bathe in fiery floods or to reside

In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds

And blown with restless violence round about

The pendent world or to be worse than worst

Of those that lawless and incertain thought

Imagine howling 125 too horrible!

The weariest and most loathed worldly life

That age ache penury and imprisonment 130

Can lay on nature is a paradise

To what we fear of death

*Isab* Alas alas!

*Claud* Sweet sister let me live

What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far

That it becomes a virtue

*Isab* O you beast!

O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!

Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?

Is it not a kind of incest to take life

From thine own sister's shame? What should I think? 140

Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness

Ne'er issued from his blood Take my defiance!

Die perish Murther but my bending down

Reprieve thee from thy fate it should proceed

I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,

No word to save thee

*Claud* Nay hear me Isabel

*Isab* O fie fie, fie!

Thy sin's not accidental but a trade

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd 150

'Tis best that thou dost quickly

*Claud* O hear me Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE.*

*Duke* Vouchsafe a word young sister but one word

*Isab* What is your will?

*Duke* Might you dispense with your leisure

I would by and by have some speech with you

The satisfaction I would require 155 likewise your own benefit

*Isab* I have no superfluous leisure my stay must be stolen out of other affairs but I will attend you awhile [*He speaks apart*]

*Duke* Son I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures She having the truth of honour in her hath made him that gracious denial which he 160 most glad to receive I am confessor to Angelo and I know this to be true therefore prepare yourself to death Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible to-morrow you must die go to your knees and make ready

*Claud* Let me ask my sister pardon I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it

*Duke* Hold you there! Farewell [*Exit Claud* 165 ] Provost a word with you!

*Re-enter PROVOST*

*Prov* What's your will father?

*Duke* That now you are come, you will be gone Leave me awhile with the maid My mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company

*Prov* In good time

[*Exit PROVOST ISABELLA comes forward*]

*Duke* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good the goodness that 165 cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness but grace being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair The assault that Angelo hath made to you fortune hath conveyed to my understanding and but that frailty hath examples for his falling I should wonder 170 An clo How will you do 170 content this substitute and to save your brother?

*Isab* I am now going to resolve him I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born But 175 how much is the good Duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government

*Duke* That shall not be much amiss yet as the matter now stands he will avoid your accusation he made trial of you only Therefore fasten your ear on my ad 180 180 To the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself I

do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business 211

*Isab* Let me hear you speak farther I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit

*Duke* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

*Isab* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name 220

*Duke* She should this Angelo have married, was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed, between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman There she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural, with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune her marriage dowry, with both, her combinate husband, this well seeming Angelo

*Isab* Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

*Duke* Left her in her tears and dried not one of them with his comfort swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation which she yet wears for his sake and he, a marble to her tears is washed with them, but relents not

*Isab* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

*Duke* It is a rupture that you may easily heal, and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it

*Isab* Show me how, good father

*Duke* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection, his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current made it more violent and unruly Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience agree with his demands to the point only refer yourself to this advantage, first that your stay with him may not be long, that the time may have all shadow and silence in it and the place answer to convenience This being granted in course—and now follows all—

we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place, if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense and here by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt If you think well to carry, this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof What think you of it?

*Isab* The image of it gives me content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection

*Duke* It lies much in your holding up Haste you speedily to Angelo If for this night he entreat you to his bed give him promise of satisfaction I will presently to Saint Luke's, there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana At that place call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo that it may be quickly

*Isab* I thank you for this comfort Fare you well, good father [Exeunt severally 281

#### SCENE II The street before the prison

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before, on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY*

*Elb* Nay if there be no remedy for it but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard

*Duke* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Pom* 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down and the worsor allowed by order of law a furred gown to keep him warm and furred with fox and lamb-skins too to signify that craft being richer than innocence stands for the facing 11

*Elb* Come your way, sir Bless you good father friar

*Duke* And you good brother father What offence hath this man made you sir?

*Elb* Marry, sir he hath offended the law and sir we take him to be a thief too sir, for we have found upon him sir a strange pick lock which we have sent to the deputy

*Duke* Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wretched bawd! The evil that thou caust to be done 21 That is thy means to live Do thou but think What tis to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice, say to thyself From their abominable and beastly touches I drink I eat array myself and live Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend go mend

*Pom* Indeed it does stink in some sort sir yet sir, I would prove—

*Duke* Nay if the devil have given thee proofs for sin

Thou wilt prove his Take him to prison officer  
Correction and instruction must both work  
Ere this rude beast will profit

*Elb* He must before the deputy sir he has given him warnin<sup>g</sup> The deputy cannot abide a whoremaster If he be a whoremonger and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand

*Duke* That we were all as some would seem to be 40

From our faults as faults from seemin<sup>g</sup> free<sup>1</sup>

*Elb* His neck will come to your waist—a cord sir

*Pom* I spy comfort I cry bail Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine

*Enter LUCIO*

*Lucio* How now noble Pompey! What at the wheels of Cæsar's art thou led in triumph? What is there none of Pygmalion's images newly made woman to be had now for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutched? What reply ha'st? What sayest thou to this runc matter and method? Is it not drowned in the last rain ha'st? What sayest thou Trot? Is the world as it was man? Which is the way? Is it sad and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke* Still thus and thus still worse

*Lucio* How doth my dear morsel thy mistress? Procures she still ha'st?

*Pom* Troth sir she hath eaten up all her beef and she is herself in the tub

*Lucio* Why tis good it is the right of it it must be so I ver your fresh whore and your powdered bawd an unshunned consequence it must be so Art going in prison, Pompey?

*Pom* Yes faith, sir

*Lucio* Why tis not amiss Pompey Farewell Go say I sent thee thither For debt Pompey? or how?

*Elb* For being a bawd for being a bawd

*Lucio* Well then imprison him If imprisonment be the due of a bawd why tis his right Bawd is he doubtless and of antiquity too bawd born Farewell good Pompey Commend me to the prison, Pompey You will turn good hus band now Pompey you will keep the house

*Pom* I hope, sir your good worship will be my bail

*Lucio* No indeed will I not Pompey it is not the wear I will pray Pompey to increase your bondage If you take it not patiently why your mettle is the more Adieu, trusty Pompey Bless you, friar 81

*Duke* And you

*Lucio* Does Bridget paint still Pompey ha'st?

*Elb* Come your ways sir come

*Pom* You will not bail me then sir?

*Lucio* Then Pompey nor now What news abroad friar? what news?

*Elb* Come your ways sir come

*Lucio* Go to kennel Pompey go [*Exit ELBOW POMPEY and Officers*] What news friar of the Duke?

*Duke* I know none Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia other some he is in Rome but where is he think you?

*Duke* I know not where but wheresoever I wish him well

*Lucio* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence he puts transgression to t 101

*Duke* He does well in it

*Lucio* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him something too crabbed that way friar

*Duke* It is too general a vice and severity must cure it

*Lucio* Yes in good sooth the vice is of a great kindred it is well allied but it is impossible to extirp it quite friar till eating and drinking be put down They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation Is it true think you?

*Duke* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio* Some report a sea maid spawned him some, that he was begot between two stock fishes But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice that I know to be true and he is a motion generative that's infallible

*Duke* You are pleasant sir and speak apace

*Lucio* Why what a ruthless thing is this in him for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man! Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards he would have paid for the nursing a thousand He had some feeling of the sport he knew the service and that instructed him to mercy

*Duke* I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women he was not inclined that way

*Lucio* O sir you are deceived 111

*Duke* 'Tis not possible

*Lucio* Who not the Duke? yes your beggar of fifty and his use was to put a duet in her cluck dish The Duke had crotchets in him He would be drunk too that let me inform you

*Duke* You do him wrong surely

*Lucio* Sir, I was an inward of his A shy fellow was the Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing 140

*Duke* What, I prithee, might be the cause?

*Lucio* No, pardon, 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips But thus I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise

*Duke* Wise! why, no question but he was

*Lucio* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow

*Duke* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking The very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar a statesman, and a soldier Therefore you speak unskilfully, or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice

*Lucio* Sir, I know him, and I love him

*Duke* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love 160

*Lucio* Come, sir, I know what I know

*Duke* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak But, if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you your name?

*Lucio* Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke 170

*Duke* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you

*Lucio* I fear you not

*Duke* O, you hope the Duke will return no more or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite But indeed I can do you little harm, you'll forswear this again

*Lucio* I'll be hanged first Thou art deceived in me, friar No more of this Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

*Duke* Why should he die sir?

*Lucio* Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish I would the Duke we talk of were returned again This ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with contumency, sparrows must not build in his house eaves because they are lecherous The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered, he would never bring them to light Would he were returned? Marry thus Claudio is condemned for untrussing Farewell good friar I prithee pray for me The Duke, I say to thee again would eat mutton on Fridays He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth

with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic Say that I said so Farewell [Exit

*Duke* No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape, back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes What king so strong

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

200

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE*

*Escal* Go away with her to prison!

*Mrs Ov* Good my lord, be good to me your honour is accounted a merciful man, good my lord

*Escal* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind! This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant

*Prov* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour

*Mrs Ov* My lord this is one Lucio's information against me Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the Duke's time he promised her marriage His child is a year and a quarter old come Philip and Jacob I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to abuse me!

*Escal* That fellow is a fellow of much license Let him be called before us Away with her to prison! Go to no more words [Exit Officers with MISTRESS OVERDONE] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die to-morrow Let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him

*Prov* So please you this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death

*Escal* Good even good father

*Duke* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal* Of whence are you?

*Duke* Not of this country, though my chance is now 230

To use it for my time I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his Holiness

*Escal* What news abroad in the world?

*Duke* None but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it Novelty is only in request, and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure but security enough to make fellowships accursed Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom

of the world This news is old enough yet it is every day's news I pray you sir of what disposition was the Duke?

*Escal* One that above all other strifes contented especially to know himself

*Duke* What pleasure was he given to?

*Escal* Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice a gentleman of all temperance But leave we him to his events with a prayer they may prove prosperous and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation

*Duke* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself in the determination of justice yet had he framed to himself by the instruction of his frailty many deceiving promises of life which I by my good leisure have discredited to him and now he is resolved to die

*Escal* You have paid the heavens your function and the prisoner the very debt of your calling I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty but my brother justice have I found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice

*Duke* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding it shall become him well wherein if he chance to fail he hath sentenced himself

*Escal* I am going to visit the prisoner Fare you well

*Duke* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt ESCALUS and PROVOST*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe  
Pattern in himself to know  
Grace to stand and virtue go  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing 280  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo  
To weed my vice and let his grow!  
O what may man within him hide  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may I keness made in crimes  
Making practice on the times  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things! 290  
Craft against vice I must apply  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised  
So disguise shall by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting  
And perform an old contracting [Exit

## ACT IV

SCENE I *The moated grange at St Luke's*

*Enter MARIANA and a BOY*

*Boy [sings]*

Take, O take those lips away  
That so sweetly were forsworn  
And those eyes the break of day  
Lights that do mislead the morn  
But my kisses bring again, bring again  
Seals of love but seal'd in vain seal'd in vain

*Mari* Break off thy song and haste thee quick away

Here comes a man of comfort whose advice  
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent

[Exit BOY]

*Enter DUKE disguised as before*

I cry you mercy sir and well could wish . . . 10  
You had not found me here so musical  
Let me excuse me and believe me so  
My mirth it much displeased but pleased my woe  
*Duke* 'Tis good though music oft hath such a  
charm

To make bad good and good provoke to harm  
I pray you tell me hath anybody inquired for  
me here to-day? much upon this time have I  
promised here to meet

*Mari* You have not been inquired after I have  
sat here all day 0

*Enter ISABELLA*

*Duke* I do constantly believe you The time  
is come even now I shall crave your forbear-  
ance a little May be I will call upon you anon  
for some advantage to yourself

*Mari* I am always bound to you [Exit

*Duke* Very well met and well come  
What is the news from this good deputy?  
*Isab* He hath a garden circummured with brick  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd 30  
And to that vineyard is a planced gate  
That makes his opening with this beggar key  
Thus other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads  
There have I made my promise  
Upon the head of muddle of the night  
To call upon him

*Duke* But shall you on your knowledge find this  
way?

*Isab* I have taken a due and wary note upon it  
With whispering and most guilty diligence  
In action all of precept he did show me 40  
The way twice over

*Duke* Are there no other tokens

Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

*Isab* No none, but only a repair i' the dark,  
And that I have possess'd him my most stay  
Can be but brief, for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother

*Duke* 'Tis well borne up  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this What, ho! within! come forth!

*Re enter MARIANA*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid 51  
She comes to do you good

*Isab* I do desire the like

*Duke* Do you persuade yourself that I respect  
you?

*Mari* Good friar, I know you do and have  
found it

*Duke* Take, then this your companion by the  
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear  
I shall attend your leisure but make haste,  
The vaporous night approaches

*Mari* Will t please you walk aside?

*[Exeunt MARIANA and ISABELLA]*

*Duke* O place and greatness! millions of false  
eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee Volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious quests  
Upon thy doings, thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dreams  
And rack thee in their fancies

*Re enter MARIANA and ISABELLA*

Welcome how agreed?

*Isab* She'll take the enterprise upon her father  
If you advise it

*Duke* It is not my consent

But my entreaty too

*Isab* Little have you to say  
When you depart from him but soft and low,  
"Remember now my brother

*Mari* Fear me not 70

*Duke* Nor gentle daughter, fear you not at all

He is your husband on a pre-contract

To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin

Sith that the justice of your title to him

Doth flourish the deceit Come let us go

Our corn's to reap for yet our tithes to sow

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE II *A room in the prison*

*Enter PROVOST and POMPEY*

*Prov* Come hither, sirrah Can you cut off a  
man's head?

*Pom* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can, but  
if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and  
I can never cut off a woman's head

*Prov* Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and  
yield me a direct answer To-morrow morn-  
ing are to die Claudio and Barnardine Here is  
in our prison a common executioner who in  
his office lacks a helper If you will take it on  
you to assist him it shall redeem you from your  
gyves, if not, you shall have your full time of  
imprisonment and your deliverance with an un-  
expected whipping for you have been a notorious  
bawd

*Pom* Sir I have been an unlawful bawd time  
out of mind but yet I will be content to be a  
lawful hangman I would be glad to receive some  
instruction from my fellow partner

*Prov* What ho! Abhorson! Where's Abhorson,  
there? 21

*Enter ABHORSON*

*Abhor* Do you call, sir?

*Prov* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-  
morrow in your execution If you think it meet,  
compound with him by the year and let him  
abide here with you if not, use him for the  
present and dismiss him He cannot plead his  
estimation with you he hath been a bawd

*Abhor* A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will dis-  
credit our mystery 30

*Prov* Go to sir, you weigh equally, a feather  
will turn the scale *[Exit]*

*Pom* Pray, sir by your good favour—for sure-  
ly sir a good favour you have but that you have  
a hanging look—do you call sir, your occupa-  
tion a mystery?

*Abhor* Ay sir, a mystery

*Pom* Painting sir, I have heard say is a mys-  
tery and your whores sir being members of  
my occupation using painting, do prove my oc-  
cupation a mystery, but what mystery there  
should be in hanging, if I should be hanged I  
cannot imagine

*Abhor* Sir, it is a mystery

*Pom* Proof?

*Abhor* Every true man's apparel fits your thief  
If it be too little for your thief your true man  
thinks it big enough, if it be too big for your  
thief, your thief thinks it little enough so every  
true man's apparel fits your thief 50

*Re-enter PROVOST*

*Prov* Are you agreed?

*Pom* Sir I will serve him for I do find your  
hangman is a more penitent trade than your  
bawd, he doth oftener ask forgiveness



*Prov* You sirrah provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock

*Altor* Come on, bawd I will instruct thee in my trade follow

*Pom* I do desire to learn sir and I hope if you have occasion to use me for your own turn you shall find me yare for truly sir for your kindness I owe you a good turn

*Prov* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio

*[Exeunt POMPEY and TABORIOW]*

The one has my pity not a jot the other Being a murderer though he were my brother

*Enter CLAUDIO*

Look here's the warrant Claudio for thy death Till now dead midnight and by eight to-morrow Thou must be made immortal Where's Barnardine?

*Claudio* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guileless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones 70 He will not wake

*Prov* Who can do good on him?

We'll go prepare yourself *[Knocking within]*

But hark what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

*[Exit CLAUDIO]*

By and by I hope it's some pardon or reprieve For the most gentle Claudio

*Enter DUKE disguised as before*

Welcome father

*Duke* The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelope you good Provost? Who call'd here of late?

*Prov* None since the curfew rung

*Duke* Not Isabel?

*Prov* No

*Duke* They will then ere it be long

*Prov* What comfort is for Claudio? 80

*Duke* There's some in hope

*Prov* It is a bitter deputy

*Duke* Not so not so his life is parallel'd

I even with the stroke and line of his great justice

He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify in others Were he meal'd with that

Which he corrects then were he tyrannous

But this being so he's just

*Knocking within*

Now are they come

*[Exit PROVOST]*

This is a gentle Provost seldom when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men

*Knocking within*

How now? what noise? The spirit's possess'd 90 with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes

*Re-enter PROVOST*

*Prov* There he must stay until the officer Arise to let him in He is call'd up

*Duke* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet

But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov* None sir none

*Duke* Is near the dawning Provost as it is You shall hear more ere morning

*Prov* Happily

You something know yet I believe there comes

No countermand no such example have we 100

Besides upon the very siege of justice

Lord Angelo hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary

*Enter a MESSENGER*

This is his lordship's man

*Duke* And here comes Claudio's pardon

*Yes [Giving a paper]* My lord hath sent you this note and by me this further charge that you swerve not from the smallest article of it neither in time matter or other circumstance Good morrow for as I take it it is almost day

*Prov* I shall obey him *[Exit MESSENGER]*

*Duke [Aside]* This is his pardon, purchased by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in

Hence hath offence his quick celerity

When it is borne in high authority

When vice makes mercy mercy's so extended,

That for the fault's love is the offender friend'd

Now sir what news?

*Prov* I told you Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office awakens me with this unwanted putting-on methinks strangely for he hath not used it before 121

*Duke* Pray you let's hear

*Prov* [Reads]

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary let Claudio be executed by four of the clock and in the afternoon Barnardine For my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five Let this be duly performed with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver Thus fall not to do your office as you will answer it at your peril 130

What say you to this sir?

*Duke* What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov* A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred one that is a prisoner nine years old

*Duke* How came it that the absent Duke had not either delivered him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so

*Prov* His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof

*Duke* It is now apparent?

*Prov* Most manifest, and not denied by himself

*Duke* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

*Prov* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep, careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal

*Duke* He wants advice

*Prov* He will hear none He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison give him leave to escape hence he would not drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it, it hath not moved him at all 161

*Duke* More of him anon There is written in your brow Provost, honesty and constancy If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me, but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy

*Prov* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke* In the delaying death

*Prov* Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest

*Duke* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo

*Prov* Angelo hath seen them both and will discover the favour

*Duke* O death's a great disguiser and you may add to it Shave the head and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so buried before his death you know the course is common If anything fall to you upon this more

than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life

*Prov* Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath

*Duke* Were you sworn to the Duke or to the deputy?

*Prov* To him, and to his substitutes

*Duke* You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

*Prov* But what likelihood is in that? 202

*Duke* Not a resemblance, but a certainty Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt you I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke You know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you

*Prov* I know them both 210

*Duke* The contents of this is the return of the Duke You shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find, within these two days he will be here This is a thing that Angelo knows not, for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour, perchance of the Duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance, nothing of what is writ Look the unfolding star calls up the shepherd Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be All difficulties are but easy when they are known Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place Yet you are amazed but this shall absolutely resolve you Come away, it is almost clear dawn [Exeunt

### SCENE III Another room in the same

#### Enter POMPEY

*Pom* I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers First here's young Master Rash, he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger nine score and seventeen pounds of which he made five marks ready money Marry then ginger was not much in request for the old women were all dead Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three pile the mercer for some four suits of peach-coloured satin which now peaches him a beggar Then have we here young Dizz, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding and Master Forthlight the tilter and brave Master Shoory the great traveller and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots and I

forty more all great doers in our trade and are  
now for the Lord's sake 21

*Enter ABHORSON*

*Abhor* Sirrah bring Barnardine hither  
*Pom* Master Barnardine? you must rise and be  
hanged, Master Barnardine!

*Abhor* What ho Barnardine?  
*Bar* [*Within*] A pox to your throats! Who  
makes that noise there? What are you?

*Pom* Your friends sir the hangman You must  
be so good sir to rise and be put to death

*Bar* [*Within*] Away you rogue away! I am  
sleepy 31

*Abhor* Tell him he must awake and that quick  
ly too

*Pom* Pray Master Barnardine awake till you  
are executed and sleep afterwards

*Abhor* Go in to him and fetch him out

*Pom* He is coming sir he is coming I hear his  
straw rustle

*Abhor* Is the axe upon the block sirrah?

*Pom* Very ready sir 40

*Enter BARNARDINE*

*Bar* How now Abhorson? what's the news  
with you?

*Abhor* Truly sir I would desire you to clap  
into your prayers for look you the warrant's  
come

*Bar* You rogue I have been drinking all night  
I am not fitted for it

*Pom* O the better sir for he that drinks all  
night and is hanged betimes in the morning may  
sleep the sounder all the next day 50

*Enter DUKE disguised as before*

*Abhor* Look you sir here comes your ghostly  
father Do we jest now think you?

*Duke* Sir induced by my charity and hearing  
how hastily you are to depart I am come to ad-  
vise you, comfort you and pray with you

*Bar* Friar nor I I have been drinking hard all  
night and I will have more time to prepare me  
or else shall bear out my brains with bullets I  
will not consent to die this day that's certain

*Duke* O sir you must and therefore I beseech  
you 60

Look forward on the journey you shall go

*Bar* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's  
persuasion

*Duke* But hear you

*Bar* Not a word If you have anything to say  
to me come to my ward for thence will not I  
to-day [Exit] 70

*Duke* Unfit to live or die, O gentle heart

After him follows bring him to the block

[Exit ABHORSON and POMPEY]

*Enter PROVOST*

*Prov* Now sir how do you find the prison-  
er? 70

*Duke* A creature unprepared unmeet for death  
And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable

*Prov* Here in the prison father  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine a most notorious pirate  
A man of Claudio's years his beard and head  
Just of his colour What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclined  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine more like to Claudio? 80

*Duke* O 'tis an accident that heaven provides  
Dispatch it presently the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo See this be done  
And satisfy the deputy to command while I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die

*Prov* This shall be done good father presently  
But Barnardine must die this afternoon  
And how shall we continue Claudio

To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive?

*Duke* Let this be done 90  
Put them in secret holds both Barnardine and  
Claudio

Twice the sun hath made his journal greet  
To the under generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested

*Prov* I am your free dependant

*Duke* Quick dispatch and send the head to  
Angelo [Exit PROVOST]

Now will I write letters to Angelo—  
The Provoost he shall bear them—whose con-  
tents

Shall witness to him I am near at home  
And that by great injunctions I am bound 100  
To enter publicly Him I desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount  
A league below the city and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well balanced form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo

*Re-enter PROVOST*

*Prov* Here is the head I'll carry it myself

*Duke* Convenient is it Make a swift return  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours

*I rov* I'll make all speed [Exit] 110

*Isb* [*Within*] Peace be here!

*Duke* The tongue of Isabel She's come to know  
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither

But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected

*Enter ISABELLA*

*Isab* Ho, by your leave!

*Duke* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter

*Isab* The better, given me by so holy a man

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke* He hath released him, Isabel, from the world

His head is off and sent to Angelo 120

*Isab* Nay, but it is not so

*Duke* It is no other Show your wisdom, daughter,

In your patience

*Isab* O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

*Duke* You shall not be admitted to his sight

*Isab* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

*Duke* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot,  
Forbear it therefore, give your cause to heaven  
Mark what I say which you shall find 130

By every syllable a faithful verity

The Duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry your eyes

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance Already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power If you can pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go

And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,

Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart, 140

And general honour

*Isab* I am directed by you

*Duke* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give

'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's return

Say by this token I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night Her cause and yours

I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you

Before the Duke and to the head of Angelo

Accuse him home and home For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow

And shall be absent Wend you with this letter

Command these fretting waters from your eyes

With a light heart, trust not my holy order,

If I pervert your course Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO*

*Lucio* Good even Friar, where's the Provost?

*Duke* Not within sir

*Lucio* O pretty Isabella I am pale at mine

heart to see thine eyes so red Thou must be patient I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran, I dare not for my head fill my belly, one fruitful meal would set me to rest But they say the Duke will be here to-morrow By my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother If the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home he had lived *[Exit ISABELLA]*

*Duke* Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholding to your reports, but the best is, he lives not in them

*Lucio* Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do He's a better woodman than thou takest him for 171

*Duke* Well, you'll answer this one day Fare ye well

*Lucio* Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke

*Duke* You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true, if not true, none were enough

*Lucio* I was once before him for getting a wench with child 180

*Duke* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio* Yes marry, did I but I was fain to forswear it They would else have married me to the rotten medlar

*Duke* Sir, your company is fairer than honest Rest you well

*Lucio* By my troth I'll go with thee to the lane's end If bawdy talk offend you we'll have very little of it Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick *[Exeunt 190]*

SCENE IV *A room in Angelo's house*

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS*

*Escal* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other

*Ang* In most uneven and distracted manner His actions show much like to madness pray Heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates and redeliver our authorities there?

*Escal* I guess not

*Ang* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal* He shows his reason for that to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us

*Ang* Well I beseech you let it be proclaimed betimes in the morn, I'll call you at your house Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him 20

*Escal* I shall see Fare you well  
*Ang* Good night [*Exit ESCALUS*]  
 This deed unshapes me quite makes me un-  
 pregnant  
 And dull to all proceedings A deflower'd maid!  
 And by an eminent body that enforced  
 The law against it! But that her tender shame  
 Will not proclaim against her maiden loss  
 How might she tongue me! Yet reason darts  
 her no  
 For my authority bears of a credent bulk  
 That no particular scandal once can touch 30  
 But it confounds the breather He should have  
 lived  
 Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,  
 Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,  
 By so receiving a dishonour'd life  
 With ransom of such shame Would yet he had  
 lived!  
 Alack when once our grace we have forgot  
 Nothing goes right we would and we would not [*Exit*]

SCENE V *Fields without the town*

*Enter DUKE in his own habit and FRIAR PETER*  
*Duke* These letters at fit time deliver me  
*Giving letters*  
 The Provost knows our purpose and our plot  
 The matter being afoot keep your instruction,  
 And hold you ever to our special drift  
 Though sometimes you do blench from this to  
 that  
 As cause doth minister Go call at Flavius house,  
 And tell him where I stay Give the like notice  
 To Valentinus Rowland and to Crassus  
 And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate  
 But send me Flavius first  
*Fri P* It shall be speeded well [*Exit* 10

*Enter VARRIUS*

*Duke* I thank thee, Varrus thou hast made  
 good haste  
 Come we will walk There's other of our friends  
 Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrus [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Street near the city gate*

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA*

*Isab* To speak so indirectly I am loath  
 I would say the truth but to accuse him so  
 That is your part Yet I am advised to do it  
 He says to evil full purpose  
*Mari* Be ruled by him  
*Isab* Besides he tells me that if peradventure  
 He speak against me on the adverse side  
 I should not think it strange for us a physic

That's bitter to sweet end  
*Mari* I would friar Peter—  
*Isab* O peace! the friar is come

*Enter FRIAR PETER*

*Fri P* Come, I have found you out a stand  
 most fit 10  
 Where you may have such vantage on the Duke  
 He shall not pass you Twice have the trumpets  
 sounded  
 The generous and gravest citizens  
 Have hent the gates and very near upon  
 The Duke is entering therefore hence away! [*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I *The city gate*

*MARIANA veiled ISABELLA and FRIAR PETER, at their stand Enter DUKE, VARRIUS Lords AN- GELUS ESCALUS LUCIO PROVOST Officers and Citizens at several doors*

*Duke* My very worthy cousin fairly met!  
 Our old and faithful friend we are glad to see  
 you

*Ang* { Happy return be to your royal Grace!  
*Escal* }

*Duke* Many and hearty thankings to you both  
 We have made inquiry of you and we hear  
 Such goodness of your justice that our soul  
 Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks  
 Forerunning more requital

*Ang* You make my bonds still greater

*Duke* O your desert speaks loud and I should  
 wrong it

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom 10

When it deserves with characters of brass  
 A fortified residence against the tooth of time  
 And razure of oblivion Give me your hand,  
 And let the subject see to make them know  
 That outward courtesies could vain proclaim  
 Favours that keep within Come Escalus  
 You must walk by us on our other hand  
 And good supporters are you

*FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward*

*Fri P* Now is your time Speak loud and kneel  
 before him

*Isab* Justice, O royal Duke! Vail your re-  
 gard 20

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said a maid!

O worthy Prince dishonour not your eye

By throwing it on any other object

Till you have heard me in my true complaint

And given me justice, justice justice!

*Duke* Relate your wrongs in what? by  
 whom? be brief

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice

Reveal yourself to him

*Isab* O worthy Duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil  
Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believed, 31  
Or wring redress from you Hear me, O hear  
me, here!

*Ang* My lord, her wits I fear me, are not  
firm

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother

Cut off by course of justice—

*Isab* By course of justice!

*Ang* And she will speak most bitterly and  
strange

*Isab* Most strange but yet most truly, will I  
speak

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is it not strange?

That Angelo's an adulterous thief, 40

An hypocrite, a virgin violator,

Is it not strange and strange?

*Duke* Nay, it is ten times strange

*Isab* It is not truer he is Angelo

Than thus is all as true as it is strange

Nay it is ten times true, for truth is truth

To the end of reckoning

*Duke* Away with her! Poor soul,

She speaks thus in the infirmity of sense

*Isab* O Prince I conjure thee, as thou be-  
lievest

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion 50

That I am touch'd with madness! Make not im-  
possible

That which but seems unlike 'Tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st carliff on the ground

May seem as shy, as grave as just as absolute

As Angelo, even so may Angelo

In all his dressings characts titles, forms

Be an arch-villain believe it royal prince

If he be less he's nothing but he's more

Had I more name for badness

*Duke* By mine honesty, 60

If she be mad—as I believe no other—

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing

As e'er I heard in madness

*Isab* O gracious Duke

Harp not on that nor do not banish reason

For inequality but let your reason serve

To make the truth appear where it seems hid

And hide the false seems true

*Duke* Many that are not mad  
Have, sure more lack of reason What would  
you say?

*Isab* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70  
To lose his head, condemn'd by Angelo  
I in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother one Lucio  
As then the messenger—

*Lucio* That's I, an I like your Grace  
I came to her from Claudio and desired her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon

*Isab* That's he indeed

*Duke* You were not bid to speak

*Lucio* No my good lord,

Nor wish'd to hold my peace

*Duke* I wish you now, then,  
Pray you, take note of it and when you have 80  
A business for yourself, pray Heaven you then  
Be perfect

*Lucio* I warrant your honour

*Duke* The warrant's for yourself, take heed to't

*Isab* This gentleman told somewhat of my  
tale—

*Lucio* Right

*Duke* It may be right, but you are i' the wrong  
To speak before your time Proceed

*Isab* I went

To this pernicious carliff deputy—

*Duke* That's somewhat madly spoken

*Isab* Pardon it, 90

The phrase is to the matter

*Duke* Mended again The matter proceed

*Isab* In brief, to set the needless process by,

How I persuaded how I pray'd and kneel'd

How he refell'd me and how I replied—

For thus was of much length—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter

He would not, but by gift of my chaste body

To his concupiscible intemperate lust,

Release my brother, and, after much debate-  
ment,

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour 100

And I did yield to him, but the next morn be-  
times

His purpose surfeiting he sends a warrant

For my poor brother's head

*Duke* This is most likely!

*Isab* O that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke* By heaven fond wretch, thou know'st  
not what thou speak'st,

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour

In hateful practice First his integrity

Stands without blemish Next it imports no  
reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue

Faults proper to himself If he had so offended

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself

And not have cut him off Some one hath set you on

Confess the truth and say by whose advice  
Thou camest here to complain

*Isab* And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above  
Keep me in patience and with ripen'd time  
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up  
In countenance! Heaven shield your Grace from woe,

As I thus wrong'd hence unbeliev'd go!

*Duke* I know you'd fain be gone An officer! 120  
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice  
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

*Isab* One that I would were here Friar Lodowick

*Duke* A ghostly father belike Who knows  
that Lodowick?

*Lucio* My lord I know him tis a meddling  
friar

I do not like the man Had he been lay my lord  
For certain words he spake against your Grace  
In your retirement I had swinn'd him soundly

*Duke* Words against me! this is a good friar  
belike! 131

And to set on this wretched woman here  
Against our substitute Let this friar be found

*Lucio* But yesternight my lord she and that  
friar

I saw them at the prison A saucy friar  
A very scurvy fellow

*Fri P* Blessed be your royal Grace!  
I have stood by my lord and I have heard  
Your royal ear abused First hath this woman  
Most wrongfully accused your substitute 140  
Who is as free from touch or soil with her  
As she from one ungot

*Duke* We did believe no less  
know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

*Fri P* I know him for a man divine and holy  
Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler

As he's reported by this gentleman

And on my trust a man that never yet  
Did, as he vouches misreport your Grace

*Lucio* My lord most villainously believe it

*Fri P* Well he in time may come to clear him-  
self 150

But at this instant he is sick my lord  
Of a strange fever Upon his mere request  
Being come to knowledg that there was com-  
plaint

Intended against Lord Angelo came I hither  
To speak as from his mouth what he doth know  
Is true and false and what he with his oath

And all probation will make up full clear  
Whosoever he's convicted First for this  
woman

To justify this worthy nobleman  
So vulgarly and personally accused 160  
Her shall you hear disprov'd to her eyes  
Till she herself confess it

*Duke* Good friar let's hear it  
*[ISABELLA IS CATTED off guarded and  
MARIANA comes forward]*

Do you not smile at this Lord Angelo?  
O heaven the vanity of wretched fools!  
Give us some seats Come cousin Angelo  
In this I'll be impartial be you judge  
Of your own cause Is this the witness friar?

First let her show her face and after speak  
*Mari* Pardon, my lord I will not show my  
face

Until my husband bid me 170  
*Duke* What are you married?

*Mari* No my lord

*Duke* Are you a maid?

*Mari* No my lord

*Duke* A widow then?

*Mari* Neither my lord

*Duke* Why you are nothing then neither  
maid widow nor wife?

*Lucio* My lord she may be a punk for many  
of them are neither maid widow nor wife

*Duke* Silence that fellow I would he had some  
cause 181

To prattle for himself

*Lucio* Well my lord

*Mari* My lord I do confess I ne'er was mar-  
ried

And I confess besides I am no maid  
I have known my husband yet my husband  
knows not that ever he knew me

*Lucio* He was drunk then my lord It can be  
no better

*Duke* For the benefit of silence would thou  
wert so too! 191

*Lucio* Well my lord

*Duke* This is no witness for Lord Angelo

*Mari* Now I come to tell my lord  
She that accuses him of fornication  
In self same manner doth accuse my husband,  
And charges him my lord with such a time  
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms  
With all the effect of love

*Ang* Charges she more than me?

*Mari* Not that I know 200

*Duke* No? you saw your husband

*Mari* Why just my lord and that is Angelo,  
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my  
body

But know's he thinks that he knows Isabel's

*Ang* This is a strange abuse Let's see thy face

*Mari* My husband bids me, now I will unmask [*Unveiling*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swore'st was worth the looking on,

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contract,  
Was fast belock'd in thine, this is the body 210  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house  
In her imagined person

*Duke* Know you this woman?

*Lucio* Carnally, she says

*Duke* Surrah, no more!

*Lucio* Enough my lord

*Ang* My lord, I must confess I know this woman,

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Between myself and her, which was broke off

Partly for that her promised proportions  
Came short of composition but in chief 220

For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity, since which time of five years

I never spake with her saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour

*Mari* Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heaven and words  
from breath

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,

I am affianced this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows, and my good  
lord

But Tuesday night last gone in's garden house

He knew me as a wife As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees,

Or else for ever be confix'd here

A marble monument!

*Ang* I did but smile till now

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice

My patience here is touch'd I do perceive

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member

That sets them on Let me have way my lord

To find this practice out

*Duke* Ay with my heart

And punish them to your height of pleasure 240

Thou foolish friar and thou pernicious woman

Compact with her that's gone think'st thou thy  
oaths

Though they would swear down each particular  
saint

Were testimonies against his worth and credit

That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,  
Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains  
To find out this abuse whence 'tis derived  
There is another friar that set them on,  
Let him be sent for

*Fri P* Would he were here, my lord! for he  
indeed 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint  
Your Provost knows the place where he abides  
And he may fetch him

*Duke* Go do it instantly [*Exit PROVOST*]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,

Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth

Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement I for a while will leave  
you

But stir not you till you have well determined

Upon these slanderers

*Escr* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly 260

[*Exit DUKE*]

Signior Lucio did not you say you knew that  
Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio* *Cucullus non facit monachum* honest in  
nothing but in his clothes, and one that hath  
spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke

*Escal* We shall entreat you to abide here till  
he come and enforce them against him We shall  
find this friar a notable fellow

*Lucio* As any in Vienna on my word

*Escal* Call that same Isabel here once again,

I would speak with her [*Exit an Attendant*]

Pray you my lord give me leave to question

you shall see how I'll handle her

*Lucio* Not better than he, by her own report

*Escal* Say you?

*Lucio* Marry sir, I think, if you handled her  
privately she would sooner confess, perchance,  
publicly she'll be ashamed

*Escal* I will go darkly to work with her

*Lucio* That's the way for women are light at  
midnight 281

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA, and PROVOST  
with the DUKE in his friar's habit*

*Escal* Come on mistress Here's a gentle-  
woman denies all that you have said

*Lucio* My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke  
of here with the Provost

*Escal* In very good time Speak not you to  
him till we call upon you

*Lucio* Mum

*Escal* Come sir, did you set these women  
on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed  
you did

*Duke* 'Tis false

*Escal* How! know you where you are?



*Duke* Respect to your great place<sup>1</sup> and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne<sup>1</sup>  
Where is the Duke? tis he should hear me speak

*Escal* The Duke is in us and we will hear you speak

Look you speak justly

*Duke* Boldly at least But O poor souls  
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? 300

Good night to your redress! Is the Duke gone?  
Then is your cause gone too The Duke is unjust

Thus to retort your manifest appeal  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth

Which here you come to accuse  
*Lucio* This is the rascal this is he I spoke of

*Escal* Why thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar

Is not enough thou hast suborn'd these women  
To accuse this worthy man but in foul mouth

And in the witness of his proper ear 310  
To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the Duke himself to tax him with injustice?  
Take him hence to the rack with him! We'll

touse you  
Joint by joint but we will know his purpose  
What unjust!

*Duke* Be not so hot the Duke  
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Dare rack his own His subject am I not  
Nor here provincial My business in this state

Made me a looker on here in Vienna  
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er run the stew Jaws for all faults 321  
But faults so countenanced, that the strong state

utes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop  
As much in mock as mark

*Escal* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

*Ang* What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio* 'Tis he my lord Come hither Goodman baldpate Do you know me?

*Duke* I remember you sir by the sound of your voice I met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke

*Lucio* O did you so? And do you remember what you said of the Duke?

*Duke* Most rocedly sir

*Lucio* Do you so sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger a fool and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

*Duke* You must sir change persons with me, ere you make that my report You, indeed spoke

so of him and much more much worse 341

*Lucio* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke* I protest I love the Duke as I love myself

*Ang* Hark how the villain would close now after his treasonable abuses!

*Escal* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal  
Away with him to prison Where is the Provost?

Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him Let him speak no more Away with those gillots too and with the other confederate companion!

*Duke* [To provost] Stay sir stay awhile

*Ang* What resists he? Help him Lucio

*Lucio* Come sir come, sir come sir for sir! Why you bald pated lying rascal you must be hooded must you? Show your knave a visage

with a pot to you! show your sheep-biting face and be hanged an hour! Will it not off? 360

*Lucio* Pulls off the friar's hood and discovers the Duke

*Duke* Thou art the first knave that ever madest a Duke

First Provost let me bail these gentle three  
[To LUCIO] Sneak not away sir for the friar and you

Must have a word anon Lay hold on him

*Lucio* This may prove worse than hanging

*Duke* [To ESCALUS] What you have spoke I pardon Sit you down

We'll borrow place of him [To ANGELO] Sir by your leave

Hast thou or word or wit or impudence  
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast

Rely upon it till my tale be heard 370  
Art thou hold no longer out

*Ang* O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness

To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your Grace like power divine

Hath look'd upon my passes Then good Prince,  
No longer session hold upon my shame

But let my trial be mine own confession  
Immediate sentence then and sequent death

Is all the grace I beg

*Duke* Come hither Mariana  
Saw'st thou ever contracted to this woman?

*Ang* I was my lord 381

*Duke* Go take her hence and marry her instantly

Do you the office, friar which consummate  
Return him here again Go with him, Provost

[Exit ANGELO MARIANA PRIAR PETER and] PROVOST

*Escal* My lord I am more amazed at his dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it

*Duke* Come hither, Isabel  
Your friar is now your Prince As I was then  
Advertising and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service

*Isab* O, give me pardon 390  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd  
Your unknown sovereignty!

*Duke* You are pardon'd, Isabel  
And now dear maid, be you as free to us  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,  
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost O most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on, 400  
That brain'd my purpose But, peace be with  
him!

That life is better life past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear Make it your  
comfort,

So happy is your brother

*Isab* I do my lord

*Re enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,  
and PROVOST*

*Duke* For this new-married man approaching  
here,  
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake But as he adjudged your  
brother—  
Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity and of promise breach 410  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life—  
The very mercy of the law cries out  
Most audible, even from his proper tongue  
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers lea-  
sure,

Lil e doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR  
MEASURE

Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested  
Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee  
vantage

We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death and with like  
haste 420

Away with him!

*Mari* O my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband  
*Duke* It is your husband mock'd you with a  
husband

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit, else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life  
And chol e your good to come For his posses-  
sions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband

*Mari* O my dear lord, 430

I crave no other, nor no better man

*Duke* Never crave him, we are definitive

*Mari* Gentle my liege— [*Kneeling*]

*Duke* You do but lose your labour  
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now, sir,  
to you

*Mari* O my good lord! Sweet Isabel take my  
part,

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come

I'll lend you all my life to do you service

*Duke* Against all sense you do importune her  
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And tal e her hence in horror

*Mari* Isabel 441

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all

They say best men are moulded out of faults,

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad so may my husband

O Isabel will you not lend a knee?

*Duke* He dies for Claudio's death

*Isab* Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling*]

Look if it please you, on this man condemn'd

As if my brother lived I partly think 450

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds

Till he did look on me Since it is so

Let him not die My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died

For Angelo

His act did not o ertake his bad intent,

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way Thoughts are no  
subjects,

Intent's but merely thoughts

*Mari* Merely, my lord

*Duke* Your suit's unprofitable stand up I say

I have bethought me of another fault 461

Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

*Prov* It was commanded so

*Duke* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov* No my good lord, it was by private mes-  
sage

*Duke* For which I do discharge you of your  
office

Give up your keys

*Prov* Pardon me noble lord

I thought it was a fault but knew it not  
 Yet did repent me after more advice  
 For testimony whereof one in the prison 470  
 That should by private order else have died,  
 I have reserved alive

Duke What's he?

Prov His name is Barnardine

Duke I would thou hadst done so by Claudio  
 Go fetch him hither let me look upon him

[Exit PROVOST]

Escal I am sorry one so learned and so wise  
 As you Lord Angelo have still appear'd  
 Should slip so grossly both in the heat of blood  
 And lack of temper'd judgement afterward

Ang I am sorry that such sorrow I procure  
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 480  
 That I crave death more willingly than mercy  
 'Tis my deserving and I do entreat it

Re-enter PROVOST with BARNARDINE CLAUDIO  
 muffled and JULIET

Duke Which is that Barnardine?

Prov This my lord

Duke There was a friar told me of this man  
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul  
 That apprehends no further than this world  
 And asquest thy life according. Thou art con-  
 demn'd

But for those earthly faults I quit them all  
 And pray thee take this mercy to provide  
 For better times to come Friar advise him 490  
 I leave him to your hand What muffled fellow's  
 that?

Prov This is another prisoner that I saved  
 Who should have died when Claudio lost his  
 head

As like almost to Claudio as himself  
 Unmuffles CLAUDIO

Duke [To ISABELLA] If he be like your brother  
 for his sake

Is he pardon'd and for your lovely sake  
 Give me your hand and say you will be mine,  
 He is my brother too but fitter time for that  
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe  
 Methinks I see a quickening in his eye 500  
 Well Angelo your evil quits you well  
 Look that you love your wife her worth worth  
 yours

I find an apt remission in myself  
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon  
 [To LUCIO] You, sirrah that knew me for a fool  
 a coward

One all of luxury an ass a madman  
 Wherein have I so deserved of you?  
 That you extol me thus?

Lucio Faith my lord I spoke it but according  
 to the trick If you will hang me for it you may  
 but I had rather it would please you I might be  
 whipt

Duke Whipt first sir and hanged after  
 Proclaim it Provost round about the city  
 Is any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow  
 As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
 Whom he begot with child let her appear  
 And he shall marry her the nuptial finish'd  
 Let him be whipt and hang'd

Lucio I beseech your Highness do not marry  
 me to a whore Your Highness said even now I  
 made you a Duke Good my lord do not recom-  
 pense me in making me a cuckold

Duke Upon mine honour thou shalt marry  
 her

Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal  
 Remit thy other forfeits Take him to prison  
 And see our pleasure herein executed

Lucio Marrying a punk my lord is pressing to  
 death whipping and hanging

Duke Slandering a prince deserves it 510

[Exit Officers with LUCIO]

She Claudio that you wrong'd look you restore  
 Joy on you Mariana! Love her Angelo  
 I have confess'd her and I know her virtue  
 Thanks good friend Lucius for thy much good-  
 ness

There's more behind that is more grateful  
 Thanks Provost for thy care and secrecy  
 We shall employ thee in a worthier place  
 Forgive him Angelo that brought you home  
 The head of Ragozine for Claudio's  
 The offence pardons itself Dear Isabel 520  
 I have a motion much imports your good  
 Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline  
 What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine  
 So bring us to our palace where we'll show  
 What's yet behind that meets you all should  
 know [Exit]

# 2 OTHELLO, the Moor of Venice

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE  
BRABANTIO, a Senator  
TWO SENATORS  
GRATIANO brother to Brabantio  
LODOVICO kinsman to Brabantio  
OTHELLO a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state  
CASSIO his lieutenant  
IAGO his ancient  
RODERIGO a Venetian gentleman  
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus  
CLOWN servant to Othello  
TWO GENTLEMEN, of Venice  
FOUR GENTLEMEN, of Cyprus

AN OFFICER  
A HERALD  
A MESSENGER  
A SAILOR  
A MUSICIAN

DESDEMONA daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello  
EMILIA wife to Iago  
BIANCA mistress to Cassio

NON-SPEAKING Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants

SCENE Venice and a Sea port in Cyprus

### ACT I

#### SCENE I Venice a street

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO

Rod Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine shouldst know of this  
Iago 'Sblood, but you will not hear me  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me  
Rod Thou toldst me thou didst hold him in thy hate  
Iago Despise me, if I do not Three great ones of the city  
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Off-capp'd to him, and, by the faith of man 10  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them with a bombast circumstance  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war  
And in conclusion  
Nonsuits my mediators, for "Certes" says he,  
"I have already chose my officer"  
And what was he?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician  
One Michael Cassio a Florentine 20  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife  
That never set a squadron in the field  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoretic,  
Wherein the tog'd consuls can propose  
As masterly as he Mere prattle without practice,

Is all his soldiership But he, sir, had the election,  
And I of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen, must be belee'd and calm'd 30

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster,  
He in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's ancient

Rod By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman

Iago Why, there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service

Preferment goes by letter and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first Now, sir, be judge yourself

Whether I in any just term am affined  
To love the Moor

Rod I would not follow him then 40

Iago O sir, content you

I follow him to serve my turn upon him  
We cannot all be masters nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage  
Wears out his time much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender, and when he's old  
casher'd

Whip me such honest knaves Others there are

Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves  
And throwing but shows of service on their lords,

Do well thrive by them and when they have lined  
their coats

Do themselves homage These fellows have some  
soul

And such a one do I profess myself For sir

It is as sure as you are Roderigo

Were I the Moor I would not be Iago

In following him I follow but myself

Heaven is my judge not I for love and duty

But seeming so for my peculiar end 60

For when my outward action doth demonstrate

The native act and figure of my heart

In compliment extern, 'tis not long after

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve

For daws to peck at I am not what I am

*Pod* What a full fortune does the thick lips  
owe,

If he can carry 't thus!

*Iago* Call up her father

Rouse him Make after him poison his delight

Proclaim him in the streets Incense her kins  
men,

And though he in a fertile climate dwell 70

Plague him with flies Though that his joy be  
joy

Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't

As it may lose some colour

*Rod* Here is her father's house I'll call aloud

*Iago* Do with like timorous accent and dire  
jell

As when by night and negligence, the fire

Is spied in populous cities

*Rod* What ho Brabantio! Signior Brabantio  
ho!

*Iago* Awake! what ho Brabantio! thieves!  
thieves thieves!

Look to your house your daughter and your  
bags!

Thieves thieves! 81

*BRABANTIO appears above at a window*

*Bra* What is the reason of this terrible sum-  
mons?

What is the matter there?

*Rod* Signior is all your family within?

*Iago* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra* Why wherefore ask you this?

*Iago* Zounds sir you're robb'd Sir shame put  
on your gown

Your heart is burst you have lost half your soul

Even now now very now an old black ram

Is supping your white ewe Arise arise

Awake the sleeping citizens with the bell 90

Or else the devil will make a grandure of you

Arise I say

*Bra* What have you lost your wits?

*Rod* Most reverend signior do you know my  
voice?

*Bra* Not I What are you?

*Rod* My name is Roderigo

*Bra* The worse welcome

I have charged thee not to haunt about my  
doors

In honest plainness thou hast heard me say

My daughter is not for thee and now in mad-  
ness

Being full of supper and distempering draughts

Upon malicious bravery dost thou come 100

To start my quiet

*Rod* Sir sir sir—

*Bra* But thou must needs be sure

My spirit and my place have in them power

To make this bitter to thee

*Rod* Patience good sir

*Bra* What tellst thou me of robbing? this is

Venice

My house is not a grange

*Rod* Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you

*Iago* Zounds sir you are one of those that will

not serve God if the devil bid you Because we

come to do you service and you think we are

ruffians you'll have your daughter covered with

a Barbary horse you'll have your nephews neigh

to you you'll have coursers for cousins and gen-

nets for Germans

*Bra* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago* I am one sir that comes to tell you your

daughter and the Moor are now making the beast

with two backs

*Bra* Thou art a villain

*Iago* You are—a senator

*Bra* This thou shalt answer I know thee 11

Roderigo

*Rod* Sir I will answer anything But I beseech

you

If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent

As partly I find it is that your fair daughter

At this odd-even an I dull watch on the night

Transported with no worse nor better guard

Be with a knave of common hire, a gondolier

To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor—

If this be known to you and your allowance

We then have done you bold and saucy wrong

But if you know not this my manners tell me

We have your wrong rebuke Do not believe

That from the sense of all civility

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence

Your daughter if you have not given her leave

I say a sin hath made a gross revolt

Tymour her duty beauty wit and fortunes

In an extravagant and wheeling stranger

Of here and everywhere Straight satisfy yourself  
 If she be in her chamber or your house,  
 Let loose on me the justice of the state 140  
 For thus deluding you

*Bra* Strike on the tinder, ho!  
 Give me a taper! call up all my people!  
 This accident is not unlike my dream  
 Belief of it oppresses me already  
 Light I say! light! [Exit above]

*Iago* Farewell, for I must leave you  
 It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place  
 To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—  
 Against the Moor, for I do know, the state,  
 However this may gall him with some check,  
 Cannot with safety cast him for he s embark'd  
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, 151  
 Which even now stand in act, that, for their  
 souls,

Another of his fathom they have none  
 To lead their business, in which regard,  
 Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
 Yet for necessity of present life,  
 I must show out a flag and sign of love  
 Which is indeed but sign That you shall surely  
 find him  
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search,  
 And there will I be with him So, farewell 160  
 [Exit]

*Enter, below BRABANTIO and Servants with torches*

*Bra* It is too true an evil, gone she is,  
 And what's to come of my despised time  
 Is nought but bitterness Now, Roderigo  
 Where didst thou see her? O unhappy girl!  
 With the Moor, say'st thou? Who would be a  
 father!  
 How didst thou know 'twas she? O, she deceives  
 me  
 Past thought! What said she to you? Get more  
 tapers  
 Raise all my kindred Are they married think  
 you?

*Rod* Truly I think they are  
*Bra* O heaven! How got she out? O treason of  
 the blood! 170  
 Fathers from hence trust not your daughters  
 minds

By what you see them act Is there not charms  
 By which the property of youth and maidhood  
 May be abused? Have you not read Roderigo  
 Of some such thing?

*Rod* Yes, sir I have indeed  
*Bra* Call up my brother O would you had had  
 her!

Some one way, some another Do you know  
 Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod* I think I can discover him if you please  
 To get good guard and go along with me 180  
*Bra* Pray you lead on At every house I'll call,  
 I may command at most Get weapons ho!  
 And raise some special officers of night  
 On good Roderigo, I'll deserve your pains  
 [Exit]

# SCENE II Another street

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO and Attendants with torches*

*Iago* Though in the trade of war I have slain  
 men,  
 Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
 To do no contrived murder I lack inquiry  
 Sometimes to do me service Nine or ten times  
 I had thought to have jerk'd him here under the  
 ribs

*Oth* 'Tis better as it is  
*Iago* Nay, but he prated,  
 And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
 Against your honour  
 That with the little godliness I have  
 I did full hard forbear him But, I pray you sir  
 Are you fast married? Be assured of this, 11  
 That the magnifico is much beloved,  
 And hath in his effect a voice potential  
 As double as the Dulcés He will divorce  
 you

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
 The law, with all his might to enforce it on,  
 Will give him cable

*Oth* Let him do his spite,  
 My services which I have done the signiory  
 Shall out tongue his complaints 'Tis yet to  
 know—

Which when I know that boasting is an  
 honour,  
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being 21  
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits  
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune  
 As this that I have reach'd for know, Iago  
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
 I would not my unhoused free condition  
 Put into circumscription and confine  
 For the sea's worth But look! what lights come  
 yond?

*Iago* Those are the raised father and his friends  
 You were best go in

*Oth* Not I, I must be found 30  
 My parts my title and my perfect soul  
 Shall manifest me rightly Is it they?

*Iago* By Janus I think no  
*Enter CASSIO, and certain OFFICERS with torches*

*Oth* The servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant  
The goodness of the night upon you friends?  
What is the news?  
*Car* The Duke does greet you general  
And he requires your haste post haste appearance  
Even on the instant  
*Oth* What is the matter think you?  
*Car* Something from Cyprus as I may divine  
It is a business of some heat The galleys 40  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels  
And many of the consuls raised and met  
Are at the Duke's already You have been hotly  
called for  
When being not at your lodging to be found  
The senate hath sent about three several quests  
To search you out  
*Oth* 'Tis well I am found by you  
I will but spend a word here in the house  
And go with you [Exit  
*Car* Ancient what maketh he here?  
*Iago* Faith he to-night hath boarded a land  
carack 50  
If it prove lawful prize he's made for ever  
*Car* I do not understand  
*Iago* He's married  
*Car* To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO

*Iago* Marry to—Come captain will you go?  
*Oth* Have with you  
*Car* Here comes another troop to seek for you  
*Iago* It is Brabantio General be advised  
He comes to bad intent

Enter BRABANTIO RODERIGO and Officers with torches and weapons

*Oth* Holla! stand there!  
*Rod* Signior it is the Moor  
*Bra* Down with him thief!  
They draw on both sides  
*Iago* You Roderigo come sir I am for you  
*Oth* Keep up your bright swords for the dew  
will rust them  
Good sir, you shall more command with  
years  
Than with your weapons 61  
*Bra* O thou foul thief where hast thou stow'd  
my daughter?  
Damn'd as thou art thou hast enchanted her  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense  
If she in chains of magic were not bound  
Whether a maid so tender fair and happy  
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd

The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have to incur a general mock  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom 70  
Of such a thing as thou—to fear not to delight  
Judge me the world if 'tis not gross in sense  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms  
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals  
That weaken motion I'll have't disputed on  
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee  
For an abuser of the world a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant  
Lay hold upon him If he do resist 80  
Subdue him at his peril  
*Oth* Hold your hands  
Both you of my inclining and the rest  
Were it my cue to fight I should have known it  
Without a prompter Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?  
*Bra* To prison till fit time  
Of law and course of direct session  
Call thee to answer  
*Oth* What if I do obey?  
How may the Duke be therewith satisfied  
Whose messengers are here about my side 90  
Upon some present business of the state  
To bring me to him?  
*1st Off* 'Tis true most worthy sir  
The Duke is in council and your noble self  
I am sure is sent for  
*Bra* How! the Duke in council!

In this time of the night! Bring him away  
Mine is not an idle cause The Duke himself  
Or any of my brothers of the state  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own  
For if such actions may have passage free  
Bond slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be  
{Exit

SCENE III A Council-chamber  
The DUKE and SENATORS sitting at a table  
OFFICERS attending

*Duke* There is no composition in these news  
That gives them credence  
*1st Sen* Indeed they are disproportion'd  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys  
*Duke* And mine a hundred and forty  
*2nd Sen* And mine two hundred  
But though they jump not on a just account—  
As in these cases where the aim reports  
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet and bearing up to Cyprus  
*Duke* Nay it is possible enough to judgment 10  
I do not so secure me in the error  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense

*Sailor* [Within] What, ho' what, ho' what, ho'

*1st Off* A messenger from the galley

*Enter a SAILOR*

*Duke* Now what's the business?

*Sail* The Turkish preparation makes for

Rhodes,

So was I bid report here to the state

By Signior Angelo

*Duke* How say you by this change?

*1st Sen* This cannot be,

By no assay, of reason, 'tis a pageant,

To keep us in false gaze When we consider

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk 20

And let ourselves again but understand

That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it

For that it stands not in such warlike brace

But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in If we make thought  
of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful

To leave that latest which concerns him first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain

To wake and wage a danger profitless 30

*Duke* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for

Rhodes

*1st Off* Here is more news

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Mess* The Ottomutes, reverend and gracious,

Steering with due course towards the isle of

Rhodes,

Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet

*1st Sen* Ay, so I thought How many, as you  
guess?

*Mess* Of thirty sail and now they do re stem

Their backward course, bearing with frank ap-  
pearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus Signior Montano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor 40

With his free duty recommends you thus

And prays you to believe him

*Duke* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus

Marcus Luccicos is not he in town?

*1st Sen* He's now in Florence

*Duke* Write from us to him post post-haste  
dispatch

*1st Sen* Here comes Brabantio and the valiant  
Moor

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO IAGO,  
RODERIGO, and Officers*

*Duke* Valiant Othello, we must straight em-  
ploy you

Against the general enemy Ottoman

[To BRABANTIO] I did not see you, welcome,

gentle signior,

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night 50

*Bra* So did I yours Good your Grace pardon

me

Neither my place nor ought I heard of business

Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the gen-  
eral care

Take hold on me, for my particular grief

Is of so flood-gate and aerbearing nature

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrow's

And it is still itself

*Duke* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*All* Dead?

*Bra* Ay, to me,

She is abused, stol'n from me and corrupted 60

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks,

For nature so preposterously to err

Being not deficient blind, or lame of sense,

Sans witchcraft could not

*Duke* Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceed-  
ing

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself

And you of her the bloody book of law

You shall yourself read in the bitter letter

After your own sense yea, though our proper  
son

Stood in your action

*Bra* Humbly I thank your Grace 70

Here is the man this Moor whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate for the state affairs

Hath hither brought

*All* We are very sorry for't

*Duke* [To OTHELLO] What, in your own part,

can you say to this?

*Bra* Nothing but this is so

*Oth* Most potent grave and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approved good masters

That I have taken away this old man's daughter,

It is most true, true, I have married her

The very head and front of my offending 80

Hath this extent no more Rude am I in my  
speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace

For since these arms of mine had seven years'

path

Till now some nine moons wasted they have  
used

Their dearest action in the tented field

And little of this great world can I speak

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle

And therefore little shall I grace my cause

In speaking for my self Yet, by your gracious  
patience,

I will a round unarm'd tale deliver



Of my whole course of love what drugs what charms

What conjuration and what mighty magic  
For such proceeding I am charged withal  
I won his daughter

*Br.* A maiden never bold  
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion  
Blush'd at herself and she in spite of nature  
Of years of country credit everything  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
It is a judgement maim'd and most imperfect  
That will confess perfection so could err 100  
Against all rules of nature and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell  
Why this should be I therefore vouch again  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood

Or with some dram conjured to this effect  
He wrought upon her

*Duke* To vouch this is no proof  
Without more wider and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming do prefer against him

*1st Sen.* But Othello speak 110  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary  
And let her speak of me before her father  
If you do find me foul in her report  
The trust the office I do hold of you  
Not only take away but your sentence  
Even fall upon my life

*Duke* Fetch Desdemona hither 120

*Oth.* Ancient conduct them you best know the place  
(*Exeunt 1400 and 1 Attendants*)

And till she come as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she mine

*Duke* Say it Othello

*Oth.* Her father loved me oft mist me  
Still question'd me the story of my life 129  
From year to year the battles sieges fortunes  
That I have pass'd

I ran it through even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances  
Of moving accidents by flood and field  
Of hair breadth escapes this imminent deadly

breach,  
Of being taken by the insolent foe  
And sold to slavery of my redemption thence

And portance in my travels history  
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140  
Rough quarries rocks and hills whose heads  
touch heaven

It was my hint to speak—such was the process—  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat  
The Anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline  
But still the house affairs would draw her  
thence

Which ever she could with haste dispatch  
She'd come again and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse which I observing 150  
Took once a pliant hour and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard  
But not intensively I did consent  
And often did beguile her of her tears  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke  
That my youth suffer'd My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs  
She swore in faith 'twas strange 'twas passing  
strange, 160

'Twas pitiful 'twas wondrous pitiful  
She wish'd she had not heard it yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man She  
thank'd me

And bade me if I had a friend that loved her  
I should but teach him how to tell my story  
And that would woo her Upon this hint I  
spoke

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them  
This only in the witchcraft I have used  
Here comes the lady let her witness it 170

*Enter DESDE. 1041 1400 and Attendants*

*Duke* I think this tale would win my daughter  
too

Good Brabantio  
Take up this mangled matter at the best  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands

*Br.* I pray you hear her speak  
If she confess that she was half the wooer  
Destruction on my head if my bad blame  
Lies on the man! Come hither gentle mistress  
Do you perceive in all this noble company  
We are mo't you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father 180  
I do perceive here a divided duty  
To you I am bound for life and education  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you you are the lord of duty

I am hitherto your daughter But here s my husband,

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord

*Bra* God be wi' you! I have done  
Please it your Grace on to the state-affairs 190  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it  
Come hither, Moor

I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child,  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them I have done my lord

*Duke* Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence, 199

Which, as a guise or step may help these lovers  
Into your favour

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on  
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes  
Patience her injury a mockery makes  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief 209

*Bra* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile,  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile  
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears,  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow  
These sentences, to sugar or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal  
But words are words, I never yet did hear  
That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear

I humbly beseech you proceed to the affairs of state 220

*Duke* The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus Othello the fortitude of the place is best known to you and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency yet opinion a sovereign mistress of effects throws a more safer voice on you You must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition 229

*Oth* The tyrant custom most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity

I find in hardness and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife,  
Due reference of place and exhibition,  
With such accommodation and besort  
As levels with her breeding

*Duke* If you please 240

Be it at her father's

*Bra* I'll not have it so

*Oth* Nor I

*Des* Nor I I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts  
By being in his eye Most gracious Duke  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear,  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness

*Duke* What would you Desdemona?

*Des* That I did love the Moor to live with him, 249

My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world My heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence Let me go with him 260

*Oth* Let her have your voices  
Vouch with me, Heaven I therefore beg it not

To please the palate of my appetite  
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects  
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind,  
And Heaven defend your good souls that you think

I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me No when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dullness 270  
My speculative and officed instruments  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going The affair cries haste

And speed must answer it

*1st Sen* You must away to-night

*Oth* With all my heart

*Duke* At nine o' the morning here we'll meet again 280

Othello leave some officer behind  
And he shall our commission bring to you  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import you

*Oth* So please your Grace my ancient  
A man he is of honesty and trust  
To his convenience I assign my wife  
With what else needful your good Grace shall  
think

To be sent after me

*Duke* Let it be so

Good night to every one [*To BRABANTIO*] And  
noble senator

If virtue no delighted beauty lack 90

Your son in law is far more fair than black

*1st Sen* Adieu brave Moor use Desdemona  
well

*Bra* Look to her Moor if thou hast eyes to  
see

She has deceived her father and may thee

[*Exeunt DUKE, SENATORS, Officers &c*]

*Oth* My life upon her faith! Honest Iago

My Desdemona must I leave to thee

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her

And bring them after in the best advantage

Come Desdemona I have but an hour

Of love of worldly matters and direction 300

To spend with thee We must obey the time

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA*]

*Rod* Iago—

*Iago* What say'st thou noble heart?

*Rod* What will I do think'st thou?

*Iago* Why go to bed and sleep

*Rod* I will incontinently drown myself

*Iago* If thou dost I shall never love thee after

Why thou silly gentleman!

*Rod* It is silliness to live when to live is tor-  
ment and then have we a prescription to die  
when Death is our physician 311

*Iago* O villainous! I have looked upon the  
world for four times seven years and since I  
could distinguish between a benefit and an injury  
I never found a man that knew how to love him-  
self I see I would say I would drown myself for the  
love of a guinea hen I would change my human-  
ity with a baboon

*Rod* What should I do? I confess it is my  
shame to be so fond but it is not in my virtue  
to amend it 321

*Iago* Virtue! a fine! tis in ourselves that we  
are thus or thus Our bodies are our gardens to  
the which our wills are gardeners so that if we  
will plant nettles or sow lettuce set hyssop and  
weed up thyme supply it with one gender of  
herbs or dstract it with many either to have it  
sterile with idleness or manured with industry

why the power and terrible authority of this  
lies in our wills If the balance of our lives had  
not one scale of reason to poise another of sen-  
suality the blood and baseness of our natures  
would conduct us to most preposterous conclu-  
sions but we have reason to cool our raving  
motions our carnal stings our unbitted lusts,  
whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect  
or scion

*Rod* It cannot be

*Iago* It is merely a lust of the blood and a  
permission of the will Come be a man Drown  
thyself! drown cats and blind puppies I have  
professed me thy friend and I confess me knit to  
thy deserving with cables of perdurable tough-  
ness I could never better stead thee than now  
Put money in thy purse follow thou the wars  
defeat thy favour with an usurped beard I say  
put money in thy purse It cannot be that Des-  
demona should long continue her love to the  
Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to  
her It was a violent commencement and thou  
shalt see an answerable sequestration—put but  
money in thy purse These Moors are chan-  
geable in their wills—fill thy purse with money—  
the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts,  
shall be to him shortly as bitter as colicquinta  
She must change for youth when she is sated  
with his body she will find the error of her  
choice she must have change she must there-  
fore put money in thy purse If thou wilt needs  
damn thyself do it a more delicate way than  
drowning Make all the money thou canst If  
sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an ermi-  
t barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not  
too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell  
thou shalt enjoy her therefore make money A  
pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the  
way Seek thou rather to be hanged in compass-  
ing thy joy than to be drowned and go without  
her

*Rod* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I de-  
pend on the issue?

*Iago* Thou art sure of me Go, make money  
I have told thee often and I re-tell thee again  
and again I hate the Moor my cause is hearted  
thine hath no less reason Let us be conjunct  
in our revenge against him If thou canst cuckold  
him, thou dost thyself a pleasure me a sport  
There are many evils in the womb of time which  
will be delivered Traverse! go, provide thy  
money We will have more of this to-morrow  
*Adieu*

*Rod* Where shall we meet to-morrow?

*Iago* At my lodgings

*Rod* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago* Go to, farewell Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod* What say you?

*Iago* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod* I am changed I'll go sell all my land

[Exit

*Iago* Thus do I ever make my fool my purse,  
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit I hate the Moor,  
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets  
He has done my office I know not if 't be true,  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surety He holds me well,  
The better shall my purpose work on him  
Cassio is a proper man let me see now,  
To get his place and to plume up my will 399  
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see—  
After some time to abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife  
He hath a person and a smooth dispose  
To be suspected, framed to make women false  
The Moor is of a free and open nature  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose  
As asses are  
I have't It is engender'd Hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light [Exit 410

## ACT II

SCENE I *A Sea port in Cyprus an open  
place near the quay*

Enter MONTANO and TWO GENTLEMEN

*Mon* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*1st Gent* Nothing at all, it is a high wrought flood

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail

*Mon* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land,

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them

Can hold the mortise? What shall we hear of this?

*2nd Gent* A segregation of the Turkish fleet  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 11  
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,  
The wind shaken surge, with high and monstrous  
mane,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear  
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole

I never did like molestation view  
On the enshafed flood

*Mon* If that the Turkish fleet  
Benot enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd,  
It is impossible they bear it out 19

Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN

*3rd Gent* News, lads! our wars are done  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks  
That their designment halts A noble ship of  
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet

*Mon* How! is this true?

*3rd Gent* The ship is here put in  
A Veronese Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore, the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus 29

*Mon* I am glad on't, 'tis a worthy governor

*3rd Gent* But this same Cassio, though he  
speak of comfort

Touching the Turkish loss yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe, for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest

*Mon* Pray heavens he be,  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier Let's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello  
Even till we make the main and the aerial blue  
An indistinct regard

*3rd Gent* Come, let's do so, 40  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance

Enter CASSIO

*Cas* Thanks you the valiant of this warlike  
isle

That so approve the Moor! O let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea

*Mon* Is he well shipped?

*Cas* His bark is stoutly timber'd and his pilot  
Of very expert and approved allowance,  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death, 50  
Stand in bold cure

*A cry within* "A sail a sail a sail!"

Enter a FOURTH GENTLEMAN

*Cas* What noise?

*4th Gent* The town is empty, on the brow o'  
the sea

Stand ranks of people and they cry, "A sail!"

*Cas* My hopes do shape him for the governor  
*Guns heard*

*1st Gent* They do discharge their shot of courtesy

Our friends at least

*Cas* I pray you sir go forth  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd

*2nd Gent* I shall [Exit]

*Mon* But good lieutenant is your general  
wiv'd? 60

*Cas* Most fortunately He hath achiev'd a  
maid

That paragon's description and wild fame  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens  
And in the essential vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener

*Re-enter SECOND GENTLEMAN*

*How now! who has put in?*  
*2nd Gent* 'Tis one Iago ancient to the general  
*Cas* He has had most favourable and happy  
speed

Tempests themselves high seas and howling  
winds

The gutter'd rocks and congregated sands—  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel—  
As ha'ing sense of beauty do omit 71  
Their mortal natures letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona

*Mon* What is she?

*Cas* She that I spake of our great captain's  
captain

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A sense his speed Great Jove, Othello guard  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful  
breath

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship 79  
Make love a quick pants in Desdemona's arms  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA IAGO RODERIGO and*  
*Attendants*

*O behold*  
The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus let her have your knees  
Hail to thee lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before behind thee and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round

*Des* I thank you, valiant Cassio  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas* He is not yet arriv'd nor know I aught  
But that he is well and will be shortly here 90

*Des* O but I fear—how do you company?

*Cas* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship—But hark! a sail  
Within, A sail a sail *Guns heard*

*2nd Gent* They give their greeting to the  
citadel

This likewise is a friend

*Cas* See for the news [Exit GENTLEMAN]  
Good ancient you are welcome [To EMILIA]

Welcome mistress  
*Let it not gall your patience, good Iago*  
That I extend my manners 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy 100

*Kissing her*  
*Iago* Sir would she give you so much of her  
lips

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough

*Des* Alas she has no speech

*Iago* In faith too much  
I find it still when I have list to sleep  
Marry before your lady ship I grant  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart  
And chides with thinking

*Emil* You have little cause to say so  
*Iago* Come on come on you are pictures out of  
doors 110

Bells in your parlours wild-cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries devils being offended  
Players in your housewifery and housewives in  
your beds

*Des* O fie upon thee slanderer!  
*Iago* Nay it is true or else I am a Turk  
You rise to play and go to bed to work  
*Emil* You shall not write my praise

*Iago* No let me not  
*Des* What wouldst thou write of me, if thou  
shouldst praise me?

*Iago* O gentle lady do not put me to it  
For I am nothing if not critical 120

*Des* Come on assay There's one gone to the  
harbour?

*Iago* As madam  
*Des* I am not merry but I do beguile  
The thing I am by seeming otherwise  
Come how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago* I am about it but indeed my invention  
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize  
It plucks our brains and all But my Muse labour  
And thus she is deliver'd

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit 130  
The one's for use the other useth it

*Des* Well praised! How if she be black and  
witty?

*Iago* If she be black, and thereto have a wit  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit

*Des* Worse and worse

*Emil* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago* She never yet was foolish that was fair  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir

*Des* These are old fond paradoxes to make  
fools laugh i' the alehouse What miserable praise  
hast thou for her that's foul and foolish? 141

*Iago* There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do

*Des* O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the  
worst best But what praise couldst thou bestow  
on a deserving woman indeed one that, in the  
authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch  
of very malice itself?

*Iago* She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, 150  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may",  
She that being anger'd her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,  
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following and not look behind,  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were—

*Des* To do what? 160

*Iago* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer

*Des* O most lame and impotent conclusion!  
Do not learn of him, Emilia though he be thy  
husband How say you Cassio? is he not a most  
profane and liberal counsellor?

*Car* He speaks home, madam You may relish  
him more in the soldier than in the scholar

*Iago* [Aside] He takes her by the palm, ay,  
well said whisper With as little a web as this  
will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio Ay, smile  
upon her do, I will gyve thee in thine own court-  
ship You say true, 'tis so, indeed If such tricks  
as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had  
been better you had not kissed your three fingers  
so oft which now again you are most apt to play  
the sir in Very good, well kissed! an excellent  
courtesy! 'tis so indeed Yet again your fingers  
to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for  
your sake! [Trumpet within] The Moor! I  
know his trumpet 180

*Car* 'Tis truly so

*Des* Let s meet him and receive him

*Car* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants*

*Oth* O my fair warrior!

*Des* My dear Othello!

*Oth* It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd  
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hulls of seas  
Olympus high and duck again as low 190

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy, for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate

*Des* The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth* Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content,  
It stops me here, it is too much of joy  
And this and this, the greatest discords be 200

*Kissing her*  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago* [Aside] O, you are well tuned now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am

*Oth* Come, let us to the castle  
News, friends, our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus  
I have found great love amongst them O my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts I prithee good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers 210  
Bring thou the master to the citadel  
He is a good one and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect Come, Desde-  
mona

Once more, well met at Cyprus

[Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA and Attendants]

*Iago* Do thou meet me presently at the har-  
bour Come hither If thou be'st valiant—as  
they say base men being in love have then a  
nobility in their natures more than is native to  
them—list me The lieutenant to night watches  
on the court of guard First, I must tell thee this  
—Desdemona is directly in love with him 221

*Rod* With him? why 'tis not possible

*Iago* Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be  
instructed Mark me with what violence she  
first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling  
her fantastical lies, and will she love him still for  
prating? let not thy discreet heart think it Her  
eye must be fed, and what delight shall she have  
to lool on the devil? When the blood is made  
dull with the act of sport, there should be again  
to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite  
loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners,  
and beauties, all which the Moor is defective in  
Now, for want of these required conveniences  
her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, ..  
begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor  
Moor, very nature will instruct her in

compel her to some second choice Now sir thus granted—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? Why none why none a slipper and subtle knave a finder of occasion that has an eye can stamp and counterfeited advantages though true advantage never present itself a devilish knave Besides the knave is handsome young and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green mounds look after a pestilent complete knave and the woman hath found him already

*Rod* I cannot believe that in her she is full of most blessed condition

*Iago* Blessed figs-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes If she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that? 260

*Rod* Yes that I did but that was but courtesy

*Iago* Lechery by this hand an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together Villainous thou his Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way hard at hand comes the master and main exercise the incorporate conclusion Push! But sir be you ruled by me I have brought you from Venice Watch you to-night for the command I'll lay it upon you Cassio knows you not I'll not be far from you Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio either by speaking too loud or tainting his discipline or from what other course you please which the time shall more favourably minister

*Rod* Well 278

*Iago* Sir he is rash and very sudden in choler and haply may strike at you Provoke him that he may for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them and the impediment most profitably removed without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity

*Rod* I will do this if I can bring it to any opportunity 290

*Iago* I warrant thee Meet me by and by at the citadel I must fetch his necessaries ashore Farewell

*Rod* Adieu

[Exit

*Iago* That Cassio loves her I do well believe it That she loves him tis apt and of great credit The Moor howbeit that I endure him not Is of a constant loving noble nature And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona 299 A most dear husband Now I do love her too Not out of absolute lust though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin, But partly led to diet my revenge For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat the thought whereof Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inward

And nothing can or shall content my soul Till I am even'd with him wife for wife, Or failing so yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong 310 That judgement cannot cure Which thing to do If this poor trash of Venice whom I trash For his quick hunting stand the putting on I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too— Make the Moor thank me love me and reward me

For making him egregiously an ass And practising upon his peace and quiet 319 Even to madness 'Tis here but yet confused knavery a plain face is never seen till used [Exit

#### SCENE II A street

Enter a HERALD with a proclamation People following

*Herald* It is Othello's pleasure our noble and valiant general that upon certain tidings now arrived importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet every man put himself into triumph some to dance, some to make bonfires each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him for besides these beneficial news it is the celebration of his nuptial So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven Heaven bless the Isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello [Exit

#### SCENE III A hall in the castle

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO and Attendants

*Oth* Good Michael look you to the guard to-night

Let a teach ourselves that honourable stop Not to outspite discretion

*Cas* Iago hath direction what to do

But notwithstanding with my personal eye  
Will I look to t

*Oth* Iago is most honest  
Michael, good night To-morrow with your ear-  
liest

Let me have speech with you [*To Desdemona*]  
Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue,  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you 10  
Good night

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants*]

*Enter IAGO*

*Cas* Welcome, Iago we must to the watch  
*Iago* Not this hour, lieutenant, 'tis not yet  
ten o'clock Our general cast us thus early for  
the love of his Desdemona, who let us not there-  
fore blame He hath not yet made wanton the  
night with her, and she is sport for Jove

*Cas* She's a most exquisite lady  
*Iago* And, I'll warrant her, full of game  
*Cas* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate  
creature 21

*Iago* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds  
a parley of provocation

*Cas* An inviting eye, and yet methinks right  
modest

*Iago* And when she speaks, is it not an alarum  
to love?

*Cas* She is indeed perfection

*Iago* Well happiness to their sheets! Come,  
lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here  
without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that  
would fain have a measure to the health of black  
Othello

*Cas* Not to-night, good Iago I have very  
poor and unhappy brains for drinking I could  
well wish courtesy would invent some other cus-  
tom of entertainment

*Iago* O, they are our friends, but one cup,  
I'll drink for you

*Cas* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that  
was craftily qualified too and, behold what in-  
novation it makes here I am unfortunate in the  
infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with  
any more

*Iago* What, man! 'tis a night of revels The gal-  
lants desire it

*Cas* Where are they?

*Iago* Here at the door I pray you, call them in  
*Cas* I'll do it, but it dislikes me [*Exit*

*Iago* If I can fasten but one cup upon him 50  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,  
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress dog Now, my sick fool  
Roderigo,

Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side  
out,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused  
Potations pottle-deep, and he's to watch  
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle,  
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, 60  
And they watch too Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle But here they come  
If consequence do but approve my dream  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream

*Re enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO and  
GENTLEMEN, Servants following with wine*

*Cas* Fore God they have given me a rouse  
already

*Mon* Good faith, a little one, not past a pint, as  
I am a soldier

*Iago* Some wine, ho! 70

[*Sings*] "And let me the canakin clink, clink,

And let me the canakin clink

A soldier's a man,

A life's but a span,

Why, then let a soldier drink "

Some wine, boys!

*Cas* 'Fore God, an excellent song

*Iago* I learned it in England where, indeed,  
they are most potent in potting your Dane, your  
German, and your swag bellied Hollander—  
Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English 81

*Cas* Is your Englishman so expert in his drink-  
ing?

*Iago* Why, he drinks you with facility, your  
Dane dead drunk he sweats not to overthrow  
your Almain he gives your Hollander a vomit,  
ere the next pottle can be filled

*Cas* To the health of our general!

*Mon* I am for it lieutenant, and I'll do you jus-  
tice 90

*Iago* O sweet England!

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown,  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor down

"He was a wight of high renown

And thou art but of low degree

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee "

Some wine, ho! 100

*Cas* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the  
other

*Iago* Will you hear t again?



*Car* No for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things Well God's above all and there be souls must be saved and there be souls must not be saved

*Iago* It's true good lieutenant

*Car* For mine own part—no offence to the general nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved

*Iago* And so do I too lieutenant

*Car* Ay but by your leave not before me the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient Let's have no more of this let's to our affairs—For give us our sins!—Gentlemen let's look to our business Do not think gentlemen I am drunk This is my ancient this is my right hand and this is my left I am not drunk now I can stand well enough and speak well enough

*All* Excellent well

*Car* Why very well then you must not think then that I am drunk

*Mon* To the platform masters come let's set the watch

*Iago* You see this fellow that is gone before

He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar

And give direction and do but see his vice

'Tis to his virtue a just equinox

The one as long as the other 'tis pity of him

I fear the trust Othello puts him in

On some odd time of his infirmity

Will shake this island

*Mon* But is he often thus?

*Iago* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep

He'll watch the horologe a double set

If drink rock not his cradle

*Mon* It were well

The general were put in mind of it

Perhaps he sees it not or his good nature

Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio

And looks not on his evils Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO*

*Iago* [Aside to him] How now Roderigo?

I pray you, after the lieutenant go

[Exit RODERIGO]

*Mon* And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor

Should hazard such a place as his own second

With one of an ingraft infirmity

It were an honest action to say

So to the Moor

*Iago* Nor I for this fair island

I do love Cassio well and would do much

To cure him of this evil—But hark! what noise?

*Cry within* Help! help!

*Re-enter CASSIO driving in RODERIGO*

*Car* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon* What's the matter lieutenant?

*Car* A knave teach me my duty!

I'll bear the knave into a twiggen bottle

*Rod* Beat me!

*Car* Dost thou prate rogue?

*Striking RODERIGO*

*Mon* Nay good lieutenant

*Straying him*

I pray you sir hold your hand

*Car* Let me go sir

Or I'll knock you in the mazzard

*Mon* Come come you're drunk

*Car* Drunk! [They fight]

*Iago* [Aside in RODERIGO] Away I say go out and cry a mutiny [Exit RODERIGO]

Nay good lieutenant—alas gentlemen—

Help ho!—Lieutenant—sir—Montano—sir—

Help masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

*Bell rings*

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo ho!

The town will rise God's will lieutenant hold

You will be shamed for ever

*Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants*

*Oth* What is the matter here?

*Mon* Zounds I bleed still I am hurt to the death [Faints]

*Oth* Hold for your lives!

*Iago* I hold ho! Lieutenant—sir—Montano—gentlemen—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you hold ho! for shame!

*Oth* Why how now ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks and to ourselves do that

Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame put by this barbarous

brawl

He that stirs next to carve for his own sale

Holds his soul light he dies upon his motion

Silence that dreadful bell 'tis frights the isle

From her propriety What is the matter masters?

Honest Iago that look'd dead with grieving

Speak who began this? on thy love I charge thee

*Iago* I do not know Friends all be't now even now

In quarter and in terms like bride and groom

Devesting them for bed and then but now—

As if some planet had unstited men—

Swords out and tilting one at other's breast

In opposition bloody I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds

And would I in action glorious I had lost

Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

*Cas* I pray you pardon me, I cannot speak.

*Oth* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil, 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus  
And spend your rich opinion for the name  
Of a night brawler? give me answer to it

*Mon* Worthy Othello I am hurt to danger  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now  
offends me—

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought 200

By me that's said or done amiss this night,  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,

And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us

*Oth* Now by heaven

My blood begins my safer guides to rule  
And passion, having my best judgement collied,

Assays to lead the way If I once stir  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke Give me to know 210

How this foul rout began who set it on,  
And he that is approved in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,  
Shall lose me What! in a town of war,

Yet wild the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'Tis monstrous Iago, who began't?

*Mon* If partially affined or leagued in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier 220

*Iago* Touch me not so near  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio,  
Yet I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him Thus it is general  
Montano and myself being in speech

There comes a fellow crying out for help,  
And Cassio following him with determined

sword 230

To execute upon him Sir this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio and entreats his pause

Myself the crying fellow did pursue  
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—

The town might fall in fright He swift of foot  
Outran my purpose and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords  
And Cassio hugh in oath, which till to-night

I ne'er might say before When I came back—

For this was brief—I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust even as again they were

When you yourself did part them 240

More of this matter cannot I report  
But men are men, the best sometimes forget

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,  
As men in rage strike those that wish them

best,  
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, received  
From him that fled some strange indignity

Which patience could not pass

*Oth* I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio Cassio, I love thee,

But never more be officer of mine

*Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended*

Look if my gentle love be not raised up! 250

I'll make thee an example

*Des* What's the matter?

*Oth* All's well now, sweeting, come away to bed

Sir for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon

Lead him off [*To MONTANO, who is led off*]

Iago look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-

tracted

Come, Desdemona, 'tis the soldiers' life

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO*]

*Iago* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas* Ay, past all surgery 260

*Iago* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I  
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal

part of myself, and what remains is bestial My  
reputation Iago my reputation!

*Iago* As I am an honest man, I thought you had  
received some bodily wound there is more sense

in that than in reputation Reputation is an idle  
and most false imposition oft got without merit

and lost without deserving You have lost no  
reputation at all unless you repute yourself such

a loser What man! there are ways to recover  
the general again You are but now cast in his

mood, a punishment more in policy than in mal-  
lice, even so as one would beat his offenceless

dog to affright an imperious lion Sue to him  
again and he's yours

*Cas* I will rather sue to be despised than to de-  
ceive so good a commander with so slight so

drunken and so indiscreet an officer Drunk?  
and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear?

and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?  
O thou invisible spirit of wine if thou hast no  
name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas* I know not

*Iago* Is it possible?

*Cas* I remember a mass of things but nothing distinctly a quarrel but nothing wherefore O God that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy pleasance revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago* Why but you are now well enough How came you thus recovered?

*Cas* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath One unperfectness shows me another to make me frankly despise myself 300

*Iago* Come, you are too severe a moralist At the time, the place and the condition of this country stands I could heartily wish this had not befallen but since it is as it is mend it for your own good

*Cas* I will ask him for my place again he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra such an answer would stop them all To be now a sensible man by and by a fool and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed and the ingredient is a devil

*Iago* Come come good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used exclaim no more against it And good lieutenant I think you think I love you

*Cas* I have well approved it sir I drunk!

*Iago* You or any man living may be drunk at a time man I'll tell you what you shall do Our general's wife is now the general I may say so in this respect for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark and denotement of her parts and graces Confess your self freely to her importune her help to put you in your place again She is of so free so kind so apt so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter and my fortunes against any lay worth naming this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before 331

*Cas* You advise me well

*Iago* I protest in the sincerity of love and honest kindness

*Cas* I think it freely and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here

*Iago* You are in the right Good night lieutenant I must to the watch 340

*Cas* Good night honest Iago

[Exit

*Iago* And what a he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest  
Probal to thinking and indeed the course  
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit she's framed as fruitful  
As the free elements And then for her  
To win the Moor—were't to renounce his baptism

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin 350  
His soul is so en fettered to her love  
That she may make unmake do what she list  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function How am I then a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will the blackest sins put on  
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows  
As I do now for whiles this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes 360  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear  
That she repeals him for her body's lust  
And by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch  
And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall cumber them all

Re-enter RODERIGO

How now Roderigo!

*Rod* I do follow here in the chase not like a hound that hunts but one that fills up the cry My money is almost spent I have been to-morrow exceedingly well cudgelled and I think the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains and so with no money at all and a little more wit return again to Venice

*Iago* How poor are they that have not patience! What wound did ever heal but by degrees? Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft

And wit depends on dilatory time  
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt hast cashier'd

Cassio

Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe  
Content thyself awhile By the mass 'tis morning 371

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short

Retire thee go where thou art billeted  
Away I say thou shalt know more hereafter

Nay, get thee gone [Exit RODERIGO] Two things  
are to be done  
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,  
I'll set her on 390  
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife Ay, that's the way,  
Dull not device by coldness and delay [Exit

Before we parted I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife My suit to her  
Is that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access  
Iago I'll send her to you presently,  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free 41  
Cas I humbly thank you for it [Exit IAGO  
I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest

## ACT III

## SCENE I Before the castle

## Enter CASSIO and some MUSICIANS

Cas Masters, play here, I will content your  
pains,  
Something that's brief, and bid "Good morrow,  
general"  
Music

## Enter CLOWN

Clo Why masters have your instruments been  
in Naples that they speak the nose thus?

1st Mus How, sir, how?

Clo Are these I pray you wind instruments?

1st Mus Ay, marry, are they, sir

Clo O, thereby hangs a tale

1st Mus Whereby hangs a tale sir? 9

Clo Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that  
I know But masters here's money for you and  
the general so likes your music that he desires  
you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with  
it

1st Mus Well, sir, we will not

Clo If you have any music that may not be  
heard, to't again but as they say, to hear music  
the general does not greatly care

1st Mus We have none such sir

Clo Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll  
away Go, vanish into air away! 21

[Exit MUSICIANS]

Cas Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo No, I hear not your honest friend, I hear  
you

Cas Prithce keep up thy quilllets There's a  
poor piece of gold for thee If the gentlewoman  
that attends the general's wife be stirring tell her  
there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of  
speech Wilt thou do this?

Clo She is stirring sir If she will stir hither  
I shall seem to notify unto her 31

Cas Do, good my friend [Exit CLOWN

## Enter IAGO

In happy time, Iago

Iago You have not been a bed then?

Cas Why, no, the day had broke

## Enter EMILIA

Emil Good morrow good lieutenant I am  
sorry  
For your displeasure but all will sure be well  
The general and his wife are talking of it,  
And she speaks for you stoutly The Moor re-  
plies  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus  
And great affinity and that in wholesome wisdom  
He might not but refuse you, but he protests he  
loves you 50  
And needs no other suitor but his likings  
To take the safest occasion by the front  
To bring you in again

Cas Yet I beseech you,  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone

Emil Pray you come in  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely

Cas I am much bound to you [Exit

## SCENE II A room in the castle

## Enter OTHELLO IAGO and GENTLEMEN

Oth These letters give, Iago to the pilot,  
And by him do my duties to the Senate  
That done I will be walking on the works,  
Repair there to me

Iago Well my good lord I'll do't  
Oth This fortification gentlemen shall we  
see? 3

Gent We'll wait upon your lordship [Exit

## SCENE III The garden of the castle

## Enter DESDEMONA CASSIO and EMILIA

Des Be thou assured good Cassio I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf

Emil Good madam do I warrant it grieves my  
husband

As if the case were his

Des O that's an honest fellow Do not doubt  
Cassio

But I will have my lord and you again

As friendly as you were

*Cas* Bounteous madam

Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio

He's never anything but your true servant

*Des* I know't I thank you You do love my lord

You have known him long and be you well assured

He shall in strangeness stand no further off

Than in a politic distance

*Cas* Ay but lady

That policy may either last so long

Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet

Or breed itself so out of circumstance,

That I being absent and my place supplied

My general will forget my love and service

*Des* Do not doubt that before Emilia here

I give thee warrant of thy place Assure thee

If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it

To the last article My lord shall never rest

I'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience

I'll bid shall seem a school his board a shrift

I'll intermingle everything he does

With Cassio's suit Therefore be merry

*Cassio*

For thy solicitor shall rather die

Than give thy cause away

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO*

*Emil* Madam, here comes my lord

*Cas* Madam I'll take my leave

*Des* Why stay and hear me speak.

*Cas* Madam, not now I am very ill at ease

Unfit for mine own purposes

*Des* Well do your discretion *[Exit Cassio]*

*Is.* O Ha! I like not that

*Oth* What dost thou say?

*Iago* Nothing my lord or if—I know not what

*Oth* Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Is.* O Cassio my lord! No sure, I cannot think it

That he would steal away so guilty like,

Seeming you coming

*Oth* I do believe 'twas he

*Des* How now my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here

A man that languishes in your displeasure

*Oth* Who is't you mean?

*Des* Why your lieutenant Cassio Good my lord

If I have any grace or power to move you

His present reconciliation take

For if he be not one that truly loves you

That errs in ignorance and not in cunning

I have no judgement in an honest face

I prithee call him back

*Oth* Went he hence now?

*Des* Ay sooth so humbled

That he hath left part of his grief with me,

To suffer with him Good love call him back

*Oth* Not now sweet Desdemona some other time

*Des* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth* The sooner sweet for you

*Des* Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth* No not to-night

*Des* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth* I shall not dine at home

I meet the captains at the citadel

*Des* Why then to-morrow morn'g or Tuesday morn

On Tuesday noon or night on Wednesday morn

I prithee name the time but let it not

Exceed three days In faith he's penitent

And yet his trespass in our common reason—

Save that they say the wars must make examples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check When shall he come?

Tell me Othello I wonder in my soul

What you would ask me that I should deny

Or stand so mammering on What! Michael

Cassio

That came a wooing with you and so many a time

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly

Hath taken your part to have so much to do

To bring him in! Trust me I could do much—

*Oth* Prithce, no more Let him come when he will

I will deny thee nothing

*Des* Why this is not a boon

'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves

Or feed on nourishing dishes or keep you warm

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person Nay when I have a suit so

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight

And fearful to be granted

*Oth* I will deny thee nothing

Whereon I do beseech thee grant me this

To leave me but a little to my self

*Des* Shall I deny you? no I farewell my lord

*Oth* Farewell my Desdemona I'll come to thee straight

*Des* Emilia come Be it your fancies teach you

Whatever you be I am obedient

*[Exit DESDEMONA and EMILIA]*

*Oth* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul 90

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again

*Iago* My noble lord—

*Oth* What dost thou say, *Iago*?

*Iago* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,

Know of your love?

*Oth* He did from first to last. Why dost thou ask?

*Iago* But for a satisfaction of my thought,  
No further harm

*Oth* Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

*Iago* I did not think he had been acquainted with her

*Oth* O yes, and went between us very oft

*Iago* Indeed! 101

*Oth* Indeed! ay, indeed. Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago* Honest, my lord!

*Oth* Honest! ay, honest

*Iago* My lord, for aught I know

*Oth* What dost thou think?

*Iago* Think, my lord!

*Oth* Think, my lord!

By heaven he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought

Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something

I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife. What didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel 111

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst "Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain

Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought

*Iago* My lord, you know I love you

*Oth* I think thou dost,

And for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them

breath

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the

more

For such things in a false discovery knave 121

Are tricks of custom; but in a man that is just

They are close delations working from the

heart

That passion cannot rule

*Iago* For Michael Cassio

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest

*Oth* I think so too

*Iago* Men should be what they seem,

Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Oth* Certain, men should be what they seem  
*Iago* Why, then I think Cassio's an honest man

*Oth* Nay, yet there's more in this 130

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings

As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words

*Iago* Good my lord, pardon me

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to

Utter my thoughts? Why say they are vile and false,

As where's that palace whereinto foul things

Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets and law-days and in session sit 140

With meditations lawful?

*Oth* Thou dost conspire against thy friend,

*Iago*,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts

*Iago* I do beseech you—

Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,

As, I confess, it is my nature's plague

To spy into abuses and oft my jealousy

Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,

Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble

Out of his scattering and unsure observance 151

It were not for your quiet nor your good

Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom

To let you know my thoughts

*Oth* What dost thou mean?

*Iago* Good name in man and woman, dear my

lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls

Who steals my purse steals trash 'tis some-

thing nothing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his and has been slave to thou-

sands,

But he that filches from me my good name

Robs me of that which no enriches him 160

And makes me poor indeed

*Oth* By heaven I'll now thy thoughts

*Iago* You cannot, if my heart were in your

hand

Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody

*Oth* Ha!

*Iago* O, beware, my lord of jealousy,

It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock

The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss

Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

But O what damned minutes tells he o'er  
Who dotes yet doubts suspects yet strongly  
loves! 170

*Oth* O misery!  
*Iago* Poor and content is rich and rich enough  
But riches fincless in as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor  
Good heaven the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth* Why why is this?  
Think at thou I'd make a life of jealousy  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No to be once in doubt  
Is once to be resolv'd Exchange me for a goat  
When I shall turn the business of my soul 181  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises  
Matching thy inference 'Tis not to make me  
jealous

To say my wife is fair feeds well loves com-  
pany  
Is free of speech sings plays and dances well  
Where virtue is these are more virtuous  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt  
For she had eyes and chose me No Iago  
I'll see before I doubt when I doubt prove 190  
And on the proof there is no more but this—  
Away at once with love or jealousy!

*Iago* I am glad of it for now I shall have  
reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit therefore as I am bound  
Receive it from me I speak not yet of proof  
Look to your wife observe her well with Cassio  
Wear your eye thus not jealous nor secure  
I would not have your free and noble nature  
Out of self bounty be abused look to it 200  
I know our country disposition well  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands their best  
conscience

Is not to leave it undone but keep it unknown

*Oth* Dost thou say so?

*Iago* She did deceive her father marrying you  
And when she seem'd in shake and fear your  
looks

She loved them most

*Oth* And so she did

*Iago* Why go to then  
She that so young could give out such a seem-  
ing

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak— 210  
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I am much to  
blame

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
For too much loving you

*Oth* I am bound to thee for ever

*Iago* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits

*Oth* Not a jot not a jot

*Iago* I faith I fear it has  
I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love But I do see you're moved  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion 220

*Oth* I will not

*Iago* Should you do so my lord  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at Cassio's my worthy  
friend—

My lord I see you're moved

*Oth* No not much moved

I do not think but Desdemona's honest

*Iago* Long live she so! and long live you too  
think so!

*Oth* And yet how nature erring from itself—

*Iago* Ay there's the point as—to be bold with  
you—

Not to affect many proposed matches  
Of her own clime complexion and degree 230

Whereto we see in all things nature tends—

Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank

Foul disproportion thoughts unnatural

But pardon me I do not in position

Distinctly speak of her though I may fear

Her will recoiling to her better judgement

May fall to match you with her country forms

And happily repent

*Oth* Farewell farewell

If more thou dost perceive let me know more

Set on thy wife to observe Leave me Iago 240

*Iago* [Coming] My lord I take my leave

*Oth* Why did I marry? This honest creature

doubtless

Sees and knows more much more than he un-  
folds

*Iago* [Returning] My lord, I would I might  
entreat your honour

To scan this thing no further leave it to time

Though it be fit that Cassio have his place

For sure he fills it up with great ability

Yet if you please to hold him off awhile

You shall by that perceive him and his means

Note if your lady strain his entertainment 250

With any strong or vehement importunity

Much will be seen in that In the mean time

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am—

And hold her free I do beseech your honour

*Oth* Fear not my government

*Iago* I once more take my leave

*Oth* This fellow's of exceeding honesty [Exit]

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit, 259  
 Of human dealings If I do prove her haggard,  
 Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
 I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,  
 To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black  
 And have not those soft parts of conversation  
 That chamberers have or for I am declined  
 Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—  
 She's gone I am abused, and my relief  
 Must be to loathe her O curse of marriage,  
 That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
 And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271  
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
 For others' uses Yet, 'tis the plague of great  
 ones,  
 Prerogative are they less than the base,  
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death  
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us  
 When we do quicken Desdemona comes,

*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!  
 I'll not believe 't  
*Des* How now, my dear Othello!  
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders 280  
 By you invited do attend your presence  
*Oth* I am to blame  
*Des* Why do you speak so faintly?  
 Are you not well?  
*Oth* I have a pain upon my forehead here  
*Des* Faith that's with watching, 'twill away  
 again  
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
 It will be well  
*Oth* Your napkin is too little  
*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops*  
 Let it alone Come I'll go in with you  
*Des* I am very sorry that you are not well  
*[Exit Othello and Desdemona]*  
*Emil* I am glad I have found this napkin 290  
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor  
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
 Woo'd me to steal it but she so loves the token,  
 For he conjured her she should ever keep it,  
 That she reserves it evermore about her  
 To kiss and talk to I'll have the work ta'en out,  
 And give it Iago What he will do with it  
 Heaven knows not I  
 I nothing but to please his fantasy

*Re-enter IAGO*

*Iago* How now! what do you here alone? 300  
*Emil* Do not you chide I have a thing for you  
*Iago* A thing for me? it is a common thing—  
*Emil* Ha!

*Iago* To have a foolish wife  
*Emil* O is that all? What will you give me now  
 For that same handkerchief?

*Iago* What handkerchief?

*Emil* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona,  
 That which so often you did bid me steal

*Iago* Hast stol'n it from her? 310

*Emil* No, 'faith, she let it drop by negligence,  
 And, to the advantage I, being here, took 't up  
 Look, here it is

*Iago* A good wench, give it me

*Emil* What will you do with it, that you have  
 been so earnest

To have me filch it?

*Iago* [Snatching it] Why, what's that to you?

*Emil* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
 Give 't me again Poor lady, she'll run mad  
 When she shall lack it

*Iago* Be not acknow'n on't I have use for it  
 Go leave me [Exit EMILIA] 320

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
 And let him find it Trifles light as air  
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
 As proofs of holy writ, this may do something  
 The Moor already changes with my poison  
 Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons  
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
 But with a little act upon the blood,  
 Burn like the mines of sulphur I did say so  
 Look where he comes!

*Re-enter OTHELLO*

Not poppy, nor mandragora 330  
 Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
 Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
 Which thou owedst yesterday

*Oth* Ha! ha! false to me?

*Iago* Why how now, general! no more of that

*Oth* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the  
 rack

I swear 'tis better to be much abused

Than but to know 't a little

*Iago* How now, my lord!

*Oth* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of  
 lust?

I saw't not thought it not, it harm'd not me  
 I slept the next night well was free and merry  
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips 341  
 He that is robb'd not wanting what is stol'n

Let him not know it and he's not robb'd at all

*Iago* I am sorry to hear this

*Oth* I had been happy, if the general camp  
 Pioners and all had tasted her sweet body  
 So I had nothing known O, now, for ever  
 Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!



Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars  
That make ambition virtue! O farewell! 350  
Farewell the neighing steed and the shrill trump  
The spirit-stirring drum the ear-piercing fife  
The royal banner and all quality  
Pride pomp and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines whose rude throats  
The immortal Jovian dreads clamours counterfeit  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago Is't possible my lord?

Oth Villain be sure thou prove my love a  
whore

Be sure of it give me the ocular proof 360  
Or by the worth of man's eternal soul  
Thou hast been better had been born a dog  
Than answer my waked wrath

Iago Is't come to this?

Oth Make me to see't or at the least so  
prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on or woe upon thy life!

Iago My noble lord—

Oth If thou dost slander her and torture me  
Never pray more abandon all remorse  
On horror's head horrors accumulate 370  
Do deeds to make heaven weep all earth amazed  
For nothing canst thou in damnation add  
Greater than that

Iago O grace! O heaven forgive me!

Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?

God be with you take mine office O wretched  
fool

That livest to make thine honesty a vice!  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note O  
world

To be direct and honest is not mine

I thank you for this profit and from hence  
I'll love no friend with love breeds such offence

Oth Nay stay Thou shouldst be honest 381

Iago I should be wise, for honesty is a fool

And loses that it works for

Oth By the world

I think my wife be honest and think she is not  
I think that thou art just and think thou art not  
I'll have some proof Her name that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage is now begrimed and black  
As mine own face If there be cords or knives  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams  
I'll not endure it Would I were satisfied! 390

Iago I see sir you are eaten up with passion

I do repent me that I put it to you

You would be satisfied?

Oth Would nay I will

Iago And may but how? how satisfied my  
lord?

Would you, the supervisor grossly gape on—

Behold her topp'd?

Oth Death and damnation! O!

Iago It were a tedious difficulty I think  
To bring them to that prospect Dunn them  
then

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
More than their own! What then? how then?

What shall I say? Where's satisfaction? 401

It is impossible you should see this

Were they as prime as goats as hot as monkeys

As salt as wolves in pride and fools as gross

As ignorance made drunk But yet I say

If imputation and strong circumstances

Which lead directly to the door of truth

Will give you satisfaction you may have't

Oth Give me a living reason she's disloyal

Iago I do not like the office 410

But sith I am enter'd in this cause so far

Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love

I will go on I lay with Cassio lately

And being troubled with a raging tooth

I could not sleep

There are a kind of men so loose of soul

That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs

One of this kind is Cassio

In sleep I heard him say Sweet Desdemona

Let us be wary let us hide our loves 420

And then sir would he gripe and wring my  
hand

Cry O sweet creature! and then kiss me hard

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots

That grew upon my lips then laid his leg

Over my thigh and sigh'd and kiss'd and then

Cried 'Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor'

Oth O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago Nay this was but his dream

Oth But thus denoted a foregone conclusion

'Tis a shrewd doubt though it be but a dream

Iago And this may help to thicken other  
proofs 430

That do demonstrate thinly

Oth I'll tear her all to pieces

Iago Nay but be wise yet we see nothing  
done

She may be honest yet Tell me but this  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief

Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth I gave her such a one 'twas my first gift

Iago I know not that but such a handkerchief—

I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day

See Cassio wipe his beard with

Oth If it be that—

Iago If it be that or any that was hers 440

It speaks against her with the other proofs

Oth O that the slave had forty thousand lives!

One is too poor too weak for my revenge

Now do I see 'tis true Look here, Iago,  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven  
'Tis gone  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne  
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy

fraught,  
For tis of aspics' tongues!

*Iago* Yet be content 450

*Oth* O, blood, blood, blood!

*Iago* Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change

*Oth* Never, Iago Like to the Pontic sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course

Ne'er feels retiring ebb but keeps due on

To the Propontic and the Hellespont,

Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge

Swallow them up Now, by yond marble

heaven, 460

[*Kneels*] In the due reverence of a sacred vow

I here engage my words

*Iago* Do not rise yet

[*Kneels*] Witness, you ever burning lights above,

You elements that clip us round about,

Witness that here Iago doth give up

The execution of his wit, hands, heart,

To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What bloody business ever [*They rise*]

*Oth* I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to 't

Within these three days let me hear thee say

That Cassio's not alive

*Iago* My friend is dead, 'tis done at your request

But let her live

*Oth* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!

Come, go with me apart, I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair devil Now art thou my lieutenant

*Iago* I am your own for ever [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE IV Before the castle

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA and CLOWN

*Des* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo* I dare not say he lies any where

*Clo* Why, man?

*Clo* He's a soldier and for one to say a soldier lies is stabbing

*Des* Go to Where lodges he?

*Clo* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie

*Des* Can anything be made of this? 10

*Clo* I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging and say he lies here or he lies there were to lie in mine own throat

*Des* Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

*Clo* I will catechize the world for him, that is make questions and by them answer

*Des* Seek him, bid him come hither Tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well 20

*Clo* To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it [*Exit*]

*Des* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil* I know not, madam

*Des* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes, and, but my noble Moor

Is true of mind and made of no such baseness

As jealous creatures are, it were enough

To put him to ill thinking

*Emil* Is he not jealous?

*Des* Who, he? I think the sun where he was born 30

Drew all such humours from him

*Emil* Look where he comes

*Des* I will not leave him now till Cassio

Be call'd to him

### Enter OTHELLO

How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth* Well, my good lady [*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des* Well, my good lord

*Oth* Give me your hand This hand is moist my lady

*Des* It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow

*Oth* This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart,

Hot hot and moist This hand of yours requires

A sequester from liberty fasting and prayer, 40

Much castigation exercise devout,

For here's a young and sweating devil here,

That commonly rebels 'Tis a good hand

A frank one

*Des* You may indeed say so

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart

*Oth* A liberal hand The hearts of old gave hands,

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts

*Des* I cannot speak of this Come now your promise

*Oth* What promise chuck?

*Des* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you 50

*Oth* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me  
Lend my thy handkerchief

*Des* Here my lord

*Oth* That which I gave you

*Des* I have it not about me

*Oth* Not?

*Des* No indeed my lord

*Oth* That is a fault

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give

She was a charmer and could almost read

The thoughts of people She told her while she kept it,

Twould make her amiable and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love but if she lost it 60

Or made a gift of it my father's eye

Should hold her loathed and his spirits should  
hunt

After new fancies She dying gave it me

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her I did so and take heed on't

Make it a darling like your precious eye

To lose't or give't away were such perdition

As nothing else could match

*Des* Is't possible?

*Oth* 'Tis true there's magic in the web of it

A sibyl that had number'd in the world 70

The sun to course two hundred compasses

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful

Conserved of maidens' hearts

*Des* Indeed 'tis true?

*Oth* Most veritable therefore look to't well

*Des* Then would to God that I had never  
seen't!

*Oth* Ha! wherefore?

*Des* Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

*Oth* Is't lost? is it gone? speak is it out o'  
the way? 80

*Des* I heaven bless us!

*Oth* Sav' you?

*Des* It is not lost but what an if it were?

*Oth* How!

*Des* I say it is not lost

*Oth* Fetch it let me see't

*Des* Why so I can, sir but I will not now

This is a trick to put me from my suit

Pray you let Cassio be receiv'd again

*Oth* Fetch me the handkerchief My mind mis  
gives

*Des* Come, come 90

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth* The handkerchief!

*Des* I pray talk me of Cassio

*Oth* The handkerchief!

*Des* A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love

Shared dangers with you—

*Oth* The handkerchief!

*Des* In sooth you are to blame

*Oth* Away! [Exit

*Emil* Is not this man jealous?

*Des* I ne'er saw this before 100

Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief

I am most unhappy in the loss of it

*Emil* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man

They are all but stomachs and we all but food

They eat us hungerly and when they are full

They belch us Look you Cassio and my hus-  
band!

*Enter* *CASSIO* and *IAGO*

*Iago* There is no other way she must do't

And lo the happiness! go and importune her

*Des* How now good Cassio! what's the news  
with you?

*Cas* Madam my former suit I do beseech you

That by your virtuous means I may again 110

Exist and be a member of his love

Whom I with all the office of my heart

Entirely honour I would not be delay'd

If my offence be of such mortal kind

That nor my service past nor present sorrows

Nor purposed merit in futurity

Can ransom me into his love again

But to know so must be my benefit

So shall I clothe me in a forced content 120

And shut my self up in some other course

To fortune's aims

*Des* Alas thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune

My lord is not my lord nor should I know him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd

So help me every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best

And stood within the blank of his displeasure

For my free speech! you must awhile be patient

What I can do I will and more I will 130

Than for my self I dare Let that suffice you

*Iago* Is my lord angry?

*Emil* He went hence but now

And certainly in strange quietness

*Iago* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air

And like the devil from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother—and can he be angry?

Something of moment then I will go meet him.

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry

*Des* I prithee, do so  
 Something sure, of state, 140  
 Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice  
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
 Hath puddled his clear spirit, and in such cases  
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
 Though great ones are their object 'Tis even so,  
 For let our finger ache and it induces  
 Our other healthful members even to that sense  
 Of pain Nay, we must think men are not gods,  
 Nor of them look for such observances  
 As fit the bridal Beshrew me much, Emilia, 150  
 I was, unhandsome warrior as I am,  
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul,  
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,  
 And he's indicted falsely

*Emil* Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,  
 And no conception nor no jealous toy  
 Concerning you

*Des* Alas the day! I never gave him cause  
*Emil* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so,  
 They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160  
 But jealous for they are jealous 'Tis a monster  
 Begot upon itself born on itself

*Des* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil* Lady, amen  
*Des* I will go seek him Cassio, walk here about

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit  
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost

*Cas* I humbly thank your ladyship  
 [Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA]

*Enter BIANCA*  
*Bian* Save you, friend Cassio!  
*Cas* What make you from home?  
 How is it with you my most fair Bianca? 170

I faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house  
*Bian* And I was going to your lodging Cassio  
 What keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
 Eight score eight hours? and lovers absent hours  
 More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
 O weary reckoning!

*Cas* Pardon me, Bianca  
 I have this while with leaden thoughts been  
 press'd,

But I shall in a more continue time,  
 Strike off this score of absence Sweet Bianca,

*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief*  
 Take me this work out

*Bian* O Cassio whence came this? 180  
 This is some token from a new or friend  
 To the felt absence now I feel a cause  
 Is it come to this? Well well

*Cas* Go to, woman!  
 Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
 From whence you have them You are jealous  
 now  
 That this is from some mistress, some remem-  
 brance

No in good troth, Bianca

*Bian* Why, whose is it?  
*Cas* I know not, sweet I found it in my cham-  
 ber

I like the work well Ere it be demanded—  
 As like enough it will—I d have it copied 190  
 Take it, and do t, and leave me for this time

*Bian* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas* I do attend here on the general,  
 And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
 To have him see me woman'd

*Bian* Why I pray you?

*Cas* Not that I love you not

*Bian* But that you do not love me

I pray you bring me on the way a little,  
 And say if I shall see you soon at night

*Cas* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,  
 For I attend here, but I'll see you soon 200

*Bian* 'Tis very good, I must be circumstanced  
 [Exeunt]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I Cyprus before the castle

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO*

*Iago* Will you think so?

*Oth* Think so, Iago!

*Iago* What,

To kiss in private?

*Oth* An unauthorized kiss

*Iago* Or to be naked with her friend in bed

An hour or more not meaning any harm?

*Oth* Naked in bed Iago and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil

They that mean virtuously and yet do so

The devil their virtue tempts and they tempt  
 heaven

*Iago* So they do nothing 'tis a venial slip  
 But if I give my wife a handkerchief— 10

*Oth* What then?

*Iago* Why then 'tis hers my lord and being  
 hers

She may I think bestow it on any man

*Oth* She is protectress of her honour too

May she give that?

*Iago* Her honour is an essence that's not seen,

They have it very oft that have it not

But for the handkerchief—

*Oth* By heaven I would most gladly have for-  
 got it

Thou saidst—O it comes o'er my memory 20  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief

Iago Ay what of that?

Oth That's not so good now

Iago What

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say—as knaves be such abroad

Who having by their own importunate suit

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress

Convinced or supplied them cannot choose

But they must blab—

Oth Hath he said any thing?

Iago He hath my lord but be you well assured 30

No more than he'll unsweat

Oth What hath he said?

Iago Faith that he did—I know not what he did

Oth What? what?

Iago Lie—

Oth With her?

Iago With her on her what you will

Oth Lie with her? lie on her? We say lie on her

when they belie her Lie with her! that's fulsome

—Handkerchief—confessions—handkerchief—

To confess and be hanged for his labour—first

to be hanged, and then to confess—I tremble at

it Nature would not invest herself in such

shadowing passion without some instruction

It is not words that shake me thus Pish! Noses

ears and lips—Is't possible?—Confess—hand

kerchief—O devil! *[Falls in a trance]*

Iago Work on

My medicine work Thus credulous fools are

caught

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus

All guiltless meet reproach What ho my lord?

My lord, I say 'Othello'

*Enter CASSIO*

Cas What's the matter? How now Cassio?

Iago My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy 50

This is his second fit he had one yesterday

Cas Rub him about the temples

Iago No forbear

The lethargy must have his quiet course

If not he foams at mouth and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness Look he stirs

Do you withdraw yourself a little while

He will recover straight When he is gone

I would on great occasion speak with you 59

*[Exit CASSIO]*

How is it general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth Dost thou mock me?

Iago I mock you? no by heaven

Would you would bear your fortune like a man?

Oth A horned man's a monster and a beast

Iago There's many a beast then in a populous city

And many a civil monster

Oth Did he confess it?

Iago Good sir be a man

Think every bearded fellow that's but joked

May draw with you There's millions now alive

That nightly lie in those unproper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar your case is

better 70

O tis the spate of hell the fiend's arch mock

To lip a wanton in a secure couch

And to suppose her chaste! No let me know

And knowing what I am I know what she shall

be

Oth O thou art wise tis certain

Iago Stand you awhile apart

Confine yourself but in a patient list

Whilst you were here overwhelmed with your

grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—

Cassio came hither I shifted him away

And laid good excuse upon your ecstasy 80

Bade him anon return and here speak with me

The which he promised Do but enswear your

self

And mark the flocks the gibes and notable

scorns

That dwell in every region of his face

For I will make him tell the tale anew

Where how how oft how long ago and when

He hath and is again to cope your wife

I say but mark his gesture Marry patience

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen

And nothing of a man

Oth Dost thou hear Iago 90

I will be found most cunning in my patience

But—dost thou hear?—most bloody

Iago That's not amiss

But let keep time in all Will you withdraw?

*[OTHELLO RETIRES]*

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca

A housewife that by selling her desires

Buys herself bread and clothes it is a creature

That dotes on Cassio as tis the strumpet's

plague

To beguile many and be beguiled by one

He when he hears of her cannot refrain 99

From the excess of laughter Here he comes

*Re-enter CASSIO*

As he shall smile Othello shall go mad

And his unlookish jealousy must construe

Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,

Quite in the wrong How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas* The worse that you give me the addition

Whose want even kills me

*Iago* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't

[*Speaking lower*] Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

How quickly should you speed?

*Cas* Alas, poor catiff!

*Oth* Look, how he laughs already! 110

*Iago* I never knew woman love man so

*Cas* Alas, poor rogue! I think, 't' faith, she loves me

*Oth* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out

*Iago* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth* Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er Go to, well said, well said

*Iago* She gives it out that you shall marry her

Do you intend it?

*Cas* Ha ha, ha! 120

*Oth* Do you triumph Roman? do you triumph?

*Cas* I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear some charity to my wit do not think it so unwholesome Ha ha, ha!

*Oth* So, so, so, so, they laugh that win

*Iago* 'Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her

*Cas* Prithee, say true

*Iago* I am a very villain else

*Oth* Have you scored me? Well 130

*Cas* This is the monkey's own giving out she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery not out of my promise

*Oth* Iago beckons me, now he begins the story

*Cas* She was here even now she haunts me in every place I was the other day talking on the sea bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble and by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck— 140

*Oth* Crying "O dear Cassio! as it were his gesture imports it

*Cas* So hangs and lolls, and weeps upon me so hales and pulls me Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth* Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber O, I see that nose of yours but not that dog I shall throw it to

*Cas* Well I must leave her company

*Iago* Before me! look where she comes

*Cas* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one 151

*Enter* *BIANCA*

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian* Let the devil and his dam haunt you!

What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby horse Wheresoe'er you had it I'll take out no work on't 161

*Cas* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

*Oth* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian* An you'll come to supper to night, you may, an you will not come when you are next prepared for [Exit

*Iago* After her after her

*Cas* 'Faith, I must, she'll rail in the street else

*Iago* Will you sup there? 172

*Cas* 'Faith I intend so

*Iago* Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you

*Cas* Prithee, come, will you?

*Iago* Go to, say no more [Exit *CASSIO*

*Oth* [Advancing] How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice? 181

*Oth* O Iago!

*Iago* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth* Was that mine?

*Iago* Yours, by this hand and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him and he hath given it his whore

*Oth* I would have him nine years a-killing A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago* Nay, you must forget that 190

*Oth* Ay, let her rot and perish, and be damned to night, for she shall not live No my heart is turned to stone, I strike it and it hurts my hand

O the world hath not a sweeter creature! She might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks

*Iago* Nay that's not your way

*Oth* Hang her! I do but say what she is so delicate with her needle an admirable musician O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear Of so high and plenteous wit and invention— 201

*Iago* She's the worse for all this

*Oth* O a thousand thousand times And then of so gentle a condition!

*Iago* As too gentle

*Oth* Nay, that's certain but yet the pity of it Iago! O Iago the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend for, if it touch not you it comes near nobody

*Oth* I will chop her into messes Cuckold me!  
*Iago* O tis foul in her  
*Oth* With mine officer!  
*Iago* That s fouler  
*Oth* Get me some poison *Iago* this night I'll  
 not expostulate with her lest her body and beauty  
 unprovide my mind again This night *Iago* 219  
*Iago* Do it not with poison strangle her in her  
 bed even the bed she hath contaminated  
*Oth* Good good the justice of it pleases very  
 good  
*Iago* And for Cassio let me be his undertaker  
 You shall hear more by midnight  
*Oth* Excellent good  
*A trumpet within*  
 What trumpet is that same?  
*Iago* Something from Venice sure 'Tis Lodovico  
 Come from the Duke And see your wife is with  
 him

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA and Attendants*

*Lod* Save you worthy general!  
*Oth* With all my heart sir  
*Lod* The Duke and Senators of Venice greet  
 you [*Gives him a letter*]  
*Oth* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures  
*Opens the letter and reads*  
*Des* And what s the news good cousin Lodovico?  
*Lod* I am very glad to see you signior  
 Welcome to Cyprus  
*Lod* I thank you How does Lieutenant Cassio?  
*Lod* Loves sir  
*Des* Cousin, there s fall n between him and my  
 lord  
 An unkind breach but you shall make all well  
*Oth* Are you sure of that?  
*Des* My lord?  
*Oth* [*Reads*] Thus fail you not to do as you  
 will — 240  
*Lod* He did not call he s busy in the paper  
 Is there division twixt my lord and Cassio?  
*Des* A most unhappy one I would do much  
 To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio  
*Oth* Fire and brimstone!  
*Des* My lord?  
*Oth* Are you wise?  
*Des* What is he angry?  
*Lod* May be the letter moved him  
 For as I think they do command him home,  
 Deputing Cassio in his government  
*Des* Trust me I am glad on t  
*Oth* Indeed  
*Des* My lord?  
*Oth* I am glad to see you mad

*Des* Why sweet Othello— 250  
*Oth* [*Striking her*] Devil!  
*Des* I have not deserved this  
*Lod* My lord this would not be believed in  
 Venice  
 Though I should swear I saw t 'Tis very much  
 Make her amends she weeps  
*Oth* O devil devil!  
 If that the earth could teem with woman s tears  
 Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile  
 Out of my sight!  
*Des* I will not stay to offend you [*Going*]  
*Lod* Truly an obedient lady  
 I do beseech your lordship call her back — 260  
*Oth* Mistress!  
*Des* My lord?  
*Oth* What would you with her sir?  
*Lod* Who I my lord?  
*Oth* Ay you did wish that I would make her  
 turn  
 Sir she can turn and turn and yet go on  
 And turn again and she can weep sir weep  
 And she s obedient as you say obedient  
 Very obedient Proceed you in your tears  
 Concerning this sir—O well painted passion!—  
 I am commanded home Get you away 269  
 I'll send for you anon Sir I obey the mandate  
 And will return to Venice Hence, avant!  
*[Exit DESDEMONA]*  
 Cassio shall have my place And sir to-night  
 I do entreat that we may sup together  
 You are welcome, sir to Cyprus — Goats and  
 monkeys! [*Exit*]  
*Lod* Is this the noble Moor whom our full  
 Senate  
 Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature  
 Whom passion could not shake? whose solid  
 virtue  
 The shot of accident nor dart of chance  
 Could neither graze nor pierce?  
*Iago* He is much changed  
*Lod* Are his wits safe? Is he not light of  
 brain? 280  
*Iago* He s that he is I may not breathe my cen-  
 sure  
 What he might be If what he might he is not  
 I would to heaven he were!  
*Lod* What strike his wife?  
*Iago* Faith that was not so well yet would I  
 knew  
 That stroke would prove the worst!  
*Lod* Is it his use?  
 Or did the letters work upon his blood  
 And new-create this fault?  
*Iago* Alas alas!  
 It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known You shall observe  
 him,  
 And his own courses will denote him so 290  
 That I may save my speech Do but go after,  
 And mark how he continues  
 Lod I am sorry that I am deceived in him  
 [Exit

SCENE II *A room in the castle*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA

Oth You have seen nothing then?  
 Emil Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect  
 Oth Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together  
 Emil But then I saw no harm, and then I heard  
 Each syllable that breath made up between them  
 Oth What, did they never whisper?  
 Emil Never, my lord  
 Oth Nor send you out o' the way?  
 Emil Never  
 Oth To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
 nothing?  
 Emil Never, my lord 10  
 Oth That's strange  
 Emil I durst, my lord to wager she is honest,  
 Lay down my soul at stake If you think other,  
 Remove your thought, it doth abuse your bosom  
 If any wretch have put this in your head,  
 Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
 For if she be not honest, chaste and true  
 There's no man happy, the purest of their  
 wives  
 Is foul as slander  
 Oth Bid her come hither go  
 [Exit EMILIA  
 She says enough, yet she is a simple bawd 20  
 That cannot say as much This is a subtle whore,  
 A closet lock and key of villainous secrets  
 And yet she'll kneel and pray, I have seen her  
 do't

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA

Des My lord, what is your will?  
 Oth Pray, chuck, come hither  
 Des What is your pleasure?  
 Oth Let me see your eyes  
 Look in my face  
 Des What horrible fancy's this?  
 Oth [To EMILIA] Some of your function, mistress,  
 Leave procreants alone and shut the door  
 Cough or cry 'hem' if any body come  
 Your mystery, your mystery may dispatch 30  
 [Exit EMILIA  
 Des Upon my knees, what doth your speech  
 import?

I understand a fury in your words,  
 But not the words  
 Oth Why, what art thou?  
 Des Your wife, my lord, your true  
 And loyal wife  
 Oth Come, swear it, damn thyself,  
 Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
 Should fear to seize thee, therefore be double  
 damn'd  
 Swear thou art honest  
 Des Heaven doth truly know it  
 Oth Heaven truly knows that thou art false as  
 hell  
 Des To whom, my lord? with whom? how am  
 I false? 40  
 Oth O Desdemona! away! away! away!  
 Des Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?  
 Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?  
 If haply you my father do suspect  
 An instrument of this your calling back,  
 Lay not your blame on me If you have lost him  
 Why, I have lost him too  
 Oth Had it pleased heaven  
 To try me with affliction, had they rain'd  
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips 50  
 Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,  
 I should have found in some place of my soul  
 A drop of patience, but alas to make me  
 A fixed figure for the time of scorn  
 To point his slow unmoving finger at!  
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well,  
 But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life,  
 The fountain from the which my current runs,  
 Or else dries up, to be discarded thence! 60  
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion  
 there  
 Patience thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin—  
 Ay, there look grim as hell!  
 Des I hope my noble lord esteems me honest  
 Oth O ay, as summer flies are in the shambles  
 That quicken even with blowing O thou weed,  
 Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet  
 That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst  
 ne'er been born!  
 Des Alas what ignorant sin have I committed? 70  
 Oth Was this fair paper this most goodly book  
 Made to write 'whore' upon? What committed?  
 Committed! O thou public commoner!  
 I should make very forges of my cheeks  
 That would to cinders burn up modesty  
 Did I but speak thy deeds What committed!  
 Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks,



The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth  
And will not hear it What committed? 80  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des* By heaven you do me wrong

*Oth* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des* No as I am a Christian

If to preserve this vessel for my lord

From any other foul unlawful touch

Be not to be a strumpet I am none

*Oth* What not a whore?

*Des* No as I shall be saved

*Oth* Is it possible?

*Des* O heaven forgive us!

*Oth* I cry you mercy then

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice

That married with Othello *[Raising his voice]*

You mistress 90

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter

And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter EMILIA*

You you say you!  
We have done our course there's money for  
your pains

I pray you turn the key and keep our counsel

*[Exit]*

*Emil* Alas what does this gentleman conceive?

How do you madam? how do you my good  
lady?

*Des* I am half asleep

*Emil* Good madam what's the matter with my  
lord?

*Des* With who?

*Emil* Why with my lord madam 100

*Des* Who is thy lord?

*Emil* He that is yours sweet lady

*Des* I have none Do not talk to me Emilia

I cannot weep nor answer him

But what should go by water Prithce to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding sheets remember

And call thy husband hither

*Emil* Here change indeed! *[Exit]*

*Des* 'Tis meet I should be used so very meet

How have I been behaved that he might stick

The small st opinion on my least misdeed

*Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO*

*Iago* What is your pleasure madam? How is it  
with you? 110

*Des* I cannot tell Those that do teach young  
babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks

He might have chid me so for in good faith

I am a child to chiding

*Iago* What's the matter lady?

*Emil* Alas Iago my lord hath so bewor'd  
her

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her  
As true hearts cannot bear

*Des* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago* What name, fair lady?

*Des* Such as she says my lord did say I was

*Emil* He call'd her whore A beggar in his  
drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his caller

*Iago* Why did he so?

*Des* I do not know I am sure I am none such

*Iago* Do not weep do not weep Alas the day!

*Emil* Hath she forsook so many noble matches

Her father and her country and her friends

To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des* It is my wretched fortune

*Iago* Beshrew him for!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des* Nay Heaven doth know

*Emil* I will be hang'd if some eternal villain

Some busy and insinuating rogue

Some cogging cozening slave <sup>off</sup> get some office

Have not devised this slander I'll be hang'd if e

*Iago* Fie, there is no such man it is impossible

*Des* If any such there be Heaven pardon him!

*Emil* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his  
bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps his

company?

What place? what time? what form? what likeness

hood?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous

knave,

Some base notorious knave some scurvy fellow

O heaven that such companions thou dost unfold

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west!

*Iago* Speak within door

*Emil* O fie upon them! Some such equ're he

was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side without

And made you to suspect me with the Moor

*Iago* You are a fool go to

*Des* O good Iago

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend go to him for by this light of

heaven 130

I know not how I lost him Here I kneel

If e'er my will did trespass against his love

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed

Or that mine eyes mine ears or any sense

Delighted them in any other form

Or that I do not yet and ever did

And ever will—though he do shake me off

To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do  
much,  
And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160  
But never taint my love I cannot say "whore"  
It doth abhor me now I speak the word,  
To do the act that might the addition earn  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make  
me

*Iago* I pray you, be content, 'tis but his humour  
The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you  
*Des* It twere no other—

*Iago* 'Tis but so, I warrant  
*Trumpets within*  
Hark how these instruments summon to  
supper!

The messengers of Venice stay the meat 170  
Go in and weep not all things shall be well  
[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA*]

*Enter RODERIGO*

How now, Roderigo!  
*Rod* I do not find that thou dealest justly with  
me

*Iago* What in the contrary?  
*Rod* Every day thou daffest me with some device  
*Iago*, and rather, as it seems to me now,  
keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest  
me with the least advantage of hope I will in-  
deed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded  
to put up in peace what already I have foolishly  
suffered

*Iago* Will you hear me Roderigo?  
*Rod* 'Faith, I have heard too much for your  
words and performances are no kin together

*Iago* You charge me most unjustly  
*Rod* With nought but truth I have wasted my-  
self out of my means The jewels you have had  
from me to deliver to Desdemona would half  
have corrupted a votarist You have told me she  
hath received them and returned me expectations  
and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance  
but I find none

*Iago* Well, go to very well  
*Rod* Very well! go to! I cannot go to man, nor  
tis not very well Nay I think it is scurvy and  
begin to find my self fopped in it

*Iago* Very well  
*Rod* I tell you tis not very well I will make  
my self known to Desdemona If she will return  
me my jewels I will give over my suit and repent  
my unlawful solicitation if not assure yourself  
I will seek satisfaction of you  
*Iago* You have said now

*Rod* Ay, and said nothing but what I protest  
intendment of doing

*Iago* Why now I see there's mettle in thee, and  
even from this instant do build on thee a better  
opinion than ever before Give me thy hand, Ro-  
derigo Thou hast taken against me a most just  
exception, but yet I protest, I have dealt most  
directly in thy affair

*Rod* It hath not appeared  
*Iago* I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and  
your suspicion is not without wit and judgement  
But Roderigo if thou hast that in thee indeed,  
which I have greater reason to believe now than  
ever, I mean purpose, courage, and valour, this  
night show it If thou the next night following  
enjoy not Desdemona take me from this world  
with treachery and devise engines for my life

*Rod* Well what is it? is it within reason and  
compass?

*Iago* Sir, there is especial commission come  
from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place

*Rod* Is that true? why then Othello and Des-  
demona return again to Venice

*Iago* O no he goes into Mauritania and takes  
away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his  
abode be lingered here by some accident, where-  
in none can be so determinate as the removing of  
Cassio

*Rod* How do you mean removing of him?  
*Iago* Why by making him incapable of Othel-  
lo's place knocking out his brains

*Rod* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a  
right He sups to-night with a harlotry, and  
thither will I go to him he knows not yet of his  
honourable fortune If you will watch his going  
thence, which I will fashion to fall out between  
twelve and one you may take him at your pleas-  
ure I will be near to second your attempt and he  
shall fall between us Come stand not amazed at  
it, but go along with me, I will show you such  
a necessity in his death that you shall think your-  
self bound to put it on him It is now high supper-  
time and the night grows to waste About it 250

*Rod* I will hear further reason for this  
*Iago* And you shall be satisfied [Exit

SCENE III Another room in the castle

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA,  
EMILIA and Attendants*

*Lo* I do beseech you sir, trouble yourself no  
further

*Oth* O pardon me 'twill do me good to walk

*Lo* Madam good night I humbly thank your  
ladyship

*Des* Your honour is most welcome

- Oth* Will you walk sir? Her salt tears fell from her and soften'd the stones —
- O—Desdemona—* Lay by these —
- Des* My lord? [*Singing*] 'Sing willow willow willow
- Oth* Get you to bed on the instant I will be re-  
turned forthwith Dismiss your attendant there  
Look it be done
- Des* I will my lord 10  
[*Exeunt OTHELLO, LODOVICO and Attendants*]
- Emil* How goes it now? he looks gentler than  
he did
- Des* He says he will return incontinent  
He hath commanded me to go to bed  
And bade me to dismiss you
- Emil* Dismiss me! 10
- Des* It was his bidding therefore good Emilia  
Give me my nightly wearing and adieu  
We must not now displease him
- Emil* I would you had never seen him!
- Des* So would not I My love doth so approve  
him
- That even his stubbornness his checks his  
frowns— 20
- Prithce* unpun me—have grace and favour in  
them
- Emil* I have laid those sheets you bade me on  
the bed
- Des* All's one Good faith how foolish are our  
minds
- If I do die before thee prithce shroud me  
In one of those same sheets
- Emil* Come come you talk
- Des* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara  
She was in love and he she loved proved mad  
And did forsake her She had a song of "Willow"
- An old thing 'twas but express'd her fortune  
And she died singing it That song to-night 30  
Will not go from my mind I have much to do  
But to go hang my head all at one side  
And sing it like poor Barbara Prithce dispatch
- Emil* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
- Des* No unpun me here
- This Lodovico is a proper man
- Emil* A very handsome man
- Des* He speaks well
- Emil* I know a lady in Venice would have  
walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his  
nether lip 40
- Des* [*Singing*] The poor soul sat sighing by a  
sycamore tree  
Sing all a green willow  
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
Sing willow willow willow  
The fresh streams ran by her and murmur'd  
her moans  
Sing willow willow willow
- 50  
So get thee gone good night Mine eyes do itch  
Doth that bode weeping?
- Emil* 'Tis neither here nor there
- Des* I have heard it said so O these men, these  
men! 60
- Dost thou in conscience think—tell me Emilia—  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?
- Emil* There be some such no question
- Des* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world?
- Emil* Why would not you?
- Des* No by this heavenly light
- Emil* Nor I neither by this heavenly light  
I might do it as well: the dark
- Des* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the  
world?
- Emil* The world's a huge thing it is a great  
price
- For a small vice
- Des* In troth I think thou wouldst not 70
- Emil* In troth I think I should and undo it  
when I had done Marry I would not do such a  
thing for a joint ring nor for measures of lawn,  
nor for gowns petticoats nor caps nor any  
petty exhibition but for the whole world—  
why who would not make her husband a cuckold  
to make him a monarch? I should venture  
purgatory for it
- Des* Bestrew me if I would do such a wrong
- For the whole world 75
- Emil* Why the wrong is but a wrong: the  
world and having the world for your labour is  
a wrong in your own world and you must  
quickly make it right
- Des* I do not think there is any such woman
- Emil* Yes a dozen and as many to the venture  
as would store the world they play'd for  
But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall Say that they slack their duties,  
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps, 90  
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
 Throwing restraint upon us, or say they strike  
 us,  
 Or scant our former having in despite,  
 Why, we have galls, and though we have some  
 grace,  
 Yet have we some revenge Let husbands know  
 Their wives have sense like them, they see and  
 smell  
 And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
 As husbands have What is it that they do  
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
 I think it is And doth affection breed it?  
 I think it doth Is't frailty that thus errs? 100  
 It is so too And have not we affections,  
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
 Then let them use us well, else let them know,  
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so  
*Des* Good night, good night Heaven me such  
 uses send  
 Not to pick bad from bad but by bad mend!  
 [Exeunt]

## ACT V

## SCENE I Cyprus a street

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO

*Iago* Here, stand behind this bulk, straight will  
 he come  
 Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home  
 Quick, quick fear nothing I'll be at thy elbow  
 It makes us, or it mars us, think on that,  
 And fix most firm thy resolution  
*Rod* Be near at hand, I may miscarry in't  
*Iago* Here, at thy hand, be bold, and take thy  
 stand [Retires]  
*Rod* I have no great devotion to the deed  
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons 9  
 'Tis but a man gone Forth, my sword he dies  
*Iago* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the  
 sense,  
 And he grows angry Now, whether he kill Cas-  
 sio  
 Or Cassio him or each do kill the other,  
 Every way makes my gain Live Roderigo,  
 He calls me to a restitution large  
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,  
 As gifts to Desdemona,  
 It must not be If Cassio do remain  
 He hath a daily beauty in his life 10  
 That makes me ugly and besides, the Moor  
 May unfold me to him there stand I in much  
 peril  
 No he must die But so, I hear him coming

Enter CASSIO

*Rod* I know his gait, 'tis he — Villain, thou  
 diest! [Makes a pass at CASSIO]  
*Cas* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st  
 I will make proof of thine  
*Draws, and wounds RODERIGO*  
*Rod* O, I am slain!  
*IAGO* from behind wounds CASSIO in the leg, and  
 exit  
*Cas* I am maim'd for ever Help ho! murder!  
 murder! [Falls]

Enter OTHELLO

*Oth* The voice of Cassio Iago keeps his word  
*Rod* O, villain that I am!  
*Oth* It is even so  
*Cas* O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30  
*Oth* 'Tis he O brave Iago, honest and just,  
 That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!  
 Thou teachest me Minion your dear lies dead,  
 And your unblest fate hies strumpet, I come  
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are  
 blotted,  
 Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be  
 spotted [Exit]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO

*Cas* What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder!  
 murder!  
*Gra* 'Tis some mischance, the cry is very dire-  
 ful  
*Cas* O help!  
*Lod* Hark! 40  
*Rod* O wretched villain!  
*Lod* Two or three groan It is a heavy night  
 These may be counterfeit, let's think it unsafe  
 To come in to the cry without more help  
*Rod* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death  
*Lod* Hark!

Re-enter IAGO with a light

*Gra* Here's one comes in his shirt, with light  
 and weapons  
*Iago* Who's there? whose noise is this that  
 cries on murder?  
*Lod* We do not know  
*Iago* Did not you hear a cry?  
*Cas* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!  
*Iago* What's the matter? 50  
*Gra* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it  
*Lod* The same indeed a very valiant fellow  
*Iago* What are you here that cry so grievously?  
*Cas* Iago? O I am spoil'd undone by villains!  
 Give me some help

*Iago* O me lieutenant! what villains have done this?  
*Cas* I think that one of them is heresabout  
 And cannot make away  
*Iago* O treacherous villains!  
 What are you there? come in and give some help  
*{To LODOVICO and GRATIANO}*  
*Rod* O help me here! 60  
*Cas* That's one of them  
*Iago* O murderous slave! O villain!  
*Stabs RODRIGO*  
*Rod* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!  
*Iago* Kill men! the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?  
 How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!  
 What may you be? are you of good or evil?  
*Lod* As you shall prove us praise us  
*Iago* Signior Lodovico?  
*Lod* He sir  
*Iago* I cry you mercy Here's Cassio hurt by villains  
*Grat* Cassio! 70  
*Iago* How is't brother?  
*Cas* My leg is cut in two  
*Iago* Marry heaven forbid!  
 Light gentlemen I'll bind it with my shirt

*Enter BRANCA*

*Bran* What is the matter ho? who is't that cried?  
*Iago* Who is't that cried?  
*Bran* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!  
 O Cassio Cassio Cassio!  
*Iago* O notable strumpet! Cassio may you suspect  
 Who they should be that have thus manag'd you?  
*Cas* No 80  
*Grat* I am sorry to find you thus I have been to seek you  
*Iago* Lend me a garter So O for a chair  
 To bear him easily hence!  
*Bran* Alas he faints O Cassio Cassio Cassio!  
*Iago* Gentlemen all I do suspect this trash  
 To be a party in this injury  
 Patience awhile good Cassio Come, come  
 Lend me a light know we this face or no?  
 Alas my friend and my dear countryman  
 Rodrigo no Yes sure O heaven Rodrigo  
*Cas* What of Venice? 91  
*Iago* Even he sir Did you know him?  
*Grat* Know him? ay  
*Iago* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon  
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners  
 That so neglected you

*Cas* I am glad to see you  
*Iago* How do you Cassio? O a chair a chair!  
*Grat* Rodrigo!  
*Iago* He he tis he *{A chair brought in}*  
 O that's well said the chair  
 Some good man bear him carefully from hence  
 I'll fetch the general's surgeon *{To BRANCA}*  
 For you mistress 100  
 Save you your labour He that lies slain here  
 Cassio  
 Was my dear friend What malice was between you?  
*Cas* None in the world nor do I know the man  
*Iago* *{To BRANCA}* What look you pale? O bear him out o' the air  
*{CASSIO and RODRIGO are borne off}*  
 Stay you good gentlemen Look you pale mistress?  
 Do you perceive the greatness of her eyes?  
 Nay if you stare we shall hear more anon  
 Behold her well I pray you look upon her  
 Do you see gentlemen? nay guiltiness will speak  
 Though tongues were out of use 110

*Enter EMILIA*

*Emil* Lest what's the matter? what's the matter husband?  
*Iago* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark  
 By Rodrigo and fellows that are scaped  
 He's almost slain and Rodrigo dead  
*Emil* Alas good gentleman! alas good Cassio  
*Iago* This is the fruit of whoring Frishee  
*Emilia*  
 Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night  
*{To BRANCA}* What do you shake at that?  
*Bran* He supp'd at my house but I therefore  
 shake not  
*Iago* O did he so? I charge you go with me  
*Emil* Fie fie upon thee strumpet! 11  
*Bran* I am no strumpet but of life as honest  
 As you that thus abuse me  
*Emil* As I! foh! fie upon thee!  
*Iago* Kind gentlemen let's go see poor Cassio  
 dress'd  
 Come mistress you must tell's another tale  
 Emilia run you to the citadel  
 And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd  
 Will you go on? I pray *{Aside}* This is the night  
 That either makes me or fordoes me quite *{Exit}*

SCENE II *A bedchamber in the castle* DESMOND  
 in bed asleep a light burning  
*Enter OTHELLO*

*Oth* It is the cause, it is the cause my soul—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause Yet I'll not shed her blood  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men  
Put out the light, and then put out the light  
If I quench thee thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore  
Should I repent me, but once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature, 11  
I know not where that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume When I have pluck'd  
the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again  
It must needs wither I'll smell it on the tree

*Kissing her*

Ah, balmy breath that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee  
And love thee after One more and this the last,  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal I must weep 20  
But they are cruel tears This sorrow's heat only,  
It strikes where it doth love She wakes

*Des* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth* Ay, Desdemona

*Des* Will you come to bed my lord?

*Oth* Have you pray'd to night, Desdemona?

*Des* Ay, my lord

*Oth* If you bethink yourself of any crime

Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,

Solicit for it straight

*Des* Alas my lord, what do you mean by that?

*Oth* Well, do it and be brief, I will walk by

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit, 31

No heaven forbid! I would not kill thy soul

*Des* Talk you of killing?

*Oth* Ay, I do

*Des* Then Heaven

I have mercy on me!

*Oth* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me

*Oth* Hum!

*Des* And yet I fear you for you are fatal then

When your eyes roll so Why I should fear I

know not,

Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear

*Oth* Think on thy sins

*Des* They are loves I bear to you 40

*Oth* Ay, and for that thou diest

*Des* That death's unnatural that kills for loving

Alas why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame

These are portents, but yet I hope I hope,

They do not point on me

*Oth* Peace and be still!

*Des* I will so What's the matter?

*Oth* That handkerchief which I so loved and  
gave thee

Thou gavest to Cassio

*Des* No, by my life and soul!

Send for the man, and ask him

*Oth* Sweet soul, take heed, 50

Take heed of perjury, thou art on thy death bed

*Des* Ay, but not yet to die

*Oth* Yes presently,

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin

For to deny each article with oath

Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception

That I do groan withal Thou art to die

*Des* Then Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth* I say, amen

*Des* And have you mercy too! I never did

Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio

But with such general warranty of heaven 60

As I might love, I never gave him token

*Oth* By heaven I saw my handkerchief in's  
hand

O perjured woman! thou dost store my heart,

And makest me call what I intend to do

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice

I saw the handkerchief

*Des* He found it then,

I never gave it him Send for him hither,

Let him confess a truth

*Oth* He hath confess'd

*Des* What my lord?

*Oth* That he hath used thee

*Des* How? unlawfully?

*Oth* Ay 70

*Des* He will not say so

*Oth* No his mouth is stopp'd

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't

*Des* O! my fear interprets What 's he dead?

*Oth* Had all his hairs been lives, my great re-  
venge

Had stomach for them all

*Des* Alas! he 's betray'd and I undone

*Oth* Out strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my  
face?

*Des* O banish me my lord but kill me not!

*Oth* Down strumpet!

*Des* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night!

*Oth* Nay, if you strive— 81

*Des* But half an hour!

*Oth* Being done there is no pause

*Des* But while I say one prayer!

*Oth* It is too late

*He stifles her*

*Emil* [Within] My lord my lord! what ho!

my lord my lord!

*Oth* What noise is this? Not dead? not yet quite  
dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain  
So so

*Emil* [With him] What ho! my lord my lord!  
*Oth* Who's there?  
*Emil* [With him] O good my lord I would speak  
a word with you!  
*Oth* Yes 'tis Emilia — By and by — She's  
dead —

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death  
The noise was here Ha! no more moving?  
Still in the grave — Shall she come in? were't  
good? —

I think she stirs again No — What's best to do?  
If she come in she'll surely speak to my wife  
My wife my wife! what wife? I have no wife  
O insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration  
*Emil* [With him] I do beseech you  
That I may speak with you O good my lord!  
*Oth* I had forgot thee O come in Emilia  
Soft by and by Let me the curtains draw  
Where art thou? [Unlocks the door]

*Enter EMILIA*

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil* O my good lord yonder's foul murders  
done!  
*Oth* What now?  
*Emil* But now my lord  
*Oth* It is the very error of the moon  
She comes more nearer earth than she was wont  
And makes men mad  
*Emil* Cassio my lord hath kill'd a young  
Venetian

Call'd Roderigo  
*Oth* Roderigo kill'd?  
And Cassio kill'd?  
*Emil* No Cassio is not kill'd  
*Oth* Not Cassio kill'd? then murder's out of  
tune

And sweet revenge grows harsh  
*Des* O falsely falsely murder'd!  
*Emil* Alas what cry is that?  
*Oth* That's what?  
*Emil* Out and alas! that was my lady's voice  
Help! help! ho help! O lady speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O sweet mistress speak!  
*Des* A guiltless death I die  
*Emil* O who hath done this deed?  
*Des* Nobody I myself Farewell  
Commend me to my kind lord O farewell!

*Oth* Why how should she be murder'd?

*Emil* Alas who knows?  
*Oth* You heard her say herself it was not I  
*Emil* She said so I must needs report the truth  
*Oth* She's like a liar gone to burning hell  
'Twas I that kill'd her

*Emil* O the more angel she  
And you the blacker devil!  
*Oth* She turn'd to folly and she was a whore  
*Emil* Thou dost belie her and thou art a devil  
*Oth* She was false as water  
*Emil* Thou art rash as fire to say  
That she was false O she was heavenly true!  
*Oth* Cassio did top her ask thy husband else  
O I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity Thy husband knew it all

*Emil* My husband!  
*Oth* Thy husband  
*Emil* That she was false to wedlock?  
*Oth* Ay with Cassio Nay had she been true  
If Heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite  
I'd not have sold her for it  
*Emil* My husband!  
*Oth* Ay 'twas he that told me first  
An honest man he is and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds

*Emil* My husband!  
*Oth* What needs this iteration, woman? I say  
thy husband  
*Emil* O mistress villainy hath made mocks  
with love!

My husband say that she was false!  
*Oth* He woman  
I say thy husband Dost understand the word?  
My friend thy husband honest honest is  
*Emil* If he say so may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain  
*Oth* Ha!

*Emil* Do thy worst  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
Than thou wast worthy her  
*Oth* Peace, you were best  
*Emil* Thou hast not half that power to do me  
harm

As I have to be hurt O gull! O dove!  
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed!  
I care not for thy sword I'll make thee known  
Though I lost twenty lives — I'll help help ho!  
help!  
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!  
murder!

*Enter MONTANO GRATIANO IAGO and so forth*  
*Mont* What is the matter? How now general

*Emil* O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
 That men must lay their murders on your neck.  
*Gra* What is the matter? 171  
*Emil* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man  
 He says thou told'st him that his wife was false  
 I know thou didst not, thou art not such a villain  
 Speak, for my heart is full  
*Iago* I told him what I thought, and told no more  
 Than what he found himself was apt and true  
*Emil* But did you ever tell him she was false?  
*Iago* I did  
*Emil* You told a lie, an odious, damned lie,  
 Upon my soul, a lie—a wicked lie 181  
 She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?  
*Iago* With Cassio, mistress Go to, charm your tongue  
*Emil* I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak  
 My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed—  
*All* O heavens forbend!  
*Emil* And your reports have set the murder on  
*Oth* Nay, stare not, masters It is true, indeed  
*Gra* 'Tis a strange truth  
*Mon* O monstrous act!  
*Emil* Villainy, villainy villainy! 190  
 I think upon 't, I think, I smell 't O villainy!  
 I thought so then I'll kill myself for grief  
 O villainy, villainy!  
*Iago* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home  
*Emil* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak,  
 'Tis proper I obey him but not now  
 Perchance Iago I will ne'er go home  
*Oth* O! O! O! [He falls on the bed]  
*Emil* Nay lay thee down and roar,  
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent  
 That e'er did lift up eye  
*Oth* [Rising] O, she was foul! 200  
 I scarce did know you uncle There lies your niece  
 Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd  
 I know this act shows horrible and grim  
*Gra* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead  
 Thy match was mortal to him and pure grief  
 Shore his old thread in twain Did he live now,  
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn  
 Yea curse his better angel from his side  
 And fall to reprobation  
*Oth* 'Tis pitiful, but yet Iago knows 210  
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
 A thousand times committed, Cassio confess'd it

And she did gratify his amorous works  
 With that recognizance and pledge of love  
 Which I first gave her, I saw it in his hand,  
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
 My father gave my mother  
*Emil* O heaven! O heavenly powers!  
*Iago* Come, hold your peace  
*Emil* 'Twill out, 'twill out! I peace!  
 No, I will speak as liberal as the north 220  
 Let heaven and men and devils let them all,  
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak  
*Iago* Be wise, and get you home  
*Emil* I will not  
*IAGO offers to stab EMILIA*  
*Gra* Fie!  
 Your sword upon a woman?  
*Emil* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of  
 I found by fortune and did give my husband,  
 For often, with a solemn earnestness  
 More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,  
 He begg'd of me to steal it  
*Iago* Villainous whore! 229  
*Emil* She gave it Cassio! No, alas! I found it,  
 And I did give it my husband  
*Iago* Filth thou liest!  
*Emil* By heaven I do not I do not gentlemen  
 O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
 Do with so good a woman?  
*Oth* Are there no stones in heaven  
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!  
*He runs at IAGO IAGO from behind stabs Emilia, and exit*  
*Gra* The woman falls, sure, he hath kill'd his wife  
*Emil* Ay, ay O lay me by my mistress' side  
*Gra* He's gone but his wife's kill'd  
*Mon* 'Tis a notorious villain Take you this weapon,  
 Which I have here recover'd from the Moor 240  
 Come guard the door without let him not pass  
 But kill him rather I'll after that same villain,  
 For 'tis a damned slave  
*[Exit MONTANO and GRATIANO]*  
*Oth* I am not valiant neither  
 But every puny whipster gets my sword  
 But why should honour outlive honesty?  
 Let it go all  
*Emil* What did thy song bode lady?  
 Hark canst thou hear me? I will play the swan  
 And die in music [Singing] 'Willow willow,  
 willow —  
 Moor she was chaste she loved thee cruel  
 Moor  
 So come my soul to bliss as I speak true, 250



So speaking as I think I die I die [Dies  
*Oth* I have another weapon in this chamber  
 It is a sword of Spain the ice brook's temper  
 O here it is Uncle, I must come forth  
*Gra* [If *it* *thin*] If thou attempt it it will cost thee  
 dear  
 Thou hast no weapon and perforce must suffer  
*Oth* Look in upon me then and speak with me  
 Or naked as I am I will assault thee

## Re-enter GRATIANO

*Gra* What is the matter?  
*Oth* Behold I have a weapon  
 A better never did itself sustain 260  
 Upon a soldier's thigh I have seen the day  
 That with this little arm and this good sword  
 I have made my way through more impediments  
 Than twenty times your stop But O vain boast!  
 Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now  
 Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd  
 Here is my journey's end here is my butt  
 And very sea mark of my utmost sail  
 Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear  
 Man but a rush against Othello's breast 270  
 And he retires Where should Othello go?  
 Now how dost thou look? O ill star'd  
 wench!

Pale as thy smock when we shall meet at combat  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven  
 And fiends will snatch at it Cold cold my gulf!  
 Even like thy chastity O cursed slave!  
 Whip me ye devils  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!  
 Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire 280  
 O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  
 Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO MONTANO CASSIO carried in a  
 chair and Officers with IAGO prisoner

*Lod* Where is this rash and most unfortunate  
 man?  
*Oth* That's he that was Othello Here I am  
*Lod* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth  
*Oth* I look down towards his feet but that's a  
 fable

If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee  
 Wounds Iago  
*Lod* Wrench his sword from him  
*Iago* I bleed, sir but not kill'd  
*Oth* I am not sorry neither I'd have thee live  
 For in my sense 'tis happiness to die 290  
*Lod* O thou Othello that wert once so good  
 Fall in the practice of a damned slave  
 What shall be said to thee?  
*Oth* Why anything

An honourable murderer if you will  
 For nought I did in hate but all in honour  
*Lod* This wretch hath part confess'd his vil-  
 lany  
 Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?  
*Oth* Ay  
*Cas* Dear general I never gave you cause  
*Oth* I do believe it and I ask you pardon  
 Will you I pray demand that demi-devil 300  
 Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?  
*Iago* Demand me nothing What you know  
 you know

From this time forth I never will speak word  
*Lod* What not to pray?  
*Gra* Torments will open your lips  
*Oth* Well thou dost best  
*Lod* Sir you shall understand what hath be-  
 fall'n

Which as I think you know not Here is a letter  
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo  
 And here another The one of them imports 310  
 The death of Cassio to be undertook  
 By Roderigo

*Oth* O villain!  
*Cas* Most heathenish and most gross!  
*Lod* Now here's another discontented paper  
 Found in his pocket too and this it seems  
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain  
 But that belike Iago in the interim  
 Came in and satisfied him

*Oth* O the pernicious cat!iff!  
 How came you Cassio by that handkerchief  
 That was my wife's?

*Cas* I found it in my chamber 320  
 And he himself confess'd it but even now  
 That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose  
 Which wrought to his desire

*Oth* O fool! fool! fool!  
*Cas* There is besides in Roderigo a letter  
 How he upbraids Iago that he made him  
 Brave me upon the watch whereon it came  
 That I was cast And even but now he spake  
 After long seeming dead Iago hurt him,  
 Iago set him on

*Lod* You must forsake this room, and go with  
 us 330

Your power and your command is taken off  
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus For this slave  
 If there be any cunning cruelty  
 That can torment him much and hold him long  
 It shall be his You shall close prisoner rest  
 Till that the nature of your fault be known  
 To the Venetian state Come bring him away  
*Oth* Soft you a word or two before you go  
 I have done the state some service and they

know't

No more of that I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice Then must you  
speak

Of one that loved not wisely but too well,  
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought  
Perplex'd in the extreme, of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe of one whose subdued  
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum Set you down thus,  
And say besides that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him, thus [*Stabs himself*]

*Lod* O bloody period!

350

*Gra* All that's spoke is marr'd  
*Oth* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee No way but  
this,

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss

[*Falls on the bed and dies*]

*Cas* This did I fear, but thought he had no  
weapon, 360

For he was great of heart

*Lod* [*To IAGO*] O Spartan dog,  
More fell than anguish hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed,

This is thy work The object poisons sight,  
Let it be hid Gratiano, keep the house

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you To you, lord gover-  
nor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain,  
The time the place, the torture O, enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard and to the state 370  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate [*Exeunt*]

# 20 KING LEAR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEAR *King of Britain*  
 KING OF FRANCE  
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY  
 DUKE OF CORNWALL  
 DUKE OF ALBANY  
 EARL OF KENT  
 EARL OF GLOUCESTER  
 EDGAR *son to Gloucester*  
 EDMUND *bastard son to Gloucester*  
 CURAN *a counsellor*  
 OLD MAN *tenant to Gloucester*  
 A DOCTOR  
 FOOL  
 OSWALD *steward to General*  
 TWO CAPTAINS

A GENTLEMAN *attendant on Cordelia*  
 A GENTLEMAN *attendant on Lear*  
 A KNIGHT *attendant on Lear*  
 A HERALD  
 THREE SERVANTS *to Cornwall*  
 TWO MESSENGERS  
 GONERIL  
 REGAN  
 CORDELIA

NON SPEAKING *Knights of Lear's train* Captains  
*Soldiers and Attendants*

SCENE *Britain*

### ACT I

SCENE I *King Lear's palace*

*Enter KENT, GLOUCESTER, and EDMUND*

*Kent* I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall

*Glou* It did always seem so to us but now in the division of the kingdom it appears not which of the Dukes he values most for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either a moiety

*Kent* Is not this your son my lord?

*Glou* His breeding sir hath been at my charge I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it

*Kent* I cannot conceive you

*Glou* Sir this young fellow's mother could whereupon she grew round womb'd and had indeed sir a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed Do you smell a fault?

*Kent* I cannot wish the fault undone the issue of it being so proper

*Glou* But I have sir a son by order of law some year elder than this who yet is no dearer in my account Though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for yet was his mother fair there was good sport at his making and the whoreson must be acknowledged Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm* No, my lord

*Glou* My lord of Kent Remember him here after as my honourable friend

*Edm* My services to your lordship

*Kent* I must love you and sue to know you better

*Edm* Sir I shall study deserving

*Glou* He hath been out nine years and away he shall again The king is coming

*Sennet. Enter KING LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants*

*Lear* Attend the lords of France and Burgundy Gloucester

*Glou* I shall my liege

*[Exit GLOUCESTER and EDMUND]*

*Lear* Meantime we shall express our darker purpose

Give me the map there know that we have divided

In three our kingdom an I sit our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age Conferring them on younger strengths while we Unburthen'd crawl toward death Our son of Cornwall

And you our no less loving son of Albany We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters several dowers that future strife May be prevented now The Princess France and Burgundy

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love Lovers in our court have made their amorous journey

And here are to be answered Tell me my daughters—

Since now we will divest us both of rule Interest of territory cares of state—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most? That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge Goneril,  
Our eldest born speak first

Gon Sir, I love you more than words can wield  
the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight space, and liberty,  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,  
honour,

As much as child e'er loved, or father found 60  
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable,  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you

Cor [Aside] What shall Cordelia do? Love,  
and be silent

Lear Of all these bounds, even from this line to  
this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,  
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads  
We make thee lady to thine and Albany's issue  
Bethis perpetual What says our second daughter,  
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak

Reg Sir, I am made 70

Of the self same metal that my sister is,  
And prize me at her worth In my true heart  
I find she names my very deed of love  
Only she comes too short, that I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square of sense pos-  
sesses,

And find I am alone felicitate  
In your dear Highness' love

Cor [Aside] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so since, I am sure, my love is  
More richer than my tongue 80

Lear To thee and thine hereditary ever  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,  
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,  
Than that conferr'd on Goneril Now, our joy,  
Although the last, not least to whose young love  
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd what can you say to draw  
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak

Cor Nothing my lord

Lear Nothing! 90

Cor Nothing

Lear Nothing will come of nothing Speak  
again

Cor Unhappy that I am I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth I love your Majesty  
According to my bond nor more nor less

Lear How, how Cordelia! mend your speech a  
little,

Least it may mar your fortunes

Cor Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me I  
Return those duties back as are right fit  
Obey you love you, and most honour you 100

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,  
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall  
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty  
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,  
To love my father all

Lear But goes thy heart with this?

Cor Ay, good my lord

Lear So young, and so untender?

Cor So young my lord and true

Lear Let it be so, thy truth, then, be thy  
dower, 110

For by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,  
By all the operation of the orbs  
From whom we do exist and cease to be,  
Here I disclaim all my paternal care  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever The barbarous  
Scythian

Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite shall to my bosom 120  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,  
As thou my sometime daughter

Kent Good my liege—

Lear Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath  
I loved her most and thought to set my rest  
On her kind nursery Hence, and avoid my sight!  
So be my grave my peace as here I give  
Her father's heart from her! Call France who  
stirs?

Call Burgundy Cornwall and Albany, 129  
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third  
Let pride which she calls plainness marry her  
I do invest you jointly with my power  
Pre eminence, and all the large effects  
That troop with majesty Ourself by monthly  
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights  
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
Make with you by due turns Only we still retain  
The name, and all the additions to a king,  
The sway revenue execution of the rest,  
Beloved sons be yours which to confirm 140  
This coronet part betwixt you [Giving the crown  
Kent Royal Lear

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king  
Loved as my father as my master follow'd  
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—  
Lear The bow is bent and drawn make from  
the shaft

Kent Let it fall rather though the fork invade  
The region of my heart be Kent unmannerly

When Lear is mad What wilt thou do old man?  
Think as thou that duty shall have dread to speak  
When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
honour's bound 150

When majesty stoops to folly Reverse thy doom  
And in thy best consideration check  
This hideous rashness Answer my life my judge-  
ment

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least  
Nor are those empty hearted whose low sound  
Reverbs no hollowness

Lear Kent on thy life no more  
Kent My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage against thy enemies not fear to lose it  
Thy safety being the motive

Lear Out of my sight!  
Kent See better Lear and let me still remain

The true blank of thine eye 161  
Lear Now by Apollo—

Kent Now by Apollo king  
Thou swear as thy gods in vain

Lear O vassal! miscreant!  
Laying his hand on his sword

Alb } Dear sir forbear  
Corn }

Kent Do  
Kill thy physician and the fee bestow  
Upon thy foul disease Revoke thy doom  
Or whilst I can vent clamour from my throat  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil

Lear Hear me recreant!  
On thine allegiance hear me!  
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow  
Which we durst never yet and with strain'd  
pride

To come between our sentence and our power  
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear  
Our potencies made good take thy reward  
Five days we do allot thee for provision  
To shield thee from diseases of the world  
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom If on the tenth day follow-  
ing

This banish'd trunk be found in our dominions  
The moment in thy death Away! by Jupiter  
This shall not be revoked

Kent Fare thee well king Sith thus thou wilt  
appear

Freedom lives hence and banishment is here  
[To Cordelia] The gods to their dear shelter  
take thee maid,

That justly thinkst and hast most rightly said!  
[To Regan and Goneril] And your large speeches  
may your deeds approve

That good effects may spring from words of  
love

Thus Kent O Princes bids you all adieu  
He'll shape his old course in a country new [Exit

Flourish Re-enter GLOUCESTER with FRANCE,  
BURGUNDY 1st time—

Glou Here is France and Burgundy my noble  
lord 171

Lear My Lord of Burgundy  
We first address towar is you who with this  
king

Hath rivalled for our daughter what in the last,  
Will you require in present dower with her  
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur Most royal Majesty  
I crave no more than what your Highness offer'd  
Nor will you tender less

Lear Right noble Burgundy  
When she was dear to us we did hold her so  
But now her price is fall'n Sir there she stands  
If aught within that little seeming sub'rance of  
Or all of it with our displeasure pieced  
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace  
She's there and she is yours

Bur I know no answer  
Lear Will you with those infirmities she owes,  
Unfriended new adopted to our hate  
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our  
oath

Take her or leave her?

Bur Pardon me royal sir  
Election makes not up on such conditions

Lear Then leave her sir for by the power that  
made me 170

I tell you all her wealth [To France] For you  
great king

I would not from your love make such a stray  
To match you where I hate therefore beseech  
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed  
Almost to acknowledge hers

France This is most strange  
That she that even but now was your best ob-  
ject

The argument of your praise balm of your age,  
Most best most dearest should in this trice of  
time

Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle 22  
So many folios of fa our Sure her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree

That monsters it or your forevouch'd aff-ec-  
tion Fall'n into taint which we believe of her  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Could never plant in me

Cor I yet beseech your Majesty—  
If for I want that gift and o'ly art

To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,

I'll do't before I speak—that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step  
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour,  
But even for want of that for which I am richer,  
A still soliciting eye and such a tongue  
As I am glad I have not though not to have it  
Hath lost me in your liking

*Lear* Better thou  
Hast not been born than not to have pleased me better

*France* Is it but this—a tardiness in nature  
Which often leaves the history unspoke  
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love s not love 241  
When it is mingled with regards that stand  
Aloof from the entire point Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry

*Bur* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand  
Duchess of Burgundy

*Lear* Nothing I have sworn, I am firm  
*Bur* I am sorry then you have so lost a father  
That you must lose a husband

*Cor* Peace be with Burgundy! 250  
Since that respects of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife

*France* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich  
being poor,  
Most choice, forsaken, and most loved despised!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon,  
Be it lawful I take up what s cast away  
Gods, gods! tis strange that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my  
chance,

Is queen of us of ours and our fair France 260  
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me  
Bid them farewell Cordelia though unkind,  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find

*Lear* Thou hast her, France Let her be thine  
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again Therefore be gone  
Without our grace, our love our benison  
Come, noble Burgundy

*[Flourish. Exeunt all but FRANCE,  
GONFRIL, REGAN, and CORDELIA]*

*France* Bid farewell to your sisters 270  
*Cor* The jewels of our father with wash'd eyes  
Cordelia leaves you I know you what you are

And like a sister am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are named Use well our  
father,

To your professed bosoms I commit him  
But yet, alas stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer him to a better place  
So farewell to you both

*Reg* Prescribe not us our duties  
*Gon* Let your study 279

Be to content your lord, who hath received  
you

At fortune's alms You have obedience scantied,  
And well are worth the want that you have  
wanted

*Cor* Time shall unfold what plaited cunning  
hides,

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides  
Well may you prosper!

*France* Come, my fair Cordelia  
*[Exeunt FRANCE and CORDELIA]*

*Gon* Sister, it is not a little I have to say of  
what most nearly appertains to us both I think  
our father will hence to-night

*Reg* That s most certain, and with you next  
month with us 290

*Gon* You see how full of changes his age is  
the observation we have made of it hath not been  
little He always loved our sister most, and with  
what poor judgement he hath now cast her off  
appears too grossly

*Reg* Tis the infirmity of his age Yet he hath  
ever but slenderly known himself

*Gon* The best and soundest of his time hath  
been but rash then must we look to receive  
from his age not alone the imperfections of long-  
engrafted condition but therewithal the unruly  
waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring  
with them

*Reg* Such unconstant starts are we li= to have  
from him as this of Kent s banishment

*Gon* There is further compliment of leave-  
taking between France and him Pray you let's  
hit together If our father carry authority with  
such dispositions as he bears this last surrender  
of his will but offend us 310

*Reg* We shall further think on't

*Gon* We must do something and the heat  
*[Exeunt]*

## SCENE II The Earl of Gloucester's castle

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter*

*Edm* Thou nature art my goddess to thy  
law

My services are bound Wherefore should I  
Stand in the plague of custom and permit  
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,

For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon  
shines  
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?  
When my dimensions are as well compact  
My mind as generous and my shape as true  
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us  
With base? with baseness? bastards? base, base?  
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take  
More composition and fierce quality  
Than doth within a dull stale tired bed  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops  
Gor' twen asleep and wake? Well then  
Legitimate Edgar I must have your land  
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to the legitimate Fine word legitimate!  
Well my legitimate if this letter speed  
And my invention thrive Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate I grow I prosper  
Now gods stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER

*Glou* Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler  
parted!  
And the King gone to-night? subscribed his  
power?  
Confined to exhibition! All this done  
Upon the gad! Edmund how now! what news?  
*Edm* So please your lordship none  
*Putting up the letter*  
*Glou* Why so earnestly seek you to put up that  
letter?  
*Edm* I know no news my lord  
*Glou* What paper were you reading?  
*Edm* Nothing my lord  
*Glou* No? What needed then, that terrible  
dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of  
nothing, hath not such need to hide itself Let's  
see Come if it be nothing I shall not need  
spectacles

*Edm* I beseech you, sir pardon me It is a  
letter from my brother that I have not all over  
read and for so much as I have perused I find  
it not fit for your ear looking

*Glou* Give me the letter sir

*Edm* I shall offend either to detain or give it  
The contents as in part I understand them, are  
to blame

*Glou* Let's see let's see

*Edm* I hope for my brother's justification, he  
wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue

*Glou* [Reads] This policy and reverence of  
age makes the world bitter to the best of our  
times keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness  
cannot relish them I begin to find an idle and  
fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny  
who sways not as it hath power but as it is

suffered Come to me that of this I may speak  
more If our father would sleep till I waked him  
you should enjoy half his revenue for ever and  
live the beloved of your brother  
*Edgar*  
Hum conspiracy! Sleep till I waked him you  
should enjoy half his revenue My son Edgar!  
Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain  
to breed it in? When came this to you? who  
brought it?

*Edm* It was not brought me my lord there's  
the contents of it I found it thrown in at the  
casement of my closet

*Glou* You know the character to be your  
brother's?

*Edm* If the matter were good my lord, I  
durst swear it were his but in respect of that I  
would fain think it were not

*Glou* It is his

*Edm* It is his hand my lord but I hope his  
heart is not in the contents

*Glou* Hath he never heretofore sounded you in  
this business?

*Edm* Never my lord but I have heard him  
oft maintain it to be fit that sons at perfect age,  
and fathers declining the father should be  
ward to the son and the son manage his revenue

*Glou* O villain villain! His very opinion in  
the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural de-  
tested brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go,  
sirrah seek him I'll apprehend him Abominable  
villain! Where is he?

*Edm* I do not well know my lord If it shall  
please you to suspend your indignation against  
my brother till you can derive from him better  
testimony of his intent you shall run a certain  
course where if you violently proceed against  
him mistaking his purpose it would make a  
great gap in your own honour and shale in  
pieces the heart of his obedience I dare pawn  
down my life for him that he hath writ this to  
feel my affection to your honour and to no other  
pretence of duty

*Glou* Think you so?

*Edm* If your honour judge it meet I will  
place you where you shall hear us confer of this,  
and by an articular assurance have your satis-  
faction and that without any further delay than  
this very evening

*Glou* He cannot be such a monster—

*Edm* Nor is not sure

*Glou* To his father that so tenderly and en-  
tirely loves him Heaven and earth! Edmund  
seek him out wind me into him I pray you  
Frame the business after your own wisdom I  
would unstate myself to be in a due resolution

*Edm* I will seek him sir presently convey

the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal

*Glou* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide, in cities murmurings, in countries, discord, in palaces treason, and the bond cracked twixt son and father This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father The king falls from bias of nature, there's father against child We have seen the best of our time machinations, hollow-ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves Find out this villain, Edmund, it shall lose thee nothing do it carefully And the noble and true hearted Kent banished his offence honesty 'Tis strange

[*Exit*]

*Edm* This is the excellent foppery of the world that, when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun the moon, and the stars, as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Ursa major*, so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous Tut I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing Edgar—

*Enter EDGAR*

and pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam O these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa sol, la mi*

*Edg* How now brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

*Edm* I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses

*Edg* Do you busy yourself about that?

*Edm* I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent, death dearth dissolutions of ancient amities, divisions in state marriages and maledictions against king and nobles, needless dissidences banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts nuptial breaches, and I know not what

*Edg* How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

*Edm* Come, come, when saw you my father last?

*Edg* Why, the night gone by

*Edm* Spake you with him?

*Edg* Ay, two hours together

*Edm* Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

*Edg* None at all

*Edm* Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him, and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay

*Edg* Some villain hath done me wrong

*Edm* That's my fear I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his goes slower and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak Pray ye, go, there's my key If you do stir abroad go armed

*Edg* Armed brother!

*Edm* Brother, I advise you to the armed I am no honest man if there be meaning towards you I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly, the image and horror of it Pray you, go



You and your fellows I'd have it come to question

If he dislike it let him to our sister

Whose mind and mine I know in that are one

Not to be over ruled Idle old man

That still would manage those authorities

That he hath given away! Now by my life

Old fools are babes again and must be used

With checks as flatteries—when they are seen abused

Remember what I tell you

*Ors.* Well madam

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks among you

What grows of it no matter advise your fellows so

I would breed from hence occasions and I shall

That I may speak I'll write straight to my sister

To hold my very course Prepare for dinner

*[Exit]*

SCENE IV *A hall in the same*

*Enter KENT disguised*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow

That can my speech defend my good intent

May carry through itself to that full issue

For which I razed my likeness Now banish'd

*Kent.*

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd

So may it come thy master whom thou lovest

Shall find thee full of labours

*Horns blown Enter LEAR KNIGHTS and Attendants*

*Lear.* Let me not stay a jot for dinner go get it ready *[Exit an Attendant]* How now! what art thou?

*Kent.* A man sir

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem to serve him truly that will put me in trust to love him that is honest to converse with him that is wise and says little to fear judgement to fight when I cannot choose and to eat no fish

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest hearted fellow and as poor as the king

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king thou art poor enough What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You

*Lear.* Dost thou know me fellow?

*Kent.* No sir but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel ride run, mar a curious tale in telling and deliver a plain message bluntly That which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in and the best of me is diligence

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young sir to love a woman for singing nor so old to dote on her for anything I have years on my back forty eight

*Lear.* Follow me thou shalt serve me If I like thee no worse after dinner I will not part from thee yet Dinner ho dinner! Where's my knave? my Fool? Go you and call my Fool hither *[Exit an Attendant]*

*Enter OSWALD*

You you surrah where's my daughter?

*Ors.* So please you— *[Exit]*

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back *[Exit a KNIGHT]* Where's my Fool ho? I think the world's asleep

*Re-enter KNIGHT*

How now! where's that mongrel?

*Knigh.* He says my lord your daughter is not well

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I called him

*Knigh.* Sir he answered me in the roundest manner he would not

*Lear.* He would not!

*Knigh.* My lord I know not what the matter is but to my judgement your Highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knigh.* I beseech you pardon me my lord If I be mistaken for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception I have perceived a most false neglect of late which I have rather blamed mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness I will look further into it But where's my Fool? I have not seen him these two days

*Knigh.* Since my young lady's going, my France sir the Fool hath much pined away

*Lear* No more of that, I have noted it well  
Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with  
her [*Exit an Attendant*] Go you, call hither my  
Fool [*Exit an Attendant*]

*Re-enter OSWALD*

O, you sir you come you hither, sir Who am I,  
sir?

*Osw* My lady's father

*Lear* "My lady's father" my lord's knave!  
You whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw* I am none of these my lord, I beseech  
your pardon 91

*Lear* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him*]

*Osw* I'll not be struck, my lord

*Kent* Nor tripped neither, you base foot ball  
player [*Tripping up his heels*]

*Lear* I thank thee, fellow, thou servest me, and  
I'll love thee

*Kent* Come, sir, arise away! I'll teach you  
differences Away, away! If you will measure  
your lubber's length again, tarry But away! go  
to, have you wisdom? so [*Pushes OSWALD out*]

*Lear* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee  
There's earnest of thy service

*Giving KENT money*

*Enter FOOL*

*Fool* Let me hire him too Here's my cock-  
comb [*Offering KENT his cap*]

*Lear* How now, my pretty knave! how dost  
thou?

*Fool* Sirrah you were best take my cockcomb

*Kent* Why, Fool? 110

*Fool* Why, for taking one's part that's out of  
favour Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind  
sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly There, take my  
cockcomb Why, this fellow has banished two  
on's daughters and did the third a blessing  
against his will if thou follow him thou must  
needs wear my cockcomb How now, nuncle!  
Would I had two cockcombs and two daughters!

*Lear* Why my boy? 119

*Fool* If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my  
cockcombs myself There's mine, beg another of  
thy daughters

*Lear* Take heed sirrah the whip

*Fool* Truth's a dog must to kennel, he must be  
whipped out when Lady the brach may stand  
by the fire and stink

*Lear* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool* Sirrah I'll teach thee a speech

*Lear* Do

*Fool* Mark it nuncle

120

'Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,  
Ride more than thou goest,  
Learn more than thou trowest,  
Set less than thou throwest  
Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in a-door,  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score "

140

*Kent* This is nothing, fool

*Fool* Then 'tis like the breath of an unfeeling  
lawyer, you gave me nothing for't Can you  
make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear* Why, no, boy, nothing can be made out  
of nothing

*Fool* [*To KENT*] Prithce tell him, so much the  
rent of his land comes to He will not believe a  
fool

*Lear* A bitter fool!

150

*Fool* Dost thou know the difference, my boy,  
between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear* No lad, teach me

*Fool* "That lord that counsell'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me,

Do thou for him stand

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear,

The one in motley here

160

The other found out there "

*Lear* Dost thou call me fool boy?

*Fool* All thy other titles thou hast given away,  
that thou wast born with

*Kent* This is not altogether fool, my lord

*Fool* No faith lords and great men will not  
let me, if I had a monopoly out they would have  
part on't And ladies too they will not let me  
have all fool to my self they'll be snatching  
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two  
crowns 171

*Lear* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool* Why, after I have cut the egg's the  
middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of  
the egg When thou clovest thy crown's the  
middle, and gavest away both parts thou borest  
thy ass on thy back on'er the dirt Thou hadst little  
wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy  
golden one away If I speak like my self in this  
let him be whipped that first finds it so 180

[*Singing*] 'Fools had ne'er less wit in a year,

For wise men are grown foppish,

They know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish

*Lear* When were you wont to be so full of  
songs sirrah?

*Fool* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou

madest thy daughters thy mother for when thou gavest them the rod and putst down thine own breeches 190

[Singing] Then they for sudden joy did weep

And I for sorrow sung

That such a king should play bo-peep

And go the fools among

Prithce nuncle keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy Fool to lie I would fain learn to lie

Lear An you lie surrah well have you whipped

Fool I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are They'll have me whipped for speaking true thou'lt have me whipped for lying and some times I am whipped for holding my peace I had rather be any kind of thing than a Fool and yet I would not be thee nuncle thou hast parted thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' the middle Here comes one o' the parings

Enter GONERIL

Lear How now daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown 09

Fool Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning now thou art an O without a figure I am better than thou art now I am a fool thou art nothing [To GONERIL] Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue so your face bids me thou'lt say nothing Mum mum

He that keeps nor crust nor crum

Weary of all shall want some

[Pointing to LEAR] That's a shealed peacock

Gon Not only sir this your all licensed Fool But other of your insolent retinue 221

Do hourly carp and quarrel breaking forth

In rank and not to-be-endured riots Sir

I had thought by making this well known unto you

To have found a safe redress but now grow fearful

By what yourself too late have spoke and done

That you protect this course and put it on

By your allowance which if you should the fault Would not scape censure nor the redresses sleep

Which in the tender of a wholesome weal 230

Might in their working do you that offence

Which else were shame that then necessity

Will call discreet proceeding

Fool For you know nuncle

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long

That it had it head bit off by it young

So out went the candle and we were left dark ling

Lear Are you our daughter?

Gon Come sir 239

I would you would make use of that good wisdom

Whereof I know you are fraught and put away

These dispositions that of late transform you

From what you rightly are

Fool May not an ass know when the cart

draws the horse? Whoop Jug! I love thee

Lear Doth any here know me? This is not

Lear

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens his discernings

Are lethargied—Hiz' wakings tis not so

Who is it that can tell me who I am? 250

Fool Lear's shadow

Lear I would learn that for by the marks of sovereignty knowledge and reason I should be false persuaded I had daughters

Fool Which they will make an obedient father

Lear Your name fair gentlewoman?

Gon This admiration sir is much in the savour

Of other your new pranks I do beseech you

To understand my purposes aright 260

As you are old and reverend you should be wise

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires

Men so disorder'd so debosh'd and bold

That this our court infected with their manners

Shows like a riotous inn Epicurism and lust

Make it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a graced palace The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy Be then desired

By her that else will take the thing she bears

A little to disquantity your train 270

And the remainder that shall still depend

To be such men as may besort your age

And know themselves and you

Lear Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses call my train together

Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee

Yet have I left a daughter

Gon You strike my people and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters

Enter ALBANY

Lear Woe that too late repents—[To ALBANY]

O sir are you come?

Is it your will? Speak sir Prepare my horses

Ingratitude thou marble hearted fiend 281

More hideous when thou showst thee in a child

Than the sea monster!

Alb

Pray sir be patient

Lear [To GONERIL] Detested kite! thou liest

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worship of their name O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show! 289  
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of na-  
ture

From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all  
love

And added to the gall! O Lear! Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

*Striking his head*

And thy dear judgement out! Go, go my people

*Alb* My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant  
Of what hath moved you

*Lear* It may be so my lord

Hear Nature, hear dear goddess, hear!

Suspend thy purpose if thou dost intend

To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility! 300

Dry up in her the organs of increase,

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem

Create her child of spleen that it may live

And be a thw art disnatur'd torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks

Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310

To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit*]

*Alb* Now, gods that we adore whereof comes  
this?

*Gon* Never afflict yourself to know the cause,

But let his disposition have that scope

That dotage gives it

*Re-enter LEAR*

*Lear* What, fifty of my followers at a clap!

Within a fortnight!

*Alb* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear* I'll tell thee [*To GONERIL*] Life and death!

I am ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood

thus,

That these hot tears which break from me per-

force 320

Should make thee worth them! Blasts and fogs

upon thee!

The untented woundings of a father's curse

Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes

Beweept this cause again! I'll pluck you out

An' least you with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay! 'Tis as it comes to this?

Let it be so! Yet have I left a daughter

Who I am sure is kind and comfortable

When she shall hear this of thee with her nails  
She'll flay thy wolfish visage! Thou shalt find  
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost  
think

I have cast off for ever! Thou shalt, I warrant  
thee

[*Exeunt LEAR, KENT and Attendants*]

*Gon* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,

To the great love I bear you—

*Gon* Pray you, content! What Oswald ho!

[*To the Fool*] You sir, more knave than fool,

after your master

*Fool* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry and take  
the Fool with thee

"A fox, when one has caught her, 340

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter

So the Fool follows after!" [*Exit*]

*Gon* This man hath had good counsel, a hun-  
dred nights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep

At point a hundred knights, yes! that, on every  
dream,

Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our lives in mercy! Oswald! I say!

*Alb* Well, you may fear too far

*Gon* Safer than trust too far 350

Let me still take away the harms I fear

Nor fear still to be taken! I know his heart

What he hath utter'd! I have writ my sister

If she sustain him and his hundred knights,

When I have show'd the unfitness—

*Re-enter OSWALD*

How now, Oswald!

What have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Osw* Yes, madam

*Gon* Take you some company, and away to  
horse

Inform her full of my particular fear 360

And thereto add such reasons of your own

As may compact it more! Get you gone

And hasten your return! [*Exit OSWALD*] No, no,  
my lord

This milky gentleness and course of yours

Though I condemn not yet under pardon

You are much more attack'd for want of wisdom

Than praised for harmful mildness

*Alb* How far your eyes may pierce I cannot  
tell

Striving to better oft we mar what we sell

*Gon* Nay, then—

*Alb* Well, well, the event

370  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V *Court before the same**Enter LEAR, KENT and FOOL*

*Lear* Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

*Kent* I will not sleep my lord till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit]*

*Fool* If a man's brains were in his heels, were not in danger of kibes?

*Lear* Ay, boy. 10

*Fool* Then I prithee be merry: thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

*Lear* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool* Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she is as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

*Lear* Why, what canst thou tell my boy?

*Fool* She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands in the middle of a face? 20

*Lear* No.

*Fool* Why to keep one's eyes of either side's nose: that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear* I did her wrong—

*Fool* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear* No.

*Fool* Nor I neither: but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

*Lear* Why?

*Fool* Why to put his head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns with out a case.

*Lear* I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

*Fool* Thy asses are gone about em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear* Because they are not eight? 40

*Fool* Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear* To take't again perforce! Monster more than rude!

*Fool* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear* How's that?

*Fool* Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear* O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad! 50

*Enter GENTLEMAN*

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gent* Ready, my lord.

*Lear* Come, boy.

*Fool* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure.

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt]*

## ACT II

SCENE I *The Earl of Gloucester's castle**Enter EDMUND and CURAN meets him*

*Edm* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

*Edm* How comes that?

*Cur* Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad. I mean the whispered ones: for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

*Edm* Not I. Pray you, what are they? 10

*Cur* Hate you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm* Not a word.

*Cur* You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit]*

*Edm* The Duke be here to-night? The better! be it!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother. And I have one thing of a queasy question, Which I must act. Briefness and fortune work! Brother, a word descend. Brother, I say! 20

*Enter EDGAR*

My father watches. O, sir, fly this place. Intelligence is given where you are hid. You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken against the Duke of Cornwall?

He's common father now to the night, to the haste.

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party against the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

*Edg* I am sure on't, not a word.

*Edm* I hear my father coming. Pardon me. In cunning I must draw my sword upon you. Draw, seem to defend yourself, now quit you well.

Yield. Come before my father. Light ho, here! Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So, farewell! *[Exit EDGAR]*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion.

*He wounds his arm*

Of my more fierce endeavour I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport Father, father!  
Stop, stop! No help?

*Enter GLOUCESTER, and Servants with torches*

*Glou* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword  
out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon  
To stand auspicious mistress—

*Glou* But where is he?

*Edm* Look, sir, I bleed

*Glou* Where is the villain Edmund?

*Edm* Fled this way, sir When by no means he  
could—

*Glou* Pursue him, ho! Go after [*Exeunt some*  
*Servants*] By no means what?

*Edm* Persuade me to the murder of your lord  
ship,

But that I told him, the revenging gods  
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,  
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond  
The child was bound to the father—sir, in fine, 50  
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose in fell motion  
With his prepared sword he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm  
But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits  
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled

*Glou* Let him fly far  
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught,  
And found—dispatch The noble Duke my mas-  
ter

My worthy arch and patron comes to-night 61  
By his authority I will proclaim it  
That he which finds him shall deserve our  
thanks

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake  
He that conceals him death

*Edm* When I dissuaded him from his intent  
And found him pight to do it with curst speech  
I threaten'd to discover him he replied  
'Thou unpossessing bastard' dost thou think  
If I would stand against thee would the reposal  
Of any trust or virtue or worth in thee 71  
Make thy words faith'd? No What I should  
deny—

As this I would, ay though thou didst produce  
My very character—I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion plot and damned practice  
And thou must make a dullard of the world  
If they not thought the profits of my death

Were very pregnant and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it "

*Glou* Strong and fasten'd villain!  
Would he deny his letter? I never got him 80  
*Tucket within*

Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he  
comes

All ports I'll bar, the villain shall not scape,  
The Duke must grant me that Besides, his pic-  
ture

I will send far and near that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN and Attendants*

*Corn* How now, my noble friend! since I came  
hither,  
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange  
news

*Reg* If it be true, all vengeance comes too short  
Which can pursue the offender How dost, my  
lord? 91

*Glou* O madam, my old heart is crack'd, is  
crack'd!

*Reg* What did my father's godson seek your  
life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

*Glou* O lady, lady shame would have it hid!

*Reg* Was he not companion with the riotous  
nights

That tend upon my father?

*Glou* I know not, madam 'Tis too bad too bad

*Edm* Yes madam, he was of that consort

*Reg* No marvel then, though he were ill af-  
fected 100

'Tis they have put him on the old man's death  
To have the expense and waste of his revenues  
I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cau-  
tions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there

*Corn* Nor I assure thee Regan  
Edmund I hear that you have shown your father  
A child his office

*Edm* 'Twas my duty sir

*Glou* He did betray his practice, and received  
This hurt you see striving to apprehend him 110

*Corn* Is he pursued?

*Glou* Ay, my good lord

*Corn* If he be taken he shall never more  
Be fear'd of doing harm Make your own pur-  
pose

How in my strength you please For you, Ed-  
mund

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant  
So much commend itself you shall be ours  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need  
You we first seize on

*Edm* I shall serve you sir

Truly however else

*Glou* For him I thank your Grace

*Corn* You know not why we came to visit

you—

120

*Reg* Thus out of season threading dark eyed  
night

Occasions noble Gloucester of some poise

Wherein we must have use of your advice

Our father he hath writ so hath our sister

Of differences which I least thought it fit

To answer from our home the several messen-  
gers

From hence attend dispatch Our good old  
friend

Lay comforts to your bosom and bestow

Your needful counsel to our business

Which craves the instant use

*Glou* I serve you madam 130

Your Graces are right welcome [*Exeunt*

SCENE II Before Gloucester's castle

*Enter KENT and OSWALD severally*

*Osw* Good dawning to thee friend Art of this  
house?

*Kent* Ay

*Osw* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent* I the mire

*Osw* Prithee if thou lovest me tell me

*Kent* I love thee not

*Osw* Why then I care not for thee

*Kent* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold I would  
make thee care for me 10

*Osw* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee  
not

*Kent* Fellow I know thee

*Osw* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent* A knave a rascal an eater of broken  
meats a base proud shallow beggarly three-  
suited hundred pound filthy worsted stocking  
knave a lily livered action taking knave a  
whoreson glass gazing superserviceable finical  
rogue one trunk inheriting slave one that  
wouldst be a bawd in way of good service and  
art nothing but the composition of a knave beg-  
gar coward pandar and the son and heir of a  
monrel bitch one whom I will beat into clam-  
orous whining if thou deniest the least syllable  
of thy addition

*Osw* Why what a monstrous fellow art thou  
thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee  
nor knows thee! 29

*Kent* What a brazen faced varlet art thou to  
deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I  
tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the  
king? Draw you rogue for though it be night  
yet the moon shines I'll make a sop o the moon  
shine of you Draw you whoreson cullionly  
barber monger draw

*Drawing his sword*

*Osw* Away! I have nothing to do with thee

*Kent* Draw you rascal You come with letters  
against the king and take vanity the puppet's  
part against the royalty of her father Draw you  
rogue or I'll so carbonado your shanks Draw  
you rascal come your ways

*Osw* Help ho! murder! help!

*Kent* Strike you slave stand rogue stand  
you neat slave strike [*Beating him*]

*Osw* Help ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND with his rapier drawn CORNWALL,  
REGAN GLOUCESTER and Servants*

*Edm* How now! What's the matter?

*Kent* With you Goodman boy an you please

Come I'll flesh ye come on young master

*Glou* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

*Corn* Keep peace upon your lives 32

He dies that strikes again What is the matter?

*Reg* The messengers from our sister and the  
king

*Corn* What is your difference? speak

*Osw* I am scarce in breath my lord

*Kent* No marvel you have so bestur'd your  
valour You cowardly rascal nature disclaims in  
thee A tailor made thee 60

*Corn* Thou art a strange fellow A tailor make  
a man?

*Kent* Ay a tailor sir A stone-cutter or a paint-  
er could not have made him so ill though he had  
been but two hours at the trade

*Corn* Speak yet how grew your quarrel?

*Osw* This ancient ruffian sir whose life I have  
spared at suit of his gray beard—

*Kent* Thou whore on zed! thou unnecessary  
letter! My lord if you will give me leave I will  
tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub  
the walls of a jakes with him Spare my gray  
beard you warrant?

*Corn* Peace sirrah!

You beastly knave know you no reverence?

*Kent* Yes sir but answer hath a privilege

*Corn* Why art thou angry?

*Kent* That such a slave as this should wear a  
sword

Who wears no honesty Such smiling rogues as  
these

Like rats oft bite the holy cords a twain 80

Which are too intrinse t' unloose, smooth every  
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel,  
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods,  
Renege, affirm and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
knowing nought, like dogs but following  
A plague upon y our epileptic visage!

Smile y ou my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I d drive ye cackling home to Camelot

*Corn* What art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glou* How fell y ou out? say that

*Kent* No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave

*Corn* Why dost thou call him knave? What's  
his offence?

*Kent* His countenance likes me not

*Corn* No more, perchance does mine nor his,  
nor hers

*Kent* Sir tis my occupation to be plain  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see

Before me at this instant

*Corn* This is some fellow,  
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth  
affect

A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature He cannot flatter he,  
An honest mind and plain he must speak truth!  
An they will take it so if not he's plain  
These kind of knaves I know which in this plain  
ness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends  
Than twenty silly ducking observants  
That stretch their duties nicely

*Kent* Sir in good sooth in sincere verity,  
Under the allowance of y our great aspect  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant  
fire

On flickering Phœbus front—

*Corn* What mean st by this?

*Kent* To go out of my dialect which you dis  
commend so much I know sir I am no flatterer  
He that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain  
knave which for my part I will not be though  
I should win in your displeasure to entreat me to t

*Corn* What was the offence you gave him?

*Ors* I never gave him any  
It pleas'd the King his master very late  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction  
When he, conjunct and flattering his displeasure,  
Tripp'd me behind being down insulted rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man  
That worthied him got praises of the King  
For him attempting who was self subdued,

And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again

*Kent* None of these rogues and cowards  
But Ajax is their fool

*Corn* Fetch forth the stocks!  
You stubborn ancient knave, y ou revrend brag-  
gart,

We ll teach you—

*Kent* Sir, I am too old to learn  
Call not your stocks for me I serve the King  
On whose employment I was sent to y ou  
You shall do small respect, show too bold  
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking his messenger

*Corn* Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and  
honour

There shall he sit till noon

*Reg* Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night  
too

*Kent* Why, madam, if I were y our father s dog  
You should not use me so

*Reg* Sir being his knave, I will

*Corn* This is a fellow of the self same colour  
Our sister speaks of Come, bring away the  
stocks!

*Stocks brought out*

*Glou* Let me beseech y our Grace not to do so  
His fault is much and the good King his master  
Will check him for t Your purposed low correc-  
tion

Is such as basest and contemned st wretches  
For pilferings and most common trespasses  
Are punish'd with The King must take it ill  
That he s so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain d

*Corn* I ll answer that

*Reg* My sister may receive it much more  
worse

To have her gentleman abused assaulted  
For following her affairs Put in his legs

*KENT is put in the stocks*

Come my good lord away

[*Exeunt all but GLOUCESTER and KENT*  
*Glou* I am sorry for thee friend tis the Duke s  
pleasure

Whose disposition all the world well knows  
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd I ll entreat for  
thee

*Kent* Pray do not sir I have watched and  
travell'd hard

Some time I shall sleep out the rest I ll whistle  
A good man s fortune may grow out at heels  
Give y ou good morrow!

*Glou* The Duke s to blame in this twill be ill  
taken

[*Ed*]



Some other time for that Beloved Regan  
Thy sister's naught O Regan she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness like a vulture here  
*Points to his heart*

I can scarce speak to thee thou it not believe  
With how depraved a quality—O Regan!  
Reg I pray you sir take patience I have hope  
You less know how to value her desert 141  
Than she to scant her duty

Lear Say how is that  
Reg I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation If sir perchance  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers  
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end  
As clears her from all blame

Lear My curses on her!  
Reg O sir you are old  
Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine You should be ruled and led 150  
By some discretion that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself Therefore I pray you  
That to our sister you do make return

Say you have wrong'd her sir  
Lear Ask her forgiveness?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the house  
Dear daughter I confess that I am old  
*Kneeling*

Ale is unnecessary On my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment bed and  
food

Reg Good sir no more these are unsightly  
tricks  
Return you to my sister

Lear *Rising* Never Regan 160  
She hath abated me of half my train  
Look'd black upon me struck me with her  
tongue

Most serpent-like upon the very heart  
All the stored veniances of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones  
You taking airs with lameness!

Corn Fie sir fie!

Lear You rumble lightning's dart your blinding  
flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty  
You fen suck'd fogs drawn by the powerful sun  
To fall and blast her pride! 170

Reg O the blest gods! so will you wish on me  
When the rash mood is on

Lear No Regan thou shalt never have my  
curse

Thy tender hefted nature shall not give  
Thee over to harshness Her eyes are fierce but  
chune

Do comfort and not burn 'Tis not in thee  
To judge my pleasures to cut off my train

To handy-hasty words to scant my sizes  
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in Thou better know'st 180  
The offices of nature bond of childhood  
Effects of courtesy dues of gratitude  
Thy half of the kingdom hast thou not forgot  
Wherein I thee endow'd

Reg Good sir to the purpose  
Lear Who put my man in the stocks?

*Tucket within*

Corn What trumpet's that?

Reg I know't my sister's This approves her  
letter

That she would soon be here

*Enter OSWALD*

Lear Is your lady come?  
Lear This is a slave whose easy borrow'd  
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows  
Out varlet from my sight!

Corn What means your Grace? 190

Lear Who stock'd my servant? Regan I have  
good hope

Thou didst not know on't Who comes here?  
O heavens

*Enter GOWERIL*

If you do love old men if your sweet sway  
Allow obedience if yourselves are old  
Make it your cause send down, and take my  
part!

[To GOWERIL] Art not ashamed to look upon this  
beard?

O Regan wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon Why not by the hand sir? How have I  
offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so

Lear O sides you are too tough 200  
Will you yet hold? How came my man in the  
stocks?

Corn I set him there sir but his own disorders  
Deserv'd much less advancement

Lear You! did you?

Reg I pray you father being weak seem so  
If till the expiration of your month

You will return and sojourn with my sister  
Dismissing half your train come then to me  
I am now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment

Lear Return to her and fifty men dismiss'd 211  
No rather I abjure all roofs and choose  
To wage against the enmity in the air  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—  
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?

Why the hot blooded France that dowerless took

Our youngest born I could as well be brow-beat  
To lose his throne and squire like penurious beg  
To keep base life alive Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sunnier  
To this detected gown [I change myself]

Go— At your choice sir 200

Let I prithee daughter not make me a fool  
I will not trouble thee my child farewell  
We'll no more meet no more see one another  
But thou art my flesh my blood my daughter

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh  
Which I must needs call mine thou art a boil,  
A plague sore an embowed carbuncle  
In my corrupted blood But I'll not chide thee,  
Let shame come when it will I do not call it  
I do not bid the thunder breaster shoo 200

Not tell tales of thee to high judging Jove  
Mend when thou canst be better at thy leisure  
I can be patient I can stay with Regan  
I and my hundred knights

Reg— No altogether so  
I look'd not for you yet nor am provided  
For your fit welcome Give ear sir to my sister,  
For those that mingle reason with your passion  
Must be content to think you old and so—  
But she knows what she does

Lear— Is this well spoken?

Reg— I dare avouch it sir What fifty follow  
ere? 40

Is it not well? What need you need of more?  
Yea or so many, with that both charge and danger  
Speak against so great a number? I'll bow in one  
house

Should many people under two commands  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible

Gon— Why might not you my lord receive  
attendance

From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg— Why not my lord? If then they chanced  
to slack you

We could control them If you will come to  
me—

For now I spy a danger—I entreat you 40

To bring but five and twenty To no more

Will I give place or notice

Lear— I gave you all—

Reg— And in good time you gave it

Lear— Made you my guardians my depositaries

But kept a reservation to be follow'd

With such a number What must I come to you

With five and twenty Regan? said you so?

Reg— And speak't again my lord, no more with  
me

Lear— Those wicked creatures yet do look well  
favor'd

When others are more wicked not better the  
worst

Slands in some rank of praise [To CORNIL] I'll  
go with thee

This fifty yet doth double five and twenty,  
And thou art twice her love

Go— Hear me my lord  
What need you five and twenty ten or five

To follow in a house where twice so many

I have a command to tend you

Reg— What need one?  
Lear— O reason on the need Our bestest beg-  
gars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous  
Allow not nature more than nature needs

Man's life's as cheap as beasts Thou art a  
lady

If only to go warm were gorgeous 271

Why nature needs not what thou gorgeous  
wears

Which scarcely keeps thee warm But for true  
need—

You heavens give me that patience patience I  
need!

You see me here you gods a poor old man  
As full of grief as age wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely touch me with noble anger

And let not women's weapons water-drops 280

Stain my man's cheeks! No you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What they are yet I know not but they shall be

The terrors of the earth You think I'll weep,

No I'll not weep

I have full cause of weeping but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or ere I'll weep O fool I shall go mad!

[Exit IAR GLOUCESTER, KENT and ROOL]

Storm and tempest

Corn— Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm 290

Reg— This house is little The old man and his  
people

Cannot be well bestow'd

Gon— 'Tis his own blame, hath put himself from  
rest

And must needs taste his folly

Reg— For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,  
But not one follower

Gon— So am I purpos'd

Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn— Follow'd the old man forth He is re-  
turn'd

## Re-enter GLOUCESTER

*Glor* The King is in high rage

*Corn* Whither is he going?

*Glor* He calls to horse but will I know not  
whither 300

*Corn* 'Tis best to give him way he leads him  
self

*Gon* My lord entreat him by no means to stay

*Glor* Alack the night comes on and the bleak  
winds

Do sorely ruffle for many miles about

There's scarce a bush

*Reg* O sir to wilful men

The injuries that they themselves procure

Must be their schoolmasters Shut up your doors

He is attended with a desperate train

And what they may incense him to being apt  
To have his ear abused wisdom bids fear 310

*Corn* Shut up your doors my lord 'tis a wild  
night

My Regan counsels well Come out o' the storm  
[*Exeunt*]

## ACT III

## SCENE I A heath

*Storm still* Enter KENT and a GENTLEMAN  
meeting

*Kent* Who's there besides foul weather?

*Gent* One minded like the weather most un-  
quietly

*Kent* I know you Where's the King?

*Gent* Contending with the fretful element

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease tears his  
white hair

Which the impetuous blasts with eyeless  
rage,

Catch in their fury and make nothing of

Strives in his little world of man to out scorn 10

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain

This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would  
couch

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

Keep their fur dry unbonneted he runs

And bid what will take all

*Kent* But who is with him?

*Gent* None but the Fool who labours to out-  
jest

His heart-struck injuries

*Kent* Sir I do know you

And dare upon the warrant of my note

Commend a dear thing to you There is division,

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20

With mutual cunning twixt Albany and Corn-  
wall

Who have—as who have not—that their great  
stars

Throned and set high?—servants who seem no  
less

Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state what hath been seen

Either in snuffs and packings of the Duke

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne

Against the old kind king or something deeper

Whereof perchance these are but furnisings

But true it is from France there comes a power

Into this catter'd kingdom who already 31

Wise in our negligence have secret feet

In some of our best ports and are at point

To show their open banner Now to you

If on my credit you dare build so far

To make your speed to Dover you shall find

Some that will thank you making just report

Of how unnatural and brennading sorrow

The king hath cause to plain

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding 40

And from some knowledge and assurance, offer

This office to you

*Gent* I will talk further with you

*Kent* No do not

For confirmation that I am much more

Than my out-wall open this purse and take

What it contains If you shall see Cordelia—

As fear not but you shall—show her this ring

And she will tell you who your fellow is

That yet you do not know Fie on this storm!

I will go seek the king 50

*Gent* Give me your hand Have you no more to  
say?

*Kent* Few words but to effect more than all  
yet

That when we have found the king—in which  
your pain

That way I'll this—he that first lights on him

Holla the other [*Exeunt several*]

SCENE II Another part of the heath *Storm still*

Enter LEAR and FOOL

*Lear* Blow winds and crack your cheeks! 10  
blow!

You cataracts and hurricanes spout

Till you have drench'd our steeples drown'd the  
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires

Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts

Smite my white head! And thou all-shaking  
thunder

Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds all germens spill at once

This make the grateful man?  
*Fool* O nuptial court holy water in a dry house  
 is better than this rain water out o' door. Good  
 nuptial in a lack thy daughters' blessing. Here's  
 an' g' p'ries neither wife nor man nor fool.  
*Learn* Rumble thy belly full! 'Sp' fire! 'spout  
 rain!

No rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.  
 I tax not you you elements with unkindness.  
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you not children.  
 You owe me no subscription. When I see fall  
 Your horrible pleasure, here I stand 'till I slave  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.  
 But yet I call you servile ministers  
 That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
 Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
 So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!  
*Fool* He that has a house to put a head in has a  
 good head piece.

The good piece that will house  
 Before the head has any  
 The head and he shall house  
 So beggars marry in any  
 The man that makes his toe  
 What he his heart should make  
 Shall of a corn cry woe,  
 And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made  
 mouths in a glass.

*Learn* No! I will be the pattern of all patience,  
 I will say nothing.

Enter IV

*Kent* Who's there?  
*Fool* Marry, here's grace and a good piece, that's  
 a wise man and a fool.

*Kent* Alas, sir, are you here? things that love  
 night  
 Love not such nights as these: the wrathful skies  
 Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.  
 And make them keep their caves. Since I was  
 man  
 Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,  
 Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
 Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot  
 earr.

The affliction nor the fear  
*Learn* Let the great gods  
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou  
 wretch  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes  
 Unwhipp'd of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody  
 hand,  
 Thou perjured and thou simular man of virtue  
 That art incestuous. Cautiff to pieces shake,

This un'fer convert and convenient seeming  
 Hast practis'd on man's life. Close pent up  
 guilt  
 Rive you out dealing continents, and cry  
 He's dreadful sinners' grace. I am a  
 man.

More sin'd against than sin in?  
*Kent* Alack bare headed! 60  
 Gracious my lord, hard by here is a house.  
 Some friendship will lend you 'gainst the tempest  
 Rest.  
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house—  
 More harder than the stone whereof it's raised,  
 Which even but now demanding after you  
 Dem'd me to give in—return, and force  
 Their scornful courtesy.

*Learn* My wits begin to turn.  
 Come on my boy. How do? my boy? art cold?  
 I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fel-  
 low?

The art of our necessities is strange, 70  
 That can make vile things precious. Come your  
 hovel.

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart  
 That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool* [Sings] He that has and a little tiny  
 wit—

With heigh ho the wind and the rain—  
 Must make content with his fortunes fit  
 For the rain it raineth every day.

*Learn* I rue my good boy. Come bring us to  
 this hovel. [Exit LEARN and KENT]

*Fool* This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.  
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go. 80

When priests are more in word than matter,  
 When brewers mar their malt with water,  
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors,  
 No heretics burn'd but wenches suitors,  
 When every case in law is right  
 No squire in debt nor no poor knight  
 When slanders do not live in tongues,  
 Nor cutpurses come not to throngs,  
 When usurers tell their gold in the field  
 And bawds and whores do churches build, 90  
 Then shall the realm of Albion  
 Come to great confusion.  
 Then comes the time who lives to see it,  
 That going shall be used with feet.  
 This prophecy Merlin shall make, for I live  
 before his time. [Exit]

SCENE III Gloucester's castle

Enter GLOUCESTER and EDmund

*Glouc.* Alack, alack, Edmund! I live not this un-  
 natural dealing. When I desired their leave that I  
 might pity him, they took from me the use

mine own house charged me on pain of their perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him entreat for him nor any way sustain him

*Edm* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glou* Go to say you nothing There's a division betwixt the Dukes and a worse matter than that I have received a letter this night tis dangerous to be spoken I have locked the letter in my closet These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home there's part of a power already footed We must incline to the King I will seek him and privily relieve him Go you and maintain talk with the Duke that my charity be not of him perceived If he ask for me I am ill and gone to bed Though I die for it as no less is threatened me the King my old master must be relieved There is some strange thing toward Edmund pray you be careful [*Exit* 21

*Edm* This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke Instantly know and of that letter too

This seems a fair deserving and must draw me That which my father loses no less than all The younger rises when the old doth fall [*Exit*

SCENE IV *The heath before a house*

*Enter LEAR KENT and FOOL*

*Kent* Here is the place my lord good my lord enter

The tyranny of the open night's too rough For nature to endure

*Storm still*

*Lear* Let me alone

*Kent* Good my lord enter here

*Lear* Will it break my heart?

*Kent* I had rather break mine own Good my lord enter

*Lear* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin So 'tis to thee

But where the greater malady is fix'd

The lesser is scarce felt Thou dost shun a bear

But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea 10

Thou dost meet the bear in the mouth When the mind's free

The body's delicate The tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else

Save what bears there Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should rear this hand

For lifting food to't? But I will punish home

No I will weep no more In such a night

To shut me out! Pour on I will endure

In such a night as this! O Recorn Generil!

Your old kind father whose frank heart gave all—

O that way madness lies let me shun that 21  
No more of that

*Kent* Good my lord enter here

*Lear* Pruthee go in thy self seek thine own case

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more But I'll go in

[*To the roof.*] In boy go first You houseless poverty—

Nay get thee in I'll pray and then I'll sleep  
*fool goes in*

Poor naked wretches wheresoe'er you are

That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm 29

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness defend you

From reasons such as these? O I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic pomp

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel

That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them

And show the heavens more just

*Edg* [*Within*] Fathom and half fathom and half! Poor Tom!

*The fool runs out from the house*

*Fool* Come not in here nuncle here's a spirit Help me help me! 40

*Kent* Give me thy hand Who's there?

*Fool* A spirit a spirit He says his name's poor Tom

*Kent* What art thou that dost grumble there in the straw? Come forth

*Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman*

*Edg* Away! the foul fiend follows me!

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind

Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee

*Lear* Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? 50  
And art thou come to this?

*Edg* Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame through ford and whirlpool o'er bog and quagmire

that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew set ratsbane by his porridge made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting horse over four inch'd brooks to course

his own shadow for a traitor Bless thy five wits!

Tom's a cold—O do de do de do de Bless thee from whirlwinds star-blasting and taking! Do

poor Tom some charity whom the foul fiend vexes There could I have him now—and there—

and there again and there

*Storm still*

*Lear* What have his daughters brought him to this pass?

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

*Fol* Nay he reserved a blanket else we had been all chained

*Lear* Now, all the plagues that in the pendu but air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters' 70

*Ker* He hath no daughters sir

*Lear* Death traitor! no him, could have subdued nature

To such a lowliness but his unkind daughters

Is it the fashion that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas thus flesh begot

Those pelican daughters

*Edg* Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill

Hallow hallow loo loo!

*Fol* This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen 80

*Edg* Take heed o' the foul fiend! Obey thy parents keep thy word justly swear no committ not with man's sworn spouse set not thy sweet heart on proud array Tom's a-cold

*Lear* What hast thou been?

*Edg* A serving man proud in heart and mind that curled my hair wore gloves in my cap served the lust of my mistress heart and did the act of darkness with her swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it Wine loved I deeply dice dearly and in woman outparamoured the Turk false of heart light of ear bloody of hand, hog in sloth fox in stealth wolf in greediness dog in madness lion in prey Let the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman Keep thy foot out of brothels thy hand out of plackets thy pen from lenders' books and defy the foul fiend 100

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind

*Says* suum mun ha no nonny

Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by

*Storm still*

*Lear* Why thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies Is man no more than this? Consider him well Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself Unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor bare forked animal as thou art Off, off you lendings! come, unbutton here [*Tearing off his clothes*]

*Fool* Prithee, nuncle be contented 'tis a naughty night to swim in Now 'tis little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a small

spark all the rest on's body cold Look here comes a walkin' fire 119

*Enter Gloucester with a torch*

*Ilg* This is the foul fiend Ilibbertigibbet He begins at curfew and walks till the first cock He gives the web and the pin squints the eye and makes the hare lip mildews the white wheat and hinders the poor creature of earth

'Tis Withold I fooded thrice the old!

He met them in the mare and her nine fold,

Wither alight

And her troth plight

And I am not three wench about thee!

*Ker* How fares your Grace 120

*Lear* What's he?

*Ker* Who's there? What is it you seek?

*Gl* What are you there? Your names?

*Ilg* Poor Tom that eats the swimming frog the toad the tadpole the wall newt and the water that in the fury of his heart when the foul fiend rages eats cow-dung for sallies, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog drinks the green mantle of the standing pool who is whipped from tithing to tithing and stock punished and imprisoned who hath had three suits to his back six shirts to his body horse to ride, and weapon to wear

But mice and rats and such small deer

I have been Tom's food for seven long year

Beware my follower Peace, Simulkin peace thou fiend!

*Glou* What hath your Grace no better company?

*Ilg* The prince of darkness is a gentleman

Modo he's call'd and Mahu

*Glou* Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord 150

That it doth hate what gets it

*Edg* Poor Tom's a-cold

*Glou* Go in with me my duty cannot suffer

To obey in all your daughters' hard commands

Though their injunction be to bar my doors

And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you

Yet have I ventured to come seek you out

And bring you where both fire and food is ready

*Lear* First let me talk with this philosopher What is the cause of thunder? 160

*Kent* Good my lord take his offer, go into the house

*Lear* I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban

What is your study?

*Edg* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin

*Lear* Let me ask you one word in private

*Kent* Importune him once more to go my lord  
His wits begin to unsettle

*Clou* Canst thou blame him?

*Storm still*

His daughters seek his death Ah that good

*Kent*

He said it would be thus poor banish'd man!

Thou sayst the king grows mad I'll tell thee  
friend

170

I am almost mad myself I had a son

Now outlaw'd from my blood he sought my life

But lately very late I loved him friend

No father his son dearer Truth to tell thee

The grief hath crazed my wits What a night's  
this!

I do beseech your Grace—

*Lear* O cry you mercy sir

Noble philosopher your company

*Edg* Tom's a cold

*Glou* In, fellow there into the hovel keep  
thee warm

*Lear* Come let's in all

*Kent* This way my lord

*Lear* With him

180

I will keep still with my philosopher

*Kent* Good my lord sooth him let him take  
the fellow

*Glou* Take him you on

*Kent* Sirrah come on go along with us

*Lear* Come good Athenian

*Glou* No words no words hush

*Edg* Child Rowland to the dark tower came

His word was still Fie foh and fum

I smell the blood of a British man

[Exeunt]

## SCENE V Gloucester's castle

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND*

*Corn* I will have my revenge ere I depart his  
house

*Edm* How my lord I may be censured that  
nature thus gives way to loyalty something fears  
me to think of

*Corn* I now perceive it was not altogether  
your brother's evil disposition made him seek his  
death but a provoking merit set a work by a  
reprovable badness in himself

9

*Edm* How malicious is my fortune that I must  
repent to be just! this is the letter he spoke of  
which approves him an intelligent party to the  
advantages of France O heavens! that this trea-  
son were not or not I the detector!

*Corn* Go with me to the Duke's

*Edm* If the matter of this paper be certain  
you have mighty business in hand

*Corn* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of

Gloucester Seek out where thy father is that  
he may be ready for our apprehension

20

*Edm* [Aside] If I find him comforting the  
king it will stuff his suspicion more fully—I  
will persevere in my course of loyalty thou hast  
the conflict between that and my blood

*Corn* I will lay trust upon thee and thou shalt  
find a dearer father in my love

[Exit]

## SCENE VI A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle

*Enter GLOUCESTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR*

*Glou* Here's better than the open air take it  
thankfully I will piece out the comfort with  
what addition I can I will not be long from  
you

*Kent* All the power of his wits have given way  
to his impatience The gods reward your kind-  
ness!

[Exit GLOUCESTER]

*Edg* Frateretto calls me and tells me Nero is  
an angler in the lake of darkness Pray innocent  
and beware the foul fiend

*Fool* Prithee nuncle tell me whether a mad  
man be a gentleman or a yeoman?

11

*Lear* A king a king!

*Fool* No he's a yeoman that has a gentleman  
to his son for he's a mad yeoman that sees his  
son a gentleman before him

*Lear* To have a thousand with red burning  
spits

Come hissing in upon em—

*Edg* The foul fiend bites my back

*Fool* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a  
wolf a horse's health a boy's love or a whore's  
oath

21

*Lear* It shall be done I will arraign them  
straight

[To EDGAR] Come sit thou here, most learned  
justicer

[To the FOOL] Thou sapient sir sit here Now  
you shall fores!

*Edg* Look where he stands and glares!

Wantest thou eyes at trial madam?

Come near the bourn Bessy to me —

*Fool* Her boat hath a leak

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee

30

*Edg* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the  
voice of a nightingale Hopdance cries in Tom's  
belly for two white herring Croak not black  
angel I have no food for thee

*Kent* How do you sir? Stand you not so  
amazed

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

*Lear* I'll see their trial first Bring in the evi-  
dence

[To ROBIN] Thou robbed man of justice take thy place  
[To I] root] And thou his yoke fellow of  
cousins  
Bench by his side [To I] root] You are on the  
commission

40

Set you too

Edg Let us deal justly

'Sleepers or wakers thou polly s' epherd

This sheep be in the corn

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth

This sheep shall take no harm

Pur! the cat is gray

Lear Arraign her first, tis Gonwail I here take  
my oath before this honourable assembly she  
kicked the poor king her father

50

Iol Come hither, my mistress Is your name  
Gonwail?

Lear She cannot deny it

Iol Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-  
stool

Lear And here's another whose warped looks  
proclaim

What store her heart is made on Stop her there!

Arms arms sword fire! Corruption in the  
place!

False justice! why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg Bless thy five wits!

60

Lear O pity! Sir where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg [Aside] My tears begin to take his part  
so much

They'll mar my counterfeiting

Lear The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart see, they bark at  
me

Edg Tom will throw his head at them Avaunt,  
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite

70

Mastiff, greyhound mongrel grime,

Hound or spaniel brach or lym,

Or bobtail tike or trundle tail,

Tom will make them weep and wail,

For, with throwing thus my head

Dogs leap the hatch and all are fled

Do de de de Sessa! come march to wakes and  
fairs and market towns Poor Tom thy horn is  
dry

79

Lear Then let them anatomize Regan see  
what breeds about her heart Is there any cause  
in nature that makes these hard hearts? [To ED-  
GAR] You sir, I entertain for one of my hundred  
only I do not like the fashion of your garments  
you will say they are Persian attire, but let them  
be changed

Lear Now, good m lord lie here and rest  
awhile

Lear Make no noise make no noise draw the  
curtain y, so so so We'll go to supper i the  
morn'g so so so

91

Iol And I'll go to bed a noon

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

G! Come hither friend where is the king  
my master?

Lear Here sir but trouble him not his wits  
are gone

Glo! Good friend I prithee take him in thy  
arms

I have overheard a plot of death upon him

There is a letter ready, lay him in it

And drive towards Dover friend where thou  
shalt meet

Both welcome and protection Take up thy  
master

If thou shouldst dally half an hour his life

100

With thine and all that offer to defend him

Stand in assured loss Take up take up

And follow me that will to some provision

Give thee quick conduct

Lear Oppressed nature sleeps

This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken  
sinews

Which if convenience will no allow,

Stand in hard cure [To I] root] Come, help to  
bear thy master

Thou must not stay behind

Glo!

Come come away

[Exit all but IOL]

Iol When we our betters see bearing our  
woes

We scarcely think our miseries our foes

110

Who alone suffers suffers most i the mind

Leaving free things and happy shows behind,

But then the mind much sufferance doth in erskip,

When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship

I low light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend makes the

king bow

He childed as I father'd! Tom away!

Mark the high noises, and thy self bewray

When false opinion whose wrong thought de-  
files thee

In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee

120

What will hap more to-night safe 'scape the  
king!

I urk lurk

[Exit

SCENE VII Gloucester's castle

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONWAIL, EDMUND, and  
Servants



*Corn* Post speedily in my lord your husband  
show him this letter The army of France is  
landed Seek out the villain Gloucester

*[Exeunt some of the Servants]*

*Reg* Hang him instantly

*Gon* Pluck out his eyes

*Corn* Leave him to my displeasure Edmund  
keep you our sister company The revenges we  
are bound to take upon your traitorous father are  
not fit for your beholding Advise the Duke  
where you are going to a most festinate prepara-  
tion we are bound to the like Our posts shall  
be swift and intelligent betwixt us Farewell  
dear sister farewell my Lord of Gloucester

*Enter OSWALD*

How now! where's the king?

*Osw* My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him  
hence

Some five or six and thirty of his knights

*Gon* Questrists after him met him at gate

Who with some other of the lord's dependants

Are gone with him towards Dover where they  
boast

To have well armed friends

*Corn* Get horses for your mistress 20

*Gon* Farewell sweet lord and sister

*Corn* Edmund farewell

*[Exeunt GONERIL EDMUND and OSWALD]*

Go seek the traitor Gloucester

Pinion him like a thief bring him before us

*[Exeunt other Servants]*

Though well we may not pass upon his life

Without the form of justice yet our power

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath which men

May blame but not control Who's there? the  
traitor?

*Enter GLOUCESTER brought in by two or three  
SERVANTS*

*Reg* Ingrateful fox! 'tis he

*Corn* Bind fast his corky arms

*Glon* What mean your Graces? Good my

friends consider 30

You are my guests Do me no foul play friends

*Corn* Bind him I say

*SERVANTS bind him*

*Reg* Hard hard O filthy traitor!

*Glon* Unmerciful lady as you are I'm none

*Corn* To this chair bind him Villain! thou  
shalt find—

*REGAN plucks his beard*

*Glon* By the kind gods 'tis most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard

*Re* So white and such a traitor!

*Glon* Naughty lady

These hairs which thou dost ravish from my  
chin

Will quicken and accuse thee I am your host  
With robbers hands my hospitable favours 40

You should not ruffle thus What will you do?

*Corn* Come sir what letters had you late from  
France?

*Reg* Be simple answerer for we know the  
truth

*Corn* And what confederacy have you with the  
traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic  
king?

Speak

*Glon* I have a letter guessingly set down

Which came from one that's of a neutral heart

And not from one opposed

*Corn*

Cunning

*Reg* And false

*Corn* Where hast thou sent the king? 50

*Glon* To Dover

*Reg* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not  
charged at peril—

*Corn* Wherefore to Dover? Let him first  
answer that

*Glon* I am tied to the stake and I must stand  
the course

*Reg* Wherefore to Dover sir?

*Glon* Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs

The sea with such a storm as his bare head

In hell black night endured would have bouy'd  
up 60

And quench'd the stelled fires

Yet poor old heart he help'd the heavens to rain

If olives had at thy gate howl'd that stern tune

Thou shouldst have said Good porter turn the  
key

All cruels else subscribed but I shall see

The winnow vengeance overtake such children

*Corn* See't shalt thou never Fellows hold the  
chair

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot

*Glon* He that will think to live till he be old

Give me some help O cruel! O you gods! 70

*Reg* One side will mock another the other  
too

*Corn* If you see vengeance—

*1st Serv* Hold your hand my lord

I have served you ever since I was a child

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold

*Reg* How now you don't

*1st Serv* If you did wear a beard upon your chin

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?  
*Com* My villain!  
*They draw & fight!*  
*11 Ser* Nay then, come on and take the  
 chance of an, er  
*112* Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up  
 thus! 80  
*Take a sword & thrust it into his side*

*11 Ser* O, I am slain! My lord, you have one  
 eye left  
 To see some mischief on him. O! *[Dies]*  
*Com* Lest it see more prevent it. Out vile  
 jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?  
*Glou* All dark and comfortless. Where's my  
 son Edmund  
 Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature  
 To quit this horrid act  
*112* Our treacherous villain!  
 Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he  
 That made the overture of thy treasons to us.  
 Who is too good to pity thee. 90  
*Glou* O my follies! then Edgar was abused.  
 Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!  
*112* Go thrust him out at gates, and let him  
 smell

His way to Dover. *[Exit Gloucester]*  
 How is it my lord? how look you?  
*Com* I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady.  
 Turn out that execrable villain, throw this slave  
 Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace.  
 Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.  
*[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan]*  
*112 Ser* I'll never care what wickedness I do  
 If this man come to good.

*3rd Ser* If she live long. 100  
 And in the end meet the old course of death.  
 Women will all turn monsters.  
*112 Ser* Let's follow the old Earl and get the  
 Bedlam  
 To lead him where he would. His roguish mad-  
 ness  
 Allows itself to any thing.  
*3rd Ser* ant Go thou. I'll fetch some flax and  
 whites of eggs  
 To apply to his bleeding face. Now Heaven help  
 him! *[Exit 112 Ser]*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I The heath

Enter EDGAR

*Edg* Yet better thus, and known to be con-  
 temn'd,  
 Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
 The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,

5 And still in esperance, lives not in fear.  
 The banish'd slave chance is from the best.  
 The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,  
 Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!  
 The wretch that thou hast blown upon to the worst  
 Owes no man 's to thy blasts. But who comes here?

*Enter Gloucester, led by an old man*

My father poor is led? World, world, O world!  
 I ot that thy strange mutations make us hate thee.  
 Life would not yield to aye.  
*O! Man* O my good lord, I have been your  
 tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore  
 years.

*Glou* Away, get thee away, good friend, be  
 gone.  
 Thy comforts can do me no good at all.  
 Thee they may hurt.  
*O! Man* Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.  
*Glou* I have no way, and therefore want no  
 eyes. 20

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis seen,  
 Our natures secure us, and our mere defects  
 Proove our commodities. O dear son, Edgar,  
 The food of thy abused father's wrath!  
 Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
 I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man* How now! Who's there?  
*Edg* *[Aside]* O gods! Who is it can say 'I am  
 at the worst?' 25

I am worse than e'er I was.  
*Old Man* 'Tis poor mad Tom.  
*Edg* *[Aside]* And worse I may be yet, the  
 worst is not.

So long as we can say, 'This is the worst.' 30  
*Old Man* Fellow, where goest?

*Glou* Is it a beggar man?  
*Old Man* Madman and beggar too.  
*Glou* He has some reason, else he could not beg.  
 I the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,  
 Which made me think a man a worm. My son  
 Came then into my mind, and yet my mind  
 Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard  
 more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,  
 They'll us for their sport.  
*Edg* *[Aside]* How should this be?  
 Bad in the trade that must play fool to sorrow. 40  
 Angering itself and others—Bless thee, master!  
*Glou* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man* Ay, my lord.  
*Glou* Then prithee, get thee gone. If for my  
 sake.

Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain.  
 I the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love.  
 And bring some covering for this naked soul,

Who I'll entreat to lead me

*Old Man* Alack sir he is mad

*Glou* 'Tis the times plague when madmen lead the blind

Do as I bid thee or rather do thy pleasure

Above the rest be gone 50

*Old Man* I'll bring him the best parcel that I have

Come on t' what will [Exit

*Glou* Sirrah naked fellow—

*Edg* Poor Tom's a cold [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further

*Glou* Come hither fellow

*Edg* [*Aside*] And yet I must—Bless thy sweet eyes they bleed

*Glou* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg* Both stile and gate horse way and foot path Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits Bless thee good man's son from the foul fiend! five fiends have been in poor Tom at once of lust as Obidicut Hobbididance prince of dumbness Mahu of stealing Nodo of murder Flibbertigibbet of mopping and mowing who since possesses chambermaids and waiting women So bless thee master!

*Glou* Here take this purse thou whom the heavens plague Have humbled to all strokes That I am wretched Makes thee the happier Heavens deal so still!

Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man 70

That slaves your ordinance that will not see Because he doth not feel feel your power quickly So distribution should undo excess

And each man have enough Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg* Ay master

*Glou* There is a cliff whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep

Bring me but to the very brim of it

And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me From that place I shall no leading need

*Edg* Give me thy arm 81

Poor Tom shall lead thee [Exit

SCENE II *Before the Duke of Albany's palace*

*Enter GONERIL and EDMUND*

*Gon* Welcome my lord I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way

*Enter OSWALD*

Now where's your master?

*Ors* Madam within but never man so changed

I told him of the army that was landed

He smiled at it I told him you were coming

His answer was The worse of Gloucester's treachery

And of the loyal service of his son

When I inform'd him then he call'd me sot

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him 10

What like offensive

*Gon* [*To EDMUND*] Then shall you go no further

It is the cowardish terror of his spirit

That dares not undertake He'll not feel wrongs

Which tie him to an answer Our wishes on the way

May prove effects Back Edmund, to my brother

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands This trusty servant Shall pass between us Ere long you are like to hear

If you dare venture in your own behalf 20

A mistress's command Wear this spare speech

*Gron*, a favour

Decline your head This kiss if it durst speak

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air

Conceive and fare thee well

*Edm* Yours in the ranks of death

*Gon* My most dear Gloucester

[Exit EDMUND

O the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due

My fool usurps my body

*Ors* Madam here comes my lord [Exit

*Enter ALBANY*

*Gon* I have been worth the whistle

*Alb* O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind 30

Blows in your face I fear your disposition

That nature which contends in origin

Cannot be border'd certain in itself

She that herself will sliver and disbranch

From her material sap perforce must wither

And come to deadly use

*Gon* No more the text is foolish

*Alb* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile

Filth's savour but themselves What have you done?

Tigers not daughters what have you perform'd? A father and a gracious aged man 41

Whose reverence even the least I dur'd bear  
would lick  
More barbarous mortals generate have you  
made  
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?  
A man a prince be him so benefited?  
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences  
It will come  
Humanity must perforce prey on itself  
Like monsters of the deep

*Gon* Milk liver'd man! 50

That bearst a cheek for blows a head for  
wrongs

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
Thine honour from thy suffering that nor  
knowst

Fools do thou call villains privy who are punish'd  
Ere they have done their mischief Where's thy  
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land  
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat  
Whiles thou a moral fool sitst still and criest  
'Alack, why does he so

*Ill* See thyself devil!  
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend! 60  
So horrid as in woman

*Gon* O vain fool!

*Alb* Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing for  
shame,

Be monster not thy feature Were't my fitness  
To let these hands obey my blood  
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones How'er thou art a fiend  
A woman's shape doth shield thee

*Gon* Marry, your manhood now—

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Alb* What news?

*Mess* O my good lord the Duke of Cornwall's  
dead 70

Slain by his servant going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester

*Alb* Gloucester's eyes!

*Mess* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-  
morse

Opposed against the act bending his sword  
To his great master who thereat enraged  
Flew on him and amongst them fell d him dead,  
But not without that harmful stroke, which since  
Hath pluck'd him after

*Alb* This shows you are above,  
You justicers that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can vengeance! But O poor Gloucester!  
Lost he his other eye?

*Mess* Both both, my lord 81

This letter madam craves a speedy answer  
Tis from your sister

*G* [ *Inds* ] One way I like this well  
But bear, wiflow and my Gloucester with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Up my hateful life another way  
The news is not so tart—I'll read and answer

[ *Exit* ]

*Ill* Where was his son when they did take his  
eyes?

*Mess* Came with my father hither

*Ill* He is not here 90

*Mess* No my good lord I met him back again

*Alb* Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess* As my good lord 'twas he inform'd  
I am't him

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-  
ment

Might have the freer course

*Ill* Gloucester I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'st the  
king

And to revenge thine eyes Come hither friend  
Tell me what more thou know'st [ *Exit* ]

SCENE III The French camp near Dover

*Enter KENT and LA CUSTEMAN*

*Kent* Why the king of France is so suddenly  
gone back know you the reason?

*Gent* Something he left imperfect in the state  
which since his coming forth is thought of  
which imports to the kingdom so much fear and  
danger that his personal return was most re-  
quired and necessary

*Kent* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent* The Marshal of France, Monsieur La  
Fam 10

*Kent* Did your letters pierce the Queen to  
any demonstration of grief?

*Gent* Ay sir, she took them, read them in my  
presence

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down  
Her delicate cheek It seem'd she was a queen  
Over her passion who most rebel like  
Sought to be king o'er her

*Kent* O then it mov'd her

*Gent* Not to a rage patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest You have  
seen

Sunshine and rain at once her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way those happy smiles 21  
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes, which parted  
thence

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd In brief,  
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved

If all could so become it

*Kent* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent* Faith once or twice she heaved the name  
of father

Pantingly forth as if it press'd her heart

Cried Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!

*Kent* father! sisters! What a the storm? a the  
noht? 30

Let pity not be believed! There she shook

The holy water from her heavenly eyes

And clamour moisten'd then away she started

To deal with grief alone

*Kent* It is the stars

The stars above us govern our conditions

Else one self mate an i mate could not beget

Such different issues You spoke not with her  
since?

*Gent* No

*Kent* Was this before the king returned?

*Gent* No since

*Kent* Well sir the poor distressed Lear's the  
town

Who sometime in his better tune remembers

What we are come about and by no means

Will yield to see his daughter

*Gent* Why good sir?

*Kent* A sovereign shame so elbows him His  
own unkindness

That stripp'd her from his benediction turn'd her

To foreign casualties gave her dear rights

To his dog-hearted daughters these things sting

His mind so venomously that burning shame

Detains him from Cordelia

*Gent* Alack poor gentleman!

*Kent* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you  
heard not? 50

*Gent* 'Tis so they are afoot

*Kent* Well sir I'll bring you to our master

Lear

And leave you to attend him Some dear cause

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile

When I am known aright you shall not grieve

Lending me this acquaintance I pray you go

Along with me [Exeunt]

#### SCENE IV The same a tent

Enter with drum and colours CORDELIA DOCTOR  
and Soldiers

*Cor* Alack tis he Why he was met even  
now

As mad as the vex'd sea singing aloud

Crown'd with rank fumiter and fallow weeds

With bur-docks hemlock nettles cuckoo-  
flowers

Darnel and all the idle weeds that grow

In our sustaining corn A century send forth

Search every acre in the high grown field

And bring him to our eye [Exit an Officer]

What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth 10

*Doct* There is means madam

Our foster nurse of nature in repose

The which he lacks that to provoke in him,

Are many simples operative whose power

Will close the eye of anguish

*Cor* All blest secrets

All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth

Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate

In the good man's distress! Seek seek for him

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life

That wants the means to lead it

#### Enter a MESSENGER

*Mess* News madam 20

The British powers are marching hitherward

*Cor* 'Tis known before our preparation stands

In expectation of them O dear father

It is thy business that I go about

Therefore great France

My mourning and important tears hath pitied

No blown ambition doth our arms incite

But love dear love and our aged father's right

Soon may I hear and see him! [Exeunt]

#### SCENE V Gloucester's castle

#### Enter REGAN and OSWALD

*Reg* But are my brother's powers set forth?

*Osw* Ay madam

*Reg* Himself in person there?

*Osw* Madam with much ado

Your sister is the better soldier

*Reg* Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at  
home?

*Osw* No madam

*Reg* What might import my sister's letter to  
him?

*Osw* I know not lady

*Reg* Faith he is posted hence on serious mat-  
ter

It was great ignorance Gloucester's eyes being  
out

To let him live where he arrives he moves 10

All hearts against us Edmund I think is gone

In pity of his misery to dispatch

His nighed life moreover to decry

The strength of the enemy

*Osw* I must needs after him, madam with my  
letter

*Reg* Our troops set forth to-morrow Stay with  
us

The ways are dangerous

Or... I may not malam  
My lady charge I my duty in this busine s  
Arg Why should I she write to Edmund?  
Might not you  
Transport her purposes by word Belike 20  
Something—I know not what I'll love thee  
much

Let me unseal the letter  
Or... Madam I had rather—  
Arg I know your lady does not love her husband,

I am sure of that And at her late being here  
She gave strange oracles as I most speaking  
looks

To noble Edmund I know you are of her bosom  
Or... I madam?

Arg I speak in understanding you are I  
know I

Therefore I do advise you take this note  
My lord is dead Edmund and I have talk d 30  
And more convenient is he for my hand  
Than for your lady's You may gather more  
If you do find him pray you give him this  
And when your mistress hears thus much from  
you

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her  
So fare you well  
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off  
Or... Would I could meet him madam! I should  
show

What party I do follow  
Reg I are thee well [Exeunt] 40

# SCENE VI Fields near Dorset

Enter GLOUCESTER and a bear-dressed like a peasant

Glow When shall we come to the top of that  
same hill?

Edg You do climb up it now Look how we  
labour

Glow Methinks the ground is even  
Edg I horrible steep

Hark do you hear the sea?

Glow No truly  
Edg Why, then your other senses grow im  
perfect

By your eyes anguish  
Glow So may it be indeed  
Methinks thy voice is altered and thou speak st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst  
Edg You're much deceived In nothing am I  
changed

But in my garments  
Glow Methinks you're better spoken 50

Edg Come on, sir here's the place Stand still  
How fearful

Am I dizzy sit to ease mine eyes so low!  
The crows and choughs that wing the midday air  
Show scarce so gross as beetles Half way down  
Hang soie that gathers sap in pure dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no lower than his head  
The hermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice and yon tall anchoring bark  
Dimish'd to her cock her cock a buoy  
Almost too small for sight The murmuring  
surge

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes 21  
Cannot be heard so high I'll look no more  
Lest my brain turn and I the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong

Glow See me where you stand  
I'll Give me your hand You are now within a  
foot

Of the extreme verge For all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright

Glow Let go my hand  
Here friend's another purse in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking Iaries and  
goods

Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off 30  
Bid me farewell and let me hear thee going  
I'll Now fare you well good sir

Glow With all my heart  
I'll Why I do trifle thus with his despair  
Is done to cure it

Glow [Kneeling] O you mighty Gods!  
This world I do renounce and in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off  
If I could bear it longer and not fall

To quarrel with your great opposeless wills  
My snuff and loathed part of nature should  
Burn itself out If Edgar live O bless him! 40  
Now fellow fare thee well [He falls forward]

Edg Gone sir farewell

And yet I know not how conceit may rob  
The treasury of life when life itself  
Yields to the theft Had he been where he  
thought

By this had thought been past Alive or dead?  
Ho you sir! friend! I hear you sir! speak!  
Thus might he pass indeed Yet he revives  
What are you sir?

Glow Away, and let me die  
Edg Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,  
feathers air

So many fathom down precipitating 50  
Thou dost shiver'd like an egg But thou dost  
breathe

Hast heavy substance bleedst not, speak'st,  
art sound

Ten masts at each make not the altitude  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glou.* But have I fall'n or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.

Look up a height: the shrill-gorged lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard. Do but look up.

*Glou.* Alack! I have no eyes.

60

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage

And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm.

Up so. How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

*Glou.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown of the cliff, what thing was that

Which parted from you?

*Glou.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his eyes

Were two full moons: he had a thousand noses,

Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridged sea.

It was some fiend: therefore, thou happy father,

Think that the clearest gods who make them

honours

Of men's impossibilities have preserved thee.

*Glou.* I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of,

I took it for a man: often twould say

The fiend, the fiend! He led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

80

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will never accommodate

His master thus.

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coming.

I am the king himself.

*Edg.* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect. There's

your press money. That fellow handles his bow

like a crow-keeper. Draw me a clothier's yard.

Look look a mouse! Peace, peace, this piece

of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet.

I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills.

O well-flown bird! the clout, the clout.

Hew'gh! Give the word.

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glou.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Generous with a white beard! They

flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white

hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.

To sav'ay and no to everything that I said!

— Ay, and no too was no good divinity.

When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found em, there I smelt em out. Go on! they are not men, o' their words. They told me I was every thing, 'tis a lie. I am notague proof.

*Glou.* The trick of that voice I do well remember.

Is't not the king?

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king!

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

110

I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?

Adultery?

Thou shalt not die. Die for adultery! No.

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly

Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive for Gloucester's bastard son.

Was I kinder to his father than my daughters

Got 'twixen the lawful sheets?

To't luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.

Behold yond simpering dame

120

Whose face between her forks presumes to show

That minces virtue, and does shake the head

To hear of pleasure's name.

The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are Centaurs,

Though women all above.

But to the girdle do the gods inherit;

Beneath 'em all the fiends.

There's hell, there's darkness, there's the sul-  
phurous pit.

130

Burning, scalding, stench, consumption, fire! He  
fie! pah! pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good  
apothecary, to sweeten my imagination. There's  
money for thee.

*Glou.* O, let me kiss that hand.

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*Glou.* O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world

shall so wear out to nothing. Dost thou know me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough.

Dost thou squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind

Cupid! I'll not love. Real! thou this challenge

mark, but the penning of it.

*Glou.* Were all the letters suns, I could not see  
one.

*Edg.* I would not take this from report: it is

And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glou.* What, with the case of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes

in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your

eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light

yet you see how this world goes?

151

*Glou.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear* What art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and hand-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Gent* Ay, sir. 160

*Lear* And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office. Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back.

Thou bloody fiend! 't is to use her in that kind For which thou whipp'st her. The wurer hangs the crozier.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold.

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks; Arm'd in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it. 171 None does offend, none, I say, none. I'll able em.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes, And like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now.

Pull off my boots; harder, harder, so. *Edg* O matter and impertinency mix'd! Reason in madness!

*Lear* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester. Thou must be patient: we came crying hither. Thou know'st the first time that we sinell the air, We wail and cry: I will preach to thee, mark. *Glou* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear* When we are born, we cry that we are come.

To this great stage of fools. This is a good block, It were a delicate stratagem to shoe A troop of horse with felt. I'll put it in proof. And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law, Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! 191

*Enter a GENTLEMAN with Attendants*

*Gent* O, here he is. Lay hand upon him, Sir, Your most dear daughter—

*Lear* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even The natural fool of fortune. Use me well, You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons, I am cut to the brains.

*Gent* You shall have anything *Lear* No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt, To use his eyes for garden water pots. 200

Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

*Gent* Good sir—

*Lear* I will die bravely, like a bridegroom. What?

I will be jovial. Come, come. I am a king; My masters know you that.

*Gent* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

*Lear* Then there's life in't. Nay, if you get it, you shall get it with running. 210 22 22 22

*[Exit turning. After LEAR follows]*

*Gent* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch.

Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter.

Who redeems nature from the general curse 210 Which twain have brought her to.

*Ldg* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent* Sir, speed you? What's your will?

*Ldg* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle to'ward?

*Gent* Most sure and vulgar: I very one hears that.

Which can distinguish sound.

*Ldg* But by your favour,

How near's the other army?

*Gent* Near and on speedy foot: the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.

*Ldg* I thank you, sir. That's all.

*Gent* Though that the Queen on special cause is here.

Her army is moved on.

*Ldg* I thank you, sir. 220

*[Exit GENTLEMAN]*

*Glou* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me.

Let not my worse spirit tempt me again To die before you please!

*Ldg* Well pray you, father.

*Glou* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Ldg* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows.

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrow, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand; I'll lead you to some bidding.

*Glou* Heartily thanks.

The bounty and the benison of Heaven To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD*

*Osw* A proclamation prize! Most happy! 230 That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh.

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember, the sword is out.

That must destroy thee.

*Glou* Now let thy friendly hand



Put strength enough to t

*EDGAR interposes*

*Ors.* Wherefore bold peasant  
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence  
Lest that the infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill not let go zir without vurther  
casion. 240

*Ors.* Let go slave or thou diest!

*Edg.* Good gentlem'n go your gait and let  
poor volk pass. An chud ha bin zwaggered out  
of my life twould not ha bin zo long as tis by a  
vornight. Nay come not near th' old man keep  
out che vor ye or ise try whether your costard  
or my ballow be the harder. Chill be plain with  
you.

*Ors.* Out dunghill!

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth zir. Come no mat-  
ter vor your foins. 251

*They fight and EDGAR knocks him down*

*Ors.* Slave thou hast slain me. Villain take my  
purse.

If ever thou wilt thrive bury my body  
And give the letters which thou find st about me  
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester seek him out  
Upon the British party. O untimely death!

*(Dies)*

*Edg.* I know thee well. A serviceable villain  
As dureau to the vices of thy mistress  
As badness would desire.

*Glou.* What is he dead?

*Edg.* Sit you down father rest you. 260  
Let s ee these pockets. The letters that he  
speaks of.

May be my friends. He s dead. I am only sorry  
He had no other death s man. Let us see  
Leave gentle wax and manners blame us not  
To know our enemies minds we d rip their  
hearts.

Their papers is more lawful.

*[Reads.]* Let our reciprocal vows be remem-  
bered. You have many opportunities to cut him  
off. If your will want not time and place will be  
fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he  
return the conqueror. Then am I the prisoner  
and his bed my gaol from the loathed warmth  
whereof deliver me and supply the place for  
your labour.

Your—wife so I would say—

Affectionate servant

General

O undistinguish'd space of woman s will!

A plot upon her virtuous husband s life

And the exchange my brother! Here in the  
sands

Thee I ll rake up the post unsanctified. 281

Of murderous lechers. And in the mature time  
With this unratious paper strike the s<sup>h</sup>it  
Of the death practised Duke for him tis well  
That of thy death and business I can tell.  
*Glou.* The King is mad. How stiff is my vile  
sense.

That I stand up and have ingenious feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my  
griefs.

And woes by wrong imaginations lose. 290

The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* Give me your hand.

*Drum afar off*

Far off methinks I hear the beaten drum.  
Come father I ll bestow you with a friend.

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE VII. A tent in the French camp. LEAR on a  
le t asleep soft music playing. GENTLEMAN  
and others attending.

*Enter CORDELIA, KENT and DOCTOR*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent how shall I live and  
worl.

To match thy goodness? My life will be too  
short.

And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledged madam is o erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth.

Nor more nor slipp'd but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited.

These weeds are memories of those worser  
hours.

I prithee put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon me dear madam.

Yet to be known shortens my made intent.

My boon I make it that you know me not.

Till time and I think meet.

*Cor.* Then be t so my good lord. *[To the doc-  
tor.]* How does the king?

*Doct.* Madam sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods.

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!

The untuned and jarring senses. O wind up

Of this child-changed father!

*Doct.* So please your Majesty.

That we may wake the king? He hath slept lon

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge and pro-  
ceed.

I the sway of your own will. Is he array'd? 30

*Gent.* Ay madam in the heaviness of his sleep.

We put fresh garments on him.

*Doct.* Be by good madam when we do awake  
him.

I doubt not of his temperance.

*Cor.* Very well.

*Doct* Please you draw near. Louder the music there!

*Cor* O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips! and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in this reverence made!

*Kent* Kind as I dear Princess!

*Cor* Had you not been their father, these white  
flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face  
To be opposed against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread bolted thunder?  
In the most terrible and humble stroke  
Of quick-cross lightning? to watch—poor per-  
du!—

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
night

Against my fire, and wast thou fair, poor father,  
To have thee with swine and rogues forlorn  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'Tis wonder that this life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all. He wakes—speak to him.

*Doct* Madam, do you 'tis fittest

*Cor* How does my royal lord? How fares your  
Majesty?

*Lear* You do me wrong to take me out o' the  
grave

Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound  
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear* You are a spirit, I know. When did you  
die?

*Cor* Still, still, far wide!

*Doct* He is scarce awake. Let him alone awhile.

*Lear* Where have I been? Where am I? Is air  
daylight?

I am mightily abused. I should even die with pity,  
To see another thus. I know not what to say.  
I will not swear these are my hands. Let's see,  
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured  
Of my condition!

*Cor* O look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.  
Nay, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear* Pray do not mock me.  
I am a very foolish fond old man  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor  
less,

And to deal plainly  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and I now this  
man,

Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant  
What place this is, and all the skill I have

Remembers not these garments, nor I know not  
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,  
For as I am a man, I think thus, lady.  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor* And so I am, I am. 70  
*Lear* Be your tears wet? Yes, faith, I pray,  
weep not.

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me, for your sisters  
Have—as I do remember—done me wrong.  
You have some cause, they have no.

*Cor* No cause, no cause.

*Lear* Am I in France?

*Kent* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear* Do not abuse me.

*Doct* Be comforted, good madam. The great  
ruler

You see is kill'd in him, and yet it is danger  
To make him even o'er the time he has lost. 80

Desire him to go in, trouble him no more.  
I'll further settling.

*Cor* Will it please your Highness walk?

*Lear* You must bear with me.

Pray you now, forget and forgive. I am old and  
foolish.

[*Exeunt all but KENT and CENTURIAN*  
*Gent* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Corn-  
wall was so slain?

*Kent* Most certain, sir.

*Gent* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent* As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

*Gent* They say Edgar, his banished son, is with  
the Earl of Kent in Germany. 90

*Kent* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look  
about the powers of the kingdom approach  
apace.

*Gent* The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare  
you well, sir. [100]

*Kent* My point and period will be thoroughly  
wrought.

Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit*]

## ACT V

SCENE I. The British camp, near Dover.

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND,  
REGAN, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

*Edm* Know of the Duke if his last purpose  
hold.

Or whether since he is advised by aught  
To change the course. He's full of alteration  
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure

[*To a Gentleman, who goes out*]

*Reg* Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

*Edm* 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

*Reg* Now sweet lord  
You know the goodness I intend upon you  
Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth  
Do you not love my sister

*Edm* In honour'd love

*Reg* But have you never found my brother's  
way

To the forfended place?

*Edm* That thought abuses you

*Reg* I am doubtful that you have been conjunct  
And bosom'd with her as far as we call hers

*Edm* No by mine honour madam

*Reg* I never shall endure her Dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her

*Edm* Fear me not  
She and the Duke her husband!

*Enter with drum and colours ALBANY  
GONERIL, and Soldiers*

*Gon* [Aside] I had rather lose the battle than  
that sister

Should loosen him and me

*Alb* Our very loving sister well be met

*Sir* this I hear the King is come to his daughter

With others whom the rigour of our state

Forced to cry out Where I could not be honest

I never yet was valiant for this business

It toucheth us as France invades our land

Not bolds the King with others whom I fear

Most just and heavy causes make oppose

*Edm* Sir you speak nobly

*Reg* Why is this reason'd?

*Gon* Combine together 'gainst the enemy

For these domestic and particular broils

Are not the question here

*Alb* Let's then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings

*Edm* I shall attend you presently at your tent

*Reg* Sister you'll go with us?

*Gon* No

*Reg* 'Tis most convenient pray you go with  
us

*Gon* [Aside] O ho I know the riddle—I will  
go

*As they are going out enter EDGAR disguised*

*Edg* If e'er your Grace had speech with man  
so poor

Heat me one word

*Alb* I'll overtake you Speak

[Exit all but ALBANY and EDGAR]

*Edg* Before you fight the battle open this letter

If you have victory let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it Wretched though I

seem

I can produce a champion that will prove

What is touched there If you miscarry  
Your business of the world hath so an end  
And machination ceases Fortune love you!

*Alb* Stay till I have read the letter

*Edg* I was forbid it

When time shall serve let but the herald cry

And I'll appear again

*Alb* Why fare thee well I will overlook thy  
paper [Exit EDGAR] 50

*Re-enter EDMUND*

*Edm* The enemy's in view draw up your  
powers

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery but your haste

Is now urged on you

*Alb* We will greet the time [Exit

*Edm* To both these sisters have I sworn my  
love

Each jealous of the other as the stung

Ace of the adder Which of them shall I take?

Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd

If both remain alive To take the widow

Exasperates makes mad her sister Goneril

And hardly shall I carry out my side

Her husband being alive Now then we'll use

His countenance for the battle which being

done

Let her who would be rid of him devise

His speedy taking off As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia

The battle done and they within our power

Shall never see his pardon for my state

Stands on me to defend not to debate [Exit] 60

SCENE II A field between the two camps

*Alarum within Enter with drum and colours*

LEAR CORDELIA and Soldiers over the stage and

exit

*Enter EDGAR and GLOUCESTER*

*Edg* Here father take the shadow of this tree

For your good host pray that the night may

thrive

If ever I return to you again

I'll bring you comfort

*Glou* Grace go with you sir!

[Exit EDGAR.]

*Alarum and retreat within Re-enter EDGAR*

*Edg* Away old man give me thy hand away!

King Lear hath lost he and his daughter ta'en

Give me thy hand come on

*Glou* No farther sir a man may rot even here

*Edg* What in all this thou'st again? Men must

endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither

Ripeness is all. Come on

*Glor* And that's true too. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover*

*Enter, in conquest with drum and colours, EDMUND, LEAR, and CORDELIA, prisoners, Captains, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm* Some officers take them away. Good guard

Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure them

*Cor* We are not the first  
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst

For thee oppressed king am I cast down,  
Myself could else out frown false fortune's frown

Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

*Lear* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage,  
When thou dost ask me blessing I'll kneel down,

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live

And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news, and we'll talk with them too

Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,

And take upon us the my story of things

As if we were God's spies, and we'll wear out,

In a wall'd prison, paucity and secrets of great ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon

*Edm* Take them away

*Lear* Upon such sacrifices my Cordelia

The gods themselves throw incense. I have I

caught thee?

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes

The good vices shall devour them: flesh and fell

Ere they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em

starve first

*Come* [*Exeunt LEAR and CORDELIA, guarded*]

*Fdm* Come hither, captain, hark

Take thou this note [*giving a paper*], go follow

them to prison

One step I have advanced thee: if thou dost

As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men

Are as the time is, to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword. Thy great employment

Will not bear question, either say thou'lt do't,

Or thrive by other means

*Capt* I'll do't, my lord

*Edm* About it, and write happy when thou hast done

*Mark* I say, instantly, and carry it so

As I have set it down

*Capt* I can draw a cart, nor eat dried oats

If it be man's work, I'll do it. [*Exit*]

*Flourish* *Enter ALBANY, CONRAD, REGAN, and her CAPTAINS, and Soldiers*

*All* Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain 40

And fortune led you well. You have the captives

That were the opposites of this day's strife,

We do require them of you, so to use them

As we shall find their merits and our safety

May equally determine

*Edm* Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king

To some retention and appointed guard,

Whose age has charms in it, whose title more

To pluck the common bottom on his side

And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes 50

Which do command them. With him I sent the

Queen

My reason all the same, and they are ready

To-morrow, or at further space, to appear

Where you shall hold your session. At this time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his

friend

And the best quarrels in the heart are cursed

By those that feel their sharpness

The question of Cordelia and her father

Requires a fitter place

*All* Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subject of this war, 60

Not as a brother

*Reg* That's as we list to grace him

Methinks our pleasure might have been demand

ed

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,

Bore the commission of my place and person,

The which immediacy may well stand up

And call itself your brother

*Gon* Not so hot

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,

More than in your addition

*Reg* In my rights,

By me invested, he compeers the best

*Gon* That were the most, if he should husband

you 70

*Reg* Jesters do oft prove prophets

*Gon* Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a squint

*Reg* Lady, I am not well, else I should answer

From a full flowing stomach. General, Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them of me the walls are thine  
Witness the world that I create thee here  
My lord and master

Gon Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb The let alone lies not in your good will

Edm Nor in thine lord

Alb Half blooded fellow yes 80

Reg [To EDMUND] Let the drum strike and  
prove my title thine

Alb Stay yet hear reason Edmund I arrest  
thee

On capital treason and in thine attain  
Thus gilded serpent [pointing to GONERIL] For  
your claim fair sister

I bar it in the interest of my wife

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord

And I her husband contradict your bans

If you will marry make your loves to me

My lady is bespoken

Gon An interlude!

Alb Thou art arm'd Gloucester Let the trum-  
pet sound 90

If none appear to prove upon thy head  
Thy heinous manifest and many treasons  
There is my pledge [throwing down a glove]

I'll prove it on thy heart

Ere I taste bread thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaimed thee

Reg Sick O sick!

Gon [Aside] If not I'll ne'er trust medicine

Edm There's my exchange [throwing down a  
glove] What in the world he is

That names me traitor villain like he lies

Call by thy trumpet he that dares approach

On him on you who nor? I will maintain 100

My truth and honour firmly

Alb A herald ho!

Edm A herald ho a herald!

Alb Trust to thy single virtue for thy soldiers

All levied in my name have in my name

Took their discharge

Reg My sickness grows upon me

Alb She is not well convey her to my tent

[Exit REGAN led]

Enter a HERALD

Come hither herald Let the trumpet sound

And read out this

Capt Sound trumpet! [A trumpet sounds]

Her [Reads] If any man of quality or degree  
within the lists of the army will maintain upon  
Edmund supposed Earl of Gloucester that he is  
a manifold traitor let him appear by the third  
sound of the trumpet He is bold in his defence

Edm Sound! [First trumpet]

Her Again! [Second trumpet]

Her Again! [Third trumpet]

Trumpet answers again

Enter EDGAR at the third sound armed with  
a trumpet before him

Alb Ask him his purposes why he appears

Upon this call of the trumpet

Her

What art you? 119

Your name your quality? and why you answer

This present summons?

Edg Know my name is lost

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker'd but

Yet am I noble as the adversary

I come to cope

Alb Which is that adversary?

Edg What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of

Gloucester?

Edm Himself What say'st thou to him?

Edg Draw thy sword

That if my speech offend a noble heart

Thy arm may do thee justice here is mine

Behold it is the privilege of mine honours

My oath and my profession I protest 130

Maunder thy strength youth place and em-  
nence

Despite thy victor sword and fire new fortune

Thy valour and thy heart thou art a traitor

False to thy gods thy brother and thy father

Conspirant against this high illustrious prince

And from the extremest upward of thy head

To the descent and just below thy foot

A most toad spotted traitor Say thou No

This sword this arm and my best spirits are

bent

To prove upon thy heart whereto I speak 140

Thou liest

Edm In wisdom I should ask thy name

But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike

And that thy tongue some say of breeding

breathes

What safe and nicely I might well delay

By rule of knighthood I disdain and spurn

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head

With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart

Which for they yet glance by and scarcely

bruise

This sword of mine shall give them instant way

Where they shall rest for ever Trumpets speak!

Alum s They fight EDMUND falls

Alb Save him save him!

Gon

This is practice Gloucester 151

By the law of arms thou wast not bound to an-

swer

An unknown opposite thou art not vanquish'd

But cozen'd and beguiled

Alb

Shut your mouth dame

Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir.  
 Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.  
 No tearing, lady, I perceive you know it.  
*Gen.* Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine.  
 Who can arraign me for it?  
*All.* Most monstrous! oh! 159  
 Know'st thou this paper?  
*Gen.* Ask me not what I know. [Exit]  
*Alb.* Go after her. She's desperate. Govern her.  
*Edm.* What you have charged me with, that  
 have I done.  
 And more, much more, the time will bring it  
 out.  
 'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou  
 That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,  
 I do forgive thee.  
*Edg.* Let's exchange charity.  
 I am no less in blood than thou art. Edmund,  
 If more the more thou hast wrong'd me,  
 My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.  
 The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices 170  
 Make instruments to plague us.  
 The dark and vicious place where thee he got  
 Cost him his eyes.  
*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right: 'tis true.  
 The wheel is come full circle. I am here.  
*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy  
 A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee.  
 Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I  
 Did hate thee or thy father!  
*Edg.* Worthy Prince, I know't.  
*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself? 179  
 How have you known the miseries of your fa-  
 ther?  
*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord. List a brief  
 tale.  
 And when 'tis told, O that my heart would  
 burst!  
 The bloody proclamation to escape  
 That follow'd me so near—O, our lives' sweet  
 ness!  
 That we the pain of death would hourly die  
 Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift  
 Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance  
 That very dogs disdain'd, and in this habit  
 Met I my father with his bleeding rings, 189  
 Their precious stones new lost, became his  
 guide,  
 Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair,  
 Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him  
 Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd  
 Not sure, though hoping of this good success,  
 I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last  
 Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,  
 Alack, too weak the conflict to support!

'Twas two extremes of passion: joy and grief,  
 Burst smiling, h.  
*Edm.* This speech of yours hath moved me  
 And shall perchance do good. But speak you on.  
 You look as you had something more to say. 191  
*All.* If there be more, more woeful, hold it in  
 For I am almost ready to dissolve  
 Hearing of this.  
*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period  
 To such as love no sorrow, but another  
 To amplify too much, would make much more,  
 And top extremity.  
 Whilst I was big in clamor, it came there in a man  
 Who, having seen me in my worst estate, 199  
 Shunn'd my abhor'd society, but then finding  
 Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms  
 He fasten'd on my neck, and I bellow'd out  
 As he did burst heaven, threw him on my father.  
 Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him  
 That ever ear received, which in recounting  
 His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life  
 Began to crack. Twice then the trumpets sound-  
 ed  
 And there I left him tranced.  
*All.* But who was this?  
*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent, who in dis-  
 guise  
 Follow'd his enemy, King, and did him serv-  
 ice 200  
 Improper for a slave.

*Enter a GENTLEMAN with a bloody knife*

*Gent.* Help, help, O, help!  
*Edg.* What kind of help?  
*Alb.* Speak, man.  
*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?  
*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes,  
 It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!  
*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.  
*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady. And her sister  
 By her is poisoned: she hath confess'd it.  
*Edm.* I was contracted to them both. All three  
 Now marry in an instant.  
*Edg.* Here comes Kent. 209  
*Alb.* Produce their bodies: be they alive or dead.  
 This judgment of the heavens, that makes us  
 tremble,  
 Touches us not with pity. [Exit GENTLEMAN]

*Enter KENT*

O, is this he?  
 The time will not allow the compliment  
 Which very manners urges.  
*Kent.* I am come  
 To bid my King and master aye good night.  
 Is he not here?

*Alb* Great thing of us forgot!  
*Speak* Edmund where's the hang? and where's  
*Cordelia?*  
*See* st thou this object *Kent?*  
*The bodies of GONRIAL and REGAN are brought in*  
*Kent* Alack why thus?  
*Edm* Yet Edmund was beloved  
 The one the other poison'd for my sake 240  
 And after slew herself  
*Alb* Even so Cover their faces  
*Edm* I pant for life Some good I mean to do  
 Despite of mine own nature Quickly send  
 Be brief in it to the castle for my writ  
 Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia  
 Nay send in time  
*Alb* Run run O run!  
*Edg* To who my lord? Who hath the office?  
 send  
 Thy token of replev?  
*Edm* Well thought on Take my sword 250  
 Give it the captain  
*Alb* Haste thee for thy life [Exit EDGAR  
*Edm* He hath commission from thy wife and  
 me  
 To hang Cordelia in the prison and  
 To lay the blame upon her own despair  
 That she fordid herself  
*Alb* The gods defend her! Bear him hence  
 awhile [EDMUND is borne off]  
*Re-enter LEAR with CORDELIA dead in his arms*  
*EDGAR CAPTAIN and others following*  
*Lear* Howl howl howl howl! O you are men  
 of stones!  
 Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so  
 That heaven's vault should crack She's gone for  
 ever! 259  
 I know when one is dead and when one lives  
 She's dead as earth Lend me a looking glass  
 If that her breath will must or stain the stone  
 Why then she lives  
*Kent* Is this the promised end?  
*Edg* Or image of that horror?  
*Alb* Fall and cease!  
*Lear* This feather stirs she lives! if it be so  
 It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
 That ever I have felt  
*Kent* [Kneeling] O my good master!  
*Lear* Pristhee away  
*Edg* 'Tis noble *Kent* your friend  
*Lear* A plague upon you murderers traitors  
 all!  
 I might have saved her now she's gone for ever!  
*Cordelia* Cordelia! stay a little Ha! 271  
 What is't thou say'st Her voice was ever soft  
 Gentle and low an excellent thing in woman

I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee  
*Capt* 'Tis true my lords he did  
*Lear* Did I not fellow?  
 I have seen the day with my good biting falchion  
 I would have made them skip I am old now  
 And these same crosses spoil me Who are you?  
 Mine eyes are not in the best I'll tell you  
 straight  
*Kent* If fortune brag of two she loved and  
 hated 280  
 One of them we behold  
*Lear* This is a dull sight Are you not *Kent?*  
*Kent* The same  
 Your servant *Kent* Where is your servant  
 Caius?  
*Lear* He's a good fellow I can tell you that  
 He'll strike and quickly too He's dead and  
 rotten  
*Kent* No my good lord I am the very man—  
*Lear* I'll see that straight  
*Kent* That from your first of difference and  
 decay  
 Have follow'd your sad steps  
*Lear* You are welcome hither  
*Kent* Nor no man else All's cheerless dark  
 and deadly 290  
 Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves  
 And desperately are dead  
*Lear* Ay so I think  
*Alb* He knows not what he says and vain it is  
 That we present us to him  
*Edg* Very bootless

## Enter a CAPTAIN

*Capt* Edmund is dead my lord  
*Alb* That's but a trifle here  
 You lords and noble friends know our intent  
 What comfort to this great decay may come  
 Shall be applied For us we will resign  
 During the life of this old majesty  
 To him our absolute power [To EDGAR and  
 KENT] you to your rights 300  
 With boot and such addition as your honours  
 Have more than merited All friends shall taste  
 The wages of their virtue and all foes  
 The cup of their deservings O see see!  
*Lear* And my poor fool is hang'd! No no no  
 life!  
 Why should a dog a horse a rat have life  
 And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,  
 Never never never never never!  
 Pray you undo this button Thank you sir  
 Do you see this? Look on her look her lips 310  
 Look there look there! [Dies]  
*Edg* He faints! My lord my lord!  
*Kent* Break heart I prithee break!

Edg. Look up, my lord

Her. Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass! he  
hates him much.

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Her. The wonder is he hath endured so long  
He but usurp'd his life.

All. Bear them from hence. Our present business

Is general woe. *[To the rest and the earl]* Friends of  
my soul, you twain

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Her. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go,  
My master calls me. I must not say no.

All. The weight of this sad time we must obey,  
Speak what we feel, no what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*[Exeunt, with a dead march]*



# MACBETH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUNCAN *King of Scotland*  
 MALCOLM *his sons*  
 DONALBAIN  
 MACBETH  
 BANQUO *generals of the King's army*  
 MACDUFF  
 LENNOX  
 ROSS  
 MENTEITH *noblemen of Scotland*  
 ANCUS  
 CAITHNESS  
 FLEANCE *son to Banquo*  
 SEWARD *Earl of Northumberland general of the English forces*  
 YOUNG SIWARD *his son*  
 SEYTON *an officer attending on Macbeth*  
 BOY *son to Macduff*  
 AN ENGLISH DOCTOR  
 A SCOTCH DOCTOR  
 A LORD

A PORTER  
 AN OLD MAN  
 A SERGEANT  
 TWO MESSENGERS  
 AN ATTENDANT on Macbeth  
 A SERVANT to Lady Macbeth  
 THREE MURDERERS

LADY MACBETH  
 LADY MACDUFF  
 A GENTLEMAN *attending on Lady Macbeth*

HECATE  
 THREE WITCHES  
 THREE APPARITIONS

NON-SPEAKING Lords Ladies Officers Soldiers  
 Ghosts and Attendants

SCENE Scotland England

## ACT I

### SCENE I A desert place

*Thunder and lightning. Enter THREE WITCHES*

1st Witch When shall we three meet again

In thunder lightning or in rain?

2nd Witch When the hurlyburly's done

When the battle's lost and won

3rd Witch That will be ere the set of sun

1st Witch Where the place?

2nd Witch Upon the heath

3rd Witch There to meet with Macbeth

1st Witch I come, Graymalkin!

2nd Witch Paddock calls

3rd Witch Anon

All Fair is foul and foul is fair

Hover through the fog and filthy air [Exeunt

### SCENE II A camp near Forres

*Alarm. Light. Enter DUNCAN MALCOLM DONALBAIN LENNOX with Attendants meeting a bleeding SERGEANT*

Dun What bloody man is that? He can report

As seemeth by his plume of the revolt

The newest state

Mal This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

Gainst my captivity Hail brave friend!

Say to the King the knowledge of the broil

As thou didst leave it

Ser Doubtful it stood

As two spent swimmers that do cling together  
 And choke their art The merciless Macdon-  
 wald—

Worthy to be a rebel for to that 10

The multiplying villainies of nature

Do swarm upon him—from the western isles

Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied

And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling

Show'd like a rebel's whore But all's too weak

For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—

Disdaining Fortune with his brandish'd steel

Which smok'd with bloody execution

Like valour's minion carved out his passage

Till he faced the slave 20

Which neither shook hands nor bade farewell to  
 him

Till he unscam'd him from the navies of the chaps

And fix'd his head upon our battlements

Dun O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser As whence the sun gins his reflection

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break

So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to  
 come

Discomfort swells Mark King of Scotland  
 mark!

No sooner justice had with valour arm'd

Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their  
 heels

But the Norwegian lord surveying vantage 3

With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men

Began a fresh assault

*Dum* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?  
*Set* Yet  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion  
If I say so, h! I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks, so  
they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, Is  
Or memorize another Golgotha 40  
I cannot tell  
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help  
*Dum* So well thy words become thee as thy  
wounds  
They smack of honour both. Go let him sur-  
geons [Exit SURGEONS and attendants]  
Who comes here?

*Enter Ross*

*Mal* The worthythane of Ross  
*Len* What a haste looks through his eyes!  
So should he look  
That seems to speak things strange  
*Ross* God save the King!  
*Dum* Whence camest thou, worthythane?  
*Ross* I from the field, great King,  
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky  
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50  
With terrible numbers  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom lapp'd in proof  
Confronted him with self-comparisons  
Point against point rebellious, arm gainst arm  
Curbing his lavish spirit, and to conclude,  
The victory fell on us  
*Dum* Great happiness!

*Ross* That now  
Sweno the Norweyan king craves composition,  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use  
*Dum* No more that thane of Cawdor shall de-  
ceive  
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present  
death

And with his former title greet Macbeth

*Ross* I'll see it done

*Dum* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath  
won [Exit

SCENE III A heath near Forres

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES

1st Witch Where hast thou been, sister?

2nd Witch Killing swine

3rd Witch Sister, where thou?

1st Witch A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her  
lap

And I munched and munched and munched

Give me 'quoth I

"Around thee witch!" the rump-fed ronyon  
cries

Her husband to Aleppo gone, master o' the  
Tiger

But in a sieve I'll thither sail

And like a rat without a tail

I'll do I'll do, and I'll do 10

2nd Witch I'll give thee a wind

1st Witch Thou art kind

3rd Witch And I another

1st Witch I myself have all the other,

And the very ports they blow

All the quarters that they know

I the shipman's card

I will drain him dry as hay

Sleep shall neither night nor day

Hang upon his pent-house lid 20

He shall live a man forbid

Weary se nights nine times nine

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-tost

Look what I have

1st Witch Show me, show me

1st Witch Here I have a pilot's thumb,

Wreck'd as homeward he did come

Drumming

3rd Witch A drum, a drum! 30

Macbeth doth come

All The weird sisters, hand in hand,

Posters of the sea and land

Thus do go about about

Thrice to thine and thrice to mine

And thrice again to make up nine

Peace! the charm's wound up

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO

*Macb* So foul and fair a day I have not seen

*Ban* How far is't call'd to Forres? What are  
these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire 40

That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,

And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught

That man may question? You seem to under-  
stand me

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret

That you are so

*Macb* Speak, if you can. What are you?

1st Witch All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane

of Glamis!

*2nd Witch* All hail Macbeth! hail to thee  
thane of Cawdor!  
*3rd Witch* All hail Macbeth that shalt be  
king hereafter! 50  
*Ban* Good sir, why do you start and seem to  
fear  
 Things that do sound so fair? I the name of  
truth  
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope  
That he seem'd rapt withal. To me you speak not  
If you can look into the seeds of time  
And say which grain will grow and which will  
not  
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60  
Your favours nor your hate  
*1st Witch* Hail!  
*2nd Witch* Hail!  
*3rd Witch* Hail!  
*1st Witch* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater  
*2nd Witch* Not so happy, yet much happier  
*3rd Witch* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be  
none  
 So all hail Macbeth and Banquo!  
*1st Witch* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!  
*Macb* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me  
more 70  
 By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis  
 But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor  
lives  
 A prosperous gentleman, and to be king  
Strands not within the prospect of belief  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge  
you. *[WITCHES vanish]*  
*Ban* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they van-  
ish'd? 80  
*Macb* Into the air, and what seem'd corporal  
melted  
 As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!  
*Ban* Were such things here as we do speak  
about?  
 Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?  
*Macb* Your children shall be kings  
*Ban* You shall be king  
*Macb* Andthane of Cawdor too, went it not so?  
*Ban* To the selfsame tune and words. Who's  
here?

*Enter Ross and Angus*

*Ross* The King hath happily received Mac-  
beth  
 The news of thy success, and when he reads 90  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that  
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day  
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks  
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make  
Strange images of death. As thick as hail  
Came post with post, and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence  
And pour'd them down before him  
*Ang* We are sent 100  
 To give thee from our royal master thanks  
 Only to herald thee into his sight  
 Not pay thee  
*Ross* And for an earnest of a greater honour  
 He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Caw-  
dor  
 In which addition, hail, most worthythane!  
 For it is thine  
*Ban* What can the devil speak true?  
*Macb* Thethane of Cawdor lives! Why do you  
dress me  
 In borrow'd robes?  
*Ang* Who was thethane lives yet  
 But under heavy judgement bears that life 110  
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
combined  
 With those of Norway, or did line the rebel  
 With hidden help and vantage, or that with both  
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not  
 But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
 Have overthrown him  
*Macb* *[Aside]* Glamis, andthane of Cawdor!  
 The greatest is behind. *[To Ross and Angus]*  
 Thanks for your pains  
*[To Banquo]* Do you not hope your children  
 shall be kings  
 When those that gave thethane of Cawdor m  
 me  
 Promised no less to them?  
*Ban* That trusted home 120  
 Might yet enfold you unto the crown,  
 Besides thethane of Cawdor. But this strange  
 And oftentimes to win us to our harm  
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths  
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
 In deepest consequence  
 Cousins, a word, I pray you  
*Macb* *[Aside]* Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act  
 Of the imperial theme—I thank you gentlemen  
*[Aside]* This supernatural soliciting 130  
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill

Why ha'st thou given me earnest of success  
Commencing in a truth? I am that of Cawdor  
If good why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings  
My thought whose murder yet is but fantastical  
Stakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise and nothing is

But what is not

*Ban* Look how our partner rapt

*Mac* [To Banquo] If chance will have me king  
why, chance may crown me

Without my stir

*Ban* New honours come upon him  
Like a strange garment cleave not to their  
mould

But with the aid of use

*Mac* [To Banquo] Come what come may  
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day

*Ban* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your  
leisure

*Mac* Give me your favour My dull brain was  
wrought

With things forgotten Kind gentlemen your  
pains

Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them Let us toward the king  
[To Banquo] Think upon what hath chanced  
and at more time

The interim having weigh'd it let us speak  
Our free hearts each to other

*Ban* Very gladly

*Mac* Till then enough Come friends

[Exit]

SCENE IV *Forbes the palace*

*Flourish* Enter DUNCAN MALCOLM DONALDIN,  
LENNOX and Attendants

*Dun* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not  
Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal* My liege  
They are not yet come back But I have spoke  
With one that saw him die who did report  
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,  
Implored your Highness pardon and set forth  
A deep repentance Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving it he died  
As one that had been studied in his death  
To throw away the dearest thing he owed  
As 'twere a careless trifle

*Dun* There's no art  
To find the mind's construction in the face  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust

Enter MACBETH BANQUO ROSS & LANCEUS

O worthy cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude even now  
Was heavy on me Thow art so far before  
Tha swiftest wing of recompense is slow  
To overtake thee Would thou hadst less de-

serv'd  
Tha the proportion both of thanks and payment  
Might have been mine! only I have left to say

More is thy due than more than all can pay  
*Mac* The service and the loyalty I owe  
In doing it pays itself Your Highness part  
Is to receive our duties and our duties

Are to your throne and state children and ser-

ants  
Which do but what they should by doing every  
thing

Safe toward your love and honour

*Dun* Welcome hither

I have begun to plant thee and will labour  
To make thee full of growing Noble Banquo  
Tha hast no less deserved nor must be I know, so  
No less to have done so let me unfold thee  
And hold thee to my heart

*Ban* There if I grow,  
The harvest is your own

*Dun* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow Sons kinsmen thanes  
An I you whose places are the nearest, know  
We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest Malcolm whom we name hereafter  
The Prince of Cumberland which honour must  
Not unaccompanied invest him only  
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine  
On all deservers From hence to Inverness  
And bind us further to you

*Mac* The rest is labour which is not used for  
you

I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful  
The hearing of my wife with your approach  
So humbly take my leave

*Dun* My worthy Cawdor!

*Mac* [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland!  
that is a step

On which I must fall down or else o'erleap  
For in my way it lies Stars hide your fires,  
Let not light see my black and deep desires  
The eye wink at the hand yet let that be  
Which the eye fears when it is done, to see

[Exit]  
*Dun* True worthy Banquo he is full so valiant,  
And in his commendations I am fed,  
It is a banquet to me Let's after him  
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome

It is a peerless kinsman

[*Flourish. Exit*

SCENE I *Inverness Macbeth's castle*

*Enter LADY MACBETH reading a letter*

*Lady M* They met me in the day of success  
and I have learned by the perfectest report they  
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When  
I burn'd in desire to question them further they  
made themselves air into which they vanished.  
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it came  
missives from the king who all hail'd me  
Thane of Cawdor by which title before these  
weird sisters saluted me and referred me to the  
coming on of time with Hail King that shalt  
be! This have I thought good to deliver thee  
my dearest partner of greatness that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay  
it to thy heart and farewell.

Glamis thou art and Cawdor and shalt be.  
What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy na-  
ture

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be  
great

Art not without ambition but without 30  
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst  
highly

That wouldst thou holily wouldst not play false  
And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'ldst have  
great Glamis

That which cries Thus thou must do if thou  
have it

And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee  
hither

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem 30  
To have thee crown'd withal

*Enter a MESSENGER*

What are your tidings?

*Mess* The king comes here to-night

*Lady M* Thou art mad to say it!

Is not thy master with him? who were't o'  
Would have inform'd for preparation

*Mess* So please you it is true our thane is com-  
ing

One of my fellows had the speed of him  
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message

*Lady M* Give him tending

He brings great news 30  
[*Exit MESSENGER*  
The raven himself is hoarse

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts unsex me here  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts  
And take my milk for gall you murdering  
ministers

Wherever in your sightless substances 30  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come thick night  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark  
To cry Hold hold!

*Enter MACBETH*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Greater than both by the all hail hereafter!  
Thy letters have transported me beyond  
This ignorant present and I feel now  
The future in the instant

*Macb* My dearest love

Duncan comes here to-night

*Lady M* And when goes hence? 30

*Macb* To-morrow as he purposes

*Lady M* O never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face my thane is as a book where men  
May read strange matters. To beguile the time  
Look like the time bear welcome in your eye  
Your hand your tongue look like the innocent  
flower

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
Must be provided for and you shall put  
This night's great business into my dispatch  
Which shall to all our nights and days to come 30  
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom

*Macb* We will speak further

*Lady M* Only look up clear

To alter favour ever is to fear

Leave all the rest to me 30 [Exit

SCENE VI *Before Macbeth's castle*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM,  
DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSS,  
ANGUS and Attendants*

*Dun* This castle hath a pleasant seat the air  
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses

*Ban* This guest of summer  
The temple-haunting martlet does approve,  
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here no jutting frieze

Buttress nor cown of vantage but this bird  
 He hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle  
 Where they moe breed and hatch I have ob-  
 served  
 The air is delicate

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

*DM* See, see our honour'd hostess! to  
 The love that follow's us sometime is our trouble  
 Which still we thank as love Herein I teach you  
 How you shall bid God bid us for your pains  
 And thank us for your trouble

*Lady M* All our service  
 In every point twice done and then do it double  
 Were poor and single business to contend  
 Against those honours deep and broad where  
 with

Your Majesty loads our house I or those of old  
 And the late dignities heap'd up to them  
 We rest your hermits

*DM* Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20  
 We couched him at the heels and had a purpose  
 To be his purveyer but he rides well  
 And his great love sharp as his spur hath holp  
 him

To his home before us I air and noble hostess  
 We are your guest to-night

*Lady M* Your servants ever  
 Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs in  
 compt,

To make their audit at your Highness pleasure  
 Still to return your own

*DM* Give me your hand  
 Conduct me to mine host We love him highly  
 And shall continue our graces towards him 30  
 By your leave, hostess [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII *Macbeth's castle*

*Hautboys and torches Enter a squire, and divers  
 Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the  
 stage Then enter MACBETH*

*Macb* If it were done when 'tis done then  
 'twere well

It were done quickly If the assassination  
 Could trammel up the consequence and catch  
 With his surcease success that but this blow  
 Might be the be all and the end all here  
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time  
 We'd jump the life to come But in these cases  
 We still have judgement here that we but teach  
 Bloody instructions which being taught return  
 To plague the inventor This even handed justice  
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
 To our own lips He's here in double trust  
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
 Strong both against the deed then as his host

Who should against his murderer shut the door  
 Not bear the knife i' self Besides this Duncan  
 Hath borne his faculties so meek hath been  
 So clear in his great office that his virtues  
 Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against  
 The deep damnation of his taking-off, 20  
 And pity like a naked new-born babe  
 Striding the blast or hearing a cherubim hoarse  
 Upon the silent couriers of the air  
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye  
 That tears shall drown the wind I have no spur  
 To prick the sides of my intent but only  
 Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself  
 And falls on the other

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

How now! what news?

*Lady M* He has almost supp'd Why have  
 you left the chamber

*Ms* Hath he ask'd for me

*Lady M* Know you not he has? 30  
*Macb* We will proceed no further in this busi-  
 ness

He hath honour'd me of late and I have bought  
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
 Which would be worn now in their new est  
 gloss

Not cast aside so soon

*Lady M* Was the hope drunk  
 Wherein you dress'd yourself Hath it slept  
 since?

And wakes it now to look so green and pale  
 At what it did so freely? From this time  
 Such I account thy love Art thou afraid  
 To be the same in thine own act and valour 40  
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
 And live a coward in thine own esteem  
 Letting I dare not wait upon 'I would'  
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*Macb* Prithce peace  
 I dare do all that may become a man  
 Who dares do more is none

*Lady M* What beast was't then,  
 That made you break this enterprise to me?  
 When you durst do it then you were a man  
 And to be more than what you were you  
 would 50

Be so much more the man Nor time nor place  
 Did then adhere and yet you would make both  
 They have made themselves and that their fit-  
 ness now

Does unmake you I have given suck and know  
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me  
 I would while it was smiling in my face  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums

And dash'd the brains out—had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this—

*Macb* If we should fail?

*Lady M* We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking place 60  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—  
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

*Macb* Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy  
two  
Of his own chamber and used their very  
daggers

That they have done?

*Lady M* Who dares receive it other  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

*Macb* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat 80  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth  
know. [Exit

## ACT II

### SCENE I *Court of Macbeth's castle*

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE bearing a torch before  
him

*Ban* How goes the night, boy?

*Fle* The moon is down. I have not heard the  
clock.

*Ban* And she goes down at twelve.

*Fle* I take it is later, sir.

*Ban* Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry  
in heaven.

Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose!

Enter MACBETH and a Servant with a torch

Give me my sword.

Who's there?

*Macb* A friend.

*Ban* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's  
a bed.

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your offices.  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb* Being unprepared  
Our will became the servant to defect  
Which else should free have wrought.

*Ban* All's well.  
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters 20  
To you they have show'd some truth.

*Macb* I think not of them.  
Yet when we can entreat an hour to serve  
We would spend it in some words upon that  
business.

If you would grant the time.

*Ban* At your kind st leisure.

*Macb* If you shall cleave to my consent, when  
tis

It shall make honour for you.

*Ban* So I lose none.  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear.  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb* Good repose the while!

*Ban* Thanks, sir, the like to you! 30

[Exit BANQUO and FLEANCE]

*Macb* Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is  
ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me  
clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable 40  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such  
thing.

It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50  
The curtain'd sleep. Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf—

Whose howls his watch, thus with his stealthy  
pace  
With Tarquin's ravish'd, strides towards his  
design  
Moves like a ghost Thou sure and firm set  
earth  
Hear not my steps which way they walk, for  
fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts  
And take the present horror from the time  
Which now suits with it Whiles I threat he 60  
lives  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives  
*A bell rings*  
I go and it is done, the bell invites me  
Hear it not Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell [Exit

SCENE II *The same**Enter LADY MACBETH*

*Lady M* That which hath made them drunk  
hath made me bold  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire  
Hark! Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd the fatal bellman  
Which gives the stern'st good night He is about  
II  
The doors are open and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores I have drugg'd  
their possets  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die  
*Macb* [Within] Who's there? what ho? 9  
*Lady M* Alack I am afraid they have awak'd  
And 'tis not done The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us Hark! I laid their daggers ready  
He could not miss 'em Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept I had done 't

*Enter MACBETH*

My husband!

*Macb* I have done the deed Didst thou not hear  
a noise?

*Lady M* I heard the owl scream and the crickets  
cry

Did not you speak?

*Macb* When?

*Lady M* Now

*Macb* As I descended?

*Lady M* Ay

*Macb* Hark!

Who lies i the second chamber?

*Lady M* Donalbain 20

*Macb* This is a sorry sight

*Looking on his hands*

*Lady M* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight

*Macb* There's one did laugh in's sleep and one  
cried 'Murder'

That they did wake each other I stood and heard  
them,

But they did say their prayers and address'd  
them

Again to sleep

*Lady M* There are two lodged together

*Macb* One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen'  
the other

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands  
Listening their fear I could not say 'Amen'

When they did say 'God bless us!'

*Lady M* Consider it not so deeply 30

*Macb* But wherefore could not I pronounce  
Amen?

I had most need of blessing and 'Amen'  
Stuck in my throat

*Lady M* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways, so it will make us mad

*Macb* Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no  
more!'

Macbeth does murder sleep' the innocent sleep  
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast—

*Lady M* What do you mean?

*Macb* Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the  
house 41

Glamis hath murder'd sleep and therefore  
Cawdor

Shall sleep no more Macbeth shall sleep no  
more

*Lady M* Who was it that thus cried? Why,  
worthy thine

You do unbend your noble strength to think  
So brainsickly of things Go get some water  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there Go carry them and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood

*Macb* I'll go no more 50

I am afraid to think what I have done,  
Lool on't again I dare not

*Lady M* Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures in the eye of childhood

That fears a painted devil If he do bleed

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt

[Exit Knocking within]

*Macb* Whence is that knocking?

How is it with me when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine  
eyes



Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will  
rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine  
Making the green one red

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH*

Lady M My hands are of your colour but I  
shame  
To wear a heart so white [*Knocking within*] I  
hear a knocking  
At the south entry Retire we to our chamber  
A little water clears us of this deed  
How easy is it then! Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended [*Knocking within*]  
Hark! more knocking  
Get on your nightgown lest occasion call us 70  
And show us to be watchers Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts  
Macb To know my deed 'twere best not know  
myself [*Knocking within*]  
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou  
couldst! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *The same*

*Knocking within Enter a PORTER*

Porter Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were  
porter of hell-gate he should have old turning  
the key [*Knocking within*] Knock knock  
knock! Who's there? the name of Beelzebub?  
Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the ex-  
pectation of plenty Come in time have napkins  
enough about you here you'll sweat for it [*Knock-  
ing within*] Knock knock! Who's there in  
the other devil's name? Faith here's an equivoca-  
tor that could swear in both the scales against  
either scale who committed treason enough for  
God's sake yet could not equivocate to heaven  
O come in equivocator [*Knocking within*]  
Knock knock knock! Who's there? Faith  
here's an English tailor come hither for stealing  
out of a French hose Come in tailor here you  
may roast your goose [*Knocking within*] Knock  
knock never at quiet! What are you? But this  
place is too cold for hell! I'll devil-porter it no  
further I had thought to have let in some of all  
professions that go the primrose way to the ever-  
lasting bonfire [*Knocking within*] Anon anon! I  
pray you remember the porter

*Opens the gate*

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

Macd Was it so late friend ere you went to  
bed  
That you do lie so late?  
Port Faith sir we were carousing till the

second cock And drink sir is a great provoker  
of three things

Macd What three things does drink especially  
provoke? 30

Port Marry sir nose painting sleep and  
urine Lechery sir it provokes and unprovokes  
it provokes the desire but it takes away the per-  
formance therefore much drink may be said to  
be an equivocator with lechery it makes him  
and it mars him it sets him on and it takes him  
off it persuades him and disheartens him makes  
him stand to and not stand to in conclusion  
equivocates him in a sleep and giving him the  
lie leaves him 40

Macd I believe drink gave thee the lie last  
night

Port That it did sir 's the very throat on me  
But I requited him for his lie and I think being  
too strong for him though he took up my legs  
sometime yet I made a shift to cast him

Macd Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awakened him here he comes  
Len Good morrow noble sir

Macb Good morrow both

Macd Is the king stirring worthy thane

Macb Not yet 50

Macd He did command me to call timely on  
him

I have almost slipp'd the hour

Macb I'll bring you to him

Macd I know this is a joyful trouble to you  
But yet 'tis one

Macb The labour we delight in physics pain  
This is the door

Macd I'll make so bold to call  
For 'tis my limited service [*Exit*]

Len Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb He does he did appoint so

Len The night has been unruly Where we lay  
Our chimneys were blown down and as they  
say

Lamentings heard 's the air strange screams of  
death 61

And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused elements  
New hatch'd to the woeful time The obscure  
bird

Clamour'd the livelong night some say the earth  
Was feverous and did shake

Macb 'Twas a rough night

Len My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

*Mac* O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
 Cannot conceive nor name thee  
*Mac* }  
*Len* } What's the matter? 70  
*Mac* Confusion now hath made his master-piece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
 The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
 The life of the building!  
*Mac* What is't you say? the life?  
*Len* Mean you his Majesty?  
*Mac* Approach the chamber and describe your sight  
 With a new Gorgon! Do not bid me speak,  
 See, and then speak yourselves  
*[Exit MACBETH and LENNOX]*  
 Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell! Murder and treason!  
 Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake! 80  
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeiter  
 And look on death itself! Up, up, and see  
 The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!  
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like  
 sprites  
 To countenance this horror! Ring the bell  
*Bell rings*

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

*Lady M* What's the business  
 That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
 The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!  
*Mac* O gentle lady,  
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak 90  
 The repetition in a woman's ear  
 Would murder as it fell

*Enter BANQUO*

O Banquo, Banquo  
 Our royal master's murder'd!  
*Lady M* Woe, alas!  
 What, in our house?  
*Ban* Too cruel anywhere  
 Dear Duff! I prithee contradict thyself,  
 And say it is not so

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX with ROSS*

*Mac* Had I but died an hour before this chance  
 I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant  
 There's nothing serious in mortality,  
 All is but toys; Renown and grace is dead  
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees 100  
 Is left this vault to brag of

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*

*Don* What is amiss?

*Mac* You are and do not know  
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
 Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd  
*Mac* Your royal father's murder'd  
*Mal* O by whom?  
*Len* Those of his chamber, as it seem'd had  
 done it  
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
 So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
 Upon their pillows  
 They star'd and were distracted; no man's life  
 Was to be trusted with them 110  
*Mac* O yet I do repent me of my fury  
 That I did kill them

*Mac* Wherefore did you so?  
*Mac* Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and  
 furious  
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man  
 The expedition of my violent love  
 Outrun the pauser; reason Here lay Duncan  
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood  
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
 For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murder  
 ers

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could re-  
 frain  
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage to make s love known?

*Lady M* Help me hence, ho!  
*Mac* Look to the lady  
*Mal* *[Aside to DONALBAIN]* Why do we hold  
 our tongues,  
 That most may claim this argument for ours?  
*Don* *[Aside to MALCOLM]* What should be  
 spoken here, where our fate  
 Hid in an auger hole, may rush and seize us?  
 Let's away 120

Our tears are not yet brew'd  
*Mal* *[Aside to DONALBAIN]* Nor our strong sor-  
 row

Upon the foot of motion  
*Ban* Look to the lady  
*[Lady MACBETH is carried out]*

And when we have our naked frailties hid  
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet  
 And question this most bloody-piece of work  
 To know it further: Fears and scruples shake us  
 In the great hand of God I stand, and thence  
 Against the undivulged pretence I fight  
 Of treasonous malice

*Mac* And so do I  
*All* So all  
*Mac* Let's briefly put on manly readiness  
 And meet i' the hall together  
*All* Well contented

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN*]

*Mal* What will you do? Let's not consort with them

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy I'll to England

*Don* To Ireland I our separated fortune

Shall keep us both the safer Where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood

The nearer bloody

*Mal* This murderous shaft that's shot

Hath not yet lighted and our safest way

Is to avoid the aim Therefore to hie

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking 150

But shift away There's warrant in that theft

Which steals itself when there's no mercy left

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV Outside Macbeth's castle

*Enter ROSS and an OLD MAN*

*Old M* Threescore and ten I can remember  
well

Within the volume of which time I have seen  
Hours dreadful and things strange but this sore night

Hath trifled former knowings

*Ross* Ah good father

Thou seest the heavens as troubled with man's  
act

Threatens his bloody stage By the clock 'tis day  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp

Is't night's predominance or the day's shame

That darkness does the face of earth entomb

When living light should kiss it?

*Old M* 'Tis unnatural 20

Even like the deed that's done On Tuesday  
last

A falcon towering in her pride of place

Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd

*Ross* And Duncan's horses—a thing most  
strange and certain—

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race

Turn'd wild in nature broke their stalls, flung  
our

Contending 'gainst obedience as they would  
make

War with mankind

*Old M* 'Tis said they eat each other

'Tis said they did so to the amazement of mine  
eyes

That look'd upon't Here comes the good Mac  
duff 20

*Enter MACDUFF*

How goes the world with you now?

*Macd* Why see you not?

*Ross* Is't known who did this more than bloody  
deed?

*Macd* Those that Macbeth hath slain

*Ross* Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

*Macd* They were suborn'd

Malcolm and Donalbain the King's two sons

Are stol'n away and fled which puts upon them

Suspicion of the deed

*Ross* 'Gainst nature still!

Thrifless ambition that will trav'lin up

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth 0

*Macd* He is already named and gone to Scone

To be invested

*Ross* Where is Duncan's body?

*Macd* Carried to Colmekill

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors

And guardian of their bones

*Ross* Will you to Scone?

*Macd* No cousin I'll to Fife

*Ross* Well I will thither

*Macd* Well may you see things well done  
there adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

*Ross* Farewell father

*Old M* God's benison go with you and with  
tho'e 40

That would make good of bad and friends of  
foes! [*Exeunt*]

## ACT III

SCENE I Forres the palace

*Enter BANQUO*

*Ban* Thou hast it now King Cawdor Glamis  
all

As the weird women promised and I fear

Thou play'st most foully for't yet it was said

It should not stand in thy power

But that my self should be the root and father

Of many kings if there come truth from them—

As upon thee Macbeth, their speeches shine—

Why by the verities on thee made good

May they not be my oracles as well

And set me up in hope? But hush! no more 10

*Secret knock'd* *Enter MACBETH as King* *LADY*  
*MACBETH as Queen* *LENNOX* *ROSS* *Lords*  
*Ladies and Attendants*

*Macd* Here's our chief guest

*Lady M* If he had been forgotten

It had been as a gap in our great feast

And all thing unbecoming

*Macd* To-night we hold a solemn supper sir

And I'll request your presence

*Ban* Let your Highness  
Command upon me to the which my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit

*Macb* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban* As my good lord 20

*Macb* We should have else desired your good  
advice

Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council but we'll take to-morrow  
Is it far you ride?

*Ban* As far my lord as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper Go not my horse the  
better

I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain

*Macb* I'll not our feast

*Ban* My lord I will not

*Macb* We hear, our bloody cousins are be-  
stow'd 30

In England and in Ireland not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention But of that to-morrow,  
When therewithal we shall have cause of state  
Craving us jointly Hie you to horse, adieu  
Till you return at night Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban* As my good lord Our time does call  
upon's

*Macb* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,  
And so I do commend you to their backs  
Farewell 40

[*Exit BANQUO*]  
Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night To make society  
The sweeter welcome we will keep ourself  
Till supper time alone while then God be with  
you!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and an ATTENDANT*]  
*Sirrah* a word with you Attend those men  
Our pleasure?

*Attendant* They are my lord without the palace  
gate

*Macb* Bring them before us

[*Exit ATTENDANT*]  
To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep and in his royalty of nature 50  
Reigns that which would be fear'd 'Tis much he  
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear and, under him  
My Genius is rebuked as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar He chid the  
sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me

And bade them speak to him then prophet like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings, 60  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding 'Tis be so  
I or Banquo's issue have I filed my mind  
I or them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd,  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man  
To make them kings the seed of Banquo  
kings! 70

Rather than so come fate into the list  
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

*Re-enter ATTENDANT with two MURDERERS*

Now go to the door and stay there till we call  
[*Exit ATTENDANT*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

*1st Murderer* It was, so please your Highness

*Macb* Well then now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was he in the times past which held you  
So under fortune which you thought had been  
Our innocent self Thus I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with  
you 80

How you were borne in hand how cross'd the  
instruments  
Who wrought with them, and all things else that  
might

To half a soul and to a notion crazed

Say Thus did Banquo!

*1st Murderer* You made it known to us  
*Macb* I did so and went further, which is now  
Our point of second meeting Do you find  
Your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd  
To pray for this good man and for his issue  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave  
And beggar'd your souls for ever?

*1st Murderer* We are men my liege 90

*Macb* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,  
As hounds and grey hounds mongrels spaniels,  
curs,

Shoughs water rugs and demi wolves are clept  
All by the name of dogs the valued file  
Distinguishes the swift the slow, the subtle,  
The housekeeper, the hunter every one  
According to the gift which bounteous nature  
Hath in him closed whereby he does receive  
Particular addition from the bill 100  
That writes them all alike and so of men  
Now if you have a station in the file  
Not in the worst rank of manhood say t,

And I will put that business in your bottoms  
Whose execution takes your enemy off  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life  
Which in his death were perfect

*2nd Mur* I am one my liege  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world 110

*1st Mur* And I another  
So weary with disasters tugg'd with fortune  
That I would set my life on any chance  
To mend it or be rid on't

*Macb* Both of you  
*Macb* Banquo was your enemy  
*Both Mur* True my lord  
*Macb* So is he mine and in such bloody dis-  
tance

That every minute of his being thrusts  
Against my nearst of life and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it yet I must not 120  
For certain friends that are both his and mine  
Whose loves I may not drop but wail his fall  
Who I myself struck down and thence it is  
That I to your assistance do make love  
Masking the business from the common eye  
For sundry weighty reasons

*2nd Mur* We shall my lord,  
Perform what you command us

*1st Mur* Though our lives—  
*Macb* Your spirits shine through you Within  
this hour at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time 130  
The moment on't for t must be done to-night  
And something from the palace always thought  
That I require a clearness and with him—  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—  
Fleance his son that keeps him company  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour Resolve yourselves apart  
I'll come to you anon

*Both Mur* We are resolved my lord  
*Macb* I'll call upon you straight abide  
within [*Exit MURDERERS* 140  
It is concluded Banquo thy soul's flight  
If it find heaven must find it out to-night [*Exit*

#### SCENE II The palace

*Enter LADY MACBETH and a SERVANT*

*Lady M* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv* Ay madam but returns again to-night

*Lady M* Say to the King I would attend his  
leisure

For a few words

*Serv* Madam I will [*Exit*  
*Lady M* Nought's had all's spent  
Where our desire is got without content  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy  
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy

*Enter MACBETH*

How now my lord! why do you keep alone  
Of sorriest fancies your companions making  
Using those thoughts which should indeed have  
died 10  
With them they think on? Things without all  
remedy

Should be without regard what's done is done  
*Macb* We have scotch'd the snake not kill'd it  
She'll close and be herself whilst our poor malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth  
But let the frame of things disjoint both the  
worlds suffer

Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams  
That shake us nightly Better be with the dead,  
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to  
peace

Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21  
In restless ecstasy Duncan is in his grave  
After life's sinful sev'n he sleeps well  
Treason has done his worst nor steel nor poison  
Malice domestic foreign levy nothing  
Can touch him further

*Lady M* Come on  
Gentle my lord sleep o'er your rugged looks  
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-  
night

*Macb* So shall I love and so I pray be you  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo 30  
Present him eminence both with eye and tongue  
Unsafe the while that we  
Must leave our honours in these flattering streams  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts  
Disguising what they are

*Lady M* You must leave this  
*Macb* O full of scorpions in my mind dear  
wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives  
*Lady M* But in them nature's copy's not eternal  
*Macb* There's comfort yet they are assailable  
Then be thou jocund ere the bat hath flown 40  
His clout'ring flight ere to black Hecate's sum-  
mons

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums  
Hath rung night's yawning peal there shall be  
done

A deed of dreadful note

*Lady M* What's to be done?

*Macb* Be innocent of the knowledge dearest  
chuck  
Till thou applaud the deed Come seeling night,  
Scarfp up the tender eye of pitiful day,  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the  
crow 50  
Makes wing to the rooky wood  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do  
rouse  
Thou marvell'st at my words but hold thee still  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill  
So printhed go with me [Exit

SCENE III *A park near the palace**Enter THREE MURDERERS*

*1st Mur* But who did bid thee join with us?  
*3rd Mur* Macbeth  
*2nd Mur* He needs not our mistrust since he  
delivers  
Our offices and what we have to do  
To the direction just  
*1st Mur* Then stand with us  
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of  
day  
Now spurs the lated traveller apace  
To gain the timely inn and near approaches  
The subject of our watch  
*3rd Mur* I hark! I hear horses  
*Ban* [Within] Give us a light there ho!  
*2nd Mur* Then 'tis he the rest 10  
That are within the note of expectation  
Already are in the court  
*1st Mur* His horses go about  
*3rd Mur* Almost a mile but he does usually,  
So all men do from hence to the palace gate  
Make it their walk  
*2nd Mur* A light, a light!  
*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch*  
*3rd Mur* 'Tis he  
*1st Mur* Stand to't  
*Ban* It will be rain to-night  
*1st Mur* Let it come down  
They set upon BANQUO  
*Ban* O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly fly,  
fly!  
Thou mayst revenge O slave!  
[Dies FLEANCE escapes  
*3rd Mur* Who did strike out the light?  
*1st Mur* Was't not the way?  
*3rd Mur* There's but one down, the son is fled  
*2nd Mur* We have lost 20  
Best half of our affair

*1st Mur* Well, let's away, and say how much is  
done [Exit

SCENE IV *The same hall in the palace*

*A Lady just prepared* Enter MACBETH LADY MAC-  
BETH ROSS HUNNON Lords and Attendants  
*Macb* You know your own degrees, sit down  
At first  
And last the hearty welcome  
*Lor Is* Thanks to your Majesty  
*Macb* Ourselves will mingle with society  
And play the humble host  
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time  
We will require her welcome  
*Lady M* Pronounce it for me, sir to all our  
friends  
For my heart speaks they are welcome

FIRST MURDERER appears at the door

*Macb* See, they encounter thee with their  
hearts thanks  
Both sides are even here I'll sit: the midst 10  
Be large in mirth anon we'll drink a measure  
The table round [Approaching the door] There's  
blood upon thy face  
*1st Mur* 'Tis Banquo's then  
*Macb* 'Tis better thee without than he within  
Is he dispatch'd?  
*1st Mur* My lord his throat is cut that I did  
for him  
*Macb* Thou art the best man the cut throats, yet  
he's good  
That did the like for Fleance If thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil  
*1st Mur* Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped 20  
*Macb* Then comes my fit again I had else been  
perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock  
As broad and general as the casing air,  
But now I am cabin'd cribb'd confined bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears But Banquo's safe?  
*1st Mur* Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he  
bides  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,  
The least a death to nature  
*Macb* Thanks for that  
There the grown serpent lies, the worm that s  
fled  
Hath nature that in time will venom breed 30  
No teeth for the present Get thee gone to-  
morrow  
We'll hear ourselves, again [Exit MURDERER  
*Lady M* My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer The feast is sold  
That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a maling,

Tis given with welcome To feed were best at home

I from thence the sauce to meat in ceremony

Meeting were bare without it

*Macb* Sweet remembrance!

Now good digestion wait on appetite

And health on both!

*Len* May it please your Highness sit

*The Ghost of Banquo enters and sits in Macbeth's place*

*Macb* Here had we now our country's honour roof'd

Were the graced person of our Banquo present

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness

Than pity for mischance!

*Ross* His absence sir

Lays blame upon his promise Please it your Highness

To grace us with your royal company

*Macb* The table's full

*Len* Here is a place reserved sir

*Macb* Where?

*Len* Here my good lord What is it that moves your Highness?

*Macb* Which of you have done this?

*Lords* What my good lord?

*Macb* Thou canst not say I did it Never shake

Thy gory locks at me

*Ross* Gentlemen rise his Highness is not well

*Lady M* Sit worthy friends my lord is often thus

And hath been from his youth Pray you keep seat

The fit is momentary upon a thought

He will again be well If much you note him

You shall offend him and extend his passion

I feed and regard him not Are you a man?

*Macb* Ay and a bold one that dare look on that Which might appal the devil

*Lady M* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear

This is the air-drawn dagger which you said

Led you to Duncan O these flaws and starts

Impostors to true fear would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire

Authorized by her grandam Shame itself!

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You look but on a stool

*Macb* Priftee see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why what care I? If thou canst nod speak too

If charnel houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites [Ghost vanishes

*Lady M* What quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb* If I stand here I saw him

*Lady M* Fie for shame!

*Macb* Blood hath been shed ere now in the olden time

Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal

Ay and since too murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear The time has been

That when the brains were out the man would die,

And there an end but now they rise again

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns

And push us from our stools This is more strange

Than such a murder is

*Lady M* My worthy lord

Your noble friends do lack you

*Macb* I do forget

Do not muse at me my most worthy friends

I have a strange infirmity which is nothing

To those that know me Come love and health to all

Then I'll sit down Give me some wine fill full

I drink to the general joy of the whole table

And to our dear friend Banquo whom we miss

Would he were here! to all and him we thirst

And all to all

*Lords* Our duties and the pledge

*Re-enter Ghost*

*Macb* Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless thy blood is cold

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M* Think of this good peers

But as a thing of custom tis no other

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time

*Macb* What man dare I dare

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear

The arm'd rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger

Take any shape but that and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble Or be alive again

And dare me to the desert with thy sword

If trembling I inhabit then protect me

The baby of a girl Hence horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery hence! [Ghost vanishes

Why so being gone

I am a man again Pray you sit still

*Lady M* You have displaced the mirth broke

the good meeting

With most admired disorder

*Macb* Can such things be

And overcome us like a summer's cloud

Without our special wonder? You make me

strange Even to the disposition that I owe,

When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanch'd with fear

*Ross* What sights my lord?

*Lady M* I pray you, speak not, he grows worse  
and worse,

Question enrages him. At once good night  
Stand not upon the order of your going

But go at once

*Lei* Good night and better health 120

Attend his Majesty!

*Lady M* A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH*]

*Mac* It will have blood, they say, blood will  
have blood

Stones have been known to move and trees to  
speak,

Augurs and understood relations have

By magic pies and coughts and rooks brought  
forth

The secret of man of blood. What is the night?

*Lady M* Almost at odds with morning, which  
is which

*Mac* How say'st thou that Macduff denies his  
person

At our great bidding?

*Lady M* Did you send to him, sir?

*Mac* I hear it by the way, but I will send  
There's not a one of them but in his house 131

I keep a servant feed I will to-morrow

And betimes I will to the weird sisters

More shall they speak for now I am bent to  
know,

By the worst means, the worst For mine own  
good

All causes shall give way I am in blood

Stepp'd in so far that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go or

Strange things I have in head that will to hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd

*Lady M* You lack the season of all natures,  
sleep 141

*Mac* Come, we'll to sleep My strange and  
self abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use

We are yet but young in deed [Exeunt]

# SCENE V A Heath

*Thunder* Enter the THREE WITCHES,  
meeting HECATE

*1st Witch* Why, how now, Hecate! you look  
angrily

*Hec* Have I not reason beldams as you are,

Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death,

And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or e'er own the glory of our art?

And which is worse all you have done 10

Hath been but for a wayward son

Spiteful and wrathful who as others do,

Loves for his own end not for you

But make amends now get you go to

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me the morning thither he

Will come to know his destiny

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and every thing beside

I am for the air this night I'll spend 20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end

Great business must be wrought ere noon

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vaporous drop profound,

I'll catch it ere it come to ground

And that distill'd by magic sleights

Shall raise such artificial sprites

As by the strength of their illusion

Shall draw him on to his confusion

He shall spurn fate scorn death and bear 30

His hopes bow'd with wisdom grace and fear

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy

*Music and a song within* Come away come  
away &c

I hark! I am call'd my little spirit see

Sits in a foggy cloud and stays for me [Exit

*1st Witch* Come, let's make haste she'll soon  
be back again [Exeunt]

# SCENE VI Forres the palace

Enter LENOX and another LORD

*Len* My former speeches have but hit your  
thoughts

Which can interpret further only I say,

Things have been strangely borne The gracious  
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth, marry he was dead

And the right valiant Banquo wall'd too late,

Whom you may say, if it please you, Fleance  
I'll d

For Fleance fled Men must not walk too late

Who cannot want the thought how monstrous

It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain

To kill their gracious father? damned fact! 10

How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight

In pious rage the two delinquents tear

That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?

Was not this nobly done? Ay, and wisely too,

For would have anger'd any heart alive

To hear the men deny't So that I say,



He has borne all things well and I do think  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—  
As an please heaven he shall not—they should  
find  
What twere to kill a father so should Fleance 20  
But peace! for from broad words and cause he  
fail d

His presence at the tyrant's feast I hear  
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

Lord The son of Duncan  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth  
Lives in the English court and is received  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace  
That the malevolence of Fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect Thither Macduff  
Is gone to pray the holy King upon his aid 30  
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward  
That by the help of these—with him above  
To ratify the work—we may again  
Give to our tables meat sleep to our nights  
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives  
Do faithful homage and receive free honours  
All which we pine for now And this report  
Hath so exasperate the King that he  
Prepares for some attempt of war

Len Send he to Macduff?

Lord He did and with an absolute Sir  
not I 40  
The cloudy messenger turns me his back  
And hums as who should say You'll rue the  
time

That clogs me with this answer

Len And that well might  
Advise him to a caution to hold what distance  
His wisdom can provide Some holy angel  
Fly to the court of England and unfold  
His message ere he come that a swift blessing  
May soon return to this our suffering country  
Under a hand accursed!

Lord I'll send my prayers with him  
(Exit)

## ACT IV

SCENE I A cavern in the middle a boiling  
cauldron

Thunder Enter the THREE WITCHES

1st Witch Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd  
2nd Witch Thrice and once the hedge pig  
whined

3rd Witch Harpier cries tis time tis time

1st Witch Round about the cauldron go

In the poison'd entrails throw  
Toad that under cold stone  
Days and nights has thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got

Boil thou first the charmed pot  
All Double double toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble  
2nd Witch Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake  
Eye of newt and toe of frog  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog  
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing  
For a charm of powerful trouble  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble

All Double double toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble  
3rd Witch Scale of dragon tooth of wolf  
Witches mummy maw and gulf  
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark  
Root of hemlock digg'd the dark  
Liver of blaspheming Jew  
Gall of goat and slips of yew  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse  
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips  
Finger of birth-strangled babe  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab  
Make the gruel thick and slab  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron  
For the ingredients of our cauldron  
All Double double toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble  
2nd Witch Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good

Enter HECATE to the other THREE WITCHES

Hec O well done! I commend your pains  
And every one shall share the gains 40  
And now about the cauldron sing  
Like elves and fairies in a rin  
Enchanting all that you put in

Music and a song Black spirits &c  
(HECATE retires)

2nd Witch By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes  
Open locks  
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH

Macb How now you secret black and midnight  
hags!

What is't you do?

All A deed without a name 49  
Macb I conjure you by that which you profess  
Howe'er you come to know it answer me  
Though you untie the winds and let them fight  
Against the churches though the yesty waters  
Confound and swallow navigation up  
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown  
down

Though castles topple on their warders' heads  
Though palaces and pyramids do slope  
Their heads to their foundations though the  
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together  
Even till destruction sicken answer me 60  
To what task you

*1st Witch* Speak  
*2nd Witch* Demand  
*3rd Witch* We'll answer  
*1st Witch* Say if thou dost rather hear it from  
our mouths  
Or from our masters?

*Macb* Call em let me see em  
*1st Witch* Pour in sow's blood that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow grease that's sweeten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame

*All* Come, high or low  
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder* FIRST APPARITION *an arm & Head*

*Macb* Tell me, thou unknown power—  
*1st Witch* He knows thy thought  
Hear his speech but say thou nought 70  
*1st App* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff

Beware the thane of life Dismiss me Enough  
*[Descends]*

*Macb* Where'er thou art for thy good caution  
thanks  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright But one word  
more—

*1st Witch* He will not be commanded Here's  
another,  
More potent than the first

*Thunder* SECOND APPARITION *a bloody Child*

*2nd App* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!  
*Macb* Had I three ears I'd hear thee  
*2nd App* Be bloody bold and resolute laugh  
to scorn

The power of man for none of woman born 80  
Shall harm Macbeth *[Descends]*

*Macb* Then live, Macduff what need I fear of  
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate Thou shalt not live,  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies  
And sleep in spite of thunder

*Thunder* THIRD APPARITION *a Child crowned,  
with a tree in his hand*

What is this  
That rises like the issue of a king  
And wears upon his baby-brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

*All* Listen but speak not to it  
*1st App* Be lion mettled proud and take no  
care 90

Who chafes who frets or where conspirers are  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him *[Descends]*

*Macb* That will never be  
Who can impress the forest bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet heavens!  
Good!

Rebellion's head rise never till the wood  
Of Birnam rise an hour high placed Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature pay his breath  
To time and mortal custom Yet my heart 100  
Throbs to know one thing Tell me if your art  
Can tell so much shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kindom

*All* Seek to know no more  
*Macb* I will be satisfied deny me this  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

*1st Witch*

*1st Witch* Show!

*2nd Witch* Show!

*3rd Witch* Show!

*All* Show his eyes and grieve his heart, 110  
Come like shadows so depart!

*A show of eight knives the last with a glass in  
his hand, Banquo & Glendower following*

*Macb* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo,  
down!

Thy crown does seat mine eye balls And thy  
hair

Thou other gold-bound brow is like the first

A third is like the former Filthy hags!

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start eyes!

What will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?

Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more

And yet the eighth appears who bears a glass  
Which shows me many more and some I see 120

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry

Horrible sight! Now, I see 'tis true,

For the blood bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me

And points at them for his *[Apparitions vanish]*

What is this so?

*1st Witch* Ay, sir all this is so But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come sisters cheer we up his sprites

And show the best of our delights

I'll charm the air to give a sound

While you perform your antic round,

That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay

[*Music The WITCHES dance and then vanish with HECATE*]

*Macb* Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour

Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in without there!

*Enter LENNOX*

*Len* What's your Grace's will?

*Macb* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len* No my lord

*Macb* Came they not by you?

*Len* No indeed my lord

*Macb* Infected be the air whereon they ride

And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse who was't came by? 140

*Len* 'Tis two or three my lord that bring you word

*Macduff* fled to England

*Macb* Fled to England!

*Len* Ay, my good lord

*Macb* Time thou anticipatest my dread exploits

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it From this moment

The very firstlings of my heart shall be

The firstlings of my hand And even now

To crown my thoughts with acts be it thought  
and done

The castle of Macduff I will surprise 150

Seize upon Fife give to the edge o' the sword

His wife his babes and all unfortunate souls

That trace him in his line No boasting like a fool

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool

But no more sights! Where are these gentlemen?

Come bring me where they are [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *Fife Macduff's castle*

*Enter LADY MACDUFF her SON and ROSS*

*L Macd* What had he done to make him fly  
the land?

*Ross* You must have patience madam

*L Macd* He had none

His flight was madness When our actions do  
not

Our fears do make us traitors

*Ross* You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear

*L Macd* Wisdom! to leave his wife to leave  
his babes

His mansion and his titles in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not

He wants the natural touch for the poor wren

The most diminutive of birds will hit 10

Her young ones in her nest against the owl

All is the fear and nothing is the love

As little in the wisdom where the flit

So runs against all reason

*Ross* My dearest coz

I pray you school yourself but for your husband

He is noble wise judicious and best knows

The fits o' the season I dare not speak much  
further

But cruel are the times when we are traitors

And do not know ourselves when we hold ruin

From what we fear yet know not what we fear

But float upon a wild and violent sea 21

Each way and move I take my leave of you

Shall not be long but I'll be here again

Things at the worst will cease or else climb up-  
ward

To what they were before My pretty cousin

Blessing upon you!

*L Macd* Father'd he is and yet he's fatherless

*Ross* I am so much a fool should I stay longer

It would be my disgrace and your discomfort

I take my leave at once [*Exit*]

*L Macd* Sirrah your father's dead 30

And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son* As birds do mother

*L Macd* What with worms and flies?

*Son* With what I get I mean and so do they

*L Macd* Poor bird! thou dost never fear the net  
nor time

The pitfall nor the gin

*Son* Why should I mother? Poor birds they  
are not set for

My father is not dead for all your saying

*L Macd* Yes he is dead How wilt thou do for  
a father?

*Son* Nay how will you do for a husband?

*L Macd* Why I can buy me twenty at any  
market 40

*Son* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again

*L Macd* Thou speak'st with all thy wit and  
yet a faith

With wit enough for thee

*Son* Was my father a traitor mother?

*L Macd* Ay that he was

*Son* What is a traitor?

*L Macd* Why one that swears and lies

*Son* And be all traitors that do so?

*L Macd* Every one that does so is a traitor and  
must be hanged 50

*Son* And must they all be hanged that swear  
and lie?

*L Macd* Every one

*Son* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd* Why the honest men

*Sm* Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them

*L. Macd* Now God help thee poor monkey!

*Br* How wilt thou do for a father?

*Sm* If we were dead you'd weep for him: if you would not it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father

*L. Macd* Poor prattler how thou talk'st!

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Mess* Bless you fair dame! I am not to you known

Though in your state of honour I am perfect

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly

If you will take a homely man's advice

Be not found here hence with your little ones

To fright you thus methinks I am too savage

To do worse to you were fell cruelty

Which is too high your person: Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer

*[Exit]*

*L. Macd* Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm But I remember now

I am in this earthly world where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence

To say I have done no harm?

*Enter MURDERERS*

What are these faces?

*1st Mur* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd* I hope in no place so unsanctified

Where such as thou may'st find him

*1st Mur* He's a traitor

*Son* Thou liest, thou shag hair'd villain!

*1st Mur* What you egg?

*Stabbing him*

Young fry of treachery!

*Son* He has kill'd me mother

Run away, I pray you!

*[Dies]*

*[Exit LADY MACDUFF crying 'Murder!']*

*Exit MURDERERS following her*

SCENE III *England before the King's palace*

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

*Mal* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty

*Macd* Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword and like good men

Bestride our down fall birthdom: Each new morn

New widows howl new orphans cry, new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out

I likevallie of dolour

*Mal* What I believe I'll wail,

What know believe and what I can redress

As I shall find the time to friend I will

*Mal* You have spoil'd it: may be so perchance

This tyrant whose sole name blisters our tongues

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him

well

He hath not touch'd you yet I am young but

something

You may deceive of him through me and wisdom

To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb

To appease an angry god

*Mal* I am not treacherous

*Mal* But Macbeth is

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge: But I shall crave your

pardon

That which you are my thoughts cannot trans-

pose

Angels are bright still though the brightest fell

Though all things foul would wear the brows of

grace

Yet grace must still look so

*Macd* I have lost my hopes

*Mal* Perchance even there where I did find my

doubts

Why in that rawness left you wife and child

Those precious motives those strong knots of

love

Without leave taking? I pray you

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours

But mine own safeties: You may be rightly just,

Whatever I shall think

*Macd* Bleed bleed poor country!

Great tyrannus! lay thou thy basis sure

For goodness dare not check thee: Wear thou

thy wrongs

The title in affect: Fare thee well lord

I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,

And the rich East to boot

*Mal* Be not offended

I speak not as in absolute fear of you

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke

It weeps it bleeds and each new day a gash

Is added to her wounds: I think withal

There would be hands uplifted in my right,

And here from gracious England have I offer

Of goodly thousands: But, for all this

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head

Or wear it on my sword yet my poor country

Shall have more vices than it had before

More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,

By him that shall succeed

*Macd* What should he be?

*Mal* It is my self I mean in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted  
That when they shall be open'd black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb being compared  
With my confineless harms

*Macd* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth

*Mal* I grant him bloody  
Luxurious avaricious false deceitful  
Sudden malicious smacking of every sin  
That has a name but there's no bottom none  
In my voluptuousness Your wives your daughters

Your matrons and your maids could not fill up  
The eastern of my lust and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will Better Macbeth  
Than such an one to reign

*Macd* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
And fall of many kings But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty  
And yet seem cold the time you may so hood  
wink

We have willing dames enough there cannot be  
That vulture in you to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves  
Finding it so inclined

*Mal* With this there grows  
In my most ill compos'd affection such  
A stanchless avarice that were I king  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands  
Desire his jewels and this other's house  
And my more having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more that I should forge  
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal  
Destroying them for wealth

*Macd* This avarice  
Sticks deeper grows with more pernicious root  
Than summer seeming lust and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings Yet do not fear  
Scotland hath fountains to fill up your will  
Of your mere own All these are portable  
With other graces weigh'd

*Mal* But I have none The king becoming  
graces

As justice verity temperance stableness  
Bounty perseverance mercy lowliness  
Devotion, patience courage fortitude,  
I have no relish of them, but abound

In the division of each several crime  
Acting it many ways Nay had I power I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell  
Uproar the universal peace confound  
All unity on earth

*Macd* O Scotland Scotland!  
*Mal* If such a one be fit to govern speak  
I am as I have spoken

*Macd* Fit to govern!  
No not to live O nation miserable  
With an untitled tyrant bloody scepter'd  
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,  
Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd  
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father  
Was a most sainted king the queen that bore  
thee

Offener upon her knees than on her feet  
Died every day she lived Fare thee well!  
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself  
Have banish'd me from Scotland O my breast  
Thy hope ends here!

*Mal* Macduff this noble passion,  
Child of integrity hath from my soul  
Wiped the black scruples reconciled my thoughts  
To thy good truth and honour Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power and modest wisdom plucks me  
From over credulous haste But God above  
Deal between thee and me for even now

I put my self to thy direction and  
Unspeak mine own detraction here abjure  
The taints and blames I laid upon myself  
For strangers to my nature I am yet  
Unknown to woman never was forsworn  
Scarcely have covet'd what was mine own  
At no time brook'd my faith would not betray  
The devil to his fellow and delight  
No less in truth than life My first false speaking  
Was this upon myself what I am truly  
Is thine and my poor country's to command  
Whither indeed before thy here approach  
Old Sward with ten thousand warlike men  
Already at a point was setting forth  
Now we'll together and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you  
silent?

*Macd* Such welcome and unwelcome thins  
once  
Tis hard to reconcile

*Enter a DOCTOR*

*Mal* Well more anon — Comes the king forth  
I pray you?

*Doct* Ay sir there are a crew of wretched souls  
That stay his cure Their malady convinces

The great assay of art, but at his touch—  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand—  
They presently amend

*Mal* I thank you doctor [*Exit DOCTOR*]

*Macd* What's the disease he means?

*Mal* 'Tis call'd the evil

A most miraculous work in this good king  
Which often since my here remain in England  
I have seen him do: How he solicits Heaven  
Himself best knows, but strangely visited  
people

All swoll'n and ulcerous painful to the eye, 151

The mere despair of surgery he cures

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks

Put on with holy prayers And tis spoken

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction With this strange vir-  
tue

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,

And sundry blessings hang about his throne

That speak him full of grace

*Enter ROSS*

*Macd* See who comes here?

*Mal* My countryman but yet I know him 160

*Macd* My ever-gentle cousin welcome hither

*Mal* I know him now Good God betimes re-  
move

The means that makes us strangers!

*Ross* Sir amen

*Macd* Stands Scotland where it did

*Ross* Alas poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself It cannot

Be call'd our mother but our grave where noth-  
ing

But who knows nothing is once seen to smile

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the  
air

Are made not mark'd where violent sorrow  
seems

A modern ecstasy The dead man's knell 170

Is there scarce ask'd for who and good men's  
lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken

*Macd* O relation

Too nice and yet too true!

*Mal* What's the newest grief?

*Ross* That of an hour's age doth huss the speak-  
er

Each minute teems a new one

*Macd* How does my wife?

*Ross* Why, well

*Macd* And all my children?

*Ross* Well too

*Macd* The tyrant has not batter'd at their  
peace?

*Ross* No they were well at peace when I did  
leave em

*Macd* Be not a niggard of your speech how  
goes it? 180

*Ross* When I came hither to transport the tid-  
ings

Which I have heavily borne there ran a rumour

Of many worthy fellows that were out,

Which was to my belief witness'd the rather

For that I saw the tyrant's power a foot

Now is the time of help your eyes in Scotland

Would create soldiers make our women fight

To doff their dire distresses

*Mal* Be it their comfort

We are coming thither Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men 190

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out

*Ross* Would I could answer

This comfort with the like! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,

Where hearing should not latch them

*Mal* What concern they

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief

Due to some single breast?

*Ross* No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe though the main part

Pertains to you alone

*Macd* If it be mine,

Keep it not from me quickly let me have it 200

*Ross* Let not your ears despise my tongue for  
ever

Which shall possess them with the heaviest  
sound

That ever yet they heard

*Macd* Hum! I guess at it

*Ross* Your castle is surprised, your wife and  
babes

Savagely slaughter'd To relate the manner

Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer,

To add the death of you

*Mal* Merciful heaven!

What man's ne'er pull your hat upon your brows

Give sorrow words The grief that does not

speak

Whisperstheo'er fraught heart and bids it break

*Macd* My children too?

*Ross* Wife children servants all 211

That could be found

*Macd* And I must be from thence!

My wife kill'd too?

*Ross* I have said

*Mal* Be comforted

Let's make us medicines of our great revenge

To cure this deadly grief

*Mal* He has no children All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell kite! All?

What all my pretty chickens and their dam

At one fell swoop?

*Mal* Dispute it like a man

*Macd* I shall do so 20

But I must also feel it like a man

I cannot but remember such things were

That were most precious to me Did heaven look

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff

They were all truck for thee naught that I am

Not for their own demerits but for mine

Fell slaughter on their souls Heaven rest them

*Mal* Be this the whetstone of your sword let

Convert to anger blunt not the heart enrage it

*Macd* O I could play the woman with mine

eyes And braggart with my tongue! But gentle

Cut short all intermission front to front

Bring thou this trend of Scotland and my self

Within my sword's length set him if he scape

Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal* This tune goes manly

Come go we to the king our power is ready

Our lack is nothing but our leave Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking and the powers above

Put on their instruments Receive what cheer you

The night is long that never finds the day 240

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT V

SCENE I Dunsinme into room in the castle

Enter a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC and a WAITING-GENTLE  
MAN

*Doct* I have two nights watched with you but  
can perceive no truth in your report When was  
it she last walked?

*Gent* Since his Majesty went into the field I  
have seen her rise from her bed throw her night  
gown upon her unlock her closet take forth  
paper fold it write upon it read it afterwards  
seal it and again return to bed yet all this while  
in a most fast sleep 9

*Doct* A great perturbation in nature to receive  
at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of  
watching! In this slumb'ry agitation besides her  
walking and other actual performances what at  
any time have you heard her say?

*Gent* That sir which I will not report after her

*Doct* You may to me and tis more meet you  
should

*Gent* Neither to you nor any one having no  
witness to confirm my speech 21

Enter LADY MACBETH with a taper

Lo you here she comes! This is her very guise  
and upon my life fast asleep Observe her  
stand close

*Doct* How came she by that light?

*Gent* Why it stood by her She has light by her  
continually tis her command

*Doct* You see her eyes are open

*Gent* Ay but their sense is shut

*Doct* What is it she does now? Look how she  
rubs her hands 31

*Gent* It is an accustomed action with her and  
seem thus washing her hands I have known her  
continue in this a quarter of an hour

*Lady M* Yet here's a spot

*Doct* Mark! she speaks I will set down what  
comes from her to satisfy my remembrance the  
more strongly

*Lady M* Out damned spot! out I say! One  
two Why then tis time to do it Hell is murky!  
Fie my lord fie! a soldier and afeard! What  
need we fear who knows it when none can call  
our power to account? Yet who would have  
thought the old man to have had so much blood  
in him

*Doct* Do you mark that?

*Lady M* The thane of Fife had a wife Where  
is she now? What will these hands never be  
clean? No more o that my lord no more o that!  
You mar all with this starting 30

*Doct* Go to go to you have known what you  
should not

*Gent* She has spoke what she should not I am  
sure of that Heaven knows what she has known

*Lady M* Here's the smell of the blood still All  
the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this  
little hand Oh oh oh!

*Doct* What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely  
charged 60

*Gent* I would not have such a heart in my bosom  
for the dignity of the whole body

*Doct* Well well well—

*Gent* Pray God it be sir

*Doct* This disease is beyond my practice Yet I  
have known those which have walked in their  
sleep who have died holily in their beds

*Lady M* Wash your hands put on your night  
gown look not so pale I tell you yet again

I anguished he cannot come out on a grave

*Doct* Even so? 72

*Lady M* To bed, to bed! there's knocking at

the gate Come, come, come, come, give me your hand! What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed!

[Exit

*Doct* Will she go now to bed?

*Gert* Directly

*Doct* Ioul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds. So to their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs he the diviner than the physician. God, God, forgive us all! Look after her. Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her. So good night. My mind she has mated, and mared my sight. I think but dare not speak.

*Gert* Good night, good doctor.

[Exit

### SCENE II The country near Dunsinane

*Drum and colours. Enter MACBETH, CAITHNESS*

*ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers*

*Macb* The English power is near. Led on by Malcolm

His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. Revenges burn in them, for their dear causes. Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm. Excite the mortified man.

*Ang* Near Birnam wood. Shall we well meet them. That way are they coming.

*Caith* Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len* For certain, sir, he is not, I have a file of all the gentry. There is Siward's son. And many unrough youths that even now. Protest their first of manhood.

*Macb* What does the tyrant?

*Caith* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies. Some say he's mad. Others that lesser hate him. Do call it valiant fury. But, for certain. He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause. Within the belt of rule.

*Ang* Now does he feel. His secret murders sticking on his hands. Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith breach. Those he commands move only in command. Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title. Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe. Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Macb* Who then shall blame. His pester'd senses to recoil and start. When all that's within him does condemn. Itself for being there?

*Caith* Well march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly owed. Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,

And with him pour we in our country's purge. Each drop of us.

*Len* Or so much as it needs.

To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.

Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exit marching

### SCENE III Dunsinane, a room in the castle

*Enter MACBETH, DOCTOR, and Attendants*

*Macb* Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all.

Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane. I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know

All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus.

I fear not Macbeth. No man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee. Then fly, false thanes,

And mingle with the English epicures.

The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear.

Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

### Enter a SERVANT

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!

Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Serv* There is ten thousand—

*Macb* Geese, villain?

*Serv* Soldiers, sir.

*Macb* Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear. Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers' patch?

Death of thy soul! Those linen cheeks of thine.

Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Serv* The English force, so please you.

*Macb* Take thy face hence. [Exit SERVANT

Seyton!—I am sick at heart.

When I behold—Seyton! I say!—This push. Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough. My way of life.

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

And that which should accompany old age.

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.

I must not look to have. But in their stead.

Curses, not loud but deep. Mouth honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!

### Enter SEYTON

*Sey* What is your gracious pleasure?



*Macb* What news more? 30  
*Sey* All is confirm'd my lord which was reported  
*Macb* I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd  
 Give me my armour  
*Sey* 'Tis not needed yet  
*Macb* I'll put it on  
 Send out more horses skirr the country round  
 Hang those that talk of fear Give me mine armour  
 How does your patient doctor?  
*Doct* Not so sick my lord  
 As she is troubled with thick coming fancies  
 That keep her from her rest  
*Macb* Cure her of that  
 Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased? 40  
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow  
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
 Which weighs upon the heart?  
*Doct* Therein the patient  
 Must minister to himself

*Macb* Throw physic to the dogs I'll none of it  
 Come put mine armour on give me my staff  
*Seyton* send out Doctor the thanes fly from me 49  
 Come sir dispatch If thou couldst doctor cast  
 The water of my land find her disease  
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health  
 I would applaud thee to the very echo  
 That should applaud again — Pull't off I say —  
 What rhubarb senna or what purgative drug  
 Would scour these English hence? Hearst thou of them?

*Doct* Ay my good lord your royal preparation  
 Makes us hear something

*Macb* Bring it after me  
 I will not be afraid of death and bane  
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane 60  
*Doct* [Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear  
 Profit again should hardly draw me here

[Exeunt]

SCENE IV Country near Birnam wood

*Drum and colours Enter MALCOLM OLD SEWARD and his son MACDUFF MENTEITH CAITHNESS ANGUS LENNOX ROSS and Soldiers marching*

*Mal* Cousins I hope the days are near at hand  
 That chambers will be safe

*Ment* We doubt it nothing  
*Srw* What wood is this before us?

*Ment* The wood of Birnam  
*Mal* Let every soldier hew him down a bough  
 And bear't before him thereby shall we shadow  
 The numbers of our host and make discovery  
 Err in report of us  
*Soldiers* It shall be done  
*Srw* We learn no other but the confident tyrant  
 Keeps still in Dunsinane and will endure  
 Our setting down before it  
*Mal* 'Tis his main hope 70  
 For where there is advantage to be given  
 Both more and less have given him the revolt  
 And none serve with him but constrained things  
 Whose hearts are absent too  
*Macd* Let our just censures  
 Attend the true event and put we on  
 Industrious soldiership  
*Srw* The time approaches  
 That will with due decision make us know  
 What we shall say we have and what we owe  
 Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate  
 But certain issue strokes must arbitrate 80  
 Towards which advance the war

[Exeunt marching]

SCENE V Dunsinane within the castle

*Enter MACBETH SEYTON and Soldiers with drums and colours*

*Macb* Hang out our banners on the outward walls  
 The cry is still They come Our castle's strength  
 Will laugh a siege to scorn here let them lie  
 Till famine and the ague eat them up  
 Were they not forced with those that should be ours  
 We might have met them dareful beard to beard  
 And beat them backward home  
*A cry of women within*

What is that noise?

*Sey* It is the cry of women my good lord [Exit]

*Macb* I have almost forgot the taste of fears  
 The time has been my senses would have cool'd  
 To hear a night shriek and my fell of hair 90  
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir  
 As life were in it I have supp'd full with horrors  
 Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
 Cannot once start me

*Re-enter SEYTON*

Wherefore was that cry?

*Sey* The Queen my lord is dead  
*Macb* She should have died hereafter  
 There would have been a time for such a word  
 To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death Out our brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more It is a tale  
Told by an idiot full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Thou comest to use thy tongue, thy story  
quickly

*Mess* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw  
But know not how to do it

*Macb* Well say sir  
*Mess* As I did stand my watch upon the hill  
I look'd toward Birnam and anon methought,  
The wood began to move

*Macb* Liar and slave!  
*Mess* Let me endure your wrath if it be not so  
Within this three mile may you see it coming,  
I say a moving grove

*Macb* If thou speak'st false  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive

Till famine cling thee If thy speech be sooth 40  
I care not if thou dost for me as much  
I pull in resolution and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend  
That lies like truth 'Fear not till Birnam wood  
Do come to Dunsinane, and now a wood

Comes toward Dunsinane Arm arm and out!  
If this which he avouches does appear,

There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here  
I give to be away of the sun,

And wish the estate of the world were now un-  
done 50

Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind! come wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back *[Exeunt]*

SCENE VI *Dunsinane before the castle*

*Drum and colours Enter MALCOLM OLD SIWARD,  
MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs*

*Mal* Now near enough Your leafy screens  
throw down

And show like those you are You, worthy  
uncle

Shall with my cousin your right-noble son,  
Lead our first battle Worthy Macduff and we  
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,  
According to our order

*Srw* Fare you well  
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight

*Mac* I Make all our trumpets speak give them  
all breath 9  
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death  
*[Exeunt]*

SCENE VII *Another part of the field*

*Alarums Enter MACBETH*

*Macb* They have tied me to a stake I cannot  
fly,

But bear like I must fight the course What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear or none

*Enter YOUNG SIWARD*

*Jo Srw* What is thy name?

*Macb* Thou'lt be afraid to hear it

*Jo Srw* No, though thou call'st thyself a hotter  
name

Than any is in hell

*Macb* My name's Macbeth

*Jo Srw* The devil himself could not pronounce  
a title

More hateful to mine ear

*Macb* No, nor more fearful

*Jo Srw* Thou liest abhorred tyrant, with my  
sword 10

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st

*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain*

*Macb* Thou wast born of woman  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born

*[Exit]*

*Alarums Enter MACDUFF*

*Macd* That way the noise! Tyrant, show thy  
face!

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me  
still

I cannot strike at wretched kerns whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves Either thou, Mac-  
beth

Or else my sword with an unbattered edge  
I sheathe again undecided There thou should'st  
be 20

By this great clatter one of greatest note  
Seems bruited Let me find him fortune!  
And more I beg not *[Exit Alarums]*

*Enter MALCOLM and OLD SIWARD*

*Srw* This way my lord, the castle's gently  
render'd

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war,  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do

*Mal* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us

*Srw* Enter sir the castle  
[*Exeunt Alarums*]

SCENE VIII Another part of the field

Enter MACBETH

*Macb* Why should I play the Roman fool and die  
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives the  
gashes  
Do better upon them

Enter MACDUFF

*Macd* Turn hell hound turn!

*Macb* Of all men else I have avoided thee  
But get thee back my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already

*Macd* I have no words  
My voice is in my sword Thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out!

*They fight*

*Macb* Thou lovest labour  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests  
I bear a charmed life which must not yield  
To one of woman born

*Macd* Despair thy charm  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd

*Macb* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more believed  
That palter with us in a double sense  
That keep the word of promise to our ear  
And break it to our hope I'll not fight with thee

*Macd* Then yield thee coward  
And live to be the show and gaze of the time!  
We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are  
Painted upon a pole and underwrit  
Here may you see the tyrant

*Macb* I will not yield  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane  
And thou opposed being of no woman born  
Yet I will try the last Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield Lay on Macduff  
And damn'd be him that first cries Hold  
enough!

[*Exeunt fighting Alarums*]

*Retreat Flourish* Enter with drum and colours  
MALCOLM OLD SIWARD ROSS the other Thanes  
and Soldiers

*Mal* I would the friends we miss were safe  
arrived

*Srw* Some must go off and yon by these I see  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought

*Mal* Macduff is missing and your noble son  
*Ross* Your son my lord has paid a soldier's debt  
He only lived but till he was a man  
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd  
In the unshrinking station where he fought  
But like a man he died

*Srw* Then he is dead?

*Ross* Ay and brought off the field Your cause  
of sorrow

Must not be measured by his worth for then  
It hath no end

*Srw* Had he his hurts before?

*Ross* Ay on the front

*Srw* Why then God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs  
I would not wish them to a fairer death  
And so his knell is knoll'd

*Mal* He's worth more sorrow  
And that I'll spend for him

*Srw* He's worth no more  
They say he parted well and paid his score  
And so God be with him! Here comes new  
comfort

Re-enter MACDUFF with MACBETH'S head

*Macd* Hail King! for so thou art Behold  
where stands

The usurper's cursed head The time is free  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine  
Hail King of Scotland!

*All* Hail King of Scotland! [*Flourish*]  
*Mal* We shall not spend a large expense of  
time

Before we reckon with your several loves  
And make us even with you My thanes and  
kinsmen

Henceforth be earls the first that ever Scotland  
In such an honour nam'd What's more to do  
Which would be planted newly with the time,  
As calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen  
Who as his thought by self and violent hands  
Took off her life this and what needful else  
That calls upon us by the grace of Grace  
We will perform in measure time and place  
So thanks to all at once and to each one  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone

[*Flourish* *Exeunt*]

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## DRAMATIS PERSONA

MARK ANTONY  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR  
M. AULIUS LEPIDUS  
SEXTUS POMPEIUS  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS  
VENTIDIUS  
LÆROS  
SCARUS  
DERCETAS  
DEMETRIUS  
PHILO  
MECENAS  
AGRIPPA  
DOLABELLA  
PROCELIUS  
THYREUS  
GALLUS  
MENAS  
MENEGRATES  
VARRIUS  
TULLUS lieutenant-general to Cæsar  
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony  
SILIUS an officer in Ventidius' army  
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar

*friends to Antony*

*friends to Cæsar*

*friends to Pompey*

ALEXAS  
MARDIAN a eunuch  
SELPUS  
DIOMEDES  
A SOOTHAYER  
A CLOWN  
FIVE MESSENGERS  
AN EGYPTIAN  
TWO SERVANTS to Pompey  
A CAPTAIN of Antony's army  
FOUR SOLDIERS of Antony's army  
FOUR SOLDIERS of Cæsar's army  
TWO GUARDS to Cleopatra  
THREE GUARDS of Antony's army  
TWO ATTENDANTS on Antony  
ONE ATTENDANT on Cleopatra  
CLEOPATRA Queen of Egypt  
OCTAVIA sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony  
CHARMIAN  
IRAS  
NON-SPEAKING Officers Soldiers Guards Servitors,  
and Attendants  
SCENE In several parts of the Roman Empire

## ACT I

SCENE I Alexandria a room in Cleopatra's palace

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILLO

Phi Nay, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn

The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,  
And is become the bellows and the fan  
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, her Ladies  
the Train, with Eumichs fanning her

Look where they come! 10

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transform'd

Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see

Cleo If it be love indeed, tell me how much

Ant There's beggary in the love that can be  
reckon'd

Cleo I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved

Ant Then must thou needs find out new heaven  
new earth

Enter an ATTENDANT

Att News my good lord from Rome

Ant Grates me the sum

Cleo Nay, hear them, Antony

Fulvia perchance is angry, or, who knows? 20

If the scarce bearded Cæsar have not sent

His powerful mandate to you: 'Do this or this,

Take in that kingdom and enfranchise that,

Perform it, or else we damn thee."

Ant

How my love!

Cleo Perchance! nay, and most like

You must not stay here longer: your dismission

Is come from Cæsar, therefore hear it, Antony

Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? 30

Both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen

Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine

Is Cæsar's homager, else so thy cheek pays

shame

When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messen- 31

gers!

Ant Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch

Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space

Kingdoms are clay, our dungy earth alike

Feeds beast as man the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus when such a mutual pair

*Embracing*

And such a twain can do t in which I bind  
On pain of punishment the world to weet  
We stand up peerless

*Cleo* Excellent falsehood! 40

Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?

I'll seem the fool I am not Antony

Will be himself

*Ant* But stirr'd by Cleopatra

Now for the love of Love and her soft hours

Lets not confound the time with conference  
harsh

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now What sport to-  
night?

*Cleo* Hear the ambassadors

*Ant* Fie wrangling queen!

Whom everything becomes to chide to laugh

To weep whose every passion fully strives 50

To make itself in thee fair and admired!

No messenger but thine and all alone

To-night we'll wander through the streets and  
note

The qualities of people Come my queen

Last night you did desire it Speak not to us

*[Exit ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with their train]*

*Dem* Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight?

*Phi* Sir sometimes when he is not Antony

He comes too short of that great property

Which still should go with Antony

*Dem* I am full sorry

That he approves the common liar who 60

Thus speaks of him at Rome but I will hope

Of better deeds to-morrow Rest you happy!

*[Exit]*

## SCENE II The same another room

*Enter CHARMIAN IRAS ALEXAS and a SOOTHSAYER*

*Char* Lord Alexas sweet Alexas most any

thing Alexas almost most absolute Alexas

where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the

Queen? O that I knew this husband which you

say must charge his horns with garlands!

*Alex* Soothsayer!

*Sooth* Your will?

*Char* Is this the man? Is't you sir that know  
things?

*Sooth* In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read

*Alex* Show him your hand 10

*Enter PROBABLES*

*Eno* Bring in the banquet quickly wine enough

Cleopatra's health to drink

*Char* Good sir give me good fortune

*Sooth* I make not but foresee

*Char* Pray then foresee me one

*Sooth* You shall be yet far fairer than you are

*Char* He means in flesh

*Iras* No you shall paint when you are old

*Char* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex* Vex not his presence be attentive

*Char* Hush! 21

*Sooth* You shall be more believing than beloved

*Char* I had rather heat my liver with drinking

*Alex* Nay hear him

*Char* Good now some excellent fortune! Let  
me be married to three kings in a forenoon and  
widow them all Let me have a child in fifty to  
whom Herod of Jewry may do homage Find me  
to marry me with Octavius Cæsar and compan-  
ion me with my mistress 30

*Sooth* You shall outlive the lady whom you  
serve

*Char* O excellent! I love long life better than  
figs

*Sooth* You have seen and proved a fairer former  
fortune

Than that which is to approach

*Char* Then belike my children shall have no  
names Prithce how many boys and wenches  
must I have?

*Sooth* If every of your wishes had a womb  
And fertile every wish a million

*Char* O fool! I forgive thee for a witch 40

*Alex* You think none but your sheets are privy  
to your wishes

*Char* Nay come tell Iras hers

*Alex* We'll know all our fortunes

*Eno* Mine and most of our fortunes to-night  
shall be—drunk to bed

*Iras* There's a palm presages chastity if nothing  
else

*Char* Even as the overflowing Nilus preseth  
famine 50

*Iras* Go, you wild bedfellow you cannot sooth  
say

*Char* Nay if an oily palm be not a fruitful pro-  
nostication I cannot scratch mine ear Prithce  
tell her but a worky-day fortune

*Sooth* Your fortunes are alike

*Iras* But how but how? give me particulars

*Sooth* I have said

*Iras* Am I not an inch of fortune better than  
she? 60

*Char* Well if you were but an inch of fortune  
better than I where would you choose it?

*Iras* Not in my husband's nose

*Char* Our worse thoughts heavens mend!  
Alexas—come his fortune his fortune! O let

him marry a woman that cannot go sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave fifty fold a cuckold! Good Isis hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight good Isis I beseech thee!

*Iras* Amen Dear goddess hear that prayer of the people! for as it is a heart breaking to see a handsome man loose wiced, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded there fore dear Isis, keep decorum and fortune him accordingly!

*Char* Amen 79

*Alex* Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do't!

*Ero* Hush! here comes Antony  
*Char* Not he the Queen

*Enter CLEOPATRA*

*Cleo* Saw you my lord?

*Ero* No lady  
*Cleo* Was he not here?

*Char* No, madam  
*Cleo* He was disposed to mirth but on the sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him Enobarbus!

*Ero* Madam?

*Cleo* Seek him, and bring him hither Where's Alexas?

*Alex* Here at your service My lord approaches 90

*Cleo* We will not look upon him Go with us  
[Exit]

*Enter ANTONY with a MESSENGER and ATTENDANTS*

*Mess* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field

*Ant* Against my brother Lucius?

*Mess* Ay

But soon that war had end and the time's state  
Made friends of them joining their force against  
Caesar

Whose better issue in the war from Italy

Upon the first encounter drove them

*Ant* Well what worst?

*Mess* The nature of bad news infects the teller 99

*Ant* When it concerns the fool or coward On  
Things that are past are done with me 'Tis  
thus

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,

I hear him as he flatters d

*Mess* Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath with his Parthian force  
Extended Asia from Euphrates

His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Iudaea and to Ionia,

Whilst—

*Ant* Antony thou wouldst say—

*Mess* O my lord!

*Ant* Speak to me home mince not the general  
tongue

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome 110

Rail thou in Iulius's phrase, and taunt my faults

With such full license as both truth and malice

Have power to utter O then we bring forth  
words,

When our quick minds lie still and our ill told  
us

Is as our earing I are thee well awhile

*Mess* At your noble pleasure [Exit]

*Ant* I from Sicily ho the news! Speak there!

*1st* *Ant* The man from Sicily—is there such an  
one

*2nd* *Ant* He stays upon your will  
*Ant* Let him appear

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break, 120  
Or lose my self in durance

*Enter another MESSENGER*

What are you?

*Ant* *Mess* Iulius thy wife is dead

*Ant* Where died she?

*2nd* *Mess* In Sicily

Her length of sickness with what else more  
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears

*Gives a letter*

*Ant* Forbear me

[Exit SECOND MESSENGER]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering does become 129

The opposite of itself She's good, being gone,

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her  
on

I must from this enchanting queen break off

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch How now! Enobarbus!

*Re-enter ENOBARBUS*

*Eno* What's your pleasure, sir?

*Ant* I must with haste from hence

*Eno* Why, then, we kill all our women We  
see how mortal an unkindness is to them, if they  
suffer our departure, death's the word

*Ant* I must be gone 140

*Eno* Under a compelling occasion let women  
die It were pity to cast them away for nothing  
though between them and a great cause, they

should be esteemed nothing Cleopatra catching  
but the least noise of this dies instantly I have  
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer mo-  
ment I do think there is mettle in death which  
commits some loving act upon her she hath such  
a celerity in dying

*Ant* She is cunning past man's thought 150

*Eno* Alack sir no her passions are made of  
nothing but the finest part of pure love We can  
not call her winds and waters sighs and tears  
they are greater storms and tempe than alma-  
nacs can report This cannot be cunning in her  
if it be she makes a shower of rain as well as  
Jove

*Ant* Would I had never seen her!

*Eno* O sir you had then left unseen a wonder-  
ful piece of work which not to have been blest  
withal would have discredited your travel

*Ant* Fulvia is dead

*Eno* Sir?

*Ant* Fulvia is dead

*Eno* Fulvia!

*Ant* Dead

*Eno* Why sir give the gods a thankful sacri-  
fice When it pleaseth their deities to take the  
wife of a man from him it shows to man the  
tailors of the earth comforting therein that  
when old robes are worn out there are members  
make new If there were no more women but  
Fulvia then had you indeed a cut and the case  
to be lamented This grief is crowned with con-  
solation your old smock brings forth a new  
petticoat and indeed the tears live in an onion  
that should water this sorrow

*Ant* The business she hath broached in the  
state

Cannot endure my absence 179

*Eno* And the business you have broached here  
cannot be without you especially that of Cleo-  
patra's which wholly depends on your abode

*Ant* No more light answers Let our officers  
Have notice what we purpose I shall break  
The cause of our expedience to the Queen,  
And get her leave to part For not alone  
The death of Fulvia with more urgent touches  
Do strongly speak to us but the letters too  
Of many our contriving friends in Rome  
Petition us at home Sextus Pompeius 190

Hath given the date to Caesar and commands  
The empire of the sea Our slippery people  
Whose love is never linked to the deserver  
Till his deserts are past begin to throw  
Pompey the Great and all his dignities  
Upon his son who high in name and power  
Higher than both in blood and life stands up  
For the main soldier whose quality going on,

The sides of the world may danger Much is  
breeding 199  
Which like the courser's hair hath yet but life,  
And not a serpent's poison Say our pleasure  
To such whose place is under us requires  
Our quick remove from hence

*Eno* I shall do it

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III *The same and her room*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and ALEXAS

*Cleo* Where is he?

*Char*

I did not see him since

*Cleo* See where he is who's with him what he  
does

I did not send you If you find him sad

Say I am dancing if in mirth report

That I am sudden sick Quick and return

[*Exit* ALEXAS]

*Char* Madam methinks if you did love him  
dearly

You do not hold the method to enforce

The like from him

*Cleo* What should I do I do not?

*Char* In each thing give him way cross him in  
nothing

*Cleo* Thou teachest like a fool the way to lose  
him 20

*Char* Tempt him not so too far I wish forbear

In time we have that which we often fear

But here comes Antony

*Enter* ANTONY

*Cleo* I am sick and I sullen

*Ant* I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-  
pose—

*Cleo* Help me away dear Charmian I shall  
fall

It cannot be thus long the sides of nature

Will not sustain it

*Ant* Now my dearest queen—

*Cleo* Pray you stand farther from me

*Ant*

What's the matter?

*Cleo* I know by that same eye there's some  
good news

What says the married woman? You may go 20

Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say tis I that keep you here

I have no power upon you hers you are

*Ant* The gods best know—

*Cleo* O never was there queen

So mightily betray'd yet at the first

I saw the treasons planted

*Ant*

Cleopatra—

*Cleo* Why should I think you can be mine and  
true

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods

Who have been false to Fulvia Riotous mad-  
ness  
To be entangled with those mouth made vows, o  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant* Most sweet queen—  
*Cleo* Nay, pray you seek no colour for your  
going

But bid farewell and go When you sued stay-  
ing,

Then was the time for words no going then  
Exemity was in our lips and eyes

Bliss in our brows bent none our parts so poor  
But was a race of heaven They are so still

Or thou the greatest soldier of the world

*Ant* turn'd the greatest liar

*Ant* How now lady!

*Cleo* I would I had thy inches thou shouldst  
know 40

There were a heart in Egypt

*Ant* Hear me, Queen

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services awhile, but my full heart

Remains in use with you Our Italy

Shines over with civil swords Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome,

Equality of two domestic powers

Breed scrupulous faction the hated grown to  
strength,

Are newly grown to love, the condemn'd Pom-  
pey

Rich in his father's honour creeps apace 50

Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten

And quietness, grown sick of rest would purge

By any desperate change My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my  
going

Is Fulvia's death

*Cleo* Though age from folly could not give me  
freedom,

It does from childishness Can Fulvia die?

*Ant* She's dead my queen

Look here and at thy sovereign leisure read 60

The garboils she awak'd at the last best,

See when and where she died

*Cleo* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see I see

In Fulvia's death how mine received shall be

*Ant* Quarrel no more but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear which are or cease

As you shall give the advice By the fire

That quickens Nilus' slime I go from hence

Thy soldier servant making peace or war 70

As thou affect st

*Cleo* Cut my lace Charmian come!

But let it be I am quickly ill, and well,

So Antony loves

*Ant* My precious queen forbear,  
And give true evidence to his love which stands  
An honourable trial

*Cleo* So Fulvia told me

I prithee turn aside and weep for her

Then bid adieu to me and say the tears

Belong to Egypt Good now play one scene

Of excellent dissembling and let it look

Like perfect honour

*Ant* You'll hear my blood No more 80

*Cleo* You can do better yet but this is meetly

*Ant* Now by my sword—

*Cleo* And target Still he mends

But this is not the best Look prithee, Charmian

How this Herculean Roman does become

The carriage of his chafe

*Ant* I'll leave you lady

*Cleo* Courteous lord one word

Sir you and I must part but that's not it

Sir you and I have loved but there's not it

That you know well Something it is I would—

O my oblivion is a very Antony 90

And I am all forgotten

*Ant* But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject I should take you

For idleness itself

*Cleo* 'Tis sweating labour

To bear such idleness so near the heart

As Cleopatra this But sir forgive me

Since my becomings kill me, when they do not

Eve well to you Your honour calls you hence,

Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword

Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100

Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant* Let us go Come,

Our separation so abides and flies

That thou residing here go st yet with me

And I hence fleeting here remain with thee

Away! [Exeunt]

#### SCENE IV Rome Caesar's house

Enter OCTAVIUS CESAR reading a letter,  
LEPIDUS and their Train

*Cæs* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth  
know

It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate

Our great competitor From Alexandria

This is the news he fishes drinks and wastes

The lamps of night in revel is not more manlike

Than Cleopatra nor the queen of Ptolemy

More womanly than he hardly gave audience or

Vouchsafed to think he had partners You shall

find there



A man who is the abstract of all faults

That all men follow

*Lep* I must not think there are 10

Evils enow to darken all his goodness

His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven

More fiery by night's blackness hereditary

Rather than purchased what he cannot change

Than what he chooses

*Cæs* You are too indulgent Let us grant it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy

To give a kingdom for a mirth to sit

And keep the turn of tippling with a slave 19

To reel the streets at noon and stand the buffer

With knaves that smell of sweat say this be comes him—

As his composure must be rare indeed

Whom these things cannot blemish—yet must

*Antony*

No way excuse his soils when we do bear

So great weight in his lightness If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness

Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones

Call on him for it but to confound such time

That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud

As his own state and ours—tis to be chid 30

As we rate boys who being mature in knowledge

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure

And so rebel to judgement

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Lep* Here's more news

*Mess* Thy biddings have been done and every hour

Most noble *Cæsar* shalt thou have report

How tis abroad Pompey is strong at sea

And it appears he is beloved of those

That only have fear'd *Cæsar* To the ports

The discontents repair and men's reports

Give him much wrong'd

*Cæs* I should have known no less

It hath been taught us from the primal state 41

That he which is was wish'd until he were

And the ebb'd man ne'er loved till ne'er worth love

Comes dear'd by being lack'd This common body

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream

Goes to and back lackeying the varying tide

To rot itself with motion

*Mess* *Cæsar* I bring thee word

Meneceates and Menas famous pirates

Make the sea serve them which they ear and

wound

With keels of every kind Many hot inroads 50

They make in Italy the borders maritime

Lack blood to think on't and flush youth revolt

No vessel can peep forth but tis as soon

Taken as seen for Pompey's name strikes more

Than could his war resisted

*Cæs* *Antony*

Leave thy lascivious wassails When thou once

Wast beaten from Modena where thou slew'st

Hirtius and Pansa consuls at thy heel

Did famine follow whom thou foult'st against

Though daintily brought up with patience more

Than savages could suffer Thou didst drink 61

The stale of horses and the gilded puddle

Which beasts would cough at thy palate then

did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge

Yea like the stag when snow the pasture sheets

The barks of trees thou browsed'st on the Alps

It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh

Which some did die to look on and all this—

It wounds thine honour that I speak it now—

Was borne so like a soldier that thy cheek 70

So much as lank'd not

*Lep* 'Tis pity of him

*Cæs* Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome 'Tis time we twain

Did show ourselves in the field and to that end

Assemble we immediate council Pompey

Thrives in our idleness

*Lep* To-morrow *Cæsar*

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly

Both what by sea and land I can be able

To front this present time

*Cæs* Till which encounter 80

It is my business too Farewell

*Lep* Farewell my lord What you shall know

meantime

Of stirs abroad I shall beseech you sir

To let me be partaker

*Cæs* Doubt not sir

I knew it for my bond [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V Alexandria Cleopatra's palace

*Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and MARDIAN*

*Cleo* Charmian?

*Char* Madam?

*Cleo* Ha ha!

Give me to drink mandragora

*Char* Why madam?

*Cleo* That I might sleep out this great gap of time

My Antony is away

*Char* You think of him too much

*Cleo* O tis treason!

*Char* Madam I trust not so

*Cleo* Thou eunuch Mardian!

*Mar* What say our Highness pleasure?

*Cleo* Not now to hear thee sing I take no pleasure

In aught an eunuch has 'Tis well for thee, 10

That being unseminar'd thy freer thoughts

May not fly forth of Egypt I hast thou affections?

*Mar* Yes gracious madam

*Cleo* Indeed!

*Mar* Not in deed madam for I can do nothing

But what indeed is honest to be done

Yet have I fierce affections and think

What Venus did with Mars

*Cleo* O Charmian

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely horse! for wilt thou whom thou movest?

The demi Atlas of this earth the arm

And burgonet of men He's speaking now

Or murmuring "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"

For so he calls me Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison Think on me,

That am with Phoebus amorous pinches black,

And wrinkled deep in time? Broad fronted

*Cæsar*

When thou wast here above the ground I was 30

A morsel for a monarch and great Pompey

Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow

There would he anchor his aspect and die

With looking on his life

*Enter ALEXAS*

*Alex* Sovereign of Egypt hail!

*Cleo* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!

Yet coming from him that great medicine hath

With his tinct gild'd thee

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

*Alex* Last thing he did dear queen 39

He kiss'd—the last of many, doubled kisses—

This orient pearl His speech sticks in my heart

*Cleo* Mine ear must pluck it thence

*Alex* Good friend ' quoth he,

' Say the firm Roman to great Egypt sends

This treasure of an oyster at whose foot,

To mend the petty present, I will piece

Her opulent throne with kingdoms all the East

Say thou shall call her mistress So he nodded

And soberly did mount an arm gaunt steed

Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him

*Cleo* What was he sad or merry? 50

*Alex* Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold he was nor sad nor merry

*Cleo* O well-divided disposition! Note him

Note him good Charmian 'tis the man but note him

He was not sad for he would shine on those

That make their looks by his, he was not merry,

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay

In Egypt with his joy but between both

O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry

The violence of either thee becomes 60

So does it no man else Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex* Ay madam twenty several messengers

Why do you send so thick?

*Cleo* Who's born that day

When I forget to send to Antony

Shall die a beggar Ink and paper, Charmian

Welcome, my good Alexas Did I Charmian

Let love Cæsar so?

*Char* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo* Be choked with such another emphasis!

Say the brave Antony

*Char* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again 71

My man of men

*Char* By your most gracious pardon

I sing but after you

*Cleo* My salad days

When I was green in judgement cold in blood

To say as I said then! But come away

Get me ink and paper

He shall have every day a several greeting

Or I'll unpeople Egypt [Exit

## ACT II

### SCENE I *Messina Pompey's house*

*Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES and MENAS, in war-like manner*

*Pom* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
The deeds of justest men

*Mene* Know worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny

*Pom* Whiles we are suitors to their throne,  
decays

The thing we sue for

*Mene* We ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms which the wise powers  
Deny us for our good so find we profit

By losing of our prayers

*Pom* I shall do well

The people love me and the sea is mine

My powers are crescent and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full Mark Antony  
In Egypt sits at dinner and will make  
No wars without doors Caesar gets money  
where

He loses hearts Lepidus flatters both  
Of both I flatter'd but he neither loves  
Nor either cares for him

*Men* Caesar and Lepidus  
Are in the field a mighty strength they carry  
*Pom* Where have you this? tis false

*Men* From Silvius sir  
*Pom* He dreams I know they are in Rome  
together

Looking for Antony But all the charms of  
love,

Salt Cleopatra soften thy waned lip!  
Let witchcraft join with beauty lust with  
both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts  
Keep his brain fuming Epicurean cooks  
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite  
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour  
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

*Enter VARRIUS*

How now Varrus!

*Var* This is most certain that I shall deliver  
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
Expected since he went from Egypt tis  
A space for further travel

*Pom* I could have given less matter  
A better ear Menas I did not think  
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his  
helm

I or such a petty war His soldiery  
Is twice the other twain but let us rear  
The higher our opinion that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck  
The never-lust-wearied Antony

*Men* I cannot hope  
Cesar and Antony shall well greet together  
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Caesar  
His brother warr'd upon him although I think  
Not moved by Antony

*Pom* I know not Menas  
How lesser crimes may give way to greater  
Were it not that we stand up against them all  
'Twere pregnant they should square between  
themselves

I or they have entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords but how the fear of us  
May cement their divisions and bind up  
The petty difference we yet not know  
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands  
On us upon to use our strongest hands  
Come Menas

[*Exeunt*

*SCENE II Rome the house of Lepidus*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS*

*Lep* Good Enobarbus tis a worthy deed  
And shall become you well to entreat your cap-  
tain

To soft and gentle speech

*Eno* I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself If Caesar move him  
Let Antony look over Caesar's head  
And speak as loud as Mars By Jupiter  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard  
I would not shave to-day

*Lep* Tis not a time  
For private stomaching

*Eno* Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in it  
*Lep* But small to greater matters must give  
way

*Eno* Not if the small come first

*Lep* Your speech is passion  
But pray you stir no embers up Here comes  
The noble Antony

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS*

*Eno* And yonder Caesar

*Enter CAESAR, MECENAS and AGRIPPA*

*Ant* If we compose well here to Parthia!  
Hark Ventidius

*Ces* I do not know  
Mecenas ask Agrippa

*Lep* Noble friends  
That which combined us was most great and let  
not

A leaner action rend us What's amiss  
May it be gently heard when we debate  
Our trivial difference loud we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds then noble partners  
The rather for I earnestly beseech  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest  
terms

Nor curstness grow to the matter

*Ant* 'Tis spoken well  
Were we before our armies and to fight  
I should do thus

*Flourish*

*Ces* Welcome to Rome

*Ant* Thank you

*Ces* Sit

*Ant* Sit sir

*Ces* Nay then

*Ant* I learn you take things ill which are not so  
Or being concern you not

*Ces* I must be laugh'd at  
If or for nothing or a little I

Should say my self offended, and with you  
Chiefly in the world more laugh'd at that I  
should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your  
name

It not concern'd me

*Ant* My being in Egypt Caesar

What was't to you?

*Ces* No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt yet, if you there

Did practise on my state your being in Egypt

Might be my question

*Ant* How intend you practis'd? 40

*Ces* You may be pleased to catch at mine

intent

By what did here befall me Your wife and brother

Made wars upon me and their contestation

Was theme for you you were the word of war

*Ant* You do mistake your business my brother never

Did urge me in his act I did inquire it

And have my learning from some true reports

That drew their swords with you Did he not

rather

Discredit my authority with yours,

And make the wars alike against my stomach 50

Having alike your cause? Of this my letters

Before did satisfy you If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,

It must not be with this

*Ces* You praise yourself

By laying defects of judgement to me but

You patch'd up your excuses

*Ant* Not so not so,

I know you could not lack I am certain on't,

Very necessity of this thought that I

Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,

Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars 60

Which fronted mine own peace As for my wife

I would you had her spirit in such another

The third of the world is yours which with a

snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife

*Eno* Would we had all such wives that the

men might go to wars with the women!

*Ant* So much uncurbable her garboils Caesar

Made out of her impatience, which not wanted

Shrewdness of policy too I grieving grant

Did you too much disquiet For that you must 70

But say, I could not help it

*Ces* I wrote to you

When rioting in Alexandria you

Did pocket up my letters and with taunts

Did gibe my missive out of audience

*Ant* Sir

He fell upon me ere admitted Then

Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want

Of what I was in the morning, but next day

I told him of my self which was as much

As to have ask'd him pardon Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife if we contend 80

Out of our question wipe him

*Ces* You have broken

The article of your oath, which you shall never

Have tongue to charge me with

*Lep* Soft, Caesar!

*Ant* No,

Lepidus let him speak

The honour is sacred which he talks on now

Supposing that I lack'd it But on Caesar,

The article of my oath

*Ces* To lend me arms and aid when I required

them

The which you both denied

*Lep* Neglected rather

And then when poison'd hours had bound me

up 90

From mine own knowledge As nearly as I may,

I'll play the penitent to you but mine honesty

Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my

power

Work without it Truth is that Fulvia

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here

For which my self the ignorant motive, do

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour

To stoop in such a case

*Lep* 'Tis noble spoken

*Mec* If it might please you to enforce no

further

The griefs between ye to forget them quite 100

Were to remember that the present need

Speaks to atone you

*Lep* Worthily spoken *Mecenas*

*I no* Or, if you borrow one another's love for

the instant you may, when you hear no more

words of Pompey, return it again You shall

have time to wrangle in when you have nothing

else to do

*Ant* Thou art a soldier only speak no more

*Eno* That truth should be silent I had almost

forgot 110

*Ant* You wrong this presence, therefore speak

no more

*Eno* Go to then, your considerate stone

*Ces* I do not much dislike the matter, but

The manner of his speech, for it cannot be

We shall remain in friendship our conditions

So differing in their acts Yet if I knew

What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to

edge

O the world I would pursue it

- Agr* Give me leave Caesar—  
*Ces* Speak Agrippa  
*Agr* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side  
Admired Octavia Great Mark Antony 121  
Is now a widow  
*Ces* Say not so Agrippa  
If Cleopatra heard you your reproof  
Were well deserved of rashness  
*Ant* I am not married Caesar Let me hear  
Agrippa further speak  
*Agr* To hold you in perpetual amity  
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts  
With an unshippin knot take Antony  
Octavia to his wife whose beauty claims 130  
No worse a husband than the best of men  
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak  
That which none else can utter By this marriage  
All little jealousies which now seem great  
And all great fears which now import their  
dangers  
Would then be nothing Truths would be tales  
Where now half tales be truths Her love to both  
Would each to other and all loves to both  
Draw after her Pardon what I have spoke  
For tis a studied not a present thought 140  
By duty ruminated  
*Ant* Will Caesar speak?  
*Ces* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already  
*Ant* What power is in Agrippa  
If I would say Agrippa be it so  
To make this good?  
*Ces* The power of Caesar and  
His power unto Octavia  
*Ant* May I never  
To this good purpose that so fairly shows  
Dream of impediment? Let me have thy hand  
Further this act of grace and from this hour  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves 150  
And sway our great designs!  
*Ces* There is my hand  
A sister I bequeath you whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly Let her live  
To join our kingdoms and our hearts and never  
Fly off our loves again!  
*Lep* Happily amen!  
*Ant* I did not think to draw my sword gainst  
Pompey  
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great  
Of late upon me I must thank him only  
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report  
At heel of that defy him  
*Lep* Time calls upon s 160  
Of us must Pompey presently be sou'ht  
Or else he seeks out us  
*Ant* Where lies he?
- Ces* About the mount Misenum  
*Ant* What is his strength by land?  
*Ces* Great and increasing but by sea  
He is an absolute master  
*Ant* So is the fame  
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it  
Yet ere we put ourselves in arms dispatch we  
The business we have talk'd of  
*Ces* With most gladness  
And do invite you to my sister's view 170  
Whither straight I'll lead you  
*Ant* Let us Lepidus  
Not lack your company  
*Lep* Noble Antony  
Not sickness should detain me  
*[Flourish. Exit CESAR, ANTONY, and LEPIDUS.]*  
*Mec* Welcome from Egypt sir  
*Eno* Half the heart of Caesar worthy Mecenas!  
My honourable friend Agrippa!  
*Agr* Good Enobarbus!  
*Mec* We have cause to be glad that matters are  
so well digested You stay'd well by't in  
Egypt 180  
*I no* Ay sir we did sleep day out of counte-  
nance and made the night light with drinkin  
*Mec* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a break-  
fast and but twelve persons there is this true?  
*Eno* This was but as a fly by an eagle We had  
much more monstrous matter of feast which  
worthily deserved noting  
*Mec* She's a most triumphant lady if report be  
square to her 190  
*Eno* When she first met Mark Antony she  
purs'd up his heart upon the river of Cydnus  
*Agr* There she appeared indeed or my re-  
porter devised well for her  
*Eno* I will tell you  
The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne  
Burn'd on the water The poop was beaten gold  
Purple the sails and so perfumed that  
The winds were love-sick with them the oars  
were silver  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster 201  
As amorous of their strokes For her own person  
It beggar'd all description she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue—  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy's outwork nature On each side her  
Stood pretty dumpled boys like smiling Cupids  
With dicers' colour'd fans whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool  
And what they undid did  
*Agr* O rare for Antony! 210  
*Eno* Her gentlewomen like the Nereides  
So many mermaids tended her i' the eyes

And made their bends adornings At the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers the silken tackle  
 Swell with the touches of those flower soft hands,  
 That rarely frame the office I rom the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs The city east  
 Her people out upon her, and Antony  
 Enthroned i the market place did sit alone, 220  
 Whistling to the air which but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too  
 And made a gap in nature

*Ag*r Rare Egypti<sup>n</sup>!

*Eno* Upon her landing Antony sent to her  
 Invited her to supper She replied  
 It should be better he became her guest  
 Which she entreated Our courteous Antony  
 Whom ne er the word of 'No' woman heard  
 speak  
 Being barber'd ten times o'er goes to the feast  
 And for his ordinary pay s his heart 230  
 For what his eyes eat only

*Ag*r Roy<sup>a</sup>l wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed  
 He plough'd her and she cropp'd

*Eno* I saw her once  
 Hop forty paces through the public street  
 And having lost her breath she spoke and panted  
 That she did make defect perfection  
 And breathless power breathe forth  
*Mec* Now Antony must leave her utterly  
*Eno* Never, he will not

Age cannot wither her not custom stale 240  
 Her infinite variety Other women cloy  
 The appetites they feed but she makes hungry  
 Where most she satisfies for vilest things  
 Become themselves in her that the holy priests  
 Bless her when she is riggish

*Mec* If beauty wisdom modesty, can settle  
 The heart of Antony Octavia is  
 A blessed lottery to him

*Ag*r Let us go  
 Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest 249  
 Whilst you abide here

*Eno* Humbly sir, I thank you [*Exeunt*]

### SCENE III The same Cæsar's house

*Enter* ANTONY, CÆSAR OCTAVIA between them and  
 Attendants

*Ant* The world and my great office will some-  
 times

Divide me from your bosom

*Octa* All which time  
 Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
 To them for you

*Ant* Good night, sir My Octavia  
 Read not my blemishes in the world's report

I have not kept my square but that to come  
 Shall all be done by the rule Good night, dear  
 lady

Good night sir  
*Cæs* Good night

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR and OCTAVIA]

*Enter* SOTHUSAYER

*Art* Now, sirrah you do wish yourself in  
 Egypt? 10

*Sooth* Would I had never come from thence,  
 nor you

*Thither!*

*Ant* If you can your reason?

*Sooth* I see it in  
 My motion have it not in my tongue, but yet  
 I lie you to Egypt again

*Int* Say to me  
 Whose fortunes shall rise higher Cæsar's or  
 mine?

*Sooth* Cæsar's  
 Therefore O Antony, stay not by his side  
 Thy demon that's thy spirit which keeps  
 thee is

Noble, courageous high unmatchable 20  
 Where Cæsar's is not but near him, thy angel  
 Becomes a fear as being o'erpower'd there-  
 fore

Make space enough between you

*Ant* Speak this no more

*Sooth* To none but thee no more, but when to  
 thee

If thou dost play with him at any game  
 Thou art sure to lose and of that natural luck,  
 He beats thee against the odds Thy lustre  
 thickens

When he shines by I say again thy spirit  
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him  
 But he away, 'tis noble

*Ant* Get thee gone 30  
 Say to Ventidius I would speak with him

[*Exit* SOTHUSAYER]

He shall to Parthia Be it art or hap  
 He hath spoken true The very dice obey him  
 And in our sports my better cunning faints  
 Under his chance If we draw lots he speeds,  
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine  
 When it is all to nought and his quails ever  
 Beat mine inhoop'd at odds I will to Egypt,  
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,  
 I'll the last my pleasure lies

*Enter* VENTIDIUS

O, come Ventidius 40  
 You must to Parthia Your commission's ready  
 Follow me, and receive it [*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *The same a street**Enter LEPIDUS, MEGACLES and AGRIPPA*

*Lep* Trouble yourselves no further pray you hasten

Your generals after

*Ag* Sir Mark Antony

Will be but kiss Octavia and we'll follow

*Lep* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress

Which will become you both farewell

*Meg* We shall

As I conceive the journey be at the Mount  
Before you Lepidus

*Lep* Your way is shorter

My purposes do draw me much about

You'll win two days upon me

*Meg* Sir good success!

*Ag* Farewell *[Exeunt 10]*

SCENE V *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, MITALI, & AS*

*Cleo* Give me some music mood's food

Of us that trade in love

*Attend* The music ho

*Enter MARDIAN the eunuch*

*Cleo* Let it alone let's to billiards Come  
Charinian

*Char* My arm is sore best play with Mardian

*Cleo* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd  
As with a woman Come you'll play with me  
sir?

*Mir* As well as I can madam

*Cleo* And when good will is show'd though't  
come too short

The actor may plead pardon I'll none now  
Give me mine angle well to the river there

My music playing far off I will betray *11*

Tawny fin'd fishes my bended hook shall  
pierce

Their slimy jaws and as I draw them up

I'll think them every one an Antony

And say Ah ha! you're caught

*Char* 'Twas merry when

You wager'd on your angling when your diver

Did hang a salt fish on his hook which he

With fervency drew up

*Cleo* That time—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience and that night

I laugh'd him into patience and next morn. *20*

Ere the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed

Then put my tires and mantles on him whilst

I wore his sword Philippan

*Enter a MESSENGER*

O from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears

That long time have been barren

*Mess* Madam madam—

*Cleo* Antonius dead!—If thou say so villain

Thou kill'st thy mistress but well and free

If thou so yield him there is gold and here

My bluest veins to kiss a hand that kings

Have lipp'd and trembled kissing

*Mess* First madam he is well

*Cleo* Why there's more gold

But surrah mark we use

To say the dead are well Bring it to that

The gold I give thee will I melt and pour

Down thy ill uttering throat

*Mess* Good madam hear me

*Cleo* Well go to I will

But there's no goodness in thy face If Antony

Be free and healthful—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well

Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with  
snakes *40*

Not like a formal man

*Mess* Will it please you hear me?

*Cleo* I have a mind to strike thee ere thou

speakest

Yet if thou say Antony lives is well

Or friends with Cæsar or not captive to him,

I'll set thee in a shower of gold and hail

Rich pearls upon thee

*Mess* Madam he's well

*Cleo* Well said

*Mess* And friends with Cæsar

*Cleo* Thou art an honest man

*Mess* Cæsar and he are greater friends than  
ever

*Cleo* Make thee a fortune from me

*Mess* But yet madam—

*Cleo* I do not like But yet it does allay *50*

The good precedence lie upon But yet

But yet is as a goaler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor Prisest friend

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear

The good and bad together He's friends with

Cæsar

In state of health thou say'st and thou say'st

free

*Mess* Free madam! no I made no such re-

port

He's bound unto Octavia

*Cleo* For what good turn?

*Mess* For the best turn I the bed

*Cleo* I am pale Charmian

*Mess* Madam he's married to Octavia *60*

*Cleo* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

*Strikes him down*

*Mess* Good madam, patience

*Cleo* What say you? Hence

*Strikes him again*

Ho noble villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me I'll unhair thy head

*She strikes him up and down*

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,

Snarling in lingering pickle

*Mess* Gracious madam

I that do bring the news made not the match

*Cleo* Say 'tis not so: a province I will give thee

And make thy fortunes proud, the blow thou hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage, 70

And I will boot thee with what gift beside

Thy modesty can beg

*Mess* He's married madam

*Cleo* Rogue thou hast lived too long

*Draws a knife*

*Mess* Nay then I'll run

What mean you madam? I have made no fault

*[Exit]*

*Char* Good madam keep yourself within yourself

The man is innocent

*Cleo* Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures

Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again

Though I am mad I will not bite him Call 80

*Char* He is afraid to come

*Cleo* I will not hurt him

*[Exit CHARMIAN]*

These hands do lack nobility that they strike

A meaner than myself, since I myself

Have given myself the cause

*Re-enter CHARMIAN and MESSENGER*

Come hither, sir

Though it be honest it is never good

To bring bad news Give to a gracious message

An host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt

*Mess* I have done my duty

*Cleo* Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do, 90

If thou again say "Yes"

*Mess* He's married madam

*Cleo* The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

*Mess* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo* O I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged and made  
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go get thee hence

I hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly He is married?

*Mess* I crave your Highness pardon

*Cleo* He is married?

*Mess* Take no offence that I would not offend you

To punish me for what you make me do 100

Seems much unequal He's married to Octavia

*Cleo* O that his fault should make a name of thee,

That art not what thou art sure of! Get thee hence

The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome

Are all too dear for me lie they upon thy hand

And be undone by 'em! *[Exit MESSASPER]*

*Char* Good your Highness patience

*Cleo* In praising Antony I have dispraised

Caesar

*Char* Many times madam

*Cleo* I am paid for't now

Lead me from hence,

I faint O Iras, Charmian! 'tis no matter 110

Go to the fellow good Alexas bid him

Report the feature of Octavia her years,

Her inclination let him not leave out

The colour of her hair Bring me word quickly

*[Exit ALEXAS]*

Let him for ever go, let him not—Charmian

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon

The other way as a Mars Bid you Alexas

*[To MARDIAN]*

Bring me word how tall she is Pity me Char-

man

But do not speak to me Lead me to my chamber

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE VI Near Misenum

*Flourish Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side with drum and trumpet, at another, CAESAR ANTONY, LEPIDUS ENOBARBUS MEFENAS with Soldiers marching*

*Pom* Your hostages I have so have you mine

And we shall talk before we fight

*Caes*

Most meet

That first we come to words, and therefore have we

Our written purposes before us sent

Which if thou hast considered, let us now

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword

And carry back to Sicily much talk, y'outh

That else must perish here

*Pom*

To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world

Chief factors for the gods I do not know 120

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son and friends, since Julius Caesar,



Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted  
There saw you labouring for him What was t  
That mo ed pale Cassius to conspire and what  
Made the all honour d honest Roman Brutus  
With the arm d rest courtiers of beautous free  
dom

To drench the Capitol but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it 19  
Hath made me rig my navy at whose burthen  
The anger d ocean foams with which I meant  
To scourge the in-ratitude that despightful Rome  
Cast on my noble father

Cæs Take your time  
Ant Thou canst not fear us Pompey with thy  
sails

We'll speak with thee at sea At land thou  
know'st

How much we do o'er count thee

Pom At land indeed  
Thou dost o'er count me of my father's house  
But since the cuckoo builds not for himself  
Remain in't as thou may'st

Lep Be pleased to tell us—  
For this is from the present—how you take 30  
The offers we have sent you

Cæs There's the point  
Ant Which do not be entreated to but weigh  
What it is worth embraced

Cæs And what may follow  
To try a larger fortune

Pom You have made me offer  
Of Sicily Sardinia and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates then to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome this greed upon  
To part with unhack'd edges and bear back  
Our targes undinted

Cæs Ant Lep That's our offer  
Pom Know then 40

I came before you here a man prepared  
To take this offer but Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling you must know  
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows  
Your mother came to Sicily and did find  
Her welcome friendly

Ant I have heard it Pompey  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks  
Which I do owe you

Pom Let me have your hand  
I did not think sir to have met you here 50

Ant The beds the East are soft and thanks  
to you

That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither  
For I have gain'd by't

Cæs Since I saw you last  
There is a change upon you

Pom Well I know not  
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face  
But in my bosom shall she never come  
To make my heart her vassal

Lep Well met here  
Pom I hope so Lepidus Thus we are agreed  
I crave our composition may be written  
And seal'd between us

Cæs That's the next to do 60

Pom We'll feast each other ere we part and  
let's

Draw lots who shall begin

Ant That will I Pompey

Pom No Antony take the lot but first  
Or last your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame I have heard that Julius  
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there

Ant You have heard much

Pom I have fair meanings sir

Ant And fair words to them

Pom Then so much have I heard  
And I have heard Apollodorus carried—

Fno No more of that he did so

Pom What I pray you? 70

Eno A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress

Iom I know thee now How far'st thou  
soldier?

Eno Well

And well am like to do for I perceive

Four feasts are toward

Pom Let me shake thy hand

I never hated thee I have seen thee fight

When I have envied thy behaviour

Eno Sir

I never loved you much but I have praised you

When you have well deserved ten times as much

As I have said you did

Pom Enjoy thy plainness 80

It nothing ill becomes thee

Aboard my gally I invite you all

Will you lead lords?

Cæs Ant Lep Show us the way sir

Pom Come

[Exeunt all but MENAS and ENOBABBUS]

Men [Aside] Thy father Pompey would never  
have made this treaty You and I have known  
sir

Fno At sea I think

Men We have sir

Eno You have done well by water

Men And you by land 90

Eno I will praise any man that will praise me  
though it cannot be denied what I have done by  
land

Men Not what I have done by water

*Eno* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety. You have been a great thief by sea.

*Men* And you by land.

*Eno* There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas. If our eyes had authority here they might take two thieves kissing. 101

*Men* All men's faces are true, wharesome of their hands are.

*Eno* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men* No slander they steal hearts.

*Eno* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune. 110

*Eno* If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

*Men* You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno* Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

*Men* True, sir, she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men* Pray ye, sir? 120

*Eno* 'Tis true.

*Men* Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

*Eno* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

*Men* I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

*Eno* I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy cold and still conversation. 131

*Men* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno* Not he that himself is not so, which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar, and as I said before that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is, he married but his occasion here. 140

*Men* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno* I shall take it, sir. We have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men* Come let's away. [Exeunt

SCENE VII On board Pompey's galley off

Misenum

Music plays. Enter two or three SERVANTS with a banquet.

*1st Serv* Here they'll be, man. Some of their plants are ill rooted already, the least wind of the world will blow them down.

*Ant* *1st Serv* Lepidus is high-coloured.

*1st Serv* They have made him drink alms-drink.

*Ant* *1st Serv* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out 'No more.' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

*1st Serv* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion. 11

*Ant* *2nd Serv* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

*1st Serv* To be called into a huge sphere and not to be seen to move in it, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POMPEY, AGIPPUS, MISCENAS, ENOBARDUS, MENAS, with other captains.

*Ant* [To CÆSAR] Thus do they, sir, they take the flow of the Nile. 20

By certain scales, the pyramid they know. By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth or fison follow. The higher Nilus swells. The more it promises, as it ebbs, the seedsman Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain, And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep* You've strange serpents there.

*Ant* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. So is your crocodile. 31

*Ant* They are so.

*Pom* Sit—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

*Lep* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno* Not till you have slept, I fear me you'll be in till then.

*Lep* Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things without contradiction. I have heard that. 41

*Men* [Aside to POMPEY] Pompey, a word.

*Pom* [Aside to MENAS] Say in mine ear what is't?

*Men* [Aside to POMPEY] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain.

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom* [Aside to MENAS] Forbear me till anon. This wine for Lepidus!

*Lep* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

*Ant* It is shaped, sir, like itself, and it is as broad as it hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs, it lives by that

which nourisheth it and the elements once out of it it transmigrates

*Lep* What colour is it of?

*Ant* Of its own colour too

*Lep* 'Tis a strange serpent

*Ant* 'Tis so And the tears of it are wet

*Ces* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant* With the health that Pompey gives him else he is a very epicure

*Pom* [*Aside to MENAS*] Go hang sir hang!

Tell me of that away!

Do as I bid you Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men* [*Aside to POMPEY*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me

Rise from thy stool

*Pom* [*Aside to MENAS*] I think thou art mad

The matter? [*Rises and walks aside*]

*Men* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes

*Pom* Thou hast served me with much faith

What's else to say?

Pejolly lords!

*Ant* These quick sands Lepidus

Keep off them for you sink

*Men* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom* What say'st thou?

*Men* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world?

That's twice

*Pom* How should that be?

*Men* But entertain it

And though thou think me poor I am the man

Will give thee all the world

*Pom* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men* No Pompey I have kept me from the cup

Thou art if thou darest be the earthly Jove

Whatever the ocean pales or sky inclips

Is thine if thou wilt have it

*Pom* Show me which way

*Men* These three world sharers these common petitioners

Are in thy vessel Let me cut the cable

And when we are put off fall to their throats

All there is thine

*Pom* Ah this thou shouldst have done

And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villainy

In thee 't had been good service Thou must know

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour

Mine honour it Repent that e'er thy tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act being done unknown

I should have found it afterwards well done

But must condemn it now Desist and drink

*Men* [*Aside*] For this

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more

Who seeks and will not take when once offered

Shall never find it more

*Lep* This health to Lepidus!

*Ant* Bear him ashore I'll pledge it for him

Pompey

*Eno* Here's to thee Menas!

*Men* Enobarbus welcome!

*Pom* Fill till the cup be hid

*Eno* There's a strong fellow Menas

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS*]

*Men* Why?

*Eno* A bears the third part of the world I mean see'st not?

*Men* The third part then is drunk Would it were all

That it might go on wheels!

*Eno* Drink thou increase the reels

*Men* Come

*Pom* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast

*Ant* It ripens towards it Strike the vessels ho!

Here is to Caesar!

*Ces* I could well forbear it

It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain

And it grows fouler

*Ant* Be a child o' the time

*Ces* Possess it I'll make answer

But I had rather fast from all four days

Than drink so much in one

*Eno* Ha, my brave emperor! [*To ANTONY*]

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals

And celebrate our drink?

*Pom* Let's have it good soldier

*Ant* Come let's all take hands

Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe

*Eno* All take hands

Make battery to our ears with the loud music

The while I'll place you then the boy shall sing

The holding every man shall bear as loud

As his strong sides can volley

*Music plays* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand

#### THE SONG

Come thou monarch of the vine

Plump Bacchus with pink eye!

In thy fairs our cares be drown'd

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd

Cup us till the world go round

Cup us till the world go round!

*Ces* What would you more? Pompey good night Good brother

Let me request you off, our graver business  
 Frowns at this levity Gentle lords let's part,  
 You see we have burnt our cheeks Strong Lno-  
 barb  
 Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue  
 Splits what it speaks, the wild disguise hath  
 almost 131  
 Antick'd us all What needs more words? Good  
 night  
 Good Antony, your hand  
 Pom I'll try you on the shore  
 Ant And shall, sir give's your hand  
 Pom O Antony,  
 You have my father's house—But what's we are  
 friends  
 Come, down into the boat  
 Eno Take heed you fall not

[*Exeunt all but ENOBARDUS and MENAS*]  
 Menas I'll not on shore

Men No to my cabin  
 These drums! these trumpets flutes! what!  
 Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
 To these great fellows Sound and be hang'd,  
 sound out!

*Sound a flourish, with drums*

Eno Ho! says a' There's my cap 141  
 Men Ho! Noble captain come [Exeunt

### ACT III

#### SCENE I A plain in Syria

*Enter VENTIDIUS as if he were in triumph with SILIUS,  
 and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers, the dead  
 body of PACORUS borne before him*

Ven Now darting Parthia art thou struck, and  
 now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus death  
 Make me revenger Bear the King's son's body  
 Before our army Thy Pacorus Orodes,  
 Paves this for Marcus Crassus

Sil Noble Ventidius  
 Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is  
 warm

The fugitive Parthians follow, spur through  
 Media

Mesopotamia and the shelters whither  
 The routed fly so thy grand captain Antony  
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and 10  
 Put garlands on thy head

Ven O Silius Silius  
 I have done enough a lower place note well  
 May make too great an act for learn this Silius,  
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
 Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's  
 away  
 Caesar and Antony have ever won

More in their officer than person Sossius,  
 One of my place in Syria his lieutenant,  
 For quick accumulation of renown, 19  
 Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour  
 Who does the wars more than his captain can  
 Becomes his captain's captain, and ambition  
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
 Than gain which darkens him  
 I could do more to do Antonius good  
 But would offend him and in his offence  
 Should my performance perish  
 Sil Thou hast Ventidius that  
 Without the which a soldier and his sword  
 Grants scarce distinction Thou wilt write to  
 Antony?

Ven I'll humbly signify what in his name, 30  
 That magical word of war we have effected,  
 How with his banners and his well paid ranks,  
 The never yet beaten horse of Parthia  
 We have jaded out of the field

Sil Where is he now?  
 Ven He purposeth to Athens whither, with  
 what haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit  
 We shall appear before him On there pass  
 along! [Exeunt

#### SCENE II Rome an ante-chamber in Caesar's house

*Enter AGRIPPA at one door, ENOBARDUS  
 at another*

Agr What are the brothers parted?

Eno They have dispatch'd with Pompey he is  
 gone,

The other three are sealing Octavia weeps  
 To part from Rome Caesar is sad and Lepidus  
 Since Pompey's feast as Menas says, is troubled  
 With the green sickness

Agr 'Tis a noble Lepidus

Eno A very fine one O how he loves Caesar!

Agr Nay but how dearly he adores Mark An-  
 tony!

Eno Caesar? Why he's the Jupiter of men

Agr What's Antony? The god of Jupiter 10

Eno Spake you of Caesar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno Would you praise Caesar, say 'Caesar'  
 go no further

Agr Indeed he plied them both with excellent  
 praises

Eno But he loves Caesar best yet he loves An-  
 tony

Ho! hearts tongues figures scribes, bards,  
 poets cannot

Think speak cast write sing number ho!  
 His love to Antony But as for Caesar,

Kneel down kneel down and wonder

*Ag* Both he loves

*Eno* They are his shards and he their beetle

[*Trumpets within*] So 20

This is to horse Adieu noble Agrippa

*Ag* Good fortune worthy soldier and fare well

*Enter* CÆSAR ANTONY LEPIDUS and OCTAVIA

*Ant* No further sir

*Cæs* You take from me a great part of my self

Use me well in t Sister prove such a wife

As my thoughts make thee and as my farthest band

Shall pass on thy approof Most noble Antony

Let not the piece of virtue which is set

Betwixt us as the cement of our love

To keep it builded be the ram to batter 30

The fortress of it for better might we

Have loved without this mean if on both parts

This be not cherish ||

*Ant* Make me not offended

In your distrust

*Cæs* I have said

*Ant* You shall not find

Though you be therein curious the least cause

For what you seem to fear So the gods keep you

And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends'

We will here part

*Cæs* Farewell my dearest sister fare thee well

The elements be kind to thee and make 40

Thy spirits all of comfort' fare thee well

*Oct* My noble brother'

*Ant* The April is in her eyes it is love's spring

And these the showers to bring it on Be cheerful

*Oct* Sir look well to my husband's house and—

*Cæs* What

Octavia?

*Oct* I'll tell you in your ear

*Ant* Her tongue will not obey her heart nor can

Her heart inform her tongue—the swan's down feather

That stands upon the swell at full of tide

And neither way inclines 50

*Eno* [*Aside to AGRIPPA*] Will Cæsar weep?

*Ag* [*Aside to ENOBARBUS*] He has a cloud in his face

*Eno* [*Aside to AGRIPPA*] He were the worse for that were he a horse

So is he being a man

*Ag* [*Aside to ENOBARBUS*] Why Enobarbus

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead

He cried almost to roaring and he wept

When at Philippi he found Brutus slain

*Eno* [*Aside to AGRIPPA*] That your ear indeed he was troubled with a rheum

What willingly he did confound he wail'd

Believe it till I wept too

*Cæs* No sweet Octavia

You shall hear from me still the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you

*Ant* Come sir come 60

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love

Look here I have you thus I let you

And give you to the gods

*Cæs* Adieu be happy'

*Lep* Let all the number of the stars give light

To thy fair way'

*Cæs* Farewell farewell' [*Exit OCTAVIA*

*Ant* Farewell'

[*Trumpets sound Exit*]

SCENE III Alexandria Cleopatra's palace

*Enter* CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and

ALEXAS

*Cleo* Where is the fellow?

*Alex* Half afraid to come

*Cleo* Go to go to

*Enter the MESSENGER as before*

Come hither sir

*Alex* Good Majesty

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you

But when you are well pleased

*Cleo* That Herod's head

I'll have but how when Antony is gone

Through whom I might command it? Come thou near

*Mess* Most gracious Majesty—

*Cleo* Didst thou behold Octavia?

*Mess* Ay dread queen

*Cleo* Where? 10

*Mess* Madam in Rome

I look'd her in the face and saw her led

Between her brother and Mark Antony

*Cleo* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess* She is not madam

*Cleo* Didst hear her speak? is she shrill-toned or low?

*Mess* Madam I heard her speak she is low voiced

*Cleo* That's not so good He cannot like her long?

*Char* Like her? O Isis!

*Cleo* I think so Ch ill of tongue

dwarfish!

What majesty is in

If e'er thou look'st

*Mess*

She shows a body rather than a life

A statue than a breather

*Cleo* Is this certain?

*Mess* Or I have no observance

*Char* Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note

*Cleo* He's very knowing,

I do perceive 't There's nothing in her yet

The fellow has good judgement

*Char* Excellent

*Cleo* Guess at her years I prithee

*Mess* Madam,

She was a widow—

*Cleo* Widow! Charmian hark 30

*Mess* And I do think she's thirty

*Cleo* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

*Mess* Round even to faultiness

*Cleo* For the most part, too they are foolish that are so

Her hair, what colour?

*Mess* Brown madam, and her forehead

As low as she would wish it

*Cleo* There's gold for thee

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill

I will employ thee back again I find thee

Most fit for business Go make thee ready 40

Our letters are prepared [Exit MESSANGERS]

*Char* A proper man

*Cleo* Indeed he is so I repent me much

That so I harried him Why methinks by him

This creature's no such thing

*Char* Nothing madam

*Cleo* The man hath seen some majesty and should know

*Char* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,

And serving you so long!

*Cleo* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian

But 'tis no matter thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write All may be well enough 50

*Char* I warrant you madam [Exit]

SCENE IV Athens A room in Antony's house

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA

*Ant* Nay nay Octavia not only that—

That were excusable that and thousands more

Of semblable import—but he hath waged

New wars gainst Pompey made his will, and read it

To public ear,

Spoke scantily of me, when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour cold and sickly

He vented them most narrow measure lent me

When the best hint was given him he not took 't,

Or did it from his teeth

*Oct* O my good lord

Believe not all, or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all A more unhappy lady

If thus division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts

The good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray O bless my lord and husband!

Undo that prayer by crying out as loud

'O bless my brother! Husband win win brother

Pray's and destroys the prayer, no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all

*Ant* Gentle Octavia, 20

Let your best love draw to that point which

seeks

Best to preserve it If I lose mine honour,

I lose my self better I were not yours

Than yours so branchless But as you requested,

Yourself shall go between's The mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain your brother Make your soonest

haste

So your desires are yours

*Oct* Thanks to my lord

The joy of power make me most weak, most

weak

Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would

be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain

men 31

Should solder up the rift

*Ant* When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way, for our faults

Can never be so equal that your love

Can equally move with them Provide your

going

Choose your own company, and command what

cost

Your heart has mind to

[Exit]

SCENE V The same another room

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting

*Eno* How now friend Eros!

*Eros* There's strange news come sir

*Eno* What man?

*Eros* Caesar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey

*Eno* This is old What is the success?

*Eros* Caesar having made use of him in the wars gainst Pompey presently denied him rivalry, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey upon his own appeal seizes him So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine

*Eno* Then world thou hast a pair of chaps no more

And throw between them all the food thou hast  
They'll grind the one the other Where's Antony?

*Eros* He's walking in the garden—thus and spurns

The rush that lies before him cries 'Fool Lepidus!'

And threats the throat of that his officer  
That murder'd Pompey

*Eno* Our great navy's rigg'd 20

*Eros* For Italy and Caesar More Domitius

My lord desires you presently my news  
I might have told hereafter

*Eno* 'Twill be naught

But let it be Bring me to Antony

*Eros* Come sir [Exit

SCENE VI *Rome Caesar's house*

Enter *CAESAR*, *AGRIPPA* and *MECENAS*

*Caes* Contemning Rome he has done all this and more

In *Alexandria* Here's the manner of't  
I the market place on a tribunal silver'd  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthroned At the feet sat  
Caesarion whom they call my father's son  
And all the unlawful issue that their lust  
Since then hath made between them Unto her  
He gave the establishment of Egypt made her  
Of lower Syria, Cyprus Lydia 10  
Absolute queen

*Mec* This in the public eye?

*Caes* I the common show place where they exercise

His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings  
Great Media Parthia and Armenia  
He gave to Alexander to Ptolemy he assign'd  
Syria Cilicia and Phoenicia She  
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
That day appear'd and oft before gave audience  
As 'tis reported so

*Mec* Let Rome be thus

Inform'd

*Agri* Who queasy with his insolence 20  
Already will their good thoughts call from him

*Caes* The people know it and have now received

His accusations

*Agri* Who does he accuse?

*Caes* Caesar and that having in Sicily  
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd we had not rated him  
His part of the isle Then does he say he lent me  
Some shipping unreturned Lastly he frets  
That Lepidus of the triumvirate

Should be deposed and being that we detain  
All his revenue

*Agri* Sir this should be answer'd 30

*Caes* 'Tis done already and the messenger gone  
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel  
That he his high authority abused  
And did deserve his change For what I have con-

quer'd  
I grant him part but then in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms I  
Demand the like

*Mec* He'll never yield to that

*Caes* Nor must not then be yielded to in this

Enter *OCTAVIA* with her train

*Oct* Hail Caesar and my lord! hail most dear  
Caesar! 39

*Caes* That ever I should call thee castaway!

*Oct* You have not call'd me so nor have you cause

*Caes* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not

Like Caesar's sister The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach  
Long ere she did appear the trees by the way  
Should have borne men and expectation faint'd  
Longing for what it had not nay the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven 49  
Raised by your populous troops But you are come

A market maid to Rome and have prevented  
The ostentation of our love which left unshown  
Is often left unloved We should have met you  
By sea and land supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting

*Oct* Good my lord  
To come thus was I not constrain'd but did it  
On my free will My lord Mark Antony  
Hearing that you prepared for war acquainted  
My griev'd ear withal whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return

*Caes* Which soon he granted 60  
Being an obstruct 'twixt his lust and him

*Oct* Do not say so my lord

*Caes* I have eyes upon him  
And his affairs come to me on the wind  
Where is he now?

*Oct* My lord in Athens

*Caes* No my most wrong'd sister Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her He hath given his em-  
pire

Up to a whore who now are levying  
The kings of the earth for war He hath assem-  
bled

Bocchus the King of Libya Archelaus

Of Cappadocia, Philadelphos, King 70  
Of Paphlagonia, the Thracian king, Adallas,  
King Malchus of Arabia King of Pont,  
Herod of Jewry Mithridates King  
Of Comagene, Polemon and Amyntas,  
The kings of Medea and Lycania,  
With a more larger list of sceptres

Or As me most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends  
That do afflict each other!

Cas Welcome hither  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth 79  
Till we perceived both how you were wronged,  
And we in negligent danger Cheer your heart  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
Or your content these strong necessities,  
But let determined things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way Welcome to Rome,  
Nothing more dear to me You are abused  
Beyond the mark of thought and the high gods  
To do you justice make them ministers  
Of us and those that love you Best of comfort  
And ever welcome to us 90

Agg Welcome lady  
Ant Welcome dear madam  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you  
Only the adulterous Antony most large  
In his abominations turns you off,  
And gives his potent regiment to a trull  
That noises it against us

Oct Is it so sir?  
Cas Most certain Sister, welcome Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience My dear sister!

[Exeunt]

SCENE VII Near Actium Antony's camp

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS

Cleo I will be even with thee doubt it not  
Eno But why why, why?  
Cleo Thou hast forspoke my being in these  
wars

And sayst it is not fit

Fno Well, is it is it?  
Cleo If not denounced against us why should  
not we  
Be there in person?

Eno [Aside] Well I could reply  
If we should serve with horse and mares to  
gether,  
The horse were merely lost the mares would  
bear

A soldier and his horse

Cleo What is't you say? 10  
Eno Your presence needs must puzzle Antony,  
Take from his heart take from his brain from s  
time,

What should not then be spared He is already  
Fraduced for levity, and tis said in Rome  
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids  
Manage this war

Cleo Sink Rome and their tongues rot  
That speak against us! A charge we bear: the  
war

And as the president of my kingdom will  
Appear there for a man Speak not against it,  
I will not stay behind

Leo Nay, I have done 20  
Here comes the Emperor

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS

Ant Is it not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum and Brundisium  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea  
And take in TORYNE? You have heard on't,  
sweet?

Cleo Celerity is never more admired  
Than by the negligent

Ant A good rebuke,  
Which might have well become the best of  
men

To taunt at slackness Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea

Cleo By sea! what else?  
Can Why will my lord do so?

Ant For that he dares us to't 30  
Fno So hath my lord dared him to single fight

Can Ay and to wage this battle at Pharsalia  
Where Caesar fought with Pompey, but these  
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage he shakes off,  
And so should you

Fno Your ships are not well mann'd,  
Your mariners are mulcters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress in Caesar's fleet  
Are those that often have gainst Pompey fought  
Their ships are yare yours, heavy No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea 40  
Being prepared for land

Ant By sea by sea  
Eno Most worthy sir you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land

Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war mark'd footmen, leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge quite forego  
The way which promises assurance and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard  
From firm security

Ant I'll fight at sea  
Cleo I have sixty sails Caesar none better 50

Ant Our overplus of shipping will we burn  
And with the rest full mann'd, from the head of  
Actium



Beat the approaching Cæsar But if we fail  
We then can do t at land

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Thy business?

Mess The news is true my lord he is descried  
Cæsar has taken Tornyne

Ant Can he be there in person? tis im  
possible

Strange that his power should be Canidius  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse We'll to our  
ship

Away my Thetis!

*Enter a SOLDIER*

How now worthy soldier! 61

Sold O noble emperor do not fight by sea  
Trust not to rotten planks Do you misdoubt  
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egypt-  
tians

And the Phœnicians go a-ducking we  
Have used to conquer stand ng on the earth  
And fighting foot to foot

Ant Well well away!

[*Exeunt* ANTONY CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS

Sold By Hercules I think I am the right  
Can Soldier thou art but his whole action  
grows

Not in the power on t So our leader s led 70  
And we are women s men

Sold You keep by land

The legions and the horse whole do you not?

Can Marcus Octavius Marcus Justeus  
Publicola and Cælius are for sea

But we keep whole by land This speed of  
Cæsar s

Carries beyond belief

Sold While he was yet in Rome  
His power went out in such distractions as  
Beguiled all spies

Can Who s his lieutenant hear you?

Sold They say one Taurus

Can Well I know the man

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Mess The Emperor calls Canidius 80

Can With news the time s with labour and  
throes forth

Each minute some [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII A plain near Actium

*Enter CÆSAR, and TAURUS with his army  
marching*

Cæs Taurus!

Taur My Lord?

Cæs Strike not by land keep whole provoke  
not battle

Till we have done at sea Do not exceed  
The prescript of this scroll our fortune lies  
Upon this jump [*Exeunt*

SCENE IX Another part of the plain

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS*

Ant Set we our squadrons on yond side o the  
hill

In eye of Cæsar s battle from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold  
And so proceed accordingly [*Exeunt*

SCENE X Another part of the plain

CANIDIUS marcheth with his land army one way  
over the stage and TAURUS the lieutenant of  
CÆSAR the other way After their going in is  
heard the noise of a sea fight

*Alarm Enter ENOBARBUS*

Eno Naught naught all nau,ht! I can behold  
no longer

The Antoniad the Egyptian admiral  
With all their sixty fly and turn the rudder  
To see t mine eyes are blasted

*Enter SCARUS*

Scar Gods and goddesses  
All the whole synod of them!

Eno What s thy passion?

Scar The greater cantle of the world is lost  
With very ignorance we have liss d away  
Kingdoms and provinces

Eno How appears the fi ht?

Scar On our side like the token d pestilence  
Where death is sure Yon ribaudred nag of  
Egypt— 10

Whom leprosy o errake!— the midst o the  
fight

When vantage like a pair of twins appear d  
Both as the same or rather ours the elder  
The breeze upon her like a cow in June  
Hoists sails and flies

Eno That I beheld  
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight and could not  
Endure a further view

Scar She once being loof d  
The noble ruin of her magic Antony  
Claps on his sea wing and like a diving mallard,  
Leaving the fight in her flies after her 21  
I never saw a action of such shame  
Experience manhood honour ne er before  
Did violate so itself

Eno

Alack alack!

*Enter CANIDIUS*

*Cam* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath  
And sinks most lamentably I had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well  
O he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own!

*Ero* Are you thereabouts?  
Why then good night indeed 30

*Cam* Toward Peloponnesus are they fled  
*Scar* 'Tis easy to t, and there I will attend  
What further comes

*Cam* To Caesar will I render  
My legions and my horse Six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding

*Ero* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, though my  
reason

Sits in the wind against me [Exeunt

SCENE XI *Alexandria Cleopatra's  
palace*

Enter ANTONY with ATTENDANTS

*Ant* Har! the land bids me tread no more  
upon t,

It is ashamed to bear me! Friends, come hither  
I am so lated in the world, that I  
Have lost my way for ever I have a ship  
Laden with gold take that divide it fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar

*Ali* Fly! not we

*Ant* I have fled my self and have instructed  
cowards

To run and show their shoulders Friends be  
gone,

I have my self resolv'd upon a course  
Which has no need of you be gone 10  
My treasure s in the harbour, take it O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness and they them  
For fear and doting Friends be gone you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends that will  
Sweep your way for you Pray you look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness Take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims let that be left  
Which leaves itself To the sea side straightway  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure 21  
Leave me I pray, a little pray you now  
Nay do so for, indeed I have lost command  
Therefore I pray you I'll see you by and by  
Sits down

Enter CLEOPATRA led by CHARMIAN and IRAS,  
EROS following

*Eros* Nay, gentle madam to him comfort him

*Irás* Do most dear queen

*Char* Do! why, what else?

*Cleo* Let me sit down O Juno!

*Ant* No no no, no no

*Irás* See you here sir?

*Ant* O fie fie, fie!

*Chir* Madam!

*Irás* Madam O good empress!

*Eros* Sir sir—

*Ant* Yes my lord yes, he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cæsius and twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended He alone  
Dealt on lieutenantry and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war, yet now—No  
matter

*Cleo* Ah stand by

*Eros* The Queen my lord the Queen

*Irás* Go to him madam speak to him,

He is unqualified with very shame

*Cleo* Well then sustain me O!

*Eros* Most noble sir, arise, the Queen ap-  
proaches

Her head s declined and death will seize her,  
but

Your comfort makes the rescue

*Ant* I have offended reputation,

A most un noble swerving

*Irás* Sir, the Queen

*Ant* O whither hast thou led me, Egypt? 50

See,

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes  
By looking back what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour

*Cleo* O my lord my lord,  
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought  
You would have follow'd

*Ant* Egypt thou knew'st too well

My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings  
And thou should'st tow me after O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods 60  
Command me

*Cleo* O, my pardon!

*Ant* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness who  
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I  
pleased

Making and marring fortunes You did know  
How much you were my conqueror and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection would  
Obey it on all cause

*Cleo* Pardon, pardon!

*Ant* Fall not a tear I say one of them rates  
All that is won and lost Give me a kiss 70  
Even this repays me We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back? Love, I am full of lead

Some wine within there and our viands! For  
tune knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE XII Egypt *Cæsar's camp*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLOBELLA, THYREUS with others*  
*Cæs* Let him appear that's come from Antony  
know you him?

*Dol* Cæsar 'tis his schoolmaster  
An argument that he is bluck'd when hither  
He sends so poor a pinnion of his wing  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers  
Not many moons gone by

*Enter EUPHRONIUS ambassador from Antony*

*Cæs* Approach and speak

*Euph* Such as I am I come from Antony  
I was of late as petty to his cruds  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea

*Cæs* Be it so declare thine office

*Euph* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee and  
Requires to live in Egypt which not granted  
He lets his requests and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and  
earth

A private man in Athens This for him  
Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness  
Submits her to thy might and of thee craves  
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs  
Now hazarded to thy grace

*Cæs* For Antony  
I have no ears to his request The Queen  
Of audience nor desire shall fail so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend  
Or take his life there This if she perform  
She shall not sue unheard So to them both

*Euph* Fortune pursue thee!

*Cæs* Bring him through the bands

[*Exit EUPHRONIUS*]

[*To THYREUS*] To try thy eloquence now 'tis  
time dispatch

From Antony with Cleopatra promise  
And in our name what she requires add more,  
From thine invention offers Women are not  
In their best fortunes strong but want will  
perjure

The nearer touch'd vestal Try thy cunning Thy  
reus

Make thine own edict for thy pains which we  
Will answer as a law

*Thyr* Cæsar I go

*Cæs* Observe how Antony becomes his slave  
And what thou thinkst of his very action speaks  
In every power that moves

*Thyr*

Cæsar I shall [*Exeunt*]

SCENE XIII Alexandria Cleopatra's  
palace

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN and  
IRAS*

*Cl o* What shall we do Enobarbus?

*Eno* Think and die

*Cl o* Is Antony or we in fault for this?

*Eno* Antony only that would make his will  
Lord of his reason What though you fled  
From that great face of war whose several  
ranges

Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have rack'd his captainship at such a point  
When half to half the world opposed he being  
The meered question 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss to course your flying flags  
And leave his navy gazing

*Cleo* Prithce, peace

*Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS the Ambassador*  
*Ant* Is that his answer?

*Euph* Ay my lord

*Ant* The Queen shall then have courtesy so  
she  
Will yield us up

*Euph* He says so

*Ant* Let her know it

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities

*Cleo* That head my lord?

*Ant* To him again Tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him from which the world should  
note

Something particular His coin ships legions  
May be a coward's whose ministers would  
prevail

Under the service of a child as soon

As the command of Cæsar I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart  
And answer me declined sword against a word  
Ourselves alone I'll write it Follow me

[*Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS*]

*Eno* [*Aside*] Yes like enough high barded  
Cæsar will

Unstate his happiness and be staid to the show  
Against a sword? I see men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes and things outwaid  
Do draw the inward quality after them  
To suffer all alike That he should dream  
knowing all measures the full Cæsar will  
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar thou hast sub-  
due'd

His judgment too

*Enter an ATTENDANT*

*Att* A messenger from Cæsar

*Cleo* What no more ceremony? See, my women!

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose  
That kneel'd unto the buds Admit him, sir 40

[*Exit ATTENDANT*]

*Ero* [*Aside*] Mine honesty and I begin to square

The loyalty well held to fools does make  
Our faith more folly yet he that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord  
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
And earns a place in the story

*Enter THYREUS*

*Cleo* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr* Hear it apart

*Cleo* None but friends say boldly

*Thyr* So haply, are they friends to Antony

*Ero* He needs as many, sir as Cæsar has,  
Or needs not us If Cæsar please our master 50

Will leap to be his friend For us you know  
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's

*Thyr* So  
Thus then thou most renown'd Cæsar entreats  
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st  
Further than he is Cæsar

*Cleo* Go on right royal

*Thyr* He knows that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him

*Cleo* O!

*Thyr* The scars upon your honour therefore he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes  
Not as deserved

*Cleo* He is a god and knows 60  
What is most right Mine honour was not  
yielded

But conquer'd merely

*Ero* [*Aside*] To be sure of that  
I will ask Antony Sir, sir thou art so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking for

Thy dearest quit thee [Exit

*Thyr* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desired to give It much would please him

That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon but it would warm his spirits  
To hear from me you had left Antony, 70  
And put yourself under his shroud  
The universal landlord

*Cleo* What's your name?

*Thyr* My name is Thyreus

*Cleo* Most kind messenger  
Say to great Cæsar this in deputation

I kiss his conquering hand Tell him I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet and there to kneel  
I tell him from his all-obeying breath I hear  
The doom of Egypt

*Thyr* 'Tis your noblest course  
Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can 80  
No chance may shake it Give me grace to lay  
My duty on your hand

*Cleo* Your Cæsar's father oft  
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place  
As it rain'd kisses

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS*

*Ant* Favours by Jove that thunders!  
What art thou fellow?

*Thyr* One that but performs  
The bidding of the fullest man and worthiest  
To have command obey'd

*Ero* [*Aside*] You will be whipp'd

*Ant* Approach there! Ah you kite! Now,  
gods and devils!

Authority nicks from me Of late when I cried  
Ho! 90

Like boy s unto a muss, kings would start forth  
And cry Your will? Have you no ears? I am  
Antony yet

*Enter Attendants*

Take hence this Jack, and whip him

*Ero* [*Aside*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's  
whelp

Than with an old one dying  
*Ant* Moon and stars!  
Whip him Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-  
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here—what's her  
name

Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him fellows  
Till like a boy you see him cringe his face 100  
And whine aloud for mercy Take him hence

*Thyr* Mark Antony!

*Ant* Tug him away Being whipp'd  
Bring him again, this Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him

[*Exit Attendants with THYREUS*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you! ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race  
And by a gem of women to be abused  
By one that looks on feeders?

*Cleo* Good my lord—  
*Ant* You have been a boggler ever 110  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—

O misery on t'—the wise gods seal our eyes  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments  
make us

Adore our errors laugh at s while we strut  
To our confusion

*Cleo* O is t come to this?

*Ant* I found you as a morsel cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher nay you were a frag-  
ment

Of Cneius Pompey's besides what hotter hours  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame you have  
Luxuriously pick'd out for I am sure 120  
Though you can guess what temperance should  
be

You know not what it is

*Cleo* Wherefore is this?

*Ant* To let a fellow that will take rewards  
And say God quit you! be familiar with  
My play fellow your hand this kingly seal  
And plighter of high hearts? O that I were  
Upon the hill of Basin to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause  
And to proclaim it civilly were like  
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being yare about him

*Re-enter ATTENDANTS with THYREUS*

Is he w hupp'd? 121

*1st Att* Soundly my lord

*Ant* Cried he? and bestow'd a pardon?

*1st Att* He did ask favour

*Ant* If that thy father live let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter and be thou  
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph since  
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him  
henceforth

The white hand of a lady fever thee  
Shake thou to look on! Get thee back to  
Cæsar

Tell him thy entertainment Look thou say 140  
He makes me angry with him for he seems  
Proud and disdainful harping on what I am  
Not what he knew I was He makes me angry  
And at this time most easy tis to do it  
When my good stars that were my former  
guides

Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires  
Into the abyss of hell If he must like  
My speech and what is done tell him he has  
Hipparchus my enfranchised bondman whom  
He may at pleasure whip or hang or torture  
As he shall like to quit me Urge it thou 151  
Hence with this stripes begone! [*Exit THYREUS*]

*Cleo* Have you done yet?

*Ant* Alack our terrene moon

Is now eclipsed and it portends alone

The fall of Antony!

*Cleo* I must stay his time

*Ant* To flatter Cæsar would you mingle eyes  
With one that ties his points?

*Cleo* Not know me yet?

*Ant* Cold hearted toward me?

*Cleo* Ah dear if I be so

From my cold heart let heaven encounter hail  
And poison it in the source and the first stone  
Drop in my neck as it determines so 161

Dissolve my life! The next Cæsation smite!

Till by degrees the memory of my womb  
Together with my brave Egyptians all  
By the discarding of this pellered storm  
Lie graveless till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!

*Ant* I am satisfied

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria where  
I will oppose his fate Our force by land  
Hath nobly held our sever'd navy too 170  
Have knit again and fleet threatening most sea  
like

Where hast thou been my heart? Dost thou  
hear lady?

If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips I will appear in blood  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle  
There's hope in't yet

*Cleo* That's my brave lord!

*Ant* I will be treble sinew'd hearted breathed  
And fight maliciously for when mine hours  
Were nice and lucky men did ransom lives 180  
Of me for jests but now I'll set my teeth  
And send to darkness all that stop me Come  
Let's have one other gaudy night Call to me  
All my sad captains fill our bowls once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell

*Cleo* It is my birth-day  
I had thought to have held it poor but since my  
lord

Is Antony again I will be Cleopatra

*Ant* We will yet do well

*Cleo* Call all his noble captains to my lord

*Ant* Do so we'll speak to them and to-night 190  
I'll force

The wine peep through their scars Come on  
my queen

There's sap in't yet The next time I do fight  
I'll make death love me for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe

[*Exeunt all but ENOBABUS*]

*Eno* Now he'll outstare the lightning To be  
furious

Is to be frighted out of fear and in that mood  
The dove will peck the estridge and I see still

A diminution in our captain's brain  
 Restores his heart When valour prevails on reason  
 It eats the sword it fights with I will seek -00  
 Some way to leave him [Exit

## ACT IV

## SCENE I Before Alexandria Caesar's camp

Enter CAESAR, ACRIPPA, and MECTANUS with his  
 Army, CAESAR reading a letter

Ces He calls me boy and chides, as he had  
 power  
 To beat me out of Egypt, my messenger  
 He hath whipp'd with rods, dares me to personal  
 combat

Caesar to Antony Let the old ruffian know  
 I have many other ways to die meantime  
 Laugh at his challenge

Mec Caesar must think  
 When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
 Even to falling Give him no breath but now  
 Make boot of his distraction Never anger  
 Made good guard for itself

Ces Let our best heads 10  
 know that to-morrow the last of many battles  
 We mean to fight Within our files there are  
 Of those that served Mark Antony but late  
 Enough to fetch him in See it done  
 And feast the army, we have store to do it  
 And they have earn'd the waste Poor Antony!  
[Exeunt

## SCENE II Alexandria Cleopatra's palace

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHAR-  
 MIAN, IRAS, ALFAS with others

Ant He will not fight with me Domitius No  
 Eno

Ant Why should he not?

Eno He thinks being twenty times of better  
 fortune,

He is twenty men to one

Ant To-morrow soldier  
 By sea and land I'll fight or I will live  
 Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
 Shall make it live again Woo't thou fight well?

Eno I'll strike, and cry 'Tale all'

Ant Well said come on  
 Call forth my household servants let's to night  
 Be bounteous at our meal

Enter three or four Servitors

Give me thy hand 10

Thou hast been rightly honest so hast thou  
 Thou and thou and thou you have served me  
 well,  
 And kings have been your fellows

Cleo [Aside to ENOBARBUS] What means this?

Eno [Aside to CLEOPATRA] I is one of those odd  
 tricks which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind

Ant And thou art honest too

I wish I could be made so many men

And all of you clapp'd up together in

An Antony that I might do you service

So good as you have done

All The gods forbid!

Ant Well, my good fellows wait on me to-  
 night, -0

Scant not my cups and make as much of me

As when mine empire was your fellow too

And suffer'd my command

Cleo [Aside to ENOBARBUS] What does he  
 mean?

Eno [Aside to CLEOPATRA] To make his fol-  
 lowers weep

Ant Tend me to-night,

May be it is the period of your duty,

Haply you shall not see me more, or if

A mangled shadow, perchance to-morrow

You'll serve another master I look on you

As one that takes his leave Mine honest friends

I turn you not away, but like a master 30

Married to your good service stay till death

Tend me to night two hours I ask no more,

And the gods yield you for it!

Eno What mean you sir  
 To give them this discomfort? Lool, they  
 weep

And I an ass am onion-eyed For shame,  
 Transform us not to women

Ant Ho ho ho!

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!

Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty  
 friends

You take me in too dolorous a sense

For I spake to you for your comfort did desire  
 you

To burn this night with torches Know, my  
 hearts

I hope well of to-morrow and will lead you

Where rather I'll expect victorious life

Than death and honour Let's to supper, come,

And drown consideration [Exeunt

## SCENE III The same before the palace

Enter TWO SOLDIERS to their guard

1st Sold Brother, good night to-morrow is the  
 day

2nd Sold It will determine one way fare you  
 well

Heard you of nothing strange about the street?

1st Sold Nothing What news?

2nd Sold Belie it is but a rumour Good night to you

1st Sold Well sir good night

*Enter TWO other SOLDIERS*

1st Sold Soldiers have careful watch

3rd Sold And you Good night good night

*They place themselves in every corner of the stage*

4th Sold Here we And if to-morrow

Our navy thrive I have an absolute hope 10

Our landmen will stand up

3rd Sold 'Tis a brave army

And full of purpose

*Music of the hautboys as under the stage*

4th Sold Peace! what noise?

1st Sold List List!

and Sold Hark!

1st Sold Music: the air

3rd Sold Under the earth

4th Sold It signs well does it not?

3rd Sold No

1st Sold Peace I say!

What should this mean?

and Sold 'Tis the god Hercules whom Antony

loved

Now leaves him

1st Sold Walk let's see if other watchmen

Do hear what we do

*They advance to another post*

and Sold How now masters!

All *[Speaking together]* How now!

How now! do you hear this?

1st Sold Ay is it not strange? 20

3rd Sold Do you hear masters? do you hear?

1st Sold Follow the noise so far as we have

quarter

Let's see how it will give off

All Content 'Tis strange *[Exit]*

SCENE IV *The same a room in the palace*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN and*

*others attending*

Ant Eros! mine armour Eros!

Cleo Sleep a little

Ant No my chuck Eros come mine armour

Eros!

*Enter EROS with armour*

Come good fellow put mine iron on

If fortune be not ours to-day it is

Because we brave her Come

Cleo Nay I'll help too

What's this for?

Ant Ah let be let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart False false thus thus

Cleo Sooth la I'll help Thus it must be

Ant Well well We shall thrive now Seest thou my good fellow?

Go put on thy defences

Eros Briefly sir 10

Cleo Is not this buckled well?

Ant Rarely rarely

He that unluckies this till we do please

To daff't for our repose shall hear a storm

Thou fumblest Eros and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou Dispatch O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day and

knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

A workman in it

*Enter an armed SOLDIER*

Good morrow to thee welcome

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike

charge

To business that we love we rise betime, 20

And go to't with delight

Sold A thousand sir

Early though't be have on their rivered trim

And at the port expect you

*Shout Trumpets flourish*

*Enter CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS*

Capt The morn is fair Good morrow general

All Good morrow general

Ant 'Tis well blown lads

This morning lil' the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note begins betimes

So so come give me that This way well said

Fare thee well dame what'er becomes of me

This is a soldier's kiss rebukeable *[Kisses her]*

And worthy shameful check it were to stand

On more mechanic compliment I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel You that will fight

Follow me close I'll bring you to it Adieu

*[Exit ANTONY EROS CAPTAINS and*

*SOLDIERS]*

Char Please you retire to your chamber

Cleo Lead me

He goes forth gallantly That he and Caesar

might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then Antony—but now—Well on *[Exit]*

SCENE V *Alexandria Antony's camp*

*Trumpets sound Enter ANTONY and EROS a*

*SOLDIER meeting them*

Sold The gods make this a happy day to An

tony!

Ant Would thou and those thy scars had once

prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

*Sold* Hadst thou done so  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee would have still  
Followed thy heels  
*Ant* Who's gone this morning?  
*Sold* Who?  
One ever near thee Call for Enobarbus  
He shall not hear thee, or from Caesar's camp  
Say "I am none of thine"  
*Ant* What say'st thou?  
*Sold* Sir  
He is with Caesar  
*Eros* Sir his chests and treasure 10  
He has not with him  
*Ant* Is he gone?  
*Sold* Most certain  
*Ant* Go Eros send his treasure after, do it,  
Detain no jot, I charge thee Write to him—  
I will subscribe—gentle adieus and greetings,  
Say that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master O my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch Enobarbus!  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI *Alexandria Caesar's camp*

*Flourish Enter CAESAR AGRIPPA with ENOBARBUS, and others*

*Cæs* Go forth, Agrippa and begin the fight  
Our will is Antony be took alive,  
Make it so known  
*Agr* Caesar I shall [Exit  
*Cæs* The tune of universal peace is near  
Prove this a prosperous day the three nook'd  
world  
Shall bear the olive freely

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Mess* Antony  
Is come into the field  
*Cæs* Go charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury 10  
Upon himself [Exit all but ENOBARBUS  
*Eno* Alexas did revolt and went to Jewry on  
Affairs of Antony, there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar  
And leave his master Antony, for this pains  
Caesar hath hang'd him Canidius and the rest  
That fell away have entertainment but  
No honourable trust I have done ill  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely  
That I will joy no more

*Enter a SOLDIER of CAESAR'S*

*Sold* Enobarbus Antony 20  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure with

His bounty overplus The messenger  
Came on my guard and at thy tent is now  
Unloading of his mules  
*Eno* I give it you  
*Sold* Mock not Enobarbus  
I tell you true Best you safed the bringer  
Out of the host I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done it myself Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove [Exit  
*Eno* I am alone the villain of the earth, 30  
And feel I am so most O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have  
paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my  
heart  
If swift thought break it not a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought, but thought will do it, I  
feel  
I fight against thee! No! I will go seek  
Some ditch wherein to die the foul'st best fits  
My latter part of life [Exit

SCENE VII *Field of battle between the camps*

*Alarum Drums and trumpets Enter AGRIPPA  
and others*

*Agr* Retire we have engaged ourselves too  
far  
Caesar himself has work and our oppression  
Exceeds what we expected [Exit

*Alarum Enter ANTONY and SCARUS wounded*

*Scar* O my brave emperor this is fought in-  
deed!  
Had we done so at first we had droven them  
home  
With clouts about their heads  
*Ant* Thou bleed'st apace  
*Scar* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
But now 'tis made an H  
*Ant* They do retire  
*Scar* We'll beat 'em into bench holes I have  
yet  
Room for six scotches more 10

*Enter EROS*

*Eros* They are beaten sir, and our advantage  
serves  
For a fair victory  
*Scar* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up as we take hares behind  
This sport to maul a runner  
*Ant* I will reward thee  
Once for thy spritely comfort and ten fold  
For thy good valour Come thee on  
*Scar* I'll halt after [Exit



SCENE VIII *Under the walls of Alexandria*  
*Alarum Enter ANTONY in a march SCARUS*  
*with others*

*Ant* We have beat him to his camp Run one before

And let the Queen know of our gestic To-morrow

Before the sun shall see s we ll spill the blood  
 That has to-day escaped I thank you all  
 For doughty handed are you and have fought  
 Not in you served the cause but as it had been  
 Each man s like mine you have shown all Hec-  
 tors

Enter the city clip your wives your friends  
 Tell them your feats whilst they with joy ful  
 tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds and  
 kiss

The honour d gash s whole [*To SCARUS*] Give  
 me thy hand

*Enter CLEOPATRA attended*

To this great fair I ll commend thy acts  
 Make her thanks bless thee [*To CLEOPATRA*] O  
 thou day in the world,

Chain mine arm d neck leap thou attire and all  
 Through proof of harness to my heart and there  
 Ride on the pants triumphing!

*Cleo* Lord of lords!  
 O infinite virtue comest thou smiling from  
 The world s great snare uncaught?

*Ant* My nightingale  
 We have beat them to their beds What girl!  
 though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown  
 yet ha we

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can  
 Get goal for goal of youth Behold this man  
 Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand  
 Kiss it my warrior He hath fought to-day  
 As if a god in hate of mankind had  
 Destroy d in such a shape

*Cleo* I ll give thee friend  
 An armour all of gold it was a king s

*Ant* He has deserved it were it carbuncled  
 Like holy Phœbus ear Give me thy hand  
 Throu h Alexandria make a jolly march  
 Beat our hack d targets like the men that owe  
 them

Had our great palace the capacity  
 To camp this host we all would sup together  
 And drink carouses to the next day s fate  
 Which promises royal peril Trumpeters  
 With b azen din blast you the city s ear  
 Make min le with our rattling tabourines

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds  
 together

Applauding our approach [*Exeunt* 39

SCENE IX *Cæsar s camp*

*Sentinels at their post*

*1st Sold* If we be not relieved within this hour  
 We must return to the court of guard The night  
 Is shuny and they say we shall embattle  
 By the second hour i the morn

*2nd Sold* This last day was  
 A shrewd one to s

*Enter ENOBARBUS*

*Eno* O bear me witness ni ht—  
*3rd Sold* What man is this?

*1st Sold* Stand close and list him

*Eno* Be witness to me O thou blessed moon  
 When men revolted shall upon record  
 Bear hateful memory poor Enobarbus did  
 Before thy face repent!

*1st Sold* Enobarbus!  
*3rd Sold* Peace! 10

Hark further

*Eno* O sovereign mistress of true melancholy  
 The poisonous damp of night dispon e upon  
 me

That life a very rebel to my will  
 May hang no longer on me Throw my heart  
 Against the flint and hardness of my fault  
 Which being dried with grief will break to  
 powder

And finish all foul thoughts O Antony  
 Nobler than my revolt is infamous  
 Forgive me in thine own particular 20  
 But let the world rank me in register  
 A master leaver and a fugitive

O Antony! O Antony! [*Dist*]  
*2nd Sold* Let s speak

To him  
*1st Sold* Let s hear him for the things he speaks  
 May concern Cæsar

*3rd Sold* Let s do so But he sleeps  
*1st Sold* Swoons rather for so bad a prayer as  
 his

Was never yet for sleep

*2nd Sold* Go we to him  
*3rd Sold* Awake sir awake speak to us  
*nd Sold* Hear you sir?

*1st Sold* The hand of death hath rought him  
 [*Drums afar off*] Hark! the drums  
 Demurely wake the sleepers Let us bear him 31  
 To the court of guard he is of note Our hour  
 Is fully out

*3rd Sold* Come on then  
 He may recover yet [*Exeunt with the body*

SCENE X *Between the two camps**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS with their Army**Ant* Their preparation is to-day by sea*We* please them not by land*Scar* For both my lord*Ant* I would they'd fight i the fire or i the air,*We* d fight there too But this it is, our foot*Upon* the hills adjoining to the city*Shall* stay with us, order for sea is given*They* have put forth the haven [Go we up]*Where* their appointment we may best discover,*And* look on their endeavour [Exit 9]SCENE XI *Another part of the same**Enter CÆSAR and his Army**Cæs* But being charged we will be still by land,*Which* as I take't, we shall for his best force*Is* forth to man his galleys To the vales*And* hold our best advantage [Exit 9]SCENE XII *Another part of the same**Enter ANTONY and SCARUS**Ant* Yet they are not join'd Where yond pine  
does stand,*I* shall discover all I'll bring thee word*Straight* how 'tis like to go [Exit*Scar* Swallows have built*In* Cleopatra's sails their nests The augurers*Say* they know not, they cannot tell look grimly*And* dare not speak their knowledge. Antony*Is* valiant and dejected and by starts*His* fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,*Of* what he has and has not*Alarum afar off as at a set fight**Re-enter ANTONY**Ant* All is lost  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me 10  
*My* fleet hath yielded to the foe and yonder  
*They* cast their caps up and carouse together  
*Like* friends long lost Triple turn'd whore 'tis  
thou*Hast* sold me to this novice and my heart*Makes* only wars on thee Bid them all fly,*For* when I am revenged upon my charm*I* have done all Bid them all fly, begone [Exit SCARUS]*O* sun, thy uprise shall I see no more  
Fortune and Antony part here even here  
*Do* we shal e hands All come to this? The hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels to whom I gave 21  
*Their* wishes do discandy melt their sweets  
*On* blossoming Cæsar, and this pine in bark d,  
*That* overtopp'd them all Betray'd I am  
*O* this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm—*Whose* eye beck'd forth my wars and call'd  
them home*Whose* bosom was my crown'd my chief end—*Like* a right gipsy hath at fast and loose*Beguiled* me to the very heart of loss*What,* Lros Lros!*Enter CLEOPATRA**Ah* thou spell! Avunt! 30*Cleo* Why is my lord enraged against his love?*Ant* Vanish or I shall give thee thy deserving*And* blemish Cæsar's triumph Let him take thee*And* hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians*Follow* his chariot like the greatest spor*Of* all thy sex most monster like be shown*For* poor st diminutives for dolts and let*Patient* Octavia plough thy visage up*With* her prepared nails*[Exit CLEOPATRA]**'Tis* well thou art gone*If* it be well to live, but better 'twere 40*Thou* fell'st into my fury for one death*Might* have prevented many Lros ho!*The* shirt of Nessus is upon me Teach me,*Alcides* thou mine ancestor thy rage*Let* me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon,*And* with those hands that grasp'd the heaviest*club**Subdue* my worthiest self The witch shall die*To* the young Roman boy she hath sold me and*I* fall*Under* this plot she dies for Lros ho! [ExitSCENE XIII *Alexandria Cleopatra's palace**Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN IRAS and MARDIAN**Cleo* Help me my women! O he is more mad*Than* Telamon for his shield, the boar of Thes-*saly**Was* never so emboss'd*Char* To the monument!*There* lock yourself and send him word you are*dead**The* soul and body rive not more in parting*Than* greatness going off*Cleo* To the monument!*Mardian* go tell him I have slain my self,*Say* that the last I spoke was "Antony*And* word it prithee piteously Hence Mardian*And* bring me how he takes my death 'To the*monument!* [Exit 10]SCENE XIV *The same another room**Enter ANTONY and EROS**Ant* Lros thou yet behold'st me?*Eros* Ay noble lord*Ant* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion  
A tower'd citadel a pendent rock  
A forked mountain or blue promontory  
With trees upon it that nod unto the world  
And mock our eyes with air Thou hast seen  
these signs

They are black vesper's pageants

*Eros* Ay my lord

*Ant* That which is now a horse even with a  
thought

The rack dissolves and makes it indistinct 10  
As water is in water

*Eros* It does my lord

*Ant* My good knave Eros now thy captain is  
Even such a body Here I am Antony

Yet cannot hold this visible shape my knave  
I made these wars for Egypt and the Queen—  
Whose heart I thought I had for she had mine  
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto it  
A million more now lost—she Eros has  
Pack'd cards with Caesar and false play'd my  
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph 20  
Nay weep not gentle Eros there is left us  
Ourselves to end ourselves

*Enter MARDIAN*

O thy vile lady!

She has robb'd me of my sword

*Mar* No Antony

My mistress loved thee and her fortunes mingled  
With thine entirely

*Ant* Hence saucy cunuch peace!

She hath betray'd me and shall die the death

*Mar* Death of one person can be paid but once  
And that she has discharged What thou wouldst  
do

Is done unto thy hand The last she spake

Was Antony's most noble Antony! 30

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony it was divided

Between her heart and lips She render'd life

Thy name so buried in her

*Ant* Dead then?

*Mar* Dead

*Ant* Unarm Eros the long day's task is done

And we must sleep [*To MARDIAN*] That thou de  
part'st hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly go [*Exit MARDIAN*]

Off pluck off!

The even fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

The battery from my heart O cleave my

sides!

Heart once be stronger than thy continent 40

Crack thy frail case! Apace Eros apace

No more a soldier Bruised pieces go

You have been nobly borne From me awhile

[*Exit EROS*]

I will undertake thee Cleopatra and

Weep for my pardon So it must be for now

All length of torture since the torch is out

Lie down and stray no farther Now all labour

Mars what it does yea very force entan-les

Itself with strength Seal then and all is done

*Eros*—I come my queen—*Eros*—Stay for me!

Where souls do couch on flowers we'll hand in

hand

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts

gaze

Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops

And all the haunt be ours Come Eros Eros!

*Re enter EROS*

*Eros* What would my lord?

*Ant* Since Cleopatra died,

I have lived in such dishonour that the gods

Detest my baseness I that with my sword

Quarter'd the world and in green Neptune's  
back

With ships made cities condemn myself to lack

The courage of a woman less noble mind 60

Than she which by her death our Caesar tells

I am conqueror of myself Thou art sworn,

*Eros*

That when the exigent should come which  
now

Is come indeed when I should see behind me

The inevitable prosecution of

Disgrace and horror that on my command

Thou then wouldst kill me Do't the time is  
come

Thou strik'st not me tis Caesar thou defeat'st

Put colour in thy cheek

*Eros* The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts 70

Though enemy lost aim and could not?

*Ant*

*Eros*

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and  
see

Thy master thus with pluck'd arms bendin  
down

His corrigible neck his face subdued

To penetrative shame whilst the wheel'd seat

Of fortunate Caesar drawn before him branded  
His baseness that ensued

*Eros*

I would not see't

*Ant* Come then for with a wound I must be  
cured

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast  
worn

Most useful for thy country

*Eros*

O sir pardon me! 80

*Ant* When I did make thee free, swearst thou  
not then  
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurposed Draw and come  
*Eros* Turn from me, then that noble counte-  
nance

Wherein the worship of the whole world lies

*Ant* Lo thee! *[Turning from him]*

*Eros* My sword is drawn

*Ant* Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it

*Eros* My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor let me say 90

Before I strike this bloody stroke farewell

*Ant* 'Tis said, man, and farewell

*Eros* Farewell great chief Shall I strike now?

*Ant* Now *Eros*

*Eros* Why, there then *[Kills himself]* Thus I  
do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death

*Ant* Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what

I should and thou couldst not My queen and

*Eros*

Have by their brave instruction got upon me

A nobleness in record but I will be

A bridegroom in my death and run into 't 100

As to a lover's bed Come then and *Eros*

Thy master dies thy scholar to do thus

*Falling on his sword*

I learn'd of thee How! not dead? not dead?

The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

*Enter DERCEAS and GUARD*

*1st Guard* What's the noise?

*Ant* I have done my work ill friends O, make  
an end

Of what I have begun

*2nd Guard* The star is fall'n

*1st Guard* And time is at his period

*All* Alas and woe!

*Ant* Let him that loves me strike me dead

*1st Guard* Not I 109

*2nd Guard* Nor I

*3rd Guard* Nor any one

*Der* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers

fly

This sword but shown to *Cæsar* with this tid-  
ings

Shall enter me with him

*Enter DIOMEDES*

*Dio* Where's Antony?

*Der* There, *Diomed* there

*Dio* Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *[Exit DERCEAS]*

*Ant* Art thou there *Diomed*? Draw thy sword,  
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death

*Dio* Most absolute lord,

My mistress *Cleopatra* sent me to thee

*Ant* When did she send thee?

*Dio* Now, my lord

*Ant* Where is she?

*Dio* Lock'd in her monument She had a

prophesying fear 120

Of what hath come to pass for when she saw—

Which never shall be found—you did suspect

She had disposed with *Cæsar*, and that your rage

Would not be purged she sent you word she was  
dead

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth and I am come,

I dread too late

*Ant* Too late, good *Diomed* Call my guard, I  
prithce

*Dio* What, ho the Emperor's guard! The  
guard what, ho!

Come, your lord calls! 130

*Enter four or five of the GUARD of Antony*

*Ant* Bear me, good friends, where *Cleopatra*  
bides

'Tis the last service that I shall command you

*1st Guard* Woe woe are we, sir you may not  
live to wear

All your true followers out

*All* Most heavy day!

*Ant* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp  
fate

To grace it with your sorrows Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly Take me up

I have led you oft carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all 140

*[Exeunt bearing ANTONY]*

SCENE XV The same a monument

*Enter CLEOPATRA and her maids aloft, with*

*CHARMIAN and IRAS*

*Cleo* O *Charmian* I will never go from hence

*Char* Be comforted dear madam

*Cleo* No I will not

All strange and terrible events are welcome

But comforts we despise our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

As that which makes it

*Enter, below DIOMEDES*

How now! is he dead?

*Dio* His death's upon him but not dead

Look out o' the other side your monument  
His guard have brought him thither

*Enter below ANTONY borne by the GUARD*

*Cleo* O sun  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! darkling  
stand 10

The varying shore o' the world O Antony  
Antony Antony! Help Charmian help Iras  
help

Help friends below let's draw him hither  
*Ant* Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself

*Cleo* So it should be: that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony: but woe 'tis so!

*Ant* I am dying Egypt dying only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last 30  
I lay upon thy lips

*Cleo* I dare not dear—  
Dear my lord pardon—I dare not  
Lest I be taken: Not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me: if knife, drugs, serpents  
have

Edge, sting, or operation I am safe  
Your wife Octavia with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion shall acquire no honour  
Demurring upon me: But come come Antony—  
Help me my women—we must draw thee up  
Assist good friends 31

*Ant* O quick or I am gone  
*Cleo* Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs  
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness  
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's  
power

The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee  
up  
And set thee by Jove's side: Yet come a little—  
Wishers were ever fools—O come come come

*They here ANTONY aloft to CLEOPATRA*  
And welcome welcome! die where thou hast  
lived

Quicken with kissing: Had my lips that power  
Thus would I wear them out

*All* A heavy sight! 40  
*Ant* I am dying Egypt dying

Give me some wine and let me speak a little

*Cleo* No let me speak and let me rail so high  
That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel

Provoked by my offence

*Ant* One word, sweet queen  
Of Caesar seek your honour with your safety O'

*Cleo* They do not go together

*Ant* Gentle hear me

None about Caesar trust but Proculeius

*Cleo* My resolution and my hands I'll trust  
None about Caesar 50

*Ant* The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I lived the greatest prince o' the  
world

The noblest and do now not basely die  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman—a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd: Now my spirit is going  
I can no more

*Cleo* Noblest of men woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide 60  
In this dull world which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O see my women

*[ANTONY dies]*  
The crown o' the earth doth melt: My lord!  
O wither'd is the garland of the war  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men: the odds is gone  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon *[Faints]*

*Char* O quietness lady!

*Iras* She is dead too: our sovereign 70  
*Char* Lady!

*Iras* Madam!

*Char* O madam madam madam!  
*Iras* Royal Egypt 70

Empress!

*Char* Peace peace Iras!

*Cleo* No more: but even a woman and com-  
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks  
And does the meanest chares: It were for me  
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods  
To tell them that this world did equal theirs  
Till they had stol'n our jewel: All's but naught  
Patience is sickness and impatience does 80  
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us? How do you women?  
What what! good cheer! Why how now Cha-  
mian!

My noble girls! Ah women women look  
Our lamp is spent: it's out! Good sirs take  
heart

We'll bury him: and then what's brave what's  
noble

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make'd a path proud to take us: Come away  
This case of that huge spirit now is cold  
Ah, women women! come we have no friend

But resolution and the briefest end 91  
*[Exeunt, those above leaving off*  
*Antony's body*

## ACT V

## SCENE I Alexandria Caesar's camp

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MICHÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others, his council of war*

*Cæs* Go to him, Dolabella bid him yield  
 Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks  
 The pauses that he makes

*Dol* Cæsar I shall *[Exit*

*Enter DERCEAS, with the sword of ANTONY*

*Cæs* Wherefore is that? and what art thou that  
 darest

Appear thus to us?

*Der* I am call'd Dercetas,  
 Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy  
 Best to be served Whilst he stood up and spoke,  
 He was my master, and I wore my life  
 To spend upon his haters If thou please  
 To take me to thee as I was to him 10  
 I'll be to Cæsar, if thou pleasest not,  
 I yield thee up my life

*Cæs* What is't thou say'st?

*Der* I say O Cæsar, Antony is dead

*Cæs* The breaking of so great a thing should  
 make

A greater crack The round world  
 Should have shook lions into civil streets,  
 And citizens to their dens The death of Antony  
 Is not a single doom, in the name lay  
 A moiety of the world

*Der* He is dead Cæsar  
 Nor by a public minister of justice, 20  
 Nor by a hired knife but that self hand  
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did  
 Hath with the courage which the heart did lend  
 it,

Split the heart This is his sword  
 I robb'd his wound of it, behold it stain'd  
 With his most noble blood

*Cæs* Look you sad friends?  
 The gods rebuke me but it is tidings  
 To wash the eyes of kings

*Agr* And strange it is,  
 That nature must compel us to lament  
 Our most persisted deeds

*Mec* His taints and honours 30  
 Waged equal with him

*Agr* A rarer spirit never  
 Did steer humanity, but you gods will give us  
 Some faults to make us men Cæsar is touch'd

*Mec* When such a spacious mirror's set before  
 him,

He needs must see himself

*Cæs* O Antony!  
 I have follow'd thee to this but we do lance  
 Diseases in our bodies I must perforce  
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
 Or look on thine we could not stall together  
 In the whole world But yet let me lament 40  
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
 That thou my brother my competitor  
 In top of all design, my mate in empire  
 Friend and companion in the front of war,  
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle—that our  
 stars

Unreconcilable, should divide  
 Our equalness to this I hear me good friends—  
 But I will tell you at some meetest season

*Enter an EGYPTIAN*

The business of this man looks out of him, 50  
 We'll hear him what he says Whence are you?

*Egyp* A poor Egyptian yet The Queen my  
 mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,  
 Of thy intents desires instruction  
 That she preparedly may frame herself  
 To the way she's forced to

*Cæs* Bid her have good heart  
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours  
 How honourable and how indly we  
 Determine for her, for Cæsar cannot live  
 To be ungente

*Egyp* So the gods preserve thee! *[Exit* 60

*Cæs* Come hither, Proculeius Go and say  
 We purpose her no shame Give her what com-  
 forts

The quality of her passion shall require  
 Lest in her greatness by some mortal stroke  
 She do defeat us, for her life in Rome  
 Would be eternal in our triumph Go  
 And with your speediest bring us what she says,  
 And how you find of her

*Pro* Cæsar, I shall *[Exit*

*Cæs* Gallus go you along *[Exit GALLUS]*

Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

*All* Dolabella! 70

*Cæs* Let him alone for I remember now  
 How he's employ'd he shall in time be ready  
 Go with me to my tent, where you shall see  
 How hardly I was drawn into this war,  
 How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
 In all my writings Go with me, and see  
 What I can show in this *[Exeunt*

SCENE II *Alexandria a room in the monument*

*Enter CLEOPATRA CHARMIAN and IRAS*

*Cleo* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar  
Not being Fortune he s but Fortune s knave  
A minister of her will and it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds  
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change  
Which sleeps and never palates more the dug  
The beggar s nurse and Cæsar s

*Enter to the gates of the monument PROCULEIUS  
GALLUS and So dies*

*Pro* Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of  
Egypt  
And bids thee study on what fair demands 10  
Thou mean st to h ve h n grant thee

*Cleo* What s thy name?

*Pro* My name is Proculeius

*Cleo* Antony

Did tell me of you bade me trust you but  
I do not greatly care to be deceived  
That have no use for trusting If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar you must tell  
him

That majesty to keep decorum must  
No less beg than a kingdom If he please  
To give me conquer d Egypt for my son  
He gives m so much of mine own as I 20  
Will kneel to him with thanks

*Pro* Be of good cheer  
You re fall n into a princely hand fear nothing  
Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
Who is so full of grace that it flows over  
On all that need Let me report to him  
Your sweet dependency and you shall find  
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness  
Where he for grace is kneel d to

*Cleo* Pray you tell him  
I am his fortune s vassal and I send him  
The greatness he has got I hourly learn 30  
A doctrine of obedience and would gladly  
Look him s the face

*Pro* This I ll report dear lady  
Have comfort for I know your plight is pitied  
Of him that caused it

*Gai* You see how easily she may be surprised

*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend  
the monument by a ladder placed against a  
window and having descended come behind  
CLEOPATRA Some of the Guard unbar and open  
the gates*

*[To PROCULEIUS and the Guard]* Guard her till  
Cæsar come *[Exit*

*Iras* Royal queen!

*Char* O Cleopatra! thou art taken Queen

*Cleo* Quick quick good hands

*Drawing a dagger*

*Pro* Hold worthy lady hold

*Seizes and disarms her*

Do not yourself such wrong who are in this 40  
Relieved but not betray d

*Cleo* What of death too

That rid s our dogs of languish?

*Pro* Cleopatra

Do not abuse my master s bounty by  
The undoing of yourself Let the world see  
His nobleness well acted which your death  
Will never let come forth

*Cleo* Where art thou Death?

Come hither come! Come come and take a  
queen

Worth many babes and beggars!

*Pro* O temperance lady!

*Cleo* Sir I will eat no meat I ll not drink sir  
If idle talk will once be necessary 50

I ll not sleep neither This mortal house I ll  
ruin

Do Cæsar what he can know sir that I

Will not wait punion d at your master s court

Nor once be chastised with the sober eye

Of dull Octavia Shall they hoist me up

And show me to the shouting varlety

Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt

Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus mud

Lay me stark naked and let the water flies

Blow me into abhorring! rather make 60

My country s high pyramids my gibber

And hang me up in chains!

*Pro* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you  
shall

Find cause in Cæsar

*Enter DOLABELLA*

*Dol* Proculeius  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows  
And he hath sent for thee For the Queen,  
I ll take her to my guard

*Pro* So Dolabella,  
It shall content me best Be gentle to her  
*[To CLEOPATRA]* To Cæsar I will speak what you  
shall please

If you ll employ me to him

*Cleo* Say I would die 0  
*[Exit PROCULEIUS and Soldiers]*

*Dol* Most noble empress you have heard of  
me?

*Cleo* I cannot tell

*Dol* Assuredly you know me

*Cleo* No matter, sir, what I have heard or known

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol* I understand not, madam

*Cleo* I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony  
O, such another sleep that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol* If it might please ye—

*Cleo* His face was as the heavens, and therein stuck

A sun and moon which kept their course, and lighted 80

The little O the earth

*Dol* Most sovereign creature—

*Cleo* His legs bestrid the ocean his rear d arm  
Crested the world, his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres and that to friends,  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder For his bounty,  
There was no winter in it, an autumn twas  
That grew the more by reaping His delights  
Were dolphin like they show'd his back above  
The element they lived in In his livery 90  
Walk'd crowns and crowns, realms and islands

As plates dropp'd from his pocket

*Dol* Cleopatra!

*Cleo* Think you there was, or might be, such a man

As thus I dream'd of?

*Dol* Gentle madam no

*Cleo* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods

But, if there be or ever were one such,

It's past the size of dreaming Nature wants stuff

To vie strange forms with fancy, yet, to imagine

An Antony were nature's piece 'gainst fancy

Condemning shadows quite

*Dol* Hear me good madam 100

Your loss is as yourself great, and you bear it

As answering to the weight Would I might never

O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,

By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites

My very heart at root

*Cleo* I thank you, sir

Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?

*Dol* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew

*Cleo* Nay, pray you sir—

*Dol* I thought he be honourable—

*Cleo* He'll lead me then in triumph?

*Dol* Madam, he will, I know 110

*Flourish and shout within, 'Make way there Cæsar!'*

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS PROCULEIUS METINUS SELEUCUS and others of his train*

*Cæs* Which is the Queen of Egypt?

*Dol* It is the Emperor, madam

*CLEOPATRA kneels*

*Cæs* Arise, you shall not kneel

I pray you, rise, rise, Egypt

*Cleo* Sir the gods

Will have it thus, my master and my lord

I must obey

*Cæs* Take to you no hard thoughts

The record of what injuries you did us

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance

*Cleo* Sole sir o' the world 120

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear, but do confess I have

Been laden with like frailties which before

Have often shamed our sex

*Cæs* Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce

If you apply yourself to our intents

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find

A benefit in this change but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course you shall bereave yourself 130

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely I'll take my leave

*Cleo* And may, through all the world tis

yours, and we

Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest,

shall

Hang in what place you please Here, my good

lord

*Cæs* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra

*Cleo* This is the brief of money, plate and

jewels

I am possess'd of tis exactly valued,

Not petty things admitted Where's Seleucus?

*Sel* Here, madam 140

*Cleo* This is my treasurer, let him speak, my

lord

Upon his peril that I have reserved

To myself nothing Speak the truth, Seleucus

*Sel* Madam

I had rather seal my lips, than to my peril

Speak that which is not

*Cleo* What have I kept back?

*Sel* Enough to purchase what you have made

known

*Cæs* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra I approve

Your wisdom in the deed

*Cleo* See, Cæsar! O behold, 150



How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours  
And should we shift estates yours would be  
mine

The inatitude of this Seleucus does  
Even make me wild O slave, of no more trust  
Than love that s lured! What goest thou back?  
thou shalt

Go back I warrant thee but I'll catch thine eyes  
Though they had wings Slave soulless villain  
dog!

O rarely base!

Cæs Good queen let us entreat you

Cleo O Cæsar what a wounding shame is this  
That thou ouchsating here to visit me 160

Doing the honour of thy lordliness

To one so meek that mine own servant should

Parcel the sum of my disgraces by

Addition of his envy! Sav' good Cæsar

That I some lady trifles have reserved

Immortal toys things of such dignity

As we greet modern friends withal and say

Some nobler token I have kept apart

For Livia and Octavia to induce

Their mediation must I be unfolded 170

With one that I have bred? The gods' it smites

me

Beneath the fall I have [To SELEUCUS] Prithce  
go hence

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits

Through the ashes of my chance Wert thou a  
man

Thou wouldst have mercy on me

Cæs Forbear Seleucus  
[Exit SELEUCUS]

Cleo Be it known that we the greatest are mis  
thought

For things that others do and when we fall

We answer others' merits in our name

Are therefore to be pitted

Cæs Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserved nor what acknowl  
edged 180

Put we the roll of conquest still be yours

Bestow it at your pleasure and believe

Cæsar's no merchant to make prize with you

Of things that merchants sold Therefore be  
cheer'd

Make not your thoughts your prisons no dear  
queen

For we intend so to dispose you

yourself shall give us counsel Feed, and sleep

Our care and pity is so much upon you

That we remain your friend and so adieu

Cleo My master and my lord!

Cæs Not so Adieu 190

[Flourish. Exit CÆSAR and his train]

Cleo He words me girls he words me, that I  
should not

Be noble to myself But hark thee Charmian

W hispers CHARMIAN

Irás Finish good lady the bright day is done,  
And we are for the dark

Cleo Hie thee again

I have spoke already and it is provided

Go put it to the haste

Char Madam I will

Re-enter DOLABELLA

Dol Where is the Queen?

Char Behold sir [Exit

Cleo Dolabella!

Dol Madam as thereto sworn by your com  
mand

Which my love makes religion to obey

I tell you this Cæsar through Syria 200

Intends his journey and within three days

You with your children will he send before

Make your best use of this I have perform'd

Your pleasure and my promise

Cleo Dolabella

I shall remain your debtor

Dol I your servant

Adieu good queen I must attend on Cæsar

Cleo Farewell and thanks [Exit DOLABELLA]

Now Irás what think'st thou?

Thou an Egyptian puppet shalt be shown

In Rome as well as I Mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons rules and hammers shall

Uplift us to the view in their thick breaths

Rank of gross diet shall we be encloused

And forced to drink their vapour

Irás The gods forbid!

Cleo Nay tis most certain Irás saucy lictors

Will catch at us like strumpets and scald

rhymers

Ballad us out a tune The quick comedians

Extemporally will stave us and present

Our Alexandrian revels Antony

Shall be brought drunken forth and I shall see

Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness 220

I the posture of a whore

Irás O the good gods!

Cleo Nay that's certain

Irás I'll never see't for I am sure, my nails

Are stronger than mine eyes

Cleo Why that's the way

To fool their preparation and to conquer

Their most absurd intents

Re-enter CHARMIAN

Now Charmian!

Show me my women like a queen Go fetch

My best attires I am again for Cydnus  
To meet Mark Antony Sirrah Iras go  
Now, noble Charmian we'll dispatch indeed, 230  
And, when thou hast done this chare I'll give  
thee leave

To play till doomsday Bring our crown and all  
Wherefore's this noise?

[Exit IRAS A noise within]

Enter a GUARDSMAN

Guard Here is a rural fellow  
That will not be denied your highness presence  
He brings you figs

Cleo Let him come in [Exit GUARDSMAN  
What poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty  
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant now the fleeting moon 240  
No planet is of mine

Re-enter GUARDSMAN with CLOWN bringing in  
a basket

Guard This is the man

Cleo Avoid and leave him

[Exit GUARDSMAN]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there  
That kills and pains not?

Crown Truly I have him but I would not be  
the party that should desire you to touch him for  
his biting is immortal those that do die of it do  
seldom or never recover

Cleo Rememberest thou any that have died  
on't? 249

Crown Very many, men and women too I  
heard of one of them no longer than yesterday  
a very honest woman but something given to lie  
as a woman should not do but in the way of hon-  
esty how she died of the biting of it what pain  
she felt truly, she makes a very good report of  
the worm But he that will believe all that they  
say, shall never be saved by half that they do  
But this is most fallible the worm's an odd worm

Cleo Get thee hence farewell 260

Crown I wish you all joy of the worm

Setting down his basket

Cleo Farewell

Crown You must think this, look you that the  
worm will do his kind

Cleo Ay, ay, farewell

Crown Look you, the worm is not to be trusted  
but in the keeping of wise people for indeed,  
there is no goodness in the worm

Cleo Take thou no care, it shall be heeded

Crown Very good Give it nothing I pray  
you for it is not worth the feeding 271

Cleo Will it eat me?

Crown You must not think I am so simple but I  
know the devil himself will not eat a woman I  
know that a woman is a dish for the gods if the  
devil dress her not But truly these same whore-  
son devils do the gods great harm in their women  
for in every ten that they make the devils mar-  
five

Cleo Well get thee gone farewell 280

Crown Yes forsooth I wish you joy of the  
worm [Exit]

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown &c

Cleo Give me my robe put on my crown I  
have

Immortal longings in me Now no more  
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this  
lip

Yare yare good Iras quick Methinks I hear  
Antony call I see him rouse himself  
To praise my noble act I hear him mock  
The luck of Cæsar which the gods give men 289  
To excuse their after wrath I husband I come  
Now to that name my courage prove my title!  
I am fire and air my other elements  
I give to base life So have you done?  
Come then and take the last warmth of my lips  
Farewell I in Charmian Iras long farewell

Kisses them Iras falls and dies

Have I the asp in my lips? Dost fall?  
If thou and nature can so gently part  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch  
Which hurts and is desired Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest thou tell'st the world 300  
It is not worth leave taking

Char Dissolve thick cloud, and rain that I may  
say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo This proves me base  
If she first meet the curled Antony  
He'll make demand of her and spend that kiss  
Which is my heaven to have Come thou mortal  
wretch,

To an asp, which she applies to her breast  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie Poor venomous fool  
Be angry and dispatch O, couldst thou speak,  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass 310  
Unpoliced!

Chr O eastern star!

Cleo Peace peace!  
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char O break! O break!

Cleo As sweet as balm, as soft as air as  
O Antony!—Nay I will take thee too

*Applying another asp to her arm*

What should I stay— [Dies

*Char* In this vile world? So fare thee well  
Now boast thee Death in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd Downy windows close  
And golden Phoebus never be beheld 320  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry  
I'll mend it and then play

*Enter the GUARD rushing in*

*1st Guard* Where is the Queen?

*Char* Speak softly wake her not

*1st Guard* Caesar hath sent—

*Char* Too slow a messenger

*Applies an asp*

O come apace dispatch! I partly feel thee

*1st Guard* Approach ho! All's not well Caesar's  
beguiled

*and Guard* There's Dolabella sent from Caesar  
call him

*1st Guard* What work is here! Charmian is this  
well done?

*Char* It is well done and fitting for a princess

Descended of so many royal kings 330

Ah soldier! [Dies

*Re-enter DOLABELLA*

*Dol* How goes it here?

*and Curd* All dead

*Dol* Caesar thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou

So sought'st to hinder

*Within* A way there a way for Caesar!

*Re-enter CAESAR and all his train marching*

*Dol* O sir you are too sure an augurer

That you did fear is done

*Ces* Bravest at the last

She level'd at our purposes and being royal 339

Took her own way The manner of their deaths?

I do not see them bleed

*Dol* Who was last with them?

*1st Guard* A simple countryman that brought  
her figs

This was his basket

*Ces* Poison'd then

*1st Guard* O Caesar

This Charmian lived but now she stood and  
spoke

I found her trimming up the diadem

On her dead mistress tremblingly she stood

And on the sudden dropp'd

*Ces* O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear

By external swelling but she looks like sleep

As she would catch another Antony 350

In her strong toil of grace

*Dol* Here on her breast

There is a vent of blood and something blown

The like is on her arm

*1st Guard* This is an asp's trail and these fi  
leaves

Have slime upon them such as the asp's  
leaves

Upon the caves of Nile

*Ces* Most probable

That so she died for her physician tells me

She hath pursued conclusions infinite

Of easy ways to die Take up her bed 360

And bear her women from the monument

She shall be buried by her Antony

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous High events as these

Strike those that make them and their story is

No less in pity than his glory which

Brought them to be lamented Our army shall

In solemn show attend this funeral

And then to Rome Come Dolabella see

High order in this great solemnity [Exeunt

# 2 CORIOLANUS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS

TITUS LARTIUS { generals against the Volscians  
COMINIUS }

MENENIUS AGRIPPA friend to Coriolanus

SICINIUS VELUTUS { tribunes of the people  
JUNIUS BRUTUS }

YOUNG MARCIUS son to Coriolanus

A ROMAN HERALD

NICANOR a Roman

AN ADILE

TWO PATRICIANS

TWO OFFICERS

A LIEUTENANT to Lartius

TWO SENATORS

SEVEN CITIZENS

THREE MESSENGERS

THREE SOLDIERS

TULLUS AUFIDIUS general of the Volscians

A LIEUTENANT to Aufidius

THREE CONSPIRATORS with Aufidius

A CITIZEN of Antium

TWO LORDS

TWO SENTRYS

TWO SENATORS

THREE SOLDIERS

ADRIAN A Volscian

THREE SERVANTS to Aufidius

VOLUMINIA mother to Coriolanus

VIRGILIA wife to Coriolanus

VALERIA friend to Virgilia

GENTLEWOMAN, attending on Virgilia

NON-SPEAKING Roman and Volscian Senators Patricians, Soldiers Citizens Lictors and Attendants

SCENE Rome and the neighbourhood, Coriolanus and the neighbourhood, Antium



## ACT I

SCENE I Rome a street

Enter a company of mutinous CITIZENS, with staves, clubs, and other weapons

1st Cit Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All Speak speak

1st Cit You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

All Resolved, resolved

1st Cit First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people

All We know't, we know't

1st Cit Let us kill him and we'll have corn at our own price Is't a verdict?

All No more talking on't, let it be done

Away, away!

2nd Cit One word, good citizens

1st Cit We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good What authority suits on would relieve us, if they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely, but they think we are too dear The leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gain to them Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes for the gods I now I speak thus in hunger for bread not in thirst for revenge

2nd Cit Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All Against him first, he's a very dog to the commonalty

2nd Cit Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1st Cit Very well, and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud

2nd Cit Nay, but speak not maliciously

1st Cit I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end Though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue

2nd Cit What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him You must in no way say he is covetous

1st Cit If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations, he hath faults with surplus to tire in repetition [Shouts within] What shouts are these? The other side of the city is risen, why stay we prating here? To the Capitol!

All Come come

1st Cit Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA

2nd Cit Worthy Menenius Agrippa one that hath always loved the people

*1st Cit* He s one honest enough would all the rest were so!

*Men* What work s my countrymen in hand? where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you

*1st Cit* Our business is not unknown to the Senate they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do which now we'll show 'em in deeds They say poor suitors have strong breaths they shall know we have strong arms too

*Men* Why masters my good friends mine honest neighbours

Will you undo yourselves?

*1st Cit* We cannot sir we are undone already

*Men* I tell you friends most charitable care Have the patricians of you For your wants Your suffering in this dearth you may as well 69 Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them Against the Roman state whose course will out The way it takes crack in ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder than can ever Appear in your impediment For the dearth The gods not the patricians make it and Your knees to them not arms must help Alack You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you and you slander The helms of the state who care for you like fathers

When you curse them as enemies

80

*1st Cit* Care for us! True indeed! they ne'er cared for us yet suffer us to famish and their store houses crammed with grain make edicts for usury to support usurers repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor If the wars eat us not up they will and there s all the love they bear us

*Men* Either you must

90

Confess yourselves wondrous malicious Or be accused of folly I shall tell you A pretty tale It may be you have heard it But since it serves my purpose I will venture To stale it a little more

*1st Cit* Well I'll hear it sir yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale But an't please you deliver

*Men* There was a time when all the body s members

Rebell'd against the belly thus accused it 100 That only like a gulf it did remain

l the midst of the body idle and unactive Still cupboarding the vizard never bearing

Like labour with the rest where the other instruments

Did see and hear devise instruct walk feel And mutually participate did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body The belly answer'd—

*1st Cit* Well sir what answer made the belly?

110

*Men* Sir I shall tell you With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs but even thus—

For look you I may make the belly smile As well as speak—it tauntingly replied To the discontented members the mutinous parts That envied his receipt even so most fitly As you malign our senators for that

They are not such as you

*1st Cit* Your belly s answer? What?

The kingly crowned head the vigilant eye The counsellor heart the arm our soldier 120 Our steed the leg the tongue our trumpeter With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric if that they—

*Men* What then?

Fore me this fellow speaks What then? what then?

*1st Cit* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd

Who is the sink of the body—

*Men* Well what then?

*1st Cit* The former agents if they did complain What could the belly answer?

*Men* I will tell you If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—

Patten e a while you'll hear the belly s answer

*1st Cit* Ye're long about it

*Men* Note me this good friend

Your most graceful belly w<sup>as</sup> deliberate Not rash like his accusers and thus answer'd

True is it my incorporate friends quoth he

That I receive the general food at first Which you do live upon and fit it is Because I am the store house and the shop Of the whole body But if you do remember I send it through the rivers of your blood Even to the court the heart to the seat of the brain 140

And through the cranks and offices of man The strongest nerves and small inferior veins From me receive that natural competency Whereby they live and thou hast all at once, You my good friends—thus says the belly mark me—

*1st Cit* Ay sir well well

*Men* Though all at once cannot See what I do deliver out to each Yet I can make my audit up that all

From me do back receive the flour of all,  
And leave me but the bran What say you to't?  
*1st Cit* It was an answer How apply you  
this? 151

*Men* The senators of Rome are this good belly,  
And you the mutinous members, for examine  
Their counsels and their cares, digest things  
rightly

Touching the w eal o' the common you shall find  
No public benefit which you receive  
But it proceeds or comes from them to you  
And no way from yourselves What do you  
think,

You, the great toe of this assembly?

*1st Cit* I the great toe! Why the great toe?

*Men* For that, being one o' the low est, basest,  
poorest, 161

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost,  
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run  
Lead'st first to win some vantage  
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,  
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,  
The one side must have bale

*Enter CATUS MARCIUS*

Hail, noble Marcius!

*Mar* Thanks What's the matter you dis-  
sentionous rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

*1st Cit* We have ever your good word 170

*Mar* He that will give good words to thee will  
flatter

Beneath abhorring What would you have you  
curs,

That like nor peace nor war? the one affrights  
you,

The other makes you proud He that trusts to  
you

Where he should find you lions finds you hares  
Where foxes geese You are no surer no,

Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

Or hailstone in the sun Your virtue is

To make him worthy whose offence subdues him  
And curse that justice did it Who deserves  
greatness 180

Deserves your hate, and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil He that depends  
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead  
And hews down oaks with rushes Hang ye!  
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind,  
And call him noble that was now your hate  
Him vile that was your garland What's the  
matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble Senate, who, 190  
Under the gods, keep you in awe which else  
Would feed on one another? What's their seek-  
ing?

*Men* For corn at their own rates, whereof,  
they say,

The city is well stored

*Mar* Hang 'em! They say!  
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know  
What's done i' the Capitol, who's like to rise,  
Who thrives, and who declines, side factions and  
give out

Conjectural marriages making parties strong  
And feeling such as stand not in their liking  
Below their cobbled shoes They say there's  
grain enough! 200

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,  
And let me use my sword I'd make a quarry  
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves as high  
As I could pick my lance

*Men* Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-  
suaded,

For though abundantly they lack discretion,  
Yet are they passing cowardly But, I beseech  
you

What says the other troop?

*Mar* They are dissolved, hang 'em!  
They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth  
proverbs,

That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must  
eat,

That meat was made for mouths, that the gods  
sent not 211

Corn for the rich men only With these shreds  
They vented their complainings which being  
answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one—  
To break the heart of generosity  
And make bold power look pale—they threw  
their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the  
moon,

Shouting their emulation

*Men* What is granted them?

*Mar* Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wis-  
doms

Of their own choice One's Junius Brutus 220  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not— Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,  
Ere so prevail'd with me It will in time  
Win upon power and throw forth greater  
themes

For insurrection's arguing

*Men* This is strange

*Mar* Go, get you home, you fragments!

*Enter a MESSENGER hastily*

*Mess* Where's Caius Marcius?

*Mar* Here. What's the matter?

*Mess* The news is sir the Volscies are in arms

*Mar* I am glad on't. Then we shall ha' means to vent

Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS and other SENATORS JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS*

*1st Sen* Marcius 'tis true that you have lately told us 231

The Volscies are in arms

*Mar* They have a leader

Tullius Aufidius that will put you to't

I sin in envying his nobility

And were I any thing but what I am

I would wish me only he

*Com* You have fought together

*Mar* Were half to half the world by the ears and he

Upon my party. I'd revolt to make

Only my wars with him. He is a lion

That I am proud to hunt

*1st Sen* Then worthy Marcius 240

Attend upon Cominius to these wars

*Com* It is your former promise

*Mar* Sir, it is

And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou

Shalt see me once more strike at Tullius' face

What art thou stiff? stand it out?

*Tit* No, Caius Marcius

I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with't other

Ere stay behind this business

*Men* O true bred!

*1st Sen* Your company to the Capitol, where

I know

Our greatest friends attend us

*Tit* [To COMINIUS] Lead you on

[To MARCIUS] Follow Cominius, we must follow you 250

Right worthy you, priority

*Com* Noble Marcius!

*1st Sen* [To the CITIZENS] Hence to your homes be gone!

*Mar* Nay, let them follow

The Volscies have much corn, take these rats thither

To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners

Your valour puts well forth. Pr'y follow

[CITIZENS steal away. *Exit* all but

SICINIUS and BRUTUS

*Sir* Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

*Bru* He has no equal

*Sir* When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

*Bru* Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

*Sir* Nay, but his taunts

*Bru* Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods 260

*Sir* Be mock the modest moon

*Bru* The present wars devour him. He is grown too proud to be so valiant

*Sir* Such a nature

Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder

His insolence can brook to be commanded

Under Cominius

*Bru* Fame at the which he aims

In whom already he's well graced, can not

Better be held nor more attain'd than by

A place below the first, for what miseries 270

Shall be the general's fault, though he perform

To the utmost of a man, and giddy, censure

Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he

Had borne the business!

*Sir* Besides, if thin's go well

Opinion that so sticks on Marcius shall

Of his demerits rob Cominius

*Bru* Come

Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius

Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his

faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed

In aught he merit not

*Sir* Let's hence and hear 280

How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,

More than his singularity, he goes

Upon this present action

*Bru* Let's along [Exit

SCENE II *Corioli, the Senate house*

*Enter TULLIUS AUFIDIUS and certain SENATORS of Corioli*

*1st Sen* So, your opinion is, Aufidius

That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels

And know how we proceed

*Auf* Is it not yours?

What ever have been thought on in this state

That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone

Since I heard thence, these are the words, I think

I have the letter here, yes, here it is

[Reads] They have press'd a power, but it is not known

Whether for east or west. The dearth is great 300

The people mutinous, and it is rumour'd

Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy

Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,

And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,

These three lead on this preparation  
Whither 'tis bent Most likely 'tis for you,  
Consider of it

*1st Sen* Our army's in the field  
We never yet made doubt but Rome was  
ready

To answer us

*Auf* Nor did you think it folly  
To keep your great pretences veil'd till when 20  
They needs must show themselves, which in the  
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome By the discovery  
We shall be shorten'd in our aim which was

To take in many towns ere almost Rome  
Should know we were afoot

*2nd Sen* Noble Aufidius  
Take your commission hie you to your bands,  
Let us alone to guard Corioli

If they set down before 's, for the remove  
Bring up your army, but, I think you'll find  
They're not prepared for us

*Auf* O doubt not that, 30  
I speak from certainties Nay, more,  
Some parcels of their power are forth already,  
And only hitherward I leave your honours  
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet  
'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike  
Till one can do no more

*All* The gods assist you!

*Auf* And keep your honours safe!

*1st Sen* Farewell

*2nd Sen* Farewell

*All* Farewell [Exeunt

### SCENE III Rome a room in Marcius house

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA They set them  
down on two low stools, and sew*

*Vol* I pray you, daughter, sing or express  
yourself in a more comfortable sort If my son  
were my husband I should freelier rejoice in that  
absence wherein he won honour than in the em-  
bracements of his bed where he would show most  
love When yet he was but tender bodied and  
the only son of my womb when youth with come-  
liness plucked all gaze his way when for a day  
of lings entreaties a mother should not sell him  
an hour from her beholding, I considering how  
honour would become such a person, that it was  
no better than picture like to hang by the wall if  
renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him  
seek danger where he was like to find fame To  
a cruel war I sent him from whence he returned  
his brows bound with oak I tell thee daughter  
I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a  
man child than now in first seeing he had proved  
himself a man 19

*Vir* But had he died in the business, madam,  
how then?

*Vol* Then his good report should have been  
my son, I therein would have found issue Hear  
me profess sincerely had I a dozen sons, each in  
my love alike and none less dear than thine and  
my good Marcius I had rather had eleven die  
nobly for their country than one voluptuously  
surfeit out of action

### Enter a GENTLEWOMAN

*Gent* Madam the Lady Valeria is come to  
visit you

*Vir* Beseech you give me leave to retire my-  
self 30

*Vol* Indeed, you shall not  
Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum  
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,  
As children from a bear, the Volscies shunning  
him

Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus  
'Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,  
Though you were born in Rome His bloody  
brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping forth he goes,  
Like to a harvest man that's task'd to mow  
Or all or lose his hure

*Vir* His bloody brow! O Jupiter no blood!

*Vol* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man  
Than gild his trophy The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian sword, contemning Tell Valeria,  
We are fit to bid her welcome

### [Exit GENTLEWOMAN]

*Vir* Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

*Vol* He'll beat Aufidius head below his knee  
And tread upon his neck 50

### Enter VALERIA with an Usher and GENTLE- WOMAN

*Val* My ladies both good day to you

*Vol* Sweet madam

*Vir* I am glad to see your lady ship

*Val* How do you both? you are manifest house-  
keepers What are you sewing here? A fine spot  
in good faith How does your little son?

*Vir* I thank your lady ship well, good madam

*Vol* He had rather see the swords and hear a  
drum than lool upon his schoolmaster 61

*Val* O my word the father's son I'll swear  
tis a very pretty boy O my troth I looked  
upon him o Wednesday half an hour together  
has such a confirmed countenance I saw him  
run after a gilded butterfly and when he caught  
it, he let it go again, and after it again and



over and over he comes and up again catched it again or whether his fall enraged him or how twas he did so set his teeth and tear it O I warrant how he mammoocked it! 71

*Vol* One on s father s moods

*Val* Indeed la tis a noble child

*Vir* A crack madam

*Val* Come lay aside your stitchery I must have you play the idle huswife with me thus after noon

*Vir* No good madam I will not out of doors

*Val* Not out of doors!

*Vol* She shall she shall 80

*Vir* Indeed no by your patience I ll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars

*Val* Fie you confine yourself most unreasonably Come you must go visit the good lady that lies in

*Vir* I will wish her speedy strength and visit her with my prayers but I cannot go thither

*Vol* Why I pray you?

*Vir* Tis not to save labour nor that I want love 91

*Val* You would be another Penelope Yet they say all the yarn she spun in Ulysses absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths Come I would your cambric were sensible as your finger that you might leave pricking it for pity Come you shall go with us

*Vir* No good madam pardon me indeed I will not forth

*Val* In truth la go with me and I ll tell you excellent news of your husband 101

*Vir* O good madam there can be none yet

*Val* Verily I do not jest with you there came news from him last night

*Vir* Indeed madam?

*Val* In earnest its true I heard a senator speak it Thus is the Volsces have an army forth against whom Cominus the general is gone with one part of our Roman power Your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars This is true on mine honour and so I pray go with us

*Vir* Give me excuse good madam I will obey you in everything hereafter

*Vol* Let her alone lady As she is now she will but disease our better mirth

*Val* In troth, I think she would Fare you well then Come good sweet lady Prathee Virgilia turn thy solemnness out o door and go along with us 121

*Vir* No at a word madam indeed I must not I wish you much mirth

*Val* Well then farewell

[*Exeunt*

# SCENE IV Before Corioli

*Enter with drum and colours MARCIUS TITUS LARTILS Captains and Soldiers To them a MESSENGER*

*Mar* Yonder comes news A wager they have met

*Lart* My horse to yours no

*Mar* Tis done

*Lart* Agreed

*Vir* Say has our general met the enemy?

*Mess* They lie in view but have not spoke as yet

*Lart* So the good horse is mine

*Mar* I ll buy him of you

*Lart* No I ll nor sell nor give him lend you him I will

For half a hundred years Summon the town

*Mar* How far off lie these armies?

*Mess* Within this mile and half

*Mar* Then shall we hear their larum and they ours

Now Mars I prithe make us quick in work 10

That we with smoking swords may march from hence

To help our fielded friends! Come blow thy blast

*They sound a pirley Enter TWO SENATORS with others on the walls*

Tullus Aufidius is he within your walls?

*ist Sen* No nor a man that fears you less than he

That s lesser than a little [*Drums afar off*]

Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth We ll break our walls

Rather than they shall pound us up Our gates Which yet seem shut we have put pinn d with rushes

They ll open of themselves [*Alarm afar off*]

Hark! you far off!

There is Aufidius list what work he makes 20

Amongst your cloven army

*Mar* O they are at it!

*Lart* Their noise be our instruction Ladders ho!

# Enter the army of the Volsces

*Mar* They fear us not but issue forth their city

Now put your shields before your hearts and fight

With hearts more proof than shields Advance brave Titus

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts

Which makes me sweat with wrath Come on  
my fellows!  
He that retires I'll take him for a Volsce,  
And he shall feel mine edge

*Alarum The Romans are beat back to their trenches*  
*Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing*

Mar All the contagion of the south light on  
you 30  
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and  
plagues  
Plaster you o'er that you may be abhorr'd  
Further than seen and one infect another  
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,  
That bear the shapes of men how have you run  
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!  
All hurt behind backs red, and faces pale  
With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge  
home,  
Or by the fires of heaven I'll leave the foe 39  
And make my wars on you Look to't come on!  
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,  
As they us to our trenches followed

*Another alarum The Volsces fly, and MARCIUS  
follows them to the gates*

So now the gates are open Now prove good  
seconds,

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,  
Not for the fliers Mark me, and do the like  
*Enters the gates*

1st Sol Fool hardness not I 1  
2nd Sol Nor I

MARCIUS is shut in  
1st Sol See, they have shut him in  
All To the pot I warrant him  
*Alarum continues*

*Re enter TITUS LARTIUS*

Lart What is become of Marcus?  
All Slain sir doubtless  
1st Sol Following the fliers at the very heels,  
With them he enters who upon the sudden 50  
Clapp'd to their gates He is himself alone  
To answer all the city

Lart O noble fellow!  
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword  
And when it bows stands up Thou art left,  
Marcus  
A carbuncle entire as big as thou art  
Were not so rich a jewel Thou wast a soldier  
Even to Cato's wish not fierce and terrible  
Only in strokes but with thy grim looks and  
The thunder like percussion of thy sounds 59  
Thou madest thine enemies shak' as if the world  
Were feverous and did tremble

*Re-enter MARCIUS bleeding assaulted by the enemy*

1st Sol Look, sir  
Lart O, 'tis Marcus!  
Let's fetch him off or make remain like  
[They fight and all enter the city]

SCENE V *Corioli a street*

*Enter certain ROMANS with spoils*

1st Rom This will I carry to Rome  
2nd Rom And I this  
3rd Rom A murrain on't! I took this for silver  
*Alarum continues still afar off*

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet*

Mar See here these movers that do prize their  
hours  
At a crack'd drachma! Cushions leaden spoons,  
Irons of a doit doublets that hangmen would  
Bury with those that wore them these base  
slaves  
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up Down with  
them!  
And hark what noise the general makes! To  
him! 10  
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius  
Piercing our Romans then valiant Titus take  
Convenient numbers to make good the city  
Whilst I with those that have the spirit, will  
haste

To help Cominius

Lart Worthy sir thou bleed'st,  
Thy exercise hath been too violent  
For a second course of fight

Mar Sir praise me not,  
My work hath yet not warm'd me fare you well  
The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me To Aufidius thus 20  
I will appear and fight

Lart Now the fair goddess Fortune  
I'll deep in love with thee and her great charms  
Misguide thy opposers swords! Bold gentleman  
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar Thy friend no less  
Than those she placeth highest! So farewell  
Lart Thou worthiest Marcus!

[Exit MARCIUS]  
Go sound thy trumpet in the market place,  
Call thither all the officers of the town  
Where they shall know our mind Away!

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI *Near the camp of Cominius*  
*Enter COMINIUS as it were in retire with soldiers*  
Com Breathe you my friends Well fought we  
are come off

Like Romans neither foolish in our stands  
Nor cowardly in retire Believe me sirs  
We shall be charged again Whiles we have  
struck  
By interims and conveying gusts we have  
heard  
The charges of our friends Ye Roman gods!  
Lead their successes as we wish our own  
That both our powers with smiling fronts en  
countering  
May give you thankful sacrifice

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Thy news?

*Mess* The citizens of Corioli have issued 10  
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle  
I saw our party to their trenches driven  
And then I came away

*Com* Though thou speak st truth  
Methinks thou speak st not well How long is t  
since?

*Mess* Above an hour my lord

*Com* Tis not a mile briefly we heard their  
drums

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess* Spies of the Volsces  
Held me in chase that I was forced to wheel  
Three or four miles about else had I sir 20  
Half an hour since brought my report

*Com* Who s yonder  
That does appear as he were slay d? O gods!  
He has the stamp of Marcius and I have  
Before time seen him thus

*Mar* [Within] Come I too late?

*Com* The shepherd knows not thunder from a  
rabor

More than I know the sound of Marcius tongue  
From every meaner man

*Enter MARCIUS*

*Mar* Come I too late?

*Com* Ay if you come not in the blood of  
others  
But mantled in your own

*Mar* O let me clipp ye  
In arms as sound as when I woo d in heart 30  
As merry as when our nuptial day was done  
And tapers burn d to bedward!

*Com* Flower of warriors  
How is t with Titus Lartius?

*Mar* As with a man busied about decrees  
Condemning some to death and some to exile  
Ransoming him or pitying threatening the  
other  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,

Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash  
To let him slip at will

*Com* Where is that slave  
Which told me they had beat you to your  
trenches?

Where is he? call him hither

*Mar* Let him alone  
He did inform the truth But for our gentlemen  
The common file—a plague! tribunes for them!  
The mouse ne er shunn d the cat as they did  
budg e

From rascals worse than they

*Com* But how prevail d you?  
*Mar* Will the time serve to tell? I do not  
think

Where is the enemy? are you lords o the field?  
If not why cease you till you are so?

*Com* Marcius  
We have at disadvantage fought and did  
Retire to win our purpose 50

*Mar* How lies their battle? know you on  
which side

They have placed their men of trust?

*Com* As I guess Marcius  
Their bands i the vaward are the Antiates  
Of their best trust o er them Aufidius  
Their very heart of hope

*Mar* I do beseech you  
By all the battles wherein we have fought  
By the blood we have shed together by the vows  
We have made to endure friends that you di  
rectly

Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates  
And that you not delay the present but 60  
Filling the air with swords advanced and darts  
We prove this very hour

*Com* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath  
And balms applied to you yet dare I never  
Deny your asking Take your choice of those  
That best can aid your action

*Mar* Those are they  
That most are willing If any such be here—  
As it were sin to doubt—that love this painting  
Wherein you see me smear d if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report 70  
If any think brave death outweighs bad life  
And that his country s dearer than himself  
Let him alone or so many so minded  
Wave thus to express his disposition  
And follow Marcius

*They all shout and wave their swords take him  
up in their arms and cast up their caps*  
O me alone! make you a sword of me?  
If these show s be not our ward which of you  
But is four Volsces? none of you but iii

Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
 A shield as hard as his A certain number, 80  
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all, the  
 rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight  
 As cause will be obey'd Please you to march,  
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,  
 Which men are best inclined

Com March on, my fellows  
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
 Divide in all with us [Exeunt]

## SCENE VII The gates of Corioli

TITUS LARTIUS having set a guard upon Corioli,  
 going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS  
 and CAIUS MARCIUS enters with a LIEUTENANT  
 other Soldiers and a Scout

Lart So let the ports be guarded, keep your  
 duties  
 As I have set them down If I do send dispatch  
 Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve  
 For a short holding If we lose the field,  
 We cannot keep the town

Lieu Fear not our care sir  
 Lart Hence, and shut your gates upon's  
 Our guider, come, to the Roman camp conduct  
 us [Exeunt]

## SCENE VIII A field of battle

Alarum as in battle Enter from opposite sides,  
 MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS

Mar I'll fight with none but thee, for I do  
 hate thee

Worse than a promise breaker

Auf We hate alike  
 Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor  
 More than thy fame and envy Fix thy foot

Mar Let the first budger die the other's slave,  
 And the gods doom him after!

Auf If I fly, Marcius  
 Holloa me like a hare

Mar Within these three hours, Tullus  
 Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,  
 And made what work I pleased 'Tis not my  
 blood

Wherein thou seest me mask'd for thy revenge  
 Wrench up thy power to the highest

Auf Wert thou the Hector 11  
 That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny  
 Thou shouldst not scape me here

They fight, and certain Volsces come in the aid of  
 AUFIDIUS MARCIUS fights till they be driven  
 in breathless

Officious and not valiant you have shamed me  
 In your condemned seconds [Exeunt]

## SCENE IX The Roman camp

Flourish Alarum A retreat is sounded Flourish  
 Enter, from one side, COMINIUS with the ROMANS,  
 from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a  
 scarf

Com If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's  
 work

Thou dost not believe thy deeds, but I'll report it  
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,  
 Where great patricians shall attend and shrug  
 I'll the end admire, where ladies shall be frighted,  
 And gladly quaked hear more, where the dull  
 tribunes

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,  
 Shall say against their hearts, 'We thank the  
 gods

Our Rome hath such a soldier "  
 Yet earnest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10  
 Having fully dined before

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from  
 the pursuit

Lart O general,  
 Here is the steed we the caparison  
 Hadst thou beheld—

Mar Pray now, no more My mother,  
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
 When she does praise me grieves me I have done  
 As you have done, that's what I can induced  
 As you have been that's for my country  
 He that has but effected his good will  
 Hath overta'en mine act

Com You shall not be  
 The grave of your deserving Rome must know  
 The value of her own 'Twere a concealment 21  
 Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,  
 To hide your doings and to silence that,  
 Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,  
 Would seem but modest, therefore, I beseech  
 you—

In sign of what you are not to reward  
 What you have done—before our army hear me

Mar I have some wounds upon me and they  
 smart

To hear themselves remember'd

Com Should they not  
 Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude 30  
 And tent themselves with death Of all the  
 horses,

Whereof we have taken good and good store,  
 of all

The treasure in this field achieved and city,  
 We render you the tenth to be taken forth  
 Before the common distribution at  
 Your only choice

*Mar* I thank you general  
But cannot make my heart consent to take  
A bribe to pay my sword I do refuse it  
And stand upon my common part with those  
That have beheld the doing

40

*A long flourish They all cry* *Marcus'*  
*Marcus' cast up their caps and lances*  
*COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare*

*Mar* May these same instruments which you  
prolance  
Never sound more when drums and trumpets  
shall

I the field prove flatterers let courts and cities be  
Made all of false faced soothing  
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk  
Let him be made a coverture for the wars  
No more I say For that I have not wash'd  
My nose that bled or foul'd some debile wretch—  
Which without more here's many else have  
done—

You shout me forth  
In acclamations hyperbolical  
As if I loved my little should be dieted  
In praises sauced with lies

50

*Com* Too modest are you  
More cruel to your good report than grateful  
To us that give you truly By your patience  
If against yourself you be incensed we'll put  
you

Like one that means his proper harm in manacles  
Then reason safely with you Therefore be it  
known

As to us to all the world that Caius Marcus  
Wears this war's garland in token of the which  
My noble steed know to the camp I give him  
With all his trim belonging and from this time  
For what he did before Corioli call him  
With all the applause and clamour of the host  
Caius Marcus Coriolanus' Bear  
The addition nobly ever!

59

*Flourish Trumpets sound and drums*

*All* Caius Marcus Coriolanus!

*Cor* I will go wash

And when my face is fair you shall perceive  
Whether I blush or no Howbeit I thank you  
I mean to stride your steed and at all times  
To undercrest your good addition  
To the fairness of my power

70

*Com* So to our tent  
Where ere we do repose us we will write  
To Rome of our success You Titus Lartius  
Must to Corioli back Send us to Rome  
The best with whom we may articulate,  
For their own good and ours

*Lart* I shall my lord

*Cor* The gods begin to mock me I that now

Refused most princely gifts am bound to beg  
Of my lord general

*Com* Take it thus yours What is it?

*Cor* I sometime lay here in Corioli

At a poor man's house he used me kindly

He cried to me I saw him prisoner

But then Aufidius was within my view

And wrath overwheeled my pity I request you

To give my poor host freedom

*Com* O well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son he should

Be free as is the wind Deliver him Titus

*Lart* Marcus his name?

*Cor* Oly Jupiter! forgot

I am weary yea my memory is tired

Have we no wine here?

*Com* Go we to our tent

The blood upon your visage dries 'tis time

It should be look'd to Come *[Exeunt]*

SCENE X The camp of the Volsces

*A flourish Cornets Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS*  
*bloody with two or three SOLDIERS*

*Auf* The town is taken!

*1st Sol* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good con-  
dition

*Auf* Condition!

I would I were a Roman for I cannot  
Being a Volscer be that I am Condition!

What good condition can a treaty find

I the part that is at mercy? Five times Marcus

I have fought with thee so often hast thou beat

me

And wouldst do so I think should we encounter

As often as we eat By the elements

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard

He's mine or I am his Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in it had for where

I thought to crush him in an equal force

True sword to sword I'll potch at him some

way

Or wrath or craft may get him

*1st Sol* He's the devil

*Auf* Bolder though not so subtle My va-

lour's poison'd

With only suffering stain'd by him for him

Shall fly out of itself Nor sleep nor sanctuary

Being naked sick nor safe nor Capitol

The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice

Embarquements all of fury shall lift up

Their rotten privilege and custom against

My hate to Marcus Where I find him were it

At home upon my brother's guard even there,

Against the hospitable canon would I

Wash my fierce hand in his heart Go you to the

city

20

Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that  
must

Be hostages for Rome

*1st Sol* Will not you go?

*Auf* I am attended at the cypress grove I  
pray you—

'Tis south the city mills—bring me word thither

How the world goes that to the pace of it

I may spur on my journey

*1st Sol* I shall sir

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT II

### SCENE I *Rome a public place*

*Enter MENENIUS with the two Tribunes of the  
people SICINIUS and BRUTUS*

*Men* The augurer tells me we shall have news  
to night

*Bru* Good or bad?

*Men* Not according to the prayer of the people,  
for they love not Marcus

*Sic* Nature teaches beasts to know their friends

*Men* Pray you, who does the wolf love?

*Sic* The lamb

*Men* Ay to devour him as the hungry ple-  
beians would the noble Marcus

*Bru* He is a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear

*Men* He is a bear indeed that lives like a lamb  
You two are old men, tell me one thing that I  
shall ask you

*Both* Well sir

*Men* In what enormity is Marcus poor in, that  
you two have not in abundance?

*Bru* He is poor in no one fault, but stored  
with all

*Sic* Especially in pride

*Bru* And topping all others in boasting

*Men* This is strange now Do you two know  
how you are censured here in the city, I mean of  
us o' the right hand file? do you?

*Both* Why, how are we censured?

*Men* Because you talk of pride now—will you  
not be angry?

*Both* Well well sir well

*Men* Why, 'tis no great matter, for a very  
little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal  
of patience Give your dispositions the reins, and  
be angry at your pleasures at the least, if you  
take it as a pleasure to you in being so You  
blame Marcus for being proud?

*Bru* We do it not alone sir

*Men* I know you can do very little alone  
for your helps are many or else your actions  
would grow wondrous single, your abilities are  
too infant like for doing much alone You talk  
of pride O that you could turn your eyes toward

the napes of your necks, and make but an interior  
survey of your good selves! O that you could!

*Bru* What then, sir?

*Men* Why, then you should discover a brace of  
unmeriting, proud violent testy magistrates,  
alias fools, as any in Rome

*Sic* Menenius you are known well enough too

*Men* I am known to be a humorous patrician,  
and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a  
drop of allaying Tiber in 't, said to be something  
imperfect in favouring the first complaint, hasty  
and tinder like upon too trivial motion, one that  
converses more with the buttock of the night  
than with the forehead of the morning What I  
think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath  
Meeting two such wealsmen as you are—I can-  
not call you Lycurguses—if I drink you give  
me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked  
face at it I can't say your worship has deliv-  
ered the matter well, when I find the ass in com-  
pound with the major part of your syllables, and  
though I must be content to bear with those that  
say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie  
deadly that tell you you have good faces If you  
see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it  
that I am known well enough too? what harm  
can your bisson conspectivities glean out of this  
character, if I be known well enough too?

*Bru* Come, sir, come, we know you well  
enough

*Men* You know neither me, yourselves, nor  
anything You are ambitious for poor knaves  
caps and legs You wear out a good wholesome  
forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-  
wife and a fosset seller, and then rejoin the  
controversy, of three pence to a second day of  
audience When you are hearing a matter be-  
tween party and party, if you chance to be  
pinched with the colic you make faces like mum-  
mers, set up the bloody flag against all patience,  
and in roaring for a chamber-pot dismiss the  
controversy bleeding the more entangled by  
your hearing All the peace you make in their  
cause is calling both the parties knaves You are a  
pair of strange ones

*Bru* Come come, you are well understood to  
be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary  
bencher in the Capitol

*Men* Our very priests must become mockers  
if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as  
you are When you speak best unto the purpose  
it is not worth the wagging of your beards and  
your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as  
to stuff a botcher's cushion or to be entombed  
in an ass's pack saddle Yet you must be saying  
Marcus is proud, who, in a cheap estimation is

worth all your predecessors since Deucalion though peradventure some of the best of em were hereditary hangmen God den to your worships More of your conversation would infect my brain being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians I will be bold to take my leave of you

(BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside)

*Enter VOLUMNIA VIRGILIA and VALERIA*

How now my as fair as noble ladies—and the moon were she earthly no nobler—whither do you follow your eyes so fast? 109

*Vol* Honourable Menenius my boy Marcius approaches for the love of Juno let s go

*Men* Ha! Marcius coming home!

*Vol* Ay worthy Menenius and with most prosperous approbation

*Men* Take my cap Jupiter and I thank thee Hoo! Marcius coming home!

*Vol* Sir Nay tis true

*Vol* Look here s a letter from him the state hath another his wife another and I think there s one at home for you 120

*Men* I will make my very house reel tonight A letter for me!

*Vol* Yes certain there s a letter for you I saw t

*Men* A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health in which time I will make a lip to the physician The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricall and to this preservative of no better report than a horse drench Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded 131

*Vol* O no no no

*Vol* O he is wounded I thank the gods for t

*Men* So do I too if it be not too much Brings a victory in his pocket? the wounds become him

*Vol* On s brows Menenius he comes the third time home with the oal en garland

*Men* Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

*Vol* Titus Lartius writes they fought together but Aufidius got off 141

*Men* And twas time for him too I ll warrant him that An he had stayd by him I would not have been so fiduised for all the chests in Coriolt and the gold that s in them Is the Senate possessed of this?

*Vol* Good ladies let s go Yes yes yes the Senate has letters from the general wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly 151

*Vol* In troth there s wondrous things spoke of him

*Men* Wondrous! ay I warrant you and not

without his true purchasing

*Vir* The gods grant them true!

*Vol* True! pow wow

*Men* True! I ll be sworn they are true Where is he wounded? [To the TRIBUNES] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home he has more cause to be proud Where is he wounded?

*Vol* I the shoulder and t the left arm There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts t the body

*Men* One t the neck and two t the thigh—there s nine that I know

*Vol* He had before this last expedition twenty five wounds upon him 170

*Men* Now it s twenty seven Every gash was an enemy s grave [A shout and flourish] Hark! the trumpets

*Vol* These are the ushers of Marcius Before him he carries noise and behind him he leaves tears

Death that dark spirit in s nervy arm doth lie Which being advanced declines and then men die

*A sennet Trumpets sound Enter COMINIUS the general and TITUS LARTIUS between them CORIOLANUS crowned with an oaken garland with Captains and Soldiers and a HERALD*

*Her* know Rome that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Coriolt gates where he hath won 180 With fame a name to Caius Marcius these In honour follows Coriolanus

Welcome to Rome renowned Coriolanus!

*Flourish*

*All* Welcome to Rome renowned Coriolanus!

*Cor* No more of this it does offend my heart

Pray now no more

*Com*

Look sir your mother!

*Cor*

O

You have I know petition d all the gods

For my prosperity! [Kneels]

*Vol*

Nay my good soldier up

My gentle Marcius worthy Caius and By deed achieving honour newly named— 190

What is it? Coriolanus must I call thee?

But O thy wife!

*Cor*

My gracious silence hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh d had I come coffin d home

That weep st to see me triumph? Ah my dear

Such es es the widows in Coriolt wear

An I mothers that lack sons

*Men*

Now the gods crown thee!

Cor And live you yet? [To VALERIA] O my  
sweet lady, pardon  
Vol I know not where to turn O, welcome  
home,  
And welcome, general, and ye're welcome all  
Men A hundred thousand welcomes I could  
weep 200  
And I could laugh, I am light and heavy Wel  
come

A curse begin at very root on's heart,  
That is not glad to see thee! You are three  
That Rome should dote on, yet, by the faith of  
men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that  
will not

Be grafted to your relish Yet welcome warriors  
We call a nettle but a nettle and  
The faults of fools but folly

Com Ever right

Cor Menenius ever, ever

Her Give way there, and go on!

Cor [To VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA] Your  
hand, and yours 210

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,  
The good patricians must be visited,  
From whom I have received not only greetings,  
But with them change of honours

Vol I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes  
And the buildings of my fancy Only  
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not  
but

Our Rome will cast upon thee

Cor Know good mother,

I had rather be their servant in my way

Than sway with them in theirs

Com On to the Capitol! 220

[Flourish Cornets Exit in state as  
before BRUTUS and SICINIUS come  
forward

Bru All tongues speak of him, and the bleared  
sights

Are spectracted to see him Your prattling nurse

Into a rapture lets her baby cry

While she chats him, the kitchen malkin pins

Her richest lockram bout her reechy neck

Clambering the walls to eye him stalls bulks,  
windows

Are smother'd up leads fill'd and ridges horsed

With variable complexions all agreeing

In earnestness to see him Seld shown flames

Do press among the popular throngs and puff 230

To win a vulgar station our vail'd dames

Commit the war of white and damask in

Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil

Of Phoebus burning kisses, such a pother

As if that whatsoever god who leads him  
Were shily crept into his human powers  
And gave him graceful posture

Sic On the sudden,

I warrant him consul

Bru Then our office may,

During his power go sleep

Sic He cannot temperately transport his hon-  
ours 240

From where he should begin and end, but will  
Lose those he hath won

Bru In that there's comfort

Sic Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they  
Upon their ancient malice will forget

With the least cause these his new honours  
which

That he will give them make I as little question  
As he is proud to do it

Bru I heard him swear

Were he to stand for consul, never would he

Appear in the market-place nor on him put

The napless vesture of humility 250

Nor, showing, as the manner is his wounds

To the people beg their stinking breaths

Sic 'Tis right

Bru It was his word O he would miss it  
rather

Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him  
And the desire of the nobles

Sic I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose and to put it  
In execution

Bru 'Tis most like he will

Sic It shall be to him then as our good wills,  
A sure destruction

Bru So it must fall out

To him or our authorities For an end 260

We must suggest the people in what hatred  
He still hath held them that to's power he  
would

Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders,  
and

Disproportioned their freedoms holding them,

In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul nor fitness for the world

Than camels in the war, who have their provand

Only for bearing burdens and sore blows

For sinking them

Sic This as you say suggested

At some time when his soaring insolence 270

Shall touch the people—which time shall not  
want

If he be put upon't and that's as easy

As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire

To kindle their dry stubble, and their blaze



Shall darken him for ever

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Bru* What's the matter?

*Mess* You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought

That Marcius shall be consul

I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and

The blind to hear him speak. Matrons flung gloves

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers

Upon him as he pass'd. The nobles bended 281

As to Jove's statue and the commons made

A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts

I never saw the like

*Bru* Let's to the Capitol

And carry with us ears and eyes for the time

But hearts for the event

*Sic* Have with you [Exeunt]

SCENE II *The same the Capitol*

*Enter TWO OFFICERS to lay cushions*

*1st Off* Come come they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

*2nd Off* Three they say but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it

*1st Off* That's a brave fellow but he's valence proud and loves not the common people

*2nd Off* Faith there have been many great men that have flattered the people who ne'er loved them and there be many that they have loved they know not wherefore so that if they love they know not why they hate upon no better a ground therefore for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see it

*1st Off* If he did not care whether he had their love or no he waded indifferently twixt doing them neither good nor harm but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes to flatter them for their love

*2nd Off* He hath deserved worthily of his country and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who having been supple and courteous to the people bonneted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report. But he hath so planted his honours in their eyes and his actions in their hearts that for their tongues to be silent and not confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury to report otherwise were a malice that giving itself the lie would

pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it

*1st Off* No more of him he's a worthy man. Make way they are coming 40

*A sennet. Enter with Lactors before them COMINIUS the consul MENENIUS CORIOLANUS SENATORS SICIPIUS and I BRUTUS. The SENATORS take their places the Tribunes take their places by themselves CORIOLANUS stands*

*Men* Having determined of the Volscies and

To send for Titus Lartius it remains

As the main point of this our after meeting

To gratify his noble service that

Hath thus stood for his country therefore please you

Most reverend and grave elders to desire

The present consul and last general

In our well found successes to report

A little of that worthy work perform'd

By Caius Marcius Coriolanus whom 50

We met here both to thank and to remember

With honours like himself

*1st Sen* Speak good Cominius

Leave nothing out for length and make us think

Rather our state's defective for requital

Than we to stretch it out [To the Tribunes] Masters of the people

We do request your kindest ears and after

Your loving motion toward the common body

To yield what passes here

*Sic* We are contented

Upon a pleasing treaty and have hearts

Inclined to honour and advance 60

The theme of our assembly

*Bru* Which the rather

We shall be blest to do if he remember

A kinder value of the people than

He hath hereto prized them at

*Men* That's off that's off

I would you rather had been silent. Please you

To hear Cominius speak?

*Bru* Most willingly

But yet my caution was more pertinent

Than the rebuke you give me

*Men* He loves your people

But tie him not to be their bedfellow

Worthy Cominius speak [CORIOLANUS offers to go away]

*1st Sen* Nay keep your place 70

*1st Sen* Sir Coriolanus never shame to hear

What you have nobly done

*Cor* Your honours pardon

I had rather have my wounds to heal again

Than hear say how I got them

*Bru* Sir I hope

My words disbench'd you not

*Cor* No sir yet oft,  
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words  
 You soothed not, therefore hurt not, but your people,  
 I love them as they weigh  
*Men* Pray now, sit down  
*Cor* I had rather have one scratch my head  
 the sun  
 When the alarm were struck than idly sit 80  
 To hear my nothings monster d [*Exit*  
*Men* Masters of the people  
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—  
 That a thousand to one good one—when you now see  
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour  
 Than one on ears to hear it? Proceed Cominius  
*Com* I shall lack voice the deeds of Coriolanus  
 Should not be utter'd feebly It is held  
 That valour is the chiefest virtue and  
 Most dignifies the haver if it be  
 The man I speak of cannot in the world 90  
 Be singly counterpoised At sixteen years,  
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome he fought  
 Beyond the mark of others Our then dictator,  
 Whom with all praise I point at saw him fight,  
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
 The bristled lips before him He bestrid  
 An over-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view  
 Slew three opposers Tarquin's self he met  
 And struck him on his knee In that day's feats  
 When he might act the woman in the scene 100  
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed  
 Was brow bound with the oak His pupil age  
 Man enter'd thus he waxed like a sea,  
 And in the brunt of seventeen battles since  
 He lurch'd all swords of the garland For this  
 last,  
 Before and in Corioli let me say,  
 I cannot speak him home He stopp'd the fliers  
 And by his rare example made the coward  
 Turn terror into sport, as weeds before  
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd 110  
 And fell below his stem His sword death's  
 stamp  
 Where it did mark, it took from face to foot  
 He was a thing of blood whose every motion  
 Was timed with dying cries Alone he enter'd  
 The mortal gate of the city which he painted  
 With shunless destiny aidless came off  
 And with a sudden reinforcement struck  
 Corioli like a planet, now all's his  
 When by and by the din of war gan pierce 119  
 His ready sense then straight his doubled spirit  
 Re-quick'n'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
 And to the battle came he, where he did

Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
 'Twere a perpetual spoil, and till we call d  
 Both field and city ours, he never stood  
 To ease his breast with panting  
*Men* Worthy man!  
*1st Sen* He cannot but with measure fit the  
 honours  
 Which w<sup>e</sup> devise him  
*Com* Our spoils he kick'd at,  
 And look'd upon things precious as they were  
 The common muck of the world He covets less  
 Than misery itself would give rewards 121  
 His deeds with doing them, and is content  
 To spend the time to end it  
*Men* He's right noble  
 Let him be call'd for  
*1st Sen* Call Coriolanus  
*1st Off* He doth appear

## Re-enter CORIOLANUS

*Men* The Senate Coriolanus, are well pleased  
 To make thee consul  
*Cor* I do owe them still  
 My life and services  
*Men* It then remains  
 That you do speak to the people  
*Cor* I do beseech you,  
 Let me o'erleap that custom for I cannot 140  
 Put on the gown stand naked and entreat them  
 For my wounds sake to give their suffrage  
 Please you  
 That I may pass this doing  
*Sir* Sir, the people  
 Must have their voices neither will they bate  
 One jot of ceremony  
*Men* Put them not to't  
 Pray you go fit you to the custom and  
 Take to you, as your predecessors have  
 Your honour with your form  
*Cor* It is a part  
 That I shall blush in acting and might well  
 Be taken from the people  
*Bru* Mark you that? 150  
*Cor* To brag unto them 'Thus I did and thus',  
 Show them the unaching scars which I should  
 hide  
 As if I had received them for the hire  
 Of their breath only!  
*Men* Do not stand upon't  
 We recommend to you tribunes of the people  
 Our purpose to them, and to our noble consul  
 Wish we all joy and honour  
*Senators* To Coriolanus come all joy and hon-  
 our! [*Flourish of cornets* *Exit all but* SICI-  
 NIUS and BRUTUS  
*Bru* You see how he intends to use the people

Sic May they perceive intent! He will require them 160

As if he did contemn what he requested  
Should be in them to give

Bru Come we'll inform them  
Of our proceedings here On the market place  
I know they do attend us [Exeunt]

SCENE III *The same the Forum*

*Enter seven or eight CITIZENS*

1st Cit Once if he do require our voices we ought not to deny him

2nd Cit We may sir if we will

3rd Cit We have power in ourselves to do it but it is a power that we have no power to do for if he show us his wounds and tell us his deeds we are to put our tongues into those wounds and speak for them so if he tell us his noble deeds we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them Ingratitude is monstrous and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude of the which we be members should bring ourselves to be monstrous members

1st Cit And to make us no better thought of a little help will serve for once we stood up about the corn he himself struck not to call us the many-headed multitude

3rd Cit We have been called so of many not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald but that our wits are so diversely coloured and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull they would fly east west north south and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points of the compass

2nd Cit Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3rd Cit Nay your wit will not so soon out as another man's will 'tis strongly wedged up in a block head but if it were at liberty 'twould sure southward

2nd Cit Why that way?

3rd Cit To lose itself in a fog where being three parts melted away with rotten dew the fourth would return for conscience sake to help to get thee a wife

2nd Cit You are never without your tricks you may you may 39

3rd Cit Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter the greater part carries it I say if he would incline to the people there was never a worthier man

*Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility with MENILUS*

Here he comes and in the gown of humility

mark his behaviour We are not to stay all together but to come by him where he stands by ones by twos and by threes He is to make his requests by particulars wherein every one of us has a single honour in giving him our own voices with our own tongues therefore follow me and I'll direct you how you shall go by him

All Content content [Exeunt CITIZENS]

Men O sir you are not right Have you not known

The worthiest men have done it?

Cor What must I say?

I pray sir — Plague upon it! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace Look sir My wounds!

I got them in my country's service when Some certain of your brethren roared and ran From the noise of our own drums

Men O me the gods!

You must not speak of that You must desire them

To think upon you

Cor Think upon me! Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em

Men You'll mar all I'll leave you Pray you speak to 'em, I pray you

In wholesome manner [Exit]

Cor Bid them wash their faces

And keep their teeth clean [Re-enter two of the CITIZENS] So here comes a brace [Re-enter a THIRD CITIZEN]

You know the cause sir of my standing here

3rd Cit We do sir tell us what hath brought you to it 10

Cor Mine own desert

2nd Cit Your own desert!

Cor Ay but not mine own desire

3rd Cit How not your own desire?

Cor No sir 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging

3rd Cit You must think if we give you any thing we hope to gain by you

Cor Well then I pray your price of this consulship? 80

1st Cit The price is to ask it kindly

Cor Kindly! Sir I pray let me have I have wounds to show you which shall be yours in private Your good voice sir what say you?

1st Cit You shall have it worthy sir

Cor A march sir There's in all two worthy voices begg'd I have your alms adieu

3rd Cit But this is something odd

2nd Cit An twere to give again—but 'tis no matter [Exeunt the THREE CITIZENS] 90

*Re-enter two other CITIZENS*

*Cor* Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul I have here the customary gown

*4th Cit* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly

*Cor* Your enigma?

*4th Cit* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends you have not indeed loved the common people 99

*Cor* You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love I will sir flatter my sworn brother the people to earn a dearer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle And since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitedly that sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountifully to the desirers Therefore beseech you I may be consul

*5th Cit* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily

*4th Cit* You have received many wounds for your country

*Cor* I will not seal your knowledge with showing them I will make much of your voices and so trouble you no further

*Both Cit* The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt*]

*Cor* Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to starve, 120

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve

Why in this woolly shog should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick that do appear,

Their needless vouchers? Custom calls me to 't

What custom wills in all things should we do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heapt

For truth to overpeer Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus I am half through,

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do 131

*Re-enter three CITIZENS more*

Here come more voices

Your voices! For your voices I have fought

Watch'd for your voices, for your voices bear

Of wounds two dozen odd battles thrice six

I have seen and heard of for your voices have

Done many things, some less some more Your

voices

Indeed I would be consul

*6th Cit* He has done nobly, and cannot go with-

out any honest man's voice 140

*7th Cit* Therefore let him be consul The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

*All Cit* Amen, amen God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt*]

*Cor* Worthy voices!

*Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS*

*Men* You have stood your limitation, and the tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice Remains

That in the official marks invested, you

Anon do meet the Senate

*Cor* Is this done?

*Sic* The custom of request you have discharged The people do admit you and are summon'd 151

To meet anon upon your approbation

*Cor* Where? at the Senate house?

*Sic* There Coriolanus

*Cor* May I change these garments?

*Sic* You may, sir

*Cor* That I'll straight do, and knowing myself again

Repair to the Senate-house

*Men* I'll keep you company Will you along?

*Bru* We stay here for the people

*Sic* Fare you well

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS*]

He has it now, and by his looks methinks

'Tis warm at his heart 160

*Bru* With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds

Will you dismiss the people?

*Re-enter CITIZENS*

*Sic* How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

*1st Cit* He has our voices sir

*Bru* We pray the gods he may deserve your loves

*2nd Cit* Amen sir To my poor unworthy notice,

He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices

*3rd Cit* Certainly

He flouted us downright

*1st Cit* No 'tis his kind of speech He did not mock us

*2nd Cit* Not one amongst us save yourself but says 170

He used us scornfully He should have show'd us His marks of merit wounds received for 's country

*Sic* Why, so he did I am sure

*Citizens* No no no man saw 'em

*3rd Cit* He said he had wounds which he could show in private,

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn  
 I would be consul says he aged custom  
 But by your voices will not so permit me  
 Your voices therefore When we granted that  
 Here was I thank you for your voices thank  
 you  
 Your most sweet voices Now you have left your  
 voices 180  
 I have no further with you Was not this mock  
 cry?

*Sic* Why either were you ignorant to see it  
 Or seeing it of such childish friendliness  
 To yield your voices?

*Bru* Could you not have told him  
 As you were lesson'd when he had no power  
 But was a petty servant to the state  
 He was your enemy ever spake against  
 Your liberties and the charters that you bear  
 I the body of the weal and now arriving  
 A place of potency and sway in the state 190  
 If he should still malignantly remain  
 Fast foe to the *plebeis* your voices must hit  
 Be curses to yourselves? You should have said  
 That his worthy deeds did claim no less  
 Than what he stood for so his gracious nature  
 Would think upon you for your voices and  
 Translate his malice towards you into love  
 Standing your friendly lord

*Sic* Thus to have said  
 As you were fore advised had touch'd his spirit  
 And tried his inclination from him pluck'd 200  
 Either his gracious promise which you might  
 As cause had call'd you up have held him to  
 Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature  
 Which easily endures not article  
 Tying him to aught so putting him to rage  
 You should have seen the advantage of his choler  
 And pass'd him unelected

*Bru* Did you perceive  
 He did solicit you in free contempt  
 When he did need your loves and do you think  
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you  
 When he hath power to crush? Why had your  
 bodies 211  
 No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry  
 Against the rectorship of judgement?

*Sic* Have you  
 Ere now denied the asker? and now again  
 Of him that did not ask but mock bestow  
 Your sued for tongues?

*3rd Cit* He's not confirm'd we may deny him  
 yet

*2nd Cit* And will deny him

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound

*1st Cit* I twice five hundred and their friends  
 to piece em 220

*Bru* Get you hence instantly and tell those  
 friends  
 They have chose a consul that will from them  
 take

Their liberties make them of no more voice  
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking  
 As therefore kept to do so

*Sic* Let them assemble  
 And on a safer judgement all revoke  
 Your ignorant election enforce his pride  
 And his old hate unto you besides forget not  
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed  
 How in his suit he scorn'd you but your loves  
 Thinking upon his services took from you 231  
 The apprehension of his present portance  
 Which most gibingly ungravely he did fashion  
 After the inveterate hate he bears you

*Bru* Lay  
 A fault on us your tribunes that we labour'd  
 No impediment between but that you must  
 Cast your election on him

*Sic* Say you chose him  
 More after our commandment than as guid'd  
 By your own true affections and that your  
 minds  
 Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240  
 Than what you should made you against the  
 grain

To voice him consul Lay the fault on us

*Bru* Ay spare us not Say we read lectures in  
 you

How youngly he began to serve his country  
 How long continued and what stock he springs of  
 The noble house of the Marcians from whence  
 came

That Ancus Marcius Numa's daughter's son  
 Who after great Hostilius here was king  
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were  
 That our best water brought by conduits hither  
 And [Censorinus] nobly named so 251  
 Twice being [by the people chosen] censor  
 Was his great ancestor

*Sic* One thus descended  
 That hath beside well in his person wroughe  
 To be set high in place we did commend  
 To your remembrances but you have found  
 Sealing his present bearing with his past  
 That he's your fixed enemy and revoke  
 Your sudden approbation

*Bru* Say you ne'er had done t—  
 Harp on that still—but by our putting on 260  
 And presently when you have drawn your  
 number

Repair to the Capitol

*All* We will so Almost all  
 Repent in their election [Exit CITIZENS]

*Bru* Let them go on,  
 This mutiny were better put in hazard  
 Then stay past doubt for greater  
 If as his nature is he fall in rage  
 With their refusal both observe and answer  
 The vantage of his anger  
*Sic* To the Capitol come  
 We will be there before the stream o' the people,  
 And this shall seem as partly tis, their own 270  
 Which we have goaded onward [Exeunt

## ACT III

## SCENE I Rome a street

*Cornets Enter CORIOLANUS MENENIUS all the Gentry, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other SENATORS*

*Cor* Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

*Lart* He had, my lord, and that it was which caused

Our swifter composition

*Cor* So then the Volscies stand but as at first,  
 Ready, when time shall prompt them to make road

Upon's again

*Com* They are worn Lord Consul so,  
 That we shall hardly in our ages see  
 Their banners wave again

*Cor* Saw you Aufidius?

*Lart* On safe-guard he came to me and did curse

Against the Volscies, for they had so vilely 10  
 Yielded the town He is retired to Antium

*Cor* Spoke he of me?

*Lart* He did my lord,

*Cor* How? what?

*Lart* How often he had met you sword to sword

That of all things upon the earth he hated  
 Your person most that he would pawn his fortunes

To hopeless restitution so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher

*Cor* At Antium lives he?

*Lart* At Antium

*Cor* I wish I had a cause to seek him there

To oppose his hatred fully Welcome home 20

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS*

Behold these are the tribunes of the people  
 The tongues o' the common mouth I do despise them,

For they do prank them in authority

Against all noble sufferance

*Sic* Pass no further

*Cor* Ha! what is that?

*Bru* It will be dangerous to go on No further

*Cor* What makes this change?

*Men* The matter?

*Com* Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

*Bru* Cominius, no

*Cor* Have I had children's voices? 30

*1st Sen* Tribunes give way, he shall to the market place

*Bru* The people are incensed against him

*Sic* Stop,

Or all will fall in broil

*Cor* Are these your herd?

Must these have voices that can yield them now  
 And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

*Men* Be calm be calm

*Cor* It is a purposed thing and grows by plot,  
 To curb the will of the nobility

Suffer it and live with such as cannot rule 40  
 Nor ever will be ruled

*Bru* Call it not a plot  
 The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,  
 When corn was given them gratis you repined,  
 Scandal'd the suppliants for the people call'd them

Time pleasers flatterers, foes to nobleness

*Cor* Why, this was known before

*Bru* Not to them all

*Cor* Have you inform'd them sithence?

*Bru* How! I inform them!

*Com* You are like to do such business

*Bru* Not unlike,

Each way to better yours

*Cor* Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me  
 Your fellow tribune

*Sic* You show too much of that

For which the people stir If you will pass

To where you are bound you must inquire your way

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune

*Men* Let's be calm

*Com* The people are abused, set on This paltering

Becomes not Rome nor has Coriolanus

Deserved this so dishonour'd rub laid falsely 60  
 I' the plain way of his merit

*Cor* Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak it again—

*Men* Not now not now

*1st Sen* Not in this heat sir now

*Cor* Now as I live I will My nobler friends  
I crave their pardons

For the mutable rank scented many let them

Regard me as I do not flatter and

Therein behold themselves I say again

In soothing them we nourish gainst our Senate

The cockle of rebellion insolence sedition 70

Which we ourselves have plough'd for sow'd  
and scatter'd

By mingling them with us the honour'd number

Who lack not virtue no nor power but that

Which they have given to beggars

*Men* Well no more

*1st Sen* No more words we beseech you

*Cor* How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood

Not fearing outward force so shall my lungs

Coin words till their decay against those measles

Which we disdain should tetter us yet sought

The very way to catch them

*Bru* You speak o' the people 80

As if you were a god to punish not

A man of their infirmity

*Sic* Twere well

We let the people know it

*Men* What what? His choler?

*Cor* Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep

By Jove 'twould be my mind!

*Sic* It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is

Not poison any further

*Cor* Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark

you

His absolute shall?

*Com* 'Twas from the canon

*Cor* Shall! 90

O good but most unwise patricians! why

You gravely but reckless senators have you thus

Given Hylidra here to choose an officer

That with his peremptory shall bring but

The horn and noise o' the monster's wants not  
spirit

To say he'll turn your current in a ditch

And make your channel his? If he have power

Then sail your ignorance if none awake

Your dangerous lenity If you are learn'd

Be not as common fools if you are not 100

Let them have cushions by you You are ple-  
beians

If they be senators and they are no less

When both your voices blended the great st-  
taste

Most palates theirs They choose their magis-  
trate

And such a one as he who puts his shall

His popular shall against a graver bench

Than ever frown'd in Greece By Jove himself!

It makes the consuls base And my soul aches

To know when two authorities are up

Neither supreme how soon confusion 110

May enter twixt the gap of both and take

The one by the other

*Com* Well on to the market place

*Cor* Whoever gave that counsel to give forth

The corn o' the storehouse gratis as 'twas used

Sometime in Greece—

*Men* Well well no more of that

*Cor* Though there the people had more abso-  
lute power

I say they nourish'd disobedience fed

The ruin of the state

*Bru* Why shall the people give

One that speaks thus their voice?

*Cor* I'll give my reasons

More worthier than their voices They know the  
corn 120

Was not our recompense resting well assured

They ne'er did service for us being press'd to the  
war

Even when the navel of the state was touch'd

They would not thread the gates This kind of  
service

Did not deserve corn gratis Being the war

Their mutinies and revolts wherein they show'd

Most valour spoke not for them The accusation

Which they have often made against the Senate

All cause unborn could never be the motive

Of our so frank donation Well what then? 130

How shall this bisson multitude digest

The Senate's courtesy? Let deeds express

What's like to be their words We'd request  
it

We are the greater poll and in true fear

They gave us our demands Thus we debate

The nature of our seats and make the rabble

Call our cares fears which will in time

Break ope the lock o' the Senate and bring in

The crows to peck the eagles

*Men* Come enough

*Bru* Enough with over measure

*Cor* No take more 140

What may be sworn by both divine and human

Seal what I end withal! This double worship

Where one part does disdain with cause the  
other

Insult without all reason where gentry title  
was

Cannot conclude but by the yea and no

Of general ignorance—it must omit  
 Real necessities and give way the while  
 To unstable slightness, purpose so barr'd it  
 follows,  
 Nothing is done to purpose Therefore beseech  
 you—

You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150  
 That love the fundamental part of state  
 More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer  
 A noble life before a long, and wish  
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic  
 That's sure of death without it at once pluck out  
 The multitudinous tongue let them not lick  
 The sweet which is their poison Your dishonour  
 Mangles true judgement and bereaves the state  
 Of that integrity which should become it,  
 Nor having the power to do the good it would,  
 For the ill which doth control it

*Bru* Has said enough 161

*Sic* Has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer  
 As traitors do

*Cor* Thou wretch despise o'erwhelm thee!  
 What should the people do with these bald trib-  
 unes?

On whom depending their obedience fails  
 To the greater bench In a rebellion  
 When what's not meet, but what must be was  
 law,

Then were they chosen In a better hour  
 Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170  
 And throw their power in the dust

*Bru* Manifest treason!

*Sic* This a consul? no

*Bru* The ædiles ho!

*Enter an ÆDILE*

*Sic* Go, call the people [*Exit ÆDILE*] in whose  
 name myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,  
 A foe to the public weal Obey, I charge thee,  
 And follow to thine answer

*Cor* Hence old goat!

*Senators &c* We'll surety him

*Com* Aged sir hands off

*Cor* Hence rotten thing! or I shall shake thy  
 bones

Out of thy garments

*Sic* Help ye citizens! 180

*Enter a rabble of CITIZENS (Plebeians) with the  
 ÆDILES*

*Men* On both sides more respect

*Sic* Here's he that would take from you all your  
 power

*Bru* Seize him ædiles!

*Citizens* Down with him! down with him!  
*Seniors, &c* Weapons, weapons weapons!

*They all bustle about Coriolanus, crying*

*Tribunes! Patricians! Citizens! What, ho!*

*Sicinius! Brutus! Coriolanus! Citizens!*

Peace, peace, peace! Stay hold, peace!

*Men* What is about to be? I am out of breath,  
 Confusion's near, I cannot speak You tribunes  
 To the people! Coriolanus, patience! 191

Speak, good Sicinius

*Sic* Hear me people, peace!

*Citizens* Let's hear our tribune, peace!

Speak, speak speak

*Sic* You are at point to lose your liberties  
 Marcius would have all from you, Marcius,  
 Whom late you have named for consul

*Men* Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle not to quench

*1st Sen* To unbuild the city and to lay all flat

*Sic* What is the city but the people?

*Citizens* True,

The people are the city 200

*Bru* By the consent of all we were establish'd

The people's magistrates

*Citizens* You so remain

*Men* And so are like to do

*Com* That is the way to lay the city flat,

To bring the roof to the foundation

And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,

In heaps and piles of ruin

*Sic* This deserves death

*Bru* Or let us stand to our authority

Or let us lose it We do here pronounce,

Upon the part of the people in whose power 210

We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy

Of present death

*Sic* Therefore lay hold of him

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction cast him

*Bru* Ædiles, seize him!

*Citizens* Yield Marcius yield!

*Men* Hear me one word,

Beseech you tribunes, hear me but a word

*Æd* Peace, peace!

*Men* [*To Brutus*] Be that you seem truly your  
 country's friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would

Thus violently redress

*Bru* Sir those cold ways 220

That seem like prudent helps are very poisonous

Where the disease is violent Lay hands upon  
 him

And bear him to the rock

*Cor* No, I'll die here

*Drawing his sword*

There's some among you have beheld me fighting



Come try upon yourselves what you have seen  
me

*Men* Down with that sword! Tribunes with  
draw awhile

*Bru* Lay hands upon him

*Men* Help Marcius help  
You that be noble help him young and old!

*Citizens* Down with him down with him!

[In this mutiny the TRIBUNES the AEDILES  
and the People are beat in

*Men* Go get you to your house be gone  
away!

All will be naught else

*2nd Sen* Get you gone

*Com* Stand fast

We have as many friends as enemies

*Men* Shall it be put to that?

*1st Sen* The gods forbid!

I prithee noble friend home to thy house

Leave us to cure this cause

*Men* For 'tis a sore upon us

You cannot tent yourself Be gone beseech you

*Com* Come sir along with us

*Cor* I would they were barbarians—as they  
are

Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they  
are not

Though calv'd the porch the Capitol—

*Men* Be gone

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue

One time will owe another

*Cor* On fair ground

I could beat forty of them

*Men* I could myself

Take up a brace o' the best of them yea the  
two tribunes

*Com* But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic  
And manhood is call'd foolery when it stands

Against a falling fabric Will you hence

Before the tax return whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters an lo'erbear

What they are used to bear?

*Men* Pray you be gone

I'll try whether my old wit be in request

With those that have but little This must be  
patch'd

With cloth of any colour

*Com* Nay come away

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS COMINIUS and others*

*1st Patrician* This man has marr'd his fortune

*Men* His nature is too noble for the world

He would not flatter Neptune for his trident

Or Jove for power to thunder His heart's his  
mouth

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent

And being angry does forget that ever

He heard the name of death [*A noise within*]

Here's goodly work!

*2nd Lat* I would they were a bed!

*Men* I would they were in Tiber! What the  
vengeance!

Could he not speak 'em fair?

*Re enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS with the rabble*

*Sic* Where is this viper

That would depopulate the city and

Be every man himself?

*Men* You worthy tribunes—

*Sic* He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian  
rock

With rigorous hands He hath resisted law

And therefore law shall scorn him further trial

Than the severity of the public power

Which he so sets at nought

*1st Cit* He shall well know

The noble tribunes are the people's mouths

And we their hands

*Citizens* He shall sure on't

*Men* Sir sir—

*Sic* Peace!

*Men* Do not cry havoc, where you should but  
hunt

With modest warrant

*Sic* Sir how comes it that you

Have help to make this rescue?

*Men* Hear me speak

As I do know the consul's worthiness

So can I name his faults—

*Sic* Consul! what consul?

*Men* The consul Coriolanus

*Bru* He consul!

*Citizens* No no no no no

*Men* If by the tribunes leave and yours good  
people

I may be heard I would crave a word or two

The which shall turn you to no further harm

Than so much loss of time

*Sic* Speak briefly then

For we are peremptory to dispatch

This viperous traitor To eject him hence

Where but one danger and to keep him here

Our certain death therefore it is decreed

He dies to-night

*Men* Now the good gods forbid

That our renowned Rome whose gratitude

Towards her deserved children is enroll'd

In Jove's own book like an unnatural dam

Should now eat up her own!

*Sic* He's a disease that must be cut away

*Men* O he's a lump that has but a disease

Mortal to cut it off to cure it easy

What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?

Killing our enemies the blood he hath lost—  
Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,  
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his coun-  
try,

And what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all that do't and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world

*Sic* This is clean kam

*Bru* Merely awry When he did love his  
country,

It honour'd him

*Men* The service of the foot  
Being once gangrened is not then respected  
For what before it was

*Bru* We'll hear no more  
Pursue him to his house and pluck him thence,  
Lest his infection, being of catching nature, 310  
Spread further

*Men* One word more, one word  
This tiger-footed rage when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness will too  
late

The leaden pounds to s heels Proceed by pro-  
cess

Lest parties as he is beloved break out,  
And sack great Rome with Romans

*Bru* If it were so—

*Sic* What do ye talk?  
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?

Our ædiles smote? ourselves resisted? Come

*Men* Consider this he has been bred i' the  
vars 320

Since he could draw a sword and is ill school'd  
In bolted language meal and bran together  
He throws without distinction Give me leave,  
I'll go to him and undertake to bring him  
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form  
In peace to his utmost peril

*1st Sen* Noble tribunes,  
It is the humane way The other course  
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it  
Unknown to the beginning

*Sic* Noble Menenius,  
Be you then as the people's officer 330  
Masters lay down your weapons

*Bru* Go not home  
*Sic* Meet on the market place We'll attend  
you there,

Where if you bring not Marcius we'll proceed  
In our first way

*Men* I'll bring him to you  
[To the SENATORS] Let me desire your company

He must come  
Or what is worst will follow

*1st Sen* Pray you, let's to him  
[Exeunt]

## SCENE II A room in Coriolanus's house

Enter CORIOLANUS with PATRICIANS

*Cor* Let them pull all about mine ears, present  
me

Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them

*1st Patrician* You do the nobler

*Cor* I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont  
To call them woollen vassals, things created 9  
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads  
In congregations to yawn be still and wonder  
When one but of my ordinance stood up  
To speak of peace or war

Enter VOLUMNIA

I talk of you

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have  
me

False to my nature? Rather say I play  
The man I am

*Vol* O sir sir, sir,  
I would have had you put your power well on,  
Before you had worn it out

*Cor* Let go

*Vol* You might have been enough the man you  
are,

With striving less to be so Lesser had been 20  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed  
Ere they lack'd power to cross you

*Cor* Let them hang

*1st Patrician* Ay and burn too

Enter MENENIUS and Senators

*Men* Come come you have been too rough,  
something too rough,

You must return and mend it

*1st Sen* There's no remedy,  
Unless, by not so doing our good city

Cleave in the midst and perish

*Vol* Pray, be counsell'd

I have a heart as little apt as yours  
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30  
To better vantage

*Men* Well said, noble woman!  
Before he should thus stoop to the herd but that  
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick  
For the whole state I would put mine armour on,  
Which I can scarcely bear

*Cor* What must I do?

*Men* Return to the tribunes

*Cor* Well what then? what then?  
*Men* Repent what you have spoke  
*Cor* For them? I cannot do it to the gods  
 Must I then do it to them?

*Vol* You are too absolute  
 Though therein you can never be too noble 40  
 But when extremities speak I have heard you  
 say

Honour and policy like unsever'd friends  
 In the war do grow together Grant that and  
 tell me

In peace what each of them by the other lose  
 That they combine not there

*Cor* Tush tush!  
*Men* A good demand

*Vol* If it be honour in your wars to seem  
 The same you are not which for your best ends  
 You adopt your policy how is it less or worse  
 That it shall hold companionship in peace 50  
 With honour as in war since that to both  
 It stands in like request?

*Cor* Why force you this?  
*Vol* Because that now it lies you on to speak  
 To the people not by your own instruction  
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you  
 But with such words that are but rotes in  
 Your tongue though but bastards and syllables  
 Of no allowance to your bosom's truth  
 Now this no more dishonours you at all  
 Than to take in a town with gentle words  
 Which else would put you to your fortune and  
 The hazard of much blood 60

I would dissemble with my nature where  
 My fortunes and my friends at stake required  
 I should do so in honour I am in this  
 Your wife your son these senators the nobles  
 And you will rather show our general louts  
 How you can frown than spend a fawn upon em  
 For the inheritance of their loves and safeguard  
 Of what that want might ruin

*Men* Noble lady!  
 Come go with us speak fair You may save so  
 Not what is dangerous present but the loss 70  
 Of what is past

*Vol* I prithee now my son  
 Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand  
 And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with  
 them—

This knee bussing the stones—for in such business  
 Action is eloquence and the eyes of the ignorant  
 More learned than the ears—waving thy head  
 Which often thus correcting thy stout heart  
 Now humble as the ripest mulberry  
 That will not hold the handling or say to them  
 Thou art their soldier and being bred in broils 80  
 Hast not the soft way which thou dost confess

Were fit for thee to use as they to claim  
 In asking their good loves but thou wilt frame  
 Thyself forsooth hereafter theirs so far  
 As thou hast power and person

*Men* This but done,  
 Even as she speaks why their hearts were  
 yours

For they have pardons being ask'd a free  
 As words to little purpose

*Vol* Prithee now  
 Go and be ruled although I know thou hadst  
 rather 90  
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf  
 Than flatter him in a bow or Here is Cominius

*Enter COMINIUS*

*Com* I have been in the market place and sit  
 tis fit

You make strong party or defend yourself  
 By calmness or by absence All's in answer

*Men* Only fair speech  
*Com* I think 'twill serve if he  
 Can thereto frame his spirit

*Vol* He must and will  
 Prithee now say you will and go about it

*Cor* Must I go show them my unbarbed scorne?  
 Must I with base tongue give my noble heart  
 A lie that it must bear? Well I will do it 100  
 Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
 This mould of Marcus they to dust should  
 grind it

And throw it against the wind To the market  
 place!  
 You have put me now to such a part which never  
 I shall discharge to the life

*Com* Come come we'll prompt you  
 I of I prithee now sweet son as thou hast said  
 My praises made thee first a soldier so  
 To have my praise for this perform a part  
 Thou hast not done before

*Cor* Well I must do it  
 Away my disposition and possess me 110  
 Some harlot's spirit! my throat of war be tinct  
 Which quired with my drum into a pipe  
 Small as an eunuch or the virgin voice  
 That babies lulls asleep! the smiles of knaves  
 Tent in my cheeks and schoolboys' tears take up  
 The glasses of my sight! a beggar's tongue  
 Make motion through my lips and my arm'd  
 knees

Who bow'd but in my shrug bend like his  
 That hath received an alms! I will not do it 120  
 Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth  
 And by my body's action teach my mind  
 A most inherent baseness

*Vol* At thy choice then

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour  
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let  
Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear  
Thy dangerous stoutness for I mock at death  
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list  
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'st it from  
me,

But owe thy pride thyself

*Cor* Pray, be content 150

Mother I am going to the market place,  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,  
Cog their hearts from them and come home  
belov'd

Of all the trades in Rome Look I am going  
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul,  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I'll the way of flattery further

*Vol* Do your will *[Exit*

*Com* Away! the tribunes do attend you. Arm  
yourself

To answer mildly, for they are prepared  
With accusations as I hear, more strong 140  
Than are upon you yet

*Cor* The word is "mildly." Pray you, let us  
go

Let them accuse me by invention, I  
Will answer in mine honour

*Men* Ay, but mildly

*Cor* Well mildly be it then. Mildly! *[Exit*

### SCENE III *The same the Forum*

*Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS*

*Bru* In this point charge him home that he  
affects

Tyrannical power. If he evade us there,  
Enforce him with his envy to the people,  
And that the spoil got on the Antiates  
Was never distributed

*Enter an ÆDILE*

What, will he come?

*Æd* He's coming

*Bru* How accompanied?

*Æd* With old Menenius and those senators  
That always favour'd him

*Sic* Have you a catalogue  
Of all the voices that we have procured

Set down by the poll?

*Æd* I have, 'tis ready 10

*Sic* Have you collected them by tribes?

*Æd* I have

*Sic* Assemble presently the people hither  
And when they hear me say "It shall be so  
I'll the right and strength of the commons," be it  
either

For death, for fine or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry "Fine!" if death cry "Death!"  
Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power in the truth of the cause

*Æd* I shall inform them  
*Bru* And when such time they have begun to  
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20

Enforce the present execution

Of what we chance to sentence

*Æd* Very well

*Sic* Make them be strong and ready for this  
hunt

When we shall hap to give it them

*Bru* Go about it *[Exit ÆDILE*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been used

Ever to conquer and to have his worth

Of contradiction. Being once chafed he cannot

Be rein'd again to temperance, then he speaks  
What's in his heart and that is there which looks  
With us to break his neck.

*Sic* Well here he comes 30

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS,  
with SENATORS and PATRICIANS*

*Men* Calmly, I do beseech you

*Cor* Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece  
Will bear the knave by the volume. The hon-  
our'd gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice  
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among 's!  
Throng our large temples with the shows of  
peace

And not our streets with war!

*1st Sen* Amen, amen

*Men* A noble wish

*Re-enter ÆDILE, with CITIZENS*

*Sic* Draw near ye people

*Æd* List to your tribunes. Audience! peace,  
I say! 40

*Cor* First hear me speak

*Both Tri* Well say. Peace ho!

*Cor* Shall I be charged no further than this  
present?

Must all determine here?

*Sic* I do demand

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be proved upon you?

*Cor* I am content

*Men* Lo citizens he says he is content

The warlike service he has done consider, think  
Upon the wounds his body bears which show 50  
Like graves in the holy churchyard

*Cor* Scratches with briers,

Scars to move laughter only

*Men* Consider further  
That when he speaks not like a citizen  
You find him like a soldier Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds  
But as I say such as become a soldier  
Rather than envy you

*Com* Well well no more

*Cor* What is the matter

That being pass'd for consul with full voice  
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour  
You take it off again?

*Sic* Answer to us

*Cor* Say then 'Tis true I ought so

*Sic* We charge you that you have contrived to  
take

From Rome all season'd office and to wind  
Yourself into a power tyrannical

For which you are a traitor to the people

*Cor* How 'traitor'!

*Men* Nay temperately your promise

*Cor* The fires of the lowest hell fold in the  
people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!

Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths

In thy hands clutch'd as many millions in

Thy lying tongue both numbers I would say

Thou liest unto thee with a voice as free

As I do pray the gods

*Sic* Mark you this people?

*Citizens* To the rock to the rock with him!

*Sic* Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge

What you have seen him do and heard him speak

Bearing your officers cursing yourselves

Opposing laws with strokes and here defying

Those whose great power must try him even

this

So criminal and in such capital kind

Deserves the extremest death

*Bru* But since he hath

Served well for Rome—

*Cor* What do you prate of service?

*Bru* I talk of that that know it

*Cor* You?

*Men* Is this the promise that you made your  
mother?

*Com* Know I pray you—

*Cor* I'll know no further

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death

Variabond exile flaying pent to linger

But with a grain a day I would not buy

Their mercy at the price of one fair word

Nor check my courage for what they can give

To have it with saying Good morrow

*Sic* For that he has

As much as in him lies from time to time

Envied against the people seeking means

To pluck away their power now at last

Given hostile strokes and that not the pres-  
ence

Of dreaded justice but on the ministers

That do distribute it in the name of the people

And in the power of us the tribunes we

Even from this instant banish him our city

In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian never more

To enter our Rome gates I the people's name

I say it shall be so

*Citizens* It shall be so it shall be so let him  
away

He's banish'd and it shall be so

*Com* Hear me my masters and my common  
friends—

*Sic* He's sentenced no more hearing

*Com* Let me speak

I have been consul and can show for Rome

Her enemies marks upon me I do love

My country's good with a respect more tender

More holy and profound than mine own life

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase

And treasure of my loins then if I would

Speak that—

*Sic* We know your drift speak what?

*Bru* There's no more to be said, but he is  
banish'd

As enemy to the people and his country

It shall be so

*Citizens* It shall be so it shall be so

*Cor* You common cry of curs! whose breath I  
hate

As reek of the rotten fens whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air I banish you

And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!

Your enemies with nodding of their plumes

Fan you into despair! Have the power still

To banish your defenders till at length

Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels

Making not reservation of yourselves

Still your own foes deliver you as most

Abated captives to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising

For you the city thus I turn my back

There is a world elsewhere

[*Exeunt COPOLANUS COMITIUS MEN-  
NIUS SENATORS and PATRICIANS*]

*Ed* The people's enemy is gone is gone!

*Citizens* Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone

Hoo! hoo! [*Shouting and throwing up their  
caps*]

*Sic* Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,  
As he hath follow'd you with all despite  
Give him deserved vexation Let a guard  
Attend us through the city

*Citizens* Come, come, let's see him out at  
gates, come

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! Come

[*Exeunt*]

## ACT IV

### SCENE I *Rome before a gate of the city*

*Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, with the young Nobility of Rome

*Cor* Come leave your tears a brief farewell

The beast

With many heads butts me away Nay mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? You were used  
To say extremity was the trier of spirits,  
That common chances common men could bear,  
That when the sea was calm all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating, fortune's blows  
When most struck home, being gentle wounded,  
craves

A noble cunning You were used to load me  
With precepts that would make invincible 10  
The heart that conn'd them

*Vir* O heavens! O heavens!

*Cor* Nay I prithee woman—

*Vol* Now the red pestilence strike all trades in  
Rome,

And occupations perish!

*Cor* What, what, what!  
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd Nay, mother,  
Resume that spirit when you were wont to say,  
If you had been the wife of Hercules  
Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved  
Your husband so much sweat Cominius 19  
Droop not adieu Farewell my wife my mother  
I'll do well yet Thou old and true Menenius  
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes My sometime  
general

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld  
Heart hardening spectacles, tell these sad  
women

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,  
As 'tis to laugh at 'em My mother, you wot well  
My hazards still have been your solace, and  
Believe it not lightly—though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon that his fen 30  
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your  
son

Will or exceed the common or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice

*Vol* My first son,  
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius  
With thee awhile Determine on some course,  
More than a wild exposure to each chance  
That starts in the way before thee

*Cor* O the gods!

*Com* I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee  
Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst stay of us  
And we of thee So if the time thrust forth 40  
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send  
Or the vast world to seek a single man,  
And lose advantage which doth ever cool  
The absence of the needier

*Cor* Fare ye well

Thou hast years upon thee, and thou art too full  
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised, bring me but out at gate  
Come my sweet wife my dearest mother and  
My friends of noble touch when I am forth  
Bid me farewell, and smile I pray you come 50  
While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly

*Men* That's worthily

As any ear can hear Come, let's not weep  
If I could shal e off but one seven years  
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,  
I'd with thee every foot

*Cor* Give me thy hand  
Come [Exeunt]

### SCENE II *The same a street near the gate*

*Enter* SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an AEDILE

*Sic* Bid them all home, he's gone, and we'll no  
further  
The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided  
In his behalf

*Bru* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done  
Than when it was a doing

*Sic* Bid them home  
Say their great enemy is gone and they  
Stand in their ancient strength

*Bru* Dismiss them home [Exit AEDILE]  
Here comes his mother

*Sic* Let's not meet her

*Bru* Why?

*Sic* They say she's mad

*Bru* They have ta'en note of us, keep on your  
way 10

*Enter* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS

*Vol* O ye re well met The hoarded plague  
O the gods

Requite your love!

*Men* Peace, peace be not so'

Vol If that I could for weeping you should hear—  
 Nay and you shall hear some [To BRUTUS]  
 Will you be gone?  
 Sir [To SICINIUS] You shall stay too I would  
 I had the power  
 To say so to my husband  
 Sic Are you mankind?  
 Vol Ay fool in that a shame? Note but this  
 fool  
 Was not a man my father? Hadst thou fellowship  
 To banish him that struck more blows for Rome  
 Than thou hast spoken words?  
 Sic O blessed heavens!  
 Vol More noble blows than ever thou wise  
 words 21  
 And for Rome's good I'll tell thee what yet go  
 Nay but thou shalt stay too I would my son  
 Were in Arabia and thy tribe before him  
 His good sword in his hand  
 Sic What then?  
 Vir What then?  
 He'd make an end of thy posterity  
 Vol Bastards and all  
 Good man the wounds that he does bear for  
 Rome!  
 Men Come come peace  
 Sic I would he had continued to his country  
 As he began and not unknot himself 31  
 The noble knot he made  
 Bru I would he had  
 Vol I would he had 'Twas you incensed  
 the rabble  
 Cats that can judge as fitly of his worth  
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
 Will not have earth to know  
 Bru Pray let us go  
 Vol Now pray sir get you gone  
 You have done a brave deed Ere you go hear  
 this  
 As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
 The meanest house in Rome so far my son— 40  
 This lady's husband here this do you see—  
 Whom you have banish'd does exceed you all  
 Bru Well well we'll leave you  
 Sic Why stay we to be baited  
 With one that wants her wits?  
 Vol Take my prayers with you  
 [Exeunt TRIBUNES]  
 I would the gods had nothing else to do  
 But to confirm my curses Could I meet em  
 But once a-day it would unclose my heart  
 Of what lies heavy to t  
 Men You have told them home  
 And, by my troth you have cause You'll sup  
 with me?

Vol An't it my meat I sup upon myself 50  
 And so shall starve with feeding Come let's  
 go  
 Leave this faint pining and lament as I do  
 In an'ger Juno-like Come come come  
 Men Fir sic sic! [Exeunt]

SCENE III A high-way between Rome and Antium

Enter a ROMAN and a VOLSC. meeting

Rom I know you well sir and you know me  
 Your name I think is Adrian  
 Vols It is so sir Truly I have forgot you  
 Rom I am a Roman and my services are  
 as you are against em know you me yet?  
 Vols Nicanor? no  
 Rom The same sir  
 Vols You had more beard when I last saw  
 you but your favour is well approved by your  
 tongue What's the news in Rome? I have a  
 note from the Volscian state to find you out  
 there You have well saved me a day's journey  
 Rom There hath been in Rome strange in-  
 surrections the people against the senators  
 patricians and nobles  
 Vols Hath been? Is it ended then? Our state  
 thinks not so They are in a most warlike pre-  
 paration and hope to come upon them in the heat of  
 their division 19  
 Rom The main blaze of it is past but a small  
 thing would make it flame again for the nobles  
 receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy  
 Coriolanus that they are in a ripe aptness to  
 take all power from the people and to pluck  
 from them their tribunes for ever This lies  
 glowing I can tell you and is almost mature for  
 the violent breaking out  
 Vols Coriolanus banished?  
 Rom Banished sir 29  
 Vols You will be welcome with this intelli-  
 gence Nicanor  
 Rom The day serves well for them now I have  
 heard it said the fittest time to corrupt a man's  
 wife is when she's fallen out with her husband  
 Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in  
 these wars his great opposer Coriolanus being  
 now in no request of his country  
 Vols He cannot choose I am most fortunate  
 thus accidentally to encounter you You have  
 ended my business and I will merrily accompany  
 you home  
 Rom I shall between this and supper tell you  
 most strange things from Rome all tending to  
 the good of their adversaries Have you an army  
 ready say you?  
 Vols A most royal one the centurions and  
 their charges distinctly list'd a ready in d

entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning 50

*Rom* I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man I think, that shall set them in present action So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company

*Vols* You take my part from me, sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours

*Rom* Well, let us go together [Exit

SCENE IV *Antium before Aufidius's house*

*Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled*

*Cor* A goodly city is this Antium City,  
Tis I that made thy widows, many an heir  
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars  
Have I heard groan and drop Then know me not,  
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with  
stones

In puny battle slay me

*Enter a CITIZEN*

Save you, sir

*Cit* And you

*Cor* Direct me, if it be your will,  
Where great Aufidius lies Is he in Antium?

*Cit* He is and feasts the nobles of the state  
At his house this night

*Cor* Which is his house, beseech you? 10

*Cit* This, here before you

*Cor* Thank you, sir, farewell  
[Exit CITIZEN]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast  
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,  
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissension of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity so, fellest foes,

Whose passions and whose plots have broke their  
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance 20

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear  
friends

And interjoin their issues So with me,

My birth place hate I, and my loves upon

This enemy town I'll enter If he slay me

He does fair justice if he give me way,  
I'll do his country service [Exit

SCENE V *The same a hall in Aufidius's house*

*Music within Enter a SERVINGMAN*

*1st Serv* Wine wine, wine! What service is  
here! I think our fellows are asleep [Exit

*Enter a SECOND SERVINGMAN*

*2nd Serv* Where's Cotus? my master calls for  
him Cotus! [Exit

*Enter CORIOLANUS*

*Cor* A goodly house! the feast smells well, but I  
Appear not like a guest

*Re-enter the FIRST SERVINGMAN*

*1st Serv* What would you have, friend?  
Whence are you? Here is no place for you, pray,  
go to the door [Exit

*Cor* I have deserved no better entertainment,  
In being Coriolanus 11

*Re-enter SECOND SERVINGMAN*

*2nd Serv* Whence are you sir? Has the porter  
his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to  
such companions? Pray get you out

*Cor* Away!

*2nd Serv* Away! get you away

*Cor* Now thou art troublesome

*2nd Serv* Are you so brave? I'll have you  
talked with anon

*Enter a THIRD SERVINGMAN The FIRST meets  
him*

*3rd Serv* What fellow's this? 20

*1st Serv* A strange one as ever I looked on I  
cannot get him out o' the house, prithee call my  
master to him [Retires

*3rd Serv* What have you to do here fellow?  
Pray you avoid the house

*Cor* Let me but stand, I will not hurt your  
hearth

*3rd Serv* What are you?

*Cor* A gentleman

*3rd Serv* A marvellous poor one 30

*Cor* True, so I am

*3rd Serv* Pray you poor gentleman take up  
some other station, here's no place for you, pray  
you, avoid Come

*Cor* Follow your function go and batten on  
cold bits [Pushes him away]

*3rd Serv* What, you will not? Prithee tell my  
master what a strange guest he has here

*2nd Serv* And I shall [Exit

*3rd Serv* Where dwellest thou? 40

*Cor* Under the canopy

*3rd Serv* Under the canopy?

*Cor* Ay

*3rd Serv* Where's that?

*Cor* I the city of kites and crows

*3rd Serv* I' the city of kites and crows! Wha  
an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?



*Cor* No I serve not thy master  
*3rd Serv* How sir<sup>1</sup> do you meddle with my master?  
*Cor* 'Tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress  
 Thou pratest and pratest serve with thy trencher hence!

[*Beats him away* *Exit THIRD SERVINGMAN*]

*Enter AUFIDIUS with the SECOND SERVINGMAN*

*Auf* Where is this fellow?  
*2nd Serv* Here sir I'd have beaten him like a dog but for disturbing the lords within

[*Retires*]

*Auf* Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?  
 Why speak'st not? Speak man What's thy name?

*Cor* If Tullus [*Unmuffling*] 60  
 Not yet thou knowest me and seeing me dost not

Think me for the man I am necessity  
 Commands me name myself

*Auf* What is thy name?  
*Cor* A name unmusical to the Volscians ears  
 And harsh in sound to thine

*Auf* Say what's thy name?  
 Thou hast a grim appearance and thy face  
 Bears a command in't though thy tackle's torn  
 Thou show'st a noble vessel What's thy name?  
*Cor* Prepare thy brow to frown know'st thou me yet?

*Auf* I know thee not Thy name? 70  
*Cor* My name is Caius Marcus who hath done

To thee particularly and to all the Volscies  
 Great hurt and mischief thereto witness may  
 My surname Coriolanus The painful service  
 The extreme dangers and the drops of blood  
 Shed for my thankless country are requited  
 But with that surname a good memory  
 And witness of the malice and displeasure  
 Which thou shouldst bear me Only that name  
 remains

The cruelty and envy of the people 80  
 Permitted by our dastard nobles who  
 Have all forsook me hath devour'd the rest  
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slavery to be  
 Whoop'd out of Rome Now this extremity  
 Hath brought me to thy hearth not out of hope—  
 Mistake me not—to save my life for if  
 I had fear'd death of all the men in the world  
 I would have void'd thee but in mere spite  
 To be full quit of those my banishers  
 Stand I before thee here Then if thou hast 90  
 A heart of wreak in thee that wilt revenge

Thine own particular wrongs and stop those mains

Of shame seen through thy country speed thee straight

And make my misery serve thy turn So use it  
 That my revengeful services may prove  
 As benefits to thee for I will fight  
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen  
 Of all the under fiends But if so be  
 Thou dar'st not thus and that to prove more for  
 tunes

Thou art tired then in a word I also am 100  
 Longer to live most weary and present  
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice  
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool  
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate  
 Drawn runs of blood out of thy country's breast  
 And cannot live but to thy shame unless  
 It be to do thee service

*Auf* O Marcius Marcius!  
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my  
 heart

A root of ancient envy If Jupiter  
 Should from yond cloud speak divine things 110  
 And say 'Tis true I did not believe them more  
 Than thee all noble Marcius Let me twine  
 Mine arms about that body where against  
 My grain'd ash an hundred times hath broke  
 And scar'd the moon with splinters Here I clip  
 The anvil of my sword and do contest  
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love  
 As ever in ambitious strength I did  
 Contend against thy valour know thou first  
 I loved the maid I married never man 120  
 Sigh'd truer breath but that I see thee here  
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart  
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
 Bestride my threshold Why thou Mars I tell  
 thee

We have a power on foot and I had purpose  
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn  
 Or lose mine arm for thou hast beat me out  
 Twelve several times and I have mightily since  
 Dreamt of encounters twixt thy self and me  
 We have been down together in my sleep 130  
 Unbuckling helms fistings each other's throat  
 And waked half dead with nothing worthy  
 Marcus

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that  
 Thou art thence banish'd we would muster all  
 From twelve to seventy and pouring war  
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome  
 Like a bold flood o'erbear O come go in  
 And take our friendly senators by the hands  
 Who now are here taking their leaves of me  
 Who are prepared against your territories 140

Though not for Rome itself

*Cor* You bless me gods!

*Auf* Therefore most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges take

The one half of my commission and set down—

As best thou art experienced since thou know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness—thine own ways

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them ere destroy But come in

Let me commend thee first to those that shall 150

Say yea to thy desires A thousand welcomes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy,

Yet, Marcus that was much Your hand most welcome!

*[Exit CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS The TWO SERVINGMEN come for.]*

*1st Serv* Here's a strange alteration!

*2nd Serv* By my hand I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him

*1st Serv* What an arm he has! he turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top 161

*2nd Serv* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him He had sir a kind of face methought—I cannot tell how to term it

*1st Serv* He had so, looking as it were—would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think

*2nd Serv* So did I I'll be sworn He is simply the rarest man in the world

*1st Serv* I think he is, but a greater soldier than he you wot one 171

*2nd Serv* Who my master?

*1st Serv* Nay it's no matter for that

*2nd Serv* Worth sir on him

*1st Serv* Nay not so neither, but I take him to be the greater soldier

*2nd Serv* Faith look you one cannot tell how to say that For the defence of a town, our general is excellent

*1st Serv* Ay and for an assault too 180

*Re enter THIRD SERVINGMAN*

*3rd Serv* O slaves, I can tell you news—news, you rascals!

*1st and 2nd Serv* What, what, what? Let's partake

*3rd Serv* I would not be a Roman of all nations, I had as lieve be a condemned man

*1st and 2nd Serv* Wherefore? Wherefore?

*3rd Serv* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcus

*1st Serv* Why do you say "thwack our general"? 191

*3rd Serv* I do not say 'thwack our general', but he was always good enough for him

*2nd Serv* Come, we are fellows and friends he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself

*1st Serv* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't Before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado

*2nd Serv* An he had been cannibally given he might have broiled and eaten him too 201

*1st Serv* But more of thy news?

*3rd Serv* Why, he is so made on here within as if he were son and heir to Mars, set at upper end o' the table, no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him Our general himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with 's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table He'll go he says, and sow the porter of Rome gates by the ears He will mow all down before him and leave his passage polled

*2nd Serv* And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine

*3rd Serv* Do 't he will do 't, for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies, which friends, sir, as it were durst not look you sir show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he is in directitude

*1st Serv* Directitude! what's that?

*3rd Serv* But when they shall see sir, his crest up again and the man in blood they will out of their burrows, like cones after rain, and revel all with him

*1st Serv* But when goes this forward?

*3rd Serv* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon 'Tis as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips

*2nd Serv* Why then we shall have a stirring world again This peace is nothing but to rust iron, increase tailors and breed ballad makers

*1st Serv* Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace as far as day does night, it's spritely, waking audible, and full of vent Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy muffled deaf sleepy, insensible a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men 241

*2nd Serv* 'Tis so, and as war in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be but peace is a great maker of cuckolds

1st Serv Ay and all malice men hate one another

3rd Serv Reason because they then less need one another The wars for my money I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians They are rising they are rising

All In in in in! 50

[Exeunt]

SCENE VI Rome a public place

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS

Sic We hear not of him neither need we fear him

His remedies are tame the present peace And quietness of the people which before Were in wild hurry Here do we make his friends

Blush that the world goes well who rather had Though they themselves did suffer by behold Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going About their functions friendly

Bru We stood to it in good time [Enter MENENIUS] Is this Menenius? 10

Sic Tis he tis he O he is grown most kind of late

Both Tri Hail sir!

Men Hail to you both!

Sic Your Coriolanus Is not much missed but with his friend The commonwealth doth stand and so would do Were he more angry at it

Men All as well and might have been much better if

He could have temporized

Sic Where is he hear you?

Men Nay I hear nothing his mother and his wife

I hear nothing from him

Enter three or four CITIZENS

Citizens The gods preserve you both!

Sic God-den, our neighbours 10

Bru God-den to you all god-den to you all

1st Cit Ourselves our wives and children on our knees

Are bound to pray for you both

Sic Live and thrive!

Bru Farewell kind neighbours We wish d Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did

Citizens Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri Farewell farewell

[Exeunt CITIZENS]

Sic This is a happier and more comely time Than when these fellows ran about the streets Cry<sup>ing</sup> confusion

Bru Caius Marcius was A worthy officer the war but in silent O'ercome with pride ambitious past all thinking Self losing— 30

Sic And affecting one sole throne Without assistance

Men I think not so

Sic We should by this to all our lamentation If he had gone forth consul found it so

Bru The gods have well prevented it and Rome

Sits safe and still without him

Enter an ÆDILE

Ædile Worthy tribunes There is a slave whom we have put in prison Reports the Volscies with two several powers Are entered in the Roman territories 40 And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before em

Men Tis Aufidius Who hearing of our Marcius banishment Thrusts forth his horns again into the world Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome

And durst not once peep out

Sic Come what talk you Of Marcius?

Bru Go see this rumourer whup'd It can not be

The Volscies dare break with us

Men Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can And three examples of the like have been 50 Within my age But reason with the fellow Before you punish him where he heard this Lest you shall chance to whip your information And beat the messenger who bids beware Of what is to be dreaded

Sic Tell not me

I know this cannot be

Bru Not possible

Enter a MESSENGER

Mess The nobles in great earnestness are going All to the Senate house Some news is come That turns their countenances

Sic 'Tis this slave— 59 Go whup him for the people's eyes—his raising Nothing but his report

Mess Yes worthy sir The slave a report is seconded and more More fearful is deliver'd

Sic What more fearful?

Mess It is spoke freely out of many mouths— How probable I do not know—that Marcius

Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome  
And vows revenge as spacious as between  
The young'st and oldest thing

*Sic* This is most likely!

*Bru* Raised only, that the weaker sort may  
wish

Good Marcius home again

*Sic* The very trick on't 70

*Men* This is unlikely,

He and Aufidius can no more atone

Than violentest contrariety

*Enter a SECOND MESSENGER*

*2nd Mess* You are sent for to the Senate

A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius

Associated with Aufidius, rages

Upon our territories, and have already

Overborne their way consumed with fire, and  
took

What lay before them

*Enter COMINIUS*

*Com.* O, you have made good work!

*Men* What news? what news? 80

*Com* You have help to ravish your own daughters  
and

To melt the city lead upon your pates,

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses—

*Men* What's the news? what's the news?

*Com* Your temples burned in their cement and

Your franchises whereon you stood confined

Into an auger's bore

*Men* Pray now your news?

You have made fair work I fear me Pray, your  
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians—

*Com* If 90  
He is their god He leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,

That shapes man better and they follow him,

Against us brats with no less confidence

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,

Or butchers killing flies

*Men* You have made good work

You and your apron men, you that stood so  
much

Upon the voice of occupation and

The breath of garlic eaters!

*Com* He will shake

Your Rome about your ears

*Men* As Hercules

Did shake down mellow fruit You have made  
fair work! 100

*Bru* But is this true, sir?

*Com* Ay, and you'll look pale  
Before you find it other All the regions

Do smilingly revolt, and who resist

Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,

And perish constant fools Who is't can blame  
him?

Your enemies and his find something in him

*Men* We are all undone, unless

The noble man have mercy

*Com*

Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame the people

Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110

Does of the shepherds For his best friends if

they

Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charged  
him even

As those should do that had deserved his hate

And therein show'd like enemies

*Men*

'Tis true

If he were putting to my house the brand

That should consume it I have not the face

To say 'Beseech you, cease' You have made

fair hands,

You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

*Com*

You have brought

A trembling upon Rome, such as was never

So incapable of help

*Both Tri* Say not we brought it 120

*Men* How! Was it we? We loved him but

like beasts

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters

Who did hoot him out o' the city

*Com*

But I fear

They'll roar him in again Tullus Aufidius,

The second name of men obeys his points

As if he were his officer Desperation

Is all the policy strength and defence

That Rome can make against them

*Enter a troop of CITIZENS*

*Men*

Here come the clusters 129

And is Aufidius with him? You are they

That made the air unwholesome, when you cast

Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at

Coriolanus exile Now he's coming

And not a hair upon a soldier's head

Which will not prove a whip As many cowards

As you threw caps up will he tumble down

And pay you for your voices 'Tis no matter,

If he could burn us all into one coal

We have deserved it

*Citizens* Faith we hear fearful news

*1st Cit*

For mine own part 140

When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity

*2nd Cit* And so did I

*3rd Cit* And so did I, and, to say the truth so

did very many of us That we did, we did for the

best and though we willingly consented to his banishment yet it was against our will

*Com* Ye re goodly things you voices!

*Men* You have made

Good work you and your cry! Shall's to the

Capitol?

*Com* O ay what else?

[*Exeunt COMINIUS and MENENIUS*]

*Sic* Go masters get you home be not dis

may d 150

These are a side that would be glad to have

This true which they so seem to fear Go home

And show no sign of fear

*1st Cit* The gods be good to us! Come masters

let's home I ever said we were i the wrong when

we banished him

*2nd Cit* So did we all But come let's home

[*Exeunt CITIZENS*]

*Bru* I do not like this news

*Sic* Nor I

*Bru* Let's to the Capitol Would half my

wealth 160

Would buy this for a lie!

*Sic* Pray let us go

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII *A camp at a small distance from Rome*

*Enter AUFIDIUS and his LIEUTENANT*

*Auf* Do they still fly to the Roman?

*Lieu* I do not know what witchcraft's in him

but

Your soldiers use him as the grace fore meat

Their talk at table and their thanks at end

And you are darken'd in this action, sir

Even by your own

*Auf* I cannot help it now

Unless by using means I lame the foot

Of our design He bears himself more proudly

Even to my person than I thought he would

When first I did embrace him Yet his nature 10

In that's no changeling and I must excuse

What cannot be amended

*I lieu* Yet I wish sir—

I mean for your particular—you had not

Join'd in communion with him but either

Had borne the action of yourself or else

To him had left it solely

*Auf* I understand thee well and be thou sure

When he shall come to his account he knows not

What I can urge against him Although it seems

And so he thinks and is no less apparent 20

To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly

And shows good husbandry for the Volscian

state

Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon

As draw his sword yet he hath left undone

That which shall break his neck or hazard mine

Whene'er we come to our account

*Lieu* Sir I beseech you think you he'll carry

Rome?

*Auf* All places yield to him ere he sits down

And the nobility of Rome are his

The senators and patricians love him too 30

The tribunes are no soldiers and their people

Will be as rash in the repeal as hasty

To expel him thence I think he'll be to Rome

As is the osprey to the fish who takes it

By sovereignty of nature First he was

A noble servant to them but he could not

Carry his honours even Whether 'twas pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints

The happy man whether defect of judgment

To fail in the disposing of those chances 40

Which he was lord of or whether nature

Not to be other than one thing not movin

From the casque to the cushion but commanding

peace

Even with the same austerity and garb

As he controll'd the war but one of these—

As he hath spices of them all not all

For I dare so far free him—made him fear d

So hated and so banish'd but he has a merit

To choke it in the utterance So our virtues 50

Lie in the interpretation of the time

And power unto itself most commendable

Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair

To extol what it hath done

One fire drives out one fire one nail one nail

Rights by rights falter strengths by strengths do

fail

Come let's away When Caius Rome is thine

Thou art poor at of all then shortly art thou

mine [*Exeunt*]

## ACT V

SCENE I *Rome a public place*

*Enter MENENIUS COMINIUS SICINIUS BRUTUS and others*

*Men* No I'll not go You hear what he hath said

Which was sometime his general who lov'd him

In a most dear particular He call'd me father

But what o' that? Go you that banish'd him

A mile before his tent fall down and knee

The way into his mercy Nay if he coy'd

To hear Cominius speak I'll keep at home

*Com* He would not seem to know me

*Men* Do you hear?

*Com* Yet one time he did call me by my name

I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10  
That we have bled together Coriolanus  
He would not answer to forbid all names  
He was a kind of nothing titleless  
Till he had forged himself a name on the fire  
Of burning Rome

*Men* Why, so, you have made good work!  
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd fair Rome  
To make coals cheap—a noble memory!

*Com* I minded him how royal 'twas to pardon  
When it was less expected He replied  
It was a bare petition of a state 20  
To one whom they had punish'd

*Men* Very well,  
Could he say less?

*Com* I offer'd to awaken his regard  
For private friends His answer to me was  
He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome musty chaff He said 'twas folly,  
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,  
And still to nose the offence

*Men* For one poor grain or two!  
I am one of those, his mother, wife, his child  
And this brave fellow too we are the grains 30  
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt  
Above the moon We must be burnt for you

*Sic* Nay, pray, be patient If you refuse your  
aid

In this so never-needed help, yet do not  
Upbraid's with our distress But, sure, if you  
Would be your country's pleader, your good  
tongue

More than the instant army we can make  
Might stop our countryman

*Men* No I'll not meddle

*Sic* Pray you, go to him

*Men* What should I do? 39

*Bru* Only make trial what your love can do  
For Rome, towards Marcius

*Men* Well and say that Marcius  
Return me as Cominius is return'd,  
Unheard what then?

But as a discontented friend grief shot  
With his unkindness? say 't be so?

*Sic* Yet your good will  
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the  
measure

As you intended well

*Men* I'll undertake 't,  
I think he'll hear me Yet to bite his lip  
And hum at good Cominius much unhearts me  
He was not taken well he had not dined 50  
The veins unfill'd our blood is cold and then  
We pout upon the morning are unapt  
To give or to forgive but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood

With wine and feeding we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts Therefore I'll watch  
him

Till he be dieted to my request  
And then I'll set upon him

*Bru* You know the very road into his kindness,  
And cannot lose your way

*Men* Good faith, I'll prove him, 60  
Speed how it will I shall ere long have knowl-  
edge

Of my success [Exit

*Com* He'll never hear him

*Sic* Not?

*Com* I tell you he does sit in gold his eye  
Red as 'twould burn Rome and his injury  
The gaoler to his pity I kneel'd before him,  
'Twas very faintly he said 'Rise', dismiss'd me  
Thus with his speechless hand What he would  
do

He sent in writing after me what he would  
not

Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions

So that all hope is vain 70

Unless his noble mother and his wife,

Who as I hear mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country Therefore let's hence,

And with our fair entreaties haste them on  
[Exeunt

SCENE II *Entrance of the Volscian camp before  
Rome*

TWO SENTINELS on guard Enter to them,  
MENENIUS

*1st Sen* Stay! Whence are you?

*2nd Sen* Stand and go back

*Men* You guard like men, 'tis well But by  
your leave

I am an officer of state and come

To speak with Coriolanus

*1st Sen* From whence?

*Men* From Rome

*1st Sen* You may not pass you must return Our  
general

Will no more hear from thence

*2nd Sen* You'll see your Rome embraced with  
fire before

You'll speak with Coriolanus

*Men* Good my friends,

If you have heard your general talk of Rome

And of his friends there it is lots to blanks 10

My name hath touch'd your ears it is Menenius

*1st Sen* Be it so go back The virtue of your  
name

Is not here passable

*Men* I tell thee fellow

Thy general is my lover I have been

The boot of his good acts whence men have read

His fame unparallel'd haply amplified  
For I have ever verified my friends  
Of whom he is chief with all the size that verity  
Would without lapsing suffer nay sometimes  
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground 20  
I have tumbled past the throw and in his praise  
Have almost stamp'd the leasin' therefore fellow  
low

I must have leave to pass

*1st Sen* Faith sir if you had told as many lies in  
his behalf as you have uttered words in your  
own you should not pass here no though it  
were as virtuous to be as to live chastely There  
fore go back

*Men* Pruthee fellow remember my name is  
Menenius always factionary on the party of  
your general 31

*and Sen* Howsoever you have been his liar as  
you say you have I am one that telling true  
under him must say you cannot pass Therefore  
go back

*Men* Has he dined canst thou tell? for I would  
not speak with him till after dinner

*1st Sen* You are a Roman are you?

*Men* I am as thy general is 32

*1st Sen* Then you should hate Rome as he does  
Can you when you have pushed out your gates  
the very defender of them and in a violent  
popular ignorance given your enemy your shield  
think to front his revenges with the easy groans  
of old women the virginal palms of your daugh-  
ters or with the palsied intercession of such a  
decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you  
think to blow out the intended fire your city is  
ready to flame in with such weak breath as this?  
No you are deceived therefore back to Rome  
and prepare for your execution You are con-  
demned our general has sworn you out of re-  
prieve and pardon

*Men* Surrah if thy captain knew I were here  
he would use me with estimation

*1st Sen* Come my captain knows you not

*Men* I mean thy general

*1st Sen* My general cares not for you Back I  
say go lest I let forth your half pint of blood  
back—that is the utmost of your having Back

*Men* Nay but fellow fellow—

*Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS*

*Cor* What is the matter?

*Men* Now your companion I'll say an errand  
for you you shall know now that I am in estima-  
tion you shall perceive that a Jack guardant  
cannot office me from my son Coriolanus Guess

but by my entertainment with him if thou stand  
est not in the state of hanging or of some death  
more long in spectatorship and crueller in suffer-  
ing behold now presently and swoon for what  
to come upon thee [*To CORIOLANUS*] The glori-  
ous gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular  
prosperity and love thee no worse than thy old  
father Menenius does! O my son my son! thou  
art preparing fire for us look thee here a water  
to quench it I was hardly moved to come to thee  
but being assured none but my self could move  
thee I have been blown out of your gates with  
sighs and conjure thee to pardon Rome and thy  
petitionary countrymen The good gods assuage  
thy wrath and turn the dregs of it upon this var-  
let here—this who like a block hath denied my  
access to thee

*Cor* Away!

*Men* How! Away!

*Cor* Wise mother child I know not My  
affairs

Are servanted to others Thou hast owe  
My revenge properly my remission lies 30  
In Volscian breasts That we have been familiar  
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather  
Than pay note how much Therefore be gone  
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than  
Your gates against my force Yet for I loved  
thee

Take this along I writ it for thy sake

*Gives a letter*

And would have sent it Another word Men-  
nius

I will not hear thee speak This man Aufidius  
Was my beloved in Rome yet thou beholdst! 100  
*Auf* You keep a constant temper

*[Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS]*

*1st Sen* Now sir is your name Menenius?

*and Sen* 'Tis a spell you see, of much power  
You know the way home again

*1st Sen* Do you hear how we are shent for keep-  
ing your greatness back?

*and Sen* What cause do you think I have to  
swoon?

*Men* I neither care for the world nor your gen-  
eral For such things as you I can scarce think  
there is any re to slight He that hath a will to  
die by himself fears it not from another Let your  
general do his worst For you be that you are  
long and your misery increase with your age I  
say to you as I was said to Away! 110

*[Exit]*

*1st Sen* A noble fellow I warrant him

*and Sen* The worthy fellow is our general  
He is the rock the oak not to be wind shaken

*[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *The tent of CORIOLANUS**Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDUS, and others**Cor* We will before the walls of Rome to-morrowSet down our host My partner in this action,  
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly

I have borne this business

*Auf* Only their ends  
You have respected stopp'd your ears against  
The general suit of Rome never admitted  
A private whisper, no, not with such friends  
That thought them sure of you*Cor* This last old man  
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,  
Loved me above the measure of a father 10  
Nay, godded me, indeed Their latest refuge  
Was to send him for whose old love I have,  
Though I show'd sourly to him once more  
offer'dThe first conditions which they did refuse  
And cannot now accept, to grace him only  
That thought he could do more a very little  
I have yielded to Fresh embassies and suits,  
Nor from the state nor private friends hereafter  
Will I lend ear to Ha! what shout is this?*Shout within*Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20  
In the same time 'tis made? I will not*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUNTIA,  
leading young MARCIUS VALERIA, and Attendants*My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd  
mouldWherein this trunk was framed and in her hand  
The grandchild to her blood But, out affection!  
All bond and privilege of nature break!  
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate  
What is that curtsey worth? or those doves' eyes,  
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am  
notOf stronger earth than others My mother bows  
As if Olympus to a molehill should 30  
In supplication nod, and my young boy  
Hath an aspect of intercession which  
Great nature cries 'Deny not Let the Volscies  
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct but stand,  
As if a man were author of himself  
And knew no other kin*Vir* My lord and husband!*Cor* These eyes are not the same I wore in  
Rome*Vir* The sorrow that delivers us thus changed  
Makes you think so*Cor*

Like a dull actor now, 40

I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace Best of my flesh,  
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say  
For that "Forgive our Romans O, a kiss  
Long as my evil sweet as my revenge!"  
Now by the jealous queen of heaven that kiss  
I carried from thee dear, and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it ever since You gods! I pray,  
And the most noble mother of the world  
Leave unsaluted Sink, my knee, to the earth, 50*Kneels*Of thy deep duty more impression show  
Than that of common sons*Vol*

O, stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint,  
I kneel before thee and improperly  
Show duty as mistaken all this while  
Between the child and parent [*Kneels*]  
*Cor* What is this?  
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars against the fiery sun, 60  
Murdering impossible to make  
What cannot be, slight work*Vol*

Thou art my warrior,

I help to frame thee Do you know this lady?

*Cor*The noble sister of Publicola,  
The moon of Rome chaste as the icicle  
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow  
And hangs on Dian's temple Dear Valeria!*Vol*This is a poor epitome of yours,  
Which by the interpretation of full time  
May show like all yourself*Cor*

The god of soldiers, 70

With the consent of supreme Jove inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou mayst  
proveTo shame invulnerable, and stick in the wars  
Like a great sea mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!*Vol*

Your knee, sirrah!

*Cor*That's my brave boy!  
*Vol* Even he your wife, this lady, and myself,  
Are suitors to you*Cor*

I beseech you peace,

Or if you'd ask remember thus before  
The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80  
Be held by you denials Do not bid me  
Dismiss my soldiers or capitulate  
Again with Rome's mechanics Tell me not  
Wherein I seem unnatural Desire not  
To allay my rages and revenges with  
Your colder reasons*Vol*

O, no more, no more!



You have said you will not grant us anything  
For we have nothing else to ask but that  
Which you deny already Yet we will ask  
That if you fail in our request the blame  
May hang upon your hardness therefore hear us  
Cor. And thus and you Volscies mark for we'll  
Hear nought from Rome in private Your request?  
I *of* Should we be silent and not speak our  
raiment

And state of bodies would bewray what life  
We have led since thy exile Think with thyself  
How more unfortunate than all living women  
Are we come hither since that thy sight which  
should

Make our eyes flow with joy hearts dance with  
comforts

Constrains them weep and shake with fear and  
sorrow 100

Making the mother wife and child to see  
The son, the husband and the father tearing  
His country's bowels out And to poor we  
Thine enmity's most capital thou barr'st us  
Our prayers to the gods hush is a comfort  
That all but we enjoy for how can we  
Alas how can we for our country pray  
Whereto we are bound together with thy  
victory

Where to we are bound? alack or we must lose  
The country our dear nurse or else thy person  
Our comfort in the country We must find  
An evident calamity though we had  
Our wish which side should win for either thou  
Must as a foreign recreant be led  
With manacles through our streets or else  
Triumphantly tread on this country's ruin  
And bear the palm for having bravely shed  
Thy wife and children's blood For my self son  
I purpose not to wait on fortune till

These wars determine If I cannot persuade thee  
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts 121  
Than seek the end of one thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country than to tread—  
Trust to it thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb  
That brought thee to this world

*I* or Ay and mine  
That brought you forth this boy to keep your  
name

Living to time

*Young Mar.* A shall not tread on me  
I'll run away till I am bigger but then I'll fight  
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be  
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see 130  
I have sat too long *[Rising]*

*I* of Nay go not from us thus  
If it were so that our request did tend  
To save the Romans thereby to destroy

The Volscies whom you sette you might con-  
demn us

As poisonous of your honour No our suit  
Is that you reconcile them while the Volscies  
May say This mercy we have show'd the  
Romans

This we received and each in either side  
Give the all hail to thee and cry Be blest  
For making up this peace Thou know'st great  
son, 140

The end of war's uncertain but this certain  
That if thou conquer Rome the benefit  
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name  
Whose repetition will be doo'd with curses  
Whose chronicle thus titt The man was noble,  
But with his last attempt he wiped it out  
Destroy'd his country and his name remains  
To the ensuing age abhor'd Speak to me son  
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour  
To imitate the graces of the gods 150  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks of the air  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak Why dost not  
speak?

Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man  
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter speak you  
He cares not for your weeping Speak thou boy  
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more  
Than can our tears There's no man in the  
world

More bound to a mother yet here he lets me  
prate 159

Like one the stocks Thou hast never in thy life  
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy  
When she, poor hen fond of no second brood  
Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home  
Loaden with honour Say my request's unjust  
And spurn me back But if it be not so  
Thou art not honest and the gods will plague  
thee

That thou restrain'st from me the duty which  
To a mother's part belongs He turns away  
Down ladies let us shame him with our knees  
To his surname Coriolanus longs more pride 170  
Than pity to our prayers Do you an end  
This is the last So we will home to Rome  
And die among our neighbours Nay behold'st  
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellow ship  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny't Come let us go  
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother  
His wife is in Corioli and his child  
Lack him by chance Yet give us our dispatch  
I am hush'd until our city be afire,  
And then I'll speak a little 181

*He holds her by the hand, silent*  
*Cor* O mother, mother!  
 What have you done? Behold, the heavens do  
 ope,  
 The gods look down and this unnatural scene  
 They laugh at O my mother, mother! O!  
 You have won a happy victory to Rome,  
 But for your son—believe it, O, believe it,  
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,  
 If not most mortal to him But let it come  
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars 190  
 I'll frame convenient peace Now, good Aufidius,  
 Were you in my stead would you have heard  
 A mother less? or granted less Aufidius?  
*Auf* I was moved withal  
*Cor* I dare be sworn you were  
 And sir, it is no little thing to make  
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion But good sir  
 What peace you'll make, advise me For my part,  
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray  
 you,

Stand to me in this cause O mother! wife!  
*Auf* [*Aside*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy  
 and thy honour 200

At difference in thee Out of that I'll work  
 Myself a former fortune

*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS*

*Cor* Ay, by and by  
 [*To VOLUMNIA VIRGILIA &c*]

But we will drink together, and you shall bear  
 A better witness back than words, which we  
 On like conditions, will have counter seal'd  
 Come enter with us Ladies you deserve  
 To have a temple built you All the swords  
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
 Could not have made this peace [*Exeunt* 209

#### SCENE IV *Rome a public place*

*Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS*

*Men* See you yond coign of the Capitol yond  
 corner stone?

*Sic* Why what of that?

*Men* If it be possible for you to displace it  
 with your little finger there is some hope the  
 ladies of Rome especially his mother, may pre-  
 vail with him But I say there is no hope in't  
 Our throats are sentenced and stay upon execu-  
 tion

*Sic* Is it possible that so short a time can alter  
 the condition of a man? 10

*Men* There is difference between a grub and  
 a butterfly yet your butterfly was a grub This  
 Marcus is grown from man to dragon he has  
 wings he's more than a creeping thing

*Sic* He loved his mother dearly

*Men* So did he me, and he no more remem-

bers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse  
 The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes, when  
 he walks he moves like an engine and the  
 ground shrinks before his treading He is able to  
 pierce a corslet with his eye, tall as like a knell,  
 and his hum as a battery He sits in his state, as  
 a thing made for Alexander What he bids be  
 done is finished with his bidding He wants nothing  
 of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne  
 in

*Sic* Yes, mercy if you report him truly

*Men* I paint him in the character Mark what  
 mercy his mother shall bring from him There is  
 no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male  
 tiger that shall our poor city find, and all this is  
 long of you

*Sic* The gods be good unto us!

*Men* No in such a case the gods will not be  
 good unto us When we banished him we re-  
 spected not them, and, he returning to break our  
 necks they respect not us

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Mess* Sir, if you'd save your life fly to your  
 house

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune  
 And hale him up and down all swearing if 40  
 The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,  
 They'll give him death by inches

*Enter 1 SECOND MESSENGER*

*Sic* What's the news?

*2nd Mess* Good news good news, the ladies  
 have prevail'd  
 The Volscians are dislodged and Marcius gone  
 A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
 No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins

*Sic* Friend,  
 Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*2nd Mess* As certain as I know the sun is fire  
 Where have you lurk'd that you make doubt  
 of it? 49

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,  
 As the recomforted through the gates Why,  
 hark you! *Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat,*  
*all together*

The trumpets sackbuts psalteries and fifes  
 Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,  
 Make the sun dance Hark you!

*A shout within*

*Men* This is good news,  
 I will go meet the ladies This Volumnia  
 Is worth of consuls, senators patricians  
 A city full of tribunes such as you  
 A sea and land full You have pray'd well to-day  
 This morning for ten thousand of your throats 59

I did not have given a doer Hark how they joy!

*Musick still with shouts*

Sic First the gods bless you for your tidings  
next

Accept my thankfulness

2nd Mess Sir we have all

Great cause to give great thanks

Sic They are near the city?

2nd Mess Almost at point to enter

Sic We will meet them

And help the joy [Exeunt]

SCENE V *The same a street near the gate*

Enter two SENATORS with VOLUNUS VIRGILIA  
VALERIUS &c passing over the stage followed by  
Patriarchs and others

1st Sen Behold our patroness the life of Rome!  
Call all your tribes together praise the gods  
And make triumphant fires strew flowers before  
them!

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother

Cry Welcome ladies welcome!

All Welcome ladies

Welcome! [A flourish with drums and trumpets  
Exeunt]

SCENE VI *Antium a public place*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS with Attendants

Auf Go tell the lords of the city I am here  
Deliver them this paper Having read it  
Bid them repair to the market place where I  
Given in theirs and in the commons ears  
Will vouch the truth of it Him I accuse  
The city ports by this hath enter'd and  
Intends to appear before the people hoping  
To purge himself with words Dispatch  
[Exeunt Attendants]

Enter three or four CONSPIRATORS of AUFIDIUS  
faction

Most welcome!

1st Con How is it with our general?

Auf Even so 10

As with a man by his own aims empoison'd  
And with his charity slain

2nd Con Most noble sir

If you do hold the same intent wherein

You wish'd us parties we'll deliver you

Of your great danger

Auf Sir I cannot tell

We must proceed we do find the people

3rd Con The people will remain uncertain  
whilst

'Twixt you there's difference but the fall of either  
Makes the survivor heir of all

Auf

I know it

And my pretext to strike at him admits 20

A good construction I raised him and I pawn'd  
Mine honour for his truth who being so he'll be  
end

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery

Seducing so my friends and to this end

He bow'd his nature never known before

But to be rough unswayable and free

3rd Con Sir his stoutness

When he did stand for consul which he lost

By lack of stooping—

Auf

That I would I have spoke of

Being banish'd for that he came unto my hearth 30

Presented to my wife his throat I took him

Made him joint servant with me gave him way

In all his own desires nay let him choose

Out of my files his projects to accomplish

My best and freshest men served his designments

In mine own person help to reap the fame

Which he did end all his and took some pride

To do my self thus wrong till at the last

I seem'd his follower not partner and

He warded me with his countenance as if 40

I had been mercenary

1st Con

So he did my lord

The army marvel'd at it and in the last

When he had carried Rome and that we look'd

For no less spoil than glory—

Auf

There was it

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him

At a few drops of women's rheum which are

As cheap as lies he sold the blood and labour

Of our great action Therefore shall he die

And I'll renew me in his fall But hark!

Drums and trumpets sound with great shouts of  
the People

1st Con Your native town you enter'd like a  
post 50

And had no welcomes home but he returns

Splitting the air with noise

2nd Con

And patient fools

Whose children he hath slain their base throats

tear

With giving him glory

3rd Con

Therefore at your vantage

Ere he express himself or move the people

With what he would say let him feel your sword

Which we will second When he lies along

After your way his tale pronounced shall bury

His reasons with his body

Auf

Say no more 60

1st Con Come the lords

Enter the LORDS of the city

All the Lords You are most welcome home

*Auf* I have not deserv'd it  
But worthy lords, have you with heed perused  
What I have written to you?

*Lords* We have  
*1st Lord* And grieve to hear't  
What faults he made before the last I think  
Might have found easy fines but there to end  
Where he was to begin and give away  
The benefit of our levies answering us  
With our own charge, making a treaty where  
There was a yielding—this admits no excuse  
*Auf* He approaches You shall hear him 70

*Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colours, Commoners being with him*

*Cor* Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,  
No more infected with my country's love  
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting  
Under your great command You are to know  
That prosperously I have attempted and  
With bloody passage led your wars even to  
The gates of Rome Our spoils we have brought home

Do more than counterpoise a full third part  
The charges of the action We have made peace  
With no less honour to the Antiates 80  
Than shame to the Romans and we here deliver,  
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians  
Together with the seal of the Senate what  
We have compounded on

*Auf* Read it not, noble lords,  
But tell the traitor in the highest degree  
He hath abused your powers

*Cor* "Traitor!" how now!

*Auf* Ay traitor Marcus!  
*Cor* "Marcus!"

*Auf* Ay, Marcus Caius Marcus Dost thou think

I'll grace thee with that robbery thy stolen name,  
Coriolanus, in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads of the state perfidiously  
He has betray'd your business and given up,  
For certain drops of salt your city Rome,  
I say your city, to his wife and mother,  
Breaching his oath and resolution like  
A twist of rotten silk never admitting  
Counsel in the war, but at his nurse's tears  
He whined and roar'd away your victory  
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart  
Look'd wondering each at other

*Cor* Hear'st thou Mars? 100

*Auf* Name not the god thou boy of tears!

*Cor* Ha!

*Auf* No more

*Cor* Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart  
Too great for what contains it "Boy!" O slave!

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever  
I was forced to scold Your judgements, my  
grave lords

Must give this cur the lie, and his own notion—  
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that  
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join  
To thrust the lie unto him 110

*1st Lord* Peace both, and hear me speak

*Cor* Cut me to pieces, Volscies, men and lads,  
Stain all your edges on me "Boy!" False hound!  
If you have writ your annals true 'tis there,  
That like an eagle in a dove's coat I  
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli  
Alone I did it "Boy!"

*Auf* Why noble lords  
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,  
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,  
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

*All Consps* Let him die for't 120

*All the people* Tear him to pieces Do it presently  
He killed my son My daughter He killed my  
my cousin Marcus He killed my father

*2nd Lord* Peace, ho! no outrage peace!  
The man is noble and his fame folds in  
This orb of the earth His last offences to us  
Shall have judicious hearing Stand Aufidius,  
And trouble not the peace

*Cor* O that I had him,  
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130  
To use my lawful sword!

*Auf* Insolent villain!  
*All Consps* Kill, I ill, kill kill kill him!

*The CONSPIRATORS draw, and KILL CORIOLANUS*  
*AUFIDIUS stands on his body*

*Lords* Hold hold, hold hold!

*Auf* My noble masters, hear me speak

*1st Lord* O Tullus—

*2nd Lord* Thou hast done a deed whereat  
valour will weep

*3rd Lord* Tread not upon him Masters all be  
quiet

Put up your swords

*Auf* My lords when you shall know—as in  
this rage,

Provoked by him you cannot—the great danger  
Which this man's life did owe you you'll rejoice  
That he is thus cut off Please it your honours  
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver 141  
Myself your loyal servant, or endure  
Your heaviest censure

*1st Lord* Bear from hence his body  
And mourn you for him Let him be regarded

As the most noble course that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn

*2nd Lord* His own impatience

Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame

Let's make the best of it

*Auf* My rage is gone

And I am struck with sorrow Take him up 149

Help three of the chiefest soldiers I'll be one

Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully

Trail your steel pikes Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one

Which to this hour bewail the injury

Yet he shall have a noble memory

Assist *{Exeunt Leaving the body of Coriolanus*

*A dead march sounded*

# 20 TIMON OF ATHENS

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

|  |   |                               |
|--|---|-------------------------------|
| TIMON of Athens                        | FLAMINIUS                                     | Servants to Timon             |
| LUCIUS                                 | LUCILIUS                                      |                               |
| LUCULLUS                               | SERVILIUS                                     | Servants to Timon's creditors |
| SEMPRONIUS                             | CAPHIS  |                               |
| VENTIDIUS one of Timon's false friends | PHILOTUS                                      |                               |
| ALCIBIADES an Athenian captain         | TITUS   |                               |
| APEMANTUS a churlish philosopher       | HORTENSIVS                                    |                               |
| FLAVIUS steward to Timon               | THREE SERVANTS to Timon                       |                               |
| A POET                                 | TWO SERVANTS to Varro                         |                               |
| A PAINTER                              | A SERVANT to Isidore                          |                               |
| A JEWELLER                             | A SERVANT to Lucullus                         |                               |
| A MERCHANT                             | A SERVANT to Lucius                           |                               |
| AN OLD ATHENIAN                        |   |                               |
| A PAGE                                 | PHRYNIA                                       | mistresses to Alcibiades      |
| A FOOL                                 | TIMANDRA                                      |                               |
| THREE STRANGERS                        | CUPID   | in the mask                   |
| A SOLDIER                              | AMAZONS                                       |                               |
| THREE BANDITTS                         |   |                               |
| FOUR SENATORS                          | NON SPEAKING Lords Senators Officers Soldiers |                               |
| FOUR LORDS                             | Banditti and Attendants                       |                               |
| THREE MESSENGERS                       | SCENE Athens and the neighbouring woods       |                               |



## ACT I

### SCENE I Athens A hall in Timon's house

Enter POET, PAINTER, JEWELLER, MERCHANT, and others, at several doors

Poet Good day, sir

Pam I am glad you're well

Poet I have not seen you long How goes the world?

Pam It wears sir as it grows

Poet Ay that's well known,

But what particular rarity? What strange

Which manifold record not matches? See

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjured to attend I know the merchant

Pam I know them both the other's a jeweller

Mer O, 'tis a worthy lord

Jew Nay that's most fix'd

Mer A most incomparable man, breathed as it were 10

To an untirable and continuant goodness

He passes

Jew I have a jewel here—

Mer O pray let's see it For the Lord Timon sir?

Jew If he will touch the estimate but for that—

Poet [Reciting to himself] 'When we for recompense have praised the vile

It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good

Mer 'Tis a good form

Looking at the jewel

Jew And rich Here is a water, look ye

Pam You are rapt, sir in some work, some dedication

To the great lord

Poet A thing slipped idly from me 20

Our poesy in as a gum which oozes

From whence 'tis nourish'd The fire in the flint

Shows not till it be struck our gentle flame

Provokes itself and like the current flies

Each bound it chafes What have you there?

Pam A picture, sir When comes your book forth?

Poet Upon the heels of my presentment sir

Let's see your piece

Pam 'Tis a good piece

Poet So 'tis, this comes off well and excellent

Pam Indifferent

Poet Admirable How this grace 30

Speaks his own standing! What a mental power

This eye shoots forth! How big imagination

Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret

Pam It is a pretty mocking of the life

Here is a touch in't good?

Poet I will say of it,

It tutors nature Artificial strife  
Lives in these touches Inelier than life

*Enter certain Senators and pass over*

*Part* How this lord is follow'd!

*Poet* The senators of Athens happy man!

*Part* Lool more!

*Poet* You see this confluence thus great flood of  
visitors

I have in this rough work shaped out a man  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and  
hug

With amplest entertainment My free drift  
Halts not particularly but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax No level'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold  
But flies an eagle flight bold and forth on  
Leaving no tract behind

*Part* How shall I understand you?

*Poet* I will unbolt to you

You see how all conditions how all minds  
As wall of glib and slippery creatures as  
Of grave and austere quality tender down  
Their services to Lord Timon His large for  
tune

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of evils yea from the glass faced flat  
terer

To Apemantus that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself Even he drop down  
The knee before him and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod

*Part* I saw them speak together

*Poet* Sir I have upon a high and pleasant hill  
Feign'd Fortune to be throned The base of the  
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts all kind of natures  
That labour on the bottom of this sphere  
To propagate their states Amongst them all  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fixed  
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand waits for  
her

Whose present grace to present slaves and serv  
ants

Translates his rivals

*Part* 'Tis concerned to scope

This throne this Fortune, and this hill methinks  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness would be well express'd  
In our condition

*Poet* Nay sir but hear me on

All those which were his fellows but of late  
Some better than his value on the moment

Follow his strides his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear  
Make sacred even his stirrup and through him  
Drink the free air

*Part* Ay marry what of these?

*Poet* When Fortune in her shift and change  
of mood

Spurns down her late beloved all his dependants  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top  
Even on their knees and hands let him slip down  
Not one accompanying his declining foot

*Part* 'Tis common

A thousand immoral paintings I can show  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of  
Fortune's

More pregnantly than words Yet you do well  
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head

*Trumpets sound* Enter LORD TIMON addressing  
himself courteously to every senator a MESSENGER  
from VENTIDIUS talking with him LUCILIUS and  
other senators following

*Tim* Imprison'd is he, say you?

*Mess* Ay my good lord Five talents is his  
debt

His means most short his creditors most strait  
Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up which failing  
Periods his comfort

*Tim* Noble Ventidius! Well

I am not of that feather to shake off  
My friend when he must need me I do know  
him

A gentleman that well deserves a help  
Which he shall have I'll pay the debt and free  
him

*Mess* Your lordship ever binds him

*Tim* Commend me to him I will send his  
ransom

And being enfranchis'd bid him come to me  
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up

But to support him after Fare you well

*Mess* All happiness to your honour! [Exit]

*Enter an old ATHENIAN*

*Old Ath* Lord Timon hear me speak

*Tim* Freely good father

*Old Ath* Thou hast a servant named Lucilius  
Tim I have so What of him?

*Old Ath* Most noble Timon call the man be  
fore thee

*Tim* Attends he here or no? Lucilius!

*Luc* Here at your lordship's service  
*Old Ath* This fellow here Lord Timon, this  
thy creature

By night frequents my house I am a man  
That from my first have been inclined to thrift,  
And my estate deserves an heir more raised  
Than one which holds a trencher

*Tim* Well, what further? 120

*Old Ath* One only daughter have I, no kin  
else,

On whom I may confer what I have got  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost  
In qualities of the best This man of thine  
Attempts her love I prithee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort,  
Myself have spoke in vain

*Tim* The man is honest

*Old Ath* Therefore he will be, Timon  
His honesty rewards him in itself, 130  
It must not bear my daughter

*Tim* Does she love him?

*Old Ath* She is young and apt  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity is in youth

*Tim* [To LUCILIUS] Love you the maid?

*Luc* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it

*Old Ath* If in her marriage my consent be  
missing

I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all

*Tim* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband? 140

*Old Ath* Three talents on the present in  
future all

*Tim* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me  
long

To build his fortune I will strain a little  
For 'tis a bond in men Give him thy daughter  
What you bestow in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her

*Old Ath* Most noble lord,

Pawn me to this your honour she is his

*Tim* My hand to thee, mine honour on my  
promise

*Luc* Humbly I thank your lordship Never may  
That stare or fortune fall into my keeping 150  
Which is not owed to you!

[Exit LUCILIUS and OLD ATHENIAN]

*Poet* Vouchsafe my labour and long live your  
lordship!

*Tim* I thank you, you shall hear from me  
anon

Go not away What have you there, my friend?

*Pain* A piece of painting which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept

*Tim* Painting is welcome  
The painting is almost the natural man,

For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside These pencill'd figures are  
Even such as they give out I like your work,  
And you shall find I'll sit Wait attendance 161  
Till you hear further from me

*Pain* The gods preserve ye!

*Tim* Well fare you gentleman Give me your  
hand,

We must needs dine together Sir your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise

*Jew* What my lord! dispraise?

*Tim* A mere satiety of commendations  
If I should pay you for 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclew me quite

*Jew* My lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would give But you well  
know

Things of like value differing in the owners 170  
Are prized by their masters Believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by the wearing it

*Tim* Well mock'd

*Mer* No my good lord he speaks the com-  
mon tongue

Which all men speak with him

*Tim* Look, who comes here will you be chid?

[Enter APEMANTUS]

*Jew* We'll bear, with your lordship

*Mer* He'll spare none

*Tim* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Apem* Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good  
morrow

When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves  
honest 180

*Tim* Why dost thou call them knaves? Thou  
I now set them not

*Apem* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim* Yes

*Apem* Then I repent not

*Jew* You know me Apemantus?

*Apem* Thou know'st I do I call'd thee by thy  
name

*Tim* Thou art proud, Apemantus

*Apem* Of nothing so much as that I am not like  
Timon 190

*Tim* Whither art going?

*Apem* To knock out an honest Athenian's  
brains

*Tim* That's a deed thou'll die for

*Apem* Right, if doing nothing be death by the  
law

*Tim* How likest thou this picture Apemantus?

*Apem* The best for the innocence

*Tim* Wrought he not well that painted it? 200

*Apem* He wrought better that made the  
painter, and yet he's but a filthy piece of work



*Pain* You re a dog  
*Apem* Thy mother s of my generation What s she if I be a dog?  
*Tim* Wilt dine with me Apemantus?  
*Apem* No I eat not lords  
*Tim* An thou shouldst thou dst anger ladies  
*Apem* O they eat lords so they come by great bellies 210  
*Tim* That s a lascivious apprehension  
*Apem* So thou apprehendest it take it for thy labour  
*Tim* How dost thou like this jewel Apemantus?  
*Apem* Not so well as plain-dealing which will not cost a man a doit  
*Tim* What dost thou think tis worth?  
*Apem* Not worth my thinking How now poet? 20  
*Poet* How now philosopher!  
*Apem* Thou liest  
*Poet* Art not one?  
*Apem* Yes  
*Poet* Then I lie not  
*Apem* Art not a poet?  
*Poet* Yes  
*Apem* Then thou liest Look in thy last work where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow  
*Poet* That s not feigned he is so 230  
*Apem* Yes he is worthy of thee and to pay thee for thy labour He that loves to be flattered is worthy o the flatterer Heavens that I were a lord!  
*Tim* What wouldst do then Apemantus?  
*Apem* Een as Apemantus does now hate a lord with my heart  
*Tim* What thyself?  
*Apem* Ay  
*Tim* Wherefore? 240  
*Apem* That I had no angry wat to be a lord Art not thou a merchant?  
*Mis* Ay Apemantus  
*Apem* Traffic confound thee if the gods will not!  
*Mis* If traffic do it the gods do it  
*Apem* Traffic s thy god and thy god confound thee!  
*Trumpet sounds Enter a MESSENGER*  
*Tim* What trumpet s that?  
*Mess* Tis Alcibiades and some twenty horse All of companionship 251  
*Tim* Pray entertain them give them guide to us [*Exeunt some Attendants*]  
 You must needs dine with me go not you hence  
 Till I have thank d you When dinner s done,

Show me this piece I am joyful of your sights

*Enter ALCIBIADES with the rest*

Most welcome, sir!  
*Apem* So so there!  
 Aches contract and starve your supple joints!  
 That there should be small love mon st these sweet knaves  
 And all this courtesy! The strain of man s bred out  
 Into baboon and monkey 260  
*Alcib* Sir you have saved my longing and I feed  
 Most hungerly on your sight  
*Tim* Right welcome sir!  
 Ere we depart we ll share a bounteous time  
 In different pleasures Pray you let us in  
 [*Exeunt all except APEMANTUS*]

*Enter TWO LORDS*

*1st Lord* What time o day is t Apemantus?  
*Apem* Time to be honest  
*1st Lord* That time serves still  
*Apem* The more accursed thou that still omitt st it  
*2nd Lord* Thou art going to Lord Timon s feast? 270  
*Apem* Ay to see meat fill knaves and wine heat fools  
*2nd Lord* Fare thee well fare thee well  
*Apem* Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice  
*2nd Lord* Why Apemantus?  
*Apem* Shouldst have kept one to thyself for I mean to give thee none  
*1st Lord* Hang thyself!  
*Apem* No I will do nothing at thy bidding  
 Make thy requests to thy friend  
*2nd Lord* Away unpeaceable dog or I ll spurn thee hence! 281  
*Apem* I will fly like a dog the heels o the ass [*Exit*]

*1st Lord* He s opposite to humanity  
 Come shall we in  
 And taste Lord Timon s bounty? He outgoes  
 The very heart of kindness  
*2nd Lord* He pours it out Plutus the god of gold  
 Is but his steward No need but he repays  
 Sevenfold above itself no gift to him  
 But breeds the giver a return exceeding 30  
 All use of quittance  
*1st Lord* The noblest mind he carries  
 That ever govern d man  
*2nd Lord* Long may he live in fortunes!  
 Shall we in?  
*1st Lord* I ll keep you company [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *A banquetting room in Timon's house*  
*Hautboys playing loud music A great banquet*  
*served in, FLAVIUS and others attending then*  
 enter LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LORDS, SENATORS,  
 and VENTIDIUS *Then comes dropping after all,*  
*APEMANTUS, discontentedly, like himself*

*Ven* Most honour'd Timon,  
 It hath pleased the gods to remember my father's  
 age

And call him to long peace  
 He is gone happy, and has left me rich  
 Then as in grateful virtue I am bound  
 To your free heart I do return those talents,  
 Doubled with thanks and service from whose  
 help

I derived liberty

*Tim* O, by no means,  
 Honest Ventidius you mistake my love  
 I gave it freely ever and there's none 10  
 Can truly say he gives if he receives  
 If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
 To imitate them, faults that are rich are fair

*Ven* A noble spirit!

*Tim* Nay, my lords,

*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON*  
 Ceremony was but devised at first  
 To set a gloss on faint deeds hollow welcomes,  
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown,  
 But where there is true friendship there needs  
 none

Pray, sit, more welcome are ye to my fortunes  
 Than my fortunes to me 20

*They sit*

*1st Lord* My lord, we always have confess'd it

*Apem* Ho, ho, confess'd it! Hang'd it have  
 you not?

*Tim* O Apemantus, you are welcome

*Apem* No,

You shall not make me welcome

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors

*Tim* Fie thou'rt a churl ye've got a humour  
 there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame

They say, my lords "*ira furor brevis est*", but  
 yond man is ever angry Go let him have a table  
 by himself for he does neither affect company,  
 nor is he fit for't indeed 31

*Apem* Let me stay at thine apperil Timon

I come to observe I give thee warning on't

*Tim* I take no heed of thee, thou'rt an Athenian  
 therefore welcome I myself would have no  
 power prithe, let my meat make thee silent

*Apem* I scorn thy meat 'twould choke me for  
 I should ne'er flatter thee O you gods what a  
 number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not!

It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in  
 one man's blood, and all the madness is, he  
 cheers them up too

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men  
 Methinks they should invite them without knives,  
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits  
 next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the  
 breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest  
 man to kill him, 't has been proved If I were a  
 huge man I should fear to drink at meals, 51  
 Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous

notes

Great men should drink with harness on their  
 throats

*Tim* My lord, in heart, and let the health go  
 round

*2nd Lord* Let it flow this way my good lord  
*Apem* Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps  
 his tides well Those healths will make thee and  
 thy state look ill Timon Here's that which is  
 too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which  
 ne'er left man i' the mire 60

This and my food are equals there's no odds  
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods

*Apemantus' grace*

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf,  
 I pray for no man but my self  
 Grant I may never prove so fond,  
 To trust man on his oath or bond,  
 Or a harlot for her weeping  
 Or a dog that seems a sleeping,  
 Or a keeper with my freedom,  
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em 70  
 Amen So fall to!  
 Rich men sin, and I eat root

*Eats and drinks*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the  
 field now

*Alcib* My heart is ever at your service my  
 lord

*Tim* You had rather be at a breakfast of ene-  
 mies than a dinner of friends 79

*Alcib* So they were bleeding new, my lord  
 there's no meat like 'em I could wish my best  
 friend at such a feast

*Apem* Would all those flatterers were thine  
 enemies then, that then thou might'st kill 'em and  
 bid me to 'em!

*1st Lord* Might we but have that happiness,  
 my lord that you would once use our hearts  
 whereby we might express some part of our  
 zeals, we should think ourselves for ever per-  
 fect 90

*Tim* O no doubt my good friends but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you How had you been my friends else? Why have you that charitable title from thousands did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf and thus far I confirm you O you gods think I what need we have any friends if we should ne'er have need of 'em? They were the most need less creatures living should we ne'er have use for 'em and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases that keep their sounds to themselves Why I have often wished myself poorer that I might come nearer to you We are born to do benefits and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes! O joy 'ere made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water methinks to forget their faults I drink to you

*Apem* Thou weepest to make them drink  
*Timon*

*2nd Lord* Joy had the like conception in our eyes  
And at that instant like a babe sprung up

*Apem* Ho ho! I laugh to think that babe a  
bastard

*3rd Lord* I promise you my lord you moved  
me much

*Apem* Much!  
*Tuckers within*

*Tim* What means that trumpet?

*Enter a SERVANT*

How now? 120

*Serv* Please you my lord there are certain  
ladies most desirous of admittance

*Tim* Ladies! what are their walls?

*Serv* There comes with them a forerunner my  
lord which bears that office to signify their  
pleasures

*Tim* I pray let them be admitted

*Enter CUPID*

*Cup* Hail to thee worthy Timon and to all  
That of his bounties taste The five best senses  
Acknowledge thee their patron and come  
freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom Th' ear 131  
Taste touch and smell pleased from thy table  
rise

They only now come but to feast thine eyes

*Tim* They're welcome all let 'em have kind  
admittance

*Music* make their welcome! *[Exit CUPID]*

*1st Lord* You see my lord how ample you're  
beloved

*Music* Re-enter CUPID with a mask of LADIES or  
AMAZONS with lutes in their hands dancing and  
playing

*Apem* Ho! day what a sweep of vanity comes  
thus way!

They dance! they are mad women  
Like madness in the glory of this life  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root 140  
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves  
And spend our flatteries to drink those men  
Upon whose age we laid it up again  
With poisonous spite and envy  
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?  
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves  
Of their friends' gift?

I should fear those that dance before me now  
Would one day stamp upon me 'T has been  
done

Men shut their doors against a setting sun 150

*The LORDS rise from table with much adorm of  
TIMON and to show their loves each singles out an  
AMAZON and all dance men with women a lofty  
strut or two to the limboys and trase*

*Tim* You have done our pleasures much grace  
fair ladies

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind  
You have added worth unto it and lustre  
And entertain'd me with mine own device  
I am to thank you for't

*1st Lady* My lord you take us even at the best  
*Apem* Faith for the worst in filthy and would  
not hold talking I doubt me

*Tim* Ladies there is an idle banquet attends  
you 160

Please you to dispose yourselves

*All Ladies* Most thankfully my lord  
*[Exit CUPID and LADIES]*

*Flavius*

*Flm* My lord?

*Flm* The little casket bring me hither

*Flm* Yes my lord More jewels yet! *[Aside]*

There is no crossing him in his humour  
Else I should tell him—well I faith I should  
When all's spent he'd be cross'd then, an he  
could

'Tis my bounty had not eyes behind  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind *[Exit]*

*1st Lord* Where be our men? 171

*Serv* Here my lord in readiness

*2nd Lord* Our horses!

*Re-enter FLAVIUS, with the casket*

*Tim* O my friends,  
I have one word to say to you Look you, my  
good lord

I must entreat you honour me so much  
As to advance this jewel, accept it and wear it  
kind my lord

*1st Lord* I am so far already in your gifts—  
*All* So are we all

*Enter a SERVANT*

*Serv* My lord, there are certain nobles of the  
Senate 180

Newly lighted, and come to visit you

*Tim* They are fairly welcome

*Flav* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word, it does concern you near

*Tim* Near! why then, another time I'll hear  
thee

I prithee, let s be provided to show them enter-  
tainment

*Flav [Aside]* I scarce know how

*Enter a SECOND SERVANT*

*2nd Serv* May it please your honour, Lord  
Lucius,

Our of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk white horses, trapp'd in silver

*Tim* I shall accept them fairly let the presents  
Be worthily entertain'd

*Enter a THIRD SERVANT*

I now now! what news? 191

*3rd Serv* Please you my lord that honourable  
gentleman Lord Lucullus, entreats your com-  
pany to morrow to hunt with him, and has sent  
your honour two brace of greyhounds

*Tim* I'll hunt with him, and let them be re-  
ceived

Not without fair reward

*Flav [Aside]* What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer

Nor will he know his purse or yield me this, 200

To show him what a beggar his heart is,

Being of no power to make his wishes good

His promises fly so beyond his state

That what he speaks is all in debt he owes

For every word He is so kind that he now

Pays interest for t his land & put to their books

Well would I were gently put out of office

Before I were forced out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed

Than such that do e'en enemies exceed 210

*Exit*

*Tim*

You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own  
merits

Here, my lord a trifle of our love

*2nd Lord* With more than common thanks I  
will receive it

*3rd Lord* O, he's the very soul of bounty!

*Tim* And now I remember, my lord, you  
gave

Good words the other day of a bay courser

I rode on It is yours, because you liked it

*2nd Lord* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my  
lord in that

*Tim* You may take my word, my lord, I know,  
no man 220

Can justly praise but what he does affect

I weigh my friend's affection with mine own,

I'll tell you true I'll call to you

*All Lords* O none so welcome

*Tim* I take all and your several visitations

So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give,

Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary Alcibiades,

Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,

It comes in charity to thee For all thy living

Is amongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast

Lie in a pitch'd field

*Alcib* A3 defiled land my lord 231

*1st Lord* We are so virtuously bound—

*Tim* And so

Am I to you

*2nd Lord* So infinitely endear'd—

*Tim* All to you Lights, more lights!

*1st Lord* The best of happiness,

Honour and fortunes keep with you, Lord

Timon!

*Tim* Ready, for his friends

*[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS and TIMON]*

*Apem* What a coil's here!

Serving of beels and jutting-out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums

That are given for 'em Friendship's full of dregs

Methinks, false hearts should never have sound  
legs

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court-  
sies

*Tim* Now Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen

I would be good to thee

*Apem* No I'll nothing For if I should be bribed

too there would be none left to rail upon thee

and then thou wouldst sin the faster Thou givest

so long Timon I fear me thou wilt give away

thy self in paper shortly What need these feasts

pomps, and vain glories? 249

*Tim* Nay an you begin to rail on society once,

I am sworn not to give regard to you

Farewell and come with better music [Exit  
*Apem* So  
 Thou wilt not hear me now thou shalt not  
 then  
 I'll lock thy heaven from thee  
 O that men's ears should be  
 To counsel deaf but not to flattery! [Exit

## ACT II

SCENE I *A Senator's house*

*Enter SENATOR with papers in his hand*  
*Sen* And late five thousand to Varro and to  
 Isidore  
 He owes nine thousand besides my former  
 sum  
 Which makes it five and twenty Still in motion  
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold it will not  
 If I want gold steal but a beggar's dog  
 And give it Timon why the dog coins gold  
 If I would sell my horse and buy twenty more  
 Better than he why give my horse to Timon  
 Ask nothing give it him it foals me straight  
 And able horses No porter at his gate 10  
 But rather one that smiles and still invites  
 All that pass by It cannot hold no reason  
 Can found his state in safety Caphis ho!  
 Caphis I say!

*Enter CAPHIS*

*Caph* Here sir what is your pleasure?  
*Sen* Get on your cloak and haste you to Lord  
 Timon  
 Importune him for my money's be not ceased  
 With slight denial nor then silenced when—  
 Commend me to your master and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand thus but tell him  
 My uses cry to me I must serve my turn 20  
 Out of mine own his days and times are past  
 And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit I love and honour him  
 But must not break my back to heal his finger  
 Immediate are my needs and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words  
 But find supply immediate Get you gone  
 Put on a most importunate aspect  
 A visage of demand for I do fear  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing 30  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull  
 Which flashes now a phoenix Get you gone  
*Caph* I go sir  
*Sen* I go sir! Take the bonds along with  
 you  
 And have the dates in compt  
*Caph* I will sir  
*Sen* Go [Exit

SCENE II *The same a hall in Timon's house*

*Enter FLAVIUS with many bills in his hand*

*Flavius* No care no stop! so senseless of ex-  
 pense  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it  
 Nor cease his flow of riot takes no account  
 How things go from him nor resumes no care  
 Of what is to continue never mind  
 Was to be so unwise be so kind  
 What shall be done? He will not hear still feel  
 I must be round with him now he comes from  
 hunting  
 Fie fie fie fie!

*Enter CAPHIS and the SERVANTS of ISIDORE  
 and VARRO*

*Caph* Good even Varro What  
 You come for money?  
*Var Serv* Is it not your business too? 10  
*Caph* It is and yours too Isidore?  
*Isid Serv* It is so  
*Caph* Would we were all discharged!  
*Var Serv* I fear it  
*Caph* Here comes the lord

*Enter TIMON ALCEBIADES and LORDS &c*

*Tim* So soon as dinner's done we'll forth  
 again  
 My Alcibiades With me? What is your will?  
*Caph* My lord here is a note of certain dues  
*Tim* Dues? Whence are you?  
*Caph* Of Athens here my lord  
*Tim* Go to my steward  
*Caph* Please it your lordship he hath put me  
 off  
 To the succession of new days this month 20  
 My master is awak'd by great occasion  
 To call upon his own and humbly prays you  
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit  
 In giving him his right  
*Tim* Mine honest friend  
 I prithee but repair to me next morning  
*Caph* Nay good my lord—  
*Tim* Contain thyself good friend  
*Var Serv* One Varro's servant my good lord—  
*Isid Serv* From Isidore  
 He humbly prays your speedy payment  
*Caph* If you did know my lord my master's  
 wants—  
*Var Serv* 'Twas due on forfeiture my lord six  
 weeks 30  
 And past  
*Isid Serv* Your steward puts me off my lord  
 And I am sent expressly to your lordship  
*Tim* Give me breath

I do beseech you good my lords keep on,  
I'll wait upon you instantly

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES and LORDS

[*To* FLAVIUS] Come hither Pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus en-  
counter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,  
And the detention of long since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

Flav Please you gentlemen, 40

The time is unagreeable to this business  
Your importunity cease till after dinner,  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid

Tim Do so, my friends See them well enter-  
tain'd [Exit

Flav Pray, draw near [Exit

*Enter* APEMANTUS and FOOL

Caph Stay, stay, here comes the Fool with Ape-  
mantus Let's ha' some sport with em

Var Serv Hang him, he'll abuse us

Isid Serv A plague upon him, dog! 50

Var Serv How dost, Fool?

Ape Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var Serv I speak not to thee

Ape No 'tis to thyself [*To the Fool*] Come  
away

Isid Serv There's the Fool hangs on your back  
already

Ape No thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on  
him yet

Caph Where's the Fool now?

Ape He last asked the question Poor rogues,  
and usurers men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv What are we, Apemantus?

Ape Asses

All Serv Why?

Ape That you ask me what you are, and do  
not know yourselves Speak to em, Fool

Fool How do you gentlemen?

All Serv Gramercies good Fool, how does  
your mistress? 70

Fool She's en setting on water to scald such  
chickens as you are Would we could see you at  
Corinth!

Ape Good! gramercy

*Enter* PAGE

Fool Look you here comes my mistress' page

Page [*To the fool*] Why, how now, captain!  
what do you in this wise company? How dost  
thou Apemantus?

Ape Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I  
might answer thee profitably 80

Page Prithee, Apemantus read me the super-

scription of these letters, I know not which is  
which

Ape Canst not read?

Page No

Ape There will little learning die then, that  
day thou art hanged This is to Lord Timon, this  
to Alcibiades Go, thou wast born a bastard, and  
thou'rt die a bawd 89

Page Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt  
furnish a dog's death Answer not, I am gone

[Exit  
Ape] E'en so thou outrunnest grace Fool, I  
will go with you to Lord Timon

Fool Will you leave me there?

Ape If Timon stay at home You three serve  
three usurers?

All Serv Ay, would they served us!

Ape So would I—as good a trick as ever  
hangman served thief 100

Fool Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv Ay Fool

Fool I think no usurer but has a fool to his ser-  
vant my mistress is one and I am her fool When  
men come to borrow of your masters, they ap-  
proach sadly and go away merry but they enter  
my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly  
The reason of this?

Var Serv I could render one 109

Ape Do it then that we may account thee a  
whoremaster and a knave which notwithstanding,  
thou shalt be no less esteemed

Var Serv What is a whoremaster Fool?

Fool A fool in good clothes, and something like  
thee 'Tis a spirit sometime 't appears like a  
lord sometime like a lawyer, sometime like a  
philosopher with two stones more than sartificial  
one He is very often like a knight, and, general-  
ly, in all shapes that man goes up and down in  
from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in

Var Serv Thou art not altogether a fool 122

Fool Nor thou altogether a wise man As much  
foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest

Ape That answer might have become Ape-  
mantus

All Serv Aside aside, here comes Lord Timon

*Re-enter* TIMON and FLAVIUS

Ape Come with me Fool, come

Fool I do not always follow lover elder brother  
and woman sometime the philosopher 131

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS and FOOL

Flav Pray you, walk near I'll speak with you  
anon [Exit SERVANTS

Tim You make me marvel Wherefore ere this  
time

Had you not fully laid my state before me,

That I might so have rated my expense  
As I had leave of means?

*Flrv* You would not hear me  
At many leisures I proposed

*Tim* Go to  
Perchance some single vantages you took  
When my indisposition put you back  
And that unaptness made your minister 140  
Thus to excuse yourself

*Flrv* O my good lord  
At many times I brought in my accounts  
Laid them before you you would throw them  
off  
And say you found them in mine honesty  
When for some trifling present you have bid me  
Return so much I have shook my head and  
wept

Yea gainst the authority of manners pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close I did endure  
Not seldom nor no slight checks when I have  
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate 150  
And your great flow of debts My loved lord  
Though you hear now too late—yet now's a  
time—

The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts

*Tim* Let all my land be sold  
*Flrv* 'Tis all engaged some forfeited and gone  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues The future comes apace  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

*Tim* To Lacedæmon did my land extend 160  
*Flrv* O my good lord the world is but a world  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath  
How quickly were it gone?

*Tim* You tell me true  
*Flrv* If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood  
Call me before the exactest auditors  
And set me on the proof So the gods bless me  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilt of wine when every room  
Hath blazed with lights and bray'd with mirth  
stretly 170

I have retired me to a wasteful cock  
And set mine eyes at flow

*Tim* Prithce no more  
*Flrv* Heavens have I said the bounty of this  
lord!

How many prodigal butts have slaves and peasants  
This night enlur'd? Who is not Timon's?  
What heart heal sword force means but is  
Lord Timon's?  
Great Timon noble, worthy royal Timon

Ah when the means are gone that buy this praise  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made  
Least won fast lost one cloud of winter show  
ers

These flies are couch'd  
*Tim* Come sermon me no further  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart  
Unwisely not ignobly have I given  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience  
lack

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart  
If I would broach the vessels of my love  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing  
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use  
As I can bid thee speak

*Flrv* Assurance bless your thoughts!  
*Tim* And in some sort these wants of mine  
are crown'd 190

That I account them blessings for by these  
Shall I try friends You shall perceive how you  
Mistake my fortunes I am wealthy in my  
friends  
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS SERVILIUS and other  
SERVANTS*

*Servants* My lord? my lord?  
*Tim* I will dispatch you severally you to Lord  
Lucius to Lord Lucullus you I hunted with his  
honour to-day you to Sempronius Commend  
me to their loves and I am proud say that my  
occasions have found time to use 'em toward a  
supply of money Let the request be fifty talents

*Flrv* As you have said my lord  
*Flrv* [Aside] Lord Lucius and I Lucullus? hum!

*Tim* O you sir to the senators—  
Of whom even to the state's best health I have  
Deserv'd this hearing—bid 'em send o' the in-  
stant

A thousand talents to me  
*Flrv* I have been bold—  
For that I knew at the most general way—  
To them to use your signet and your name 210  
But they do shake their head and I am here  
No richer in return

*Tim* Is't true? can't be?  
*Flrv* They answer in a joint and corporate  
voice  
That now they are at fall want treasure cannot  
Do what they would are sorry—you are hon-  
ourable—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know  
not—  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wretch—would all were well—tis  
pity—

And so, intending other serious matters  
After distasteful looks and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps and cold moving nods  
They froze me into silence

*Tim* You gods reward them!  
*Prithce*, man look cheerly These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary  
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold it seldom flows  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth  
Is fashion'd for the journey dull and heavy  
[*To a servant*] Go to Ventidius [*To flavius*]  
*Prithce*, be not sad 229  
Thou art true and honest ingeniously I speak  
No blame belongs to thee [*To servant*] Ventidius lately

Buried his father, by whose death he stepp'd  
Into a great estate When he was poor  
Imprison'd and in scarcity of friends  
I clear'd him with five talents Greet him from me

Bid him suppose some good necessity  
Touches his friend which craves to be remembered

With those five talents [*Exit servant*] [*To flavius*]  
That had, give to these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due Ne'er speak, or think  
That Timon's fortunes mong his friends can sink

*Flavi* I would I could not think it That thought  
In bounty's foe  
Being free itself, it thinks all others so [*Exeunt*]

## ACT III

## SCENE I A room in Lucullus' house

FLAMINIUS waiting Enter a servant to him

*Serv* I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you

*Flam* I thank you sir

Enter LUCULLUS

*Serv* Here's my lord

*Lucul* [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift I warrant Why this hits right I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night Flaminius honest Flaminius you are very respectfully welcome sir Fill me some wine [*Exit servant*]  
And how does that honourable complete free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 11

*Flam* His health is well sir

*Lucul* I am right glad that his health is well sir  
And what hast thou there under thy cloak pretty Flaminius?

*Flam* Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir

which in my lord's behalf I come to entreat your honour to supply, who having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents hath sent to your lordship to furnish him nothing doubting your present assistance therein 21

*Lucul* La la, la, la! "nothing doubting" says he? Alas good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis if he would not keep so good a house Many a time and often I ha' dined with him and told him on't and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming Every man has his fault, and honesty is his I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from't 31

Re enter SERVANT, with wine

*Serv* Please your lordship here is the wine

*Lucul* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise Here's to thee

*Flam* Your lordship speaks your pleasure

*Lucul* I have observed thee always for a thoroughly prompt spirit—give thee thy due—and one that knows what belongs to reason, and canst use the time well if the time use thee well, good parts in thee [*To servant*] Get you gone, sirrah [*Exit servant*] Draw nearer honest Flaminius Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship without security Here's three solidares for thee good boy wink at me, and say thou sawest me not Fare thee well

*Flam* Is it possible the world should so much differ

And we alive that lived? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee! 51

Throwing the money back

*Lucul* Ha! now I see thou art a fool and fit for thy master [*Exit*]

*Flam* May these add to the number that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods  
I feel my master's passion! this slave  
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him 60  
Why should it thrive and turn to nutriment  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O may diseases only work upon't!  
And when he's sick to death let not that part of nature  
Which my lord paid for be of any power  
To expel sickness but prolong his hour! [*Exit*]



SCENE II *A public place**Enter LUCIUS with THREE STRANGERS*

*Luc* Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend and an honourable gentleman

*1st Stran* We know him for no less though we are but strangers to him But I can tell you one thing my lord and which I hear from common rumours now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past and his estate shrinks from him

*Luc* Fie no do not believe it he cannot want for money

*2nd Stran* But believe you this my lord that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents nay urged extremely for it and showed what necessity he was brought to it and yet was denied

*Luc* How!

*2nd Stran* I tell you denied my lord

*Luc* What a strange case was that now before the gods I am ashamed on it Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in it For my own part I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him as money plate jewels and such like trifles nothing comparing to his yet had he mistook him and sent to me I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents

*Enter SERVILIUS*

*Ser* See by good hap yonder's my lord I have sweat to see his honour My honoured lord—  
[*To LUCIUS*]

*Luc* Servilius! you are kindly met sir Fare thee well Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord my very exquisite friend

*Ser* May it please your honour my lord hath sent—

*Luc* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord he's ever sending How shall I thank him thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser* Has only sent his present occasion now my lord requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents

*Luc* I know his lordship is but merry with me He cannot want fifty five hundred talents

*Ser* But in the mean time he wants less my lord If his occasion were not virtuous I should not urge it half so faithfully

*Luc* Dost thou speak seriously Servilius?

*Ser* Upon my soul tis true sir

*Luc* What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time when I might have shown myself honourable! How unlookily it happened that I should purchase the day before

for a little part and undo a great deal of honour! Servilius now before the gods I am not able to do—the more beast I say I was sending to use Lord Timon myself these gentlemen can witness but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done it now Commend me bountifully to his good lordship and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me because I have no power to be kind and tell him this from me I count it one of my greatest afflictions say that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman Good Servilius will you befriend me so far as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser* Yes sir I shall

*Luc* I'll look you out a good turn Servilius

*[Exit SERVILIUS]*

True as you said Timon is shrunk indeed

And he that's once denied will hardly speed

*[Exit]*

*1st Stran* Do you observe this Hostilius?

*2nd Stran* Ay too well

*1st Stran* Why this is the world's soul and just of the same piece

Is every flatterer's spirit Who can call him His friend that dips in the same dish? for in My knowing Timon has been this lord's father And kept his credit with his purse

Supported his estate nay Timon's money Has paid his men their wages He ne'er drinks But Timon's silver treads upon his lip And yet—O see the monstrousness of man When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—

He does deny him in respect of his What charitable men afford to beggars

*3rd Stran* Relmon groans at it

*1st Stran* For mine own part

I never tasted Timon in my life Nor came any of his bounties over me, To mark me for his friend yet I protest For his right noble mind illustrious virtue And honourable carriage

Had his necessity made use of me

I would have put my wealth into donation

And the best half should have returned to him

So much I love his heart But I perceive

Men must learn now with pity to dispense

For policy sits above conscience *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *A room in Sempronius' house**Enter SEMPRONIUS and a SERVANT of TIMON'S*

*Sem* Must he needs trouble me in it—hum!—above all others?

He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus And now Ventidius is wealthy too Whom he redeemed from prison All these Owe their estates unto him

*Serv* My lord  
They have all been touch'd and found base metal,  
for  
They have all denied him

*Ser* How 'I have they denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum!  
It shows but little love or judgement in him 10  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,

Thrice give him over, must I take the cure upon me?

Has much disgraced me in 't, I'm angry at him,  
That might have known my place I see no sense for 't

But his occasions might have woo'd me first,  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er received gift from him,  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last? No!

So it may prove an argument of laughter 20  
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool  
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake  
I'd such a courage to do him good But now return,

And with their faint reply this answer join,  
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin  
[*Exit*

*Serv* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain  
The devil knew not what he did when he  
made man politic he crossed himself by 't, and I  
cannot think but in the end the villanies of man  
will set him clear How fairly this lord strives to  
appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked  
like those that under hot ardent zeal would set  
whole realms on fire

Of such a nature is his politic love  
This was my lord's best hope now all are fled  
Save only the gods Now his friends are dead  
Doors that were ne'er acquainted with their  
wards

Many a bounteous year, must he employ d  
Now to guard sure their master 40  
And this is all a liberal course allows  
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his  
house  
[*Exit*

SCENE IV *The same a hall in Timon's house*

*Enter* TWO SERVANTS of VARRO and the SERVANT  
of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS HORTENSIVS and  
other SERVANTS of TIMON'S creditors, waiting his  
coming out

*1st Var Serv* Well met good morrow, Titus  
and Hortensius

*Tit* The like to you kind Varro

*Hor* Lucius!  
What do we meet together?

*Luc Serv* Ay, and I think  
One business does command us all, for mine  
Is money

*Tit* So is theirs and ours

*Enter* PHILOTUS

*Luc Serv* And Sir Philotus too!

*Phi* Good day at once

*Luc Serv* Welcome, good brother  
What do you think the hour?

*Phi* Labouring for nine

*Luc Serv* So much?

*Phi* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc Serv* Not yet

*Phi* I wonder on 't, he was wont to shine at  
seven 10

*Luc Serv* Ay but the days are wax'd shorter  
with him

You must consider that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun but not like his, recoverable  
I fear us deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse,  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little

*Phi* I am of your fear for that

*Tit* I'll show you how to observe a strange  
event

Your lord sends now for money

*Hor* Most true he does  
*Tit* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money 20

*Hor* It is against my heart

*Luc Serv* Mark how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes,  
And even as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em

*Hor* I'm weary of this charge the gods can witness

I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth

*1st Var Serv* Yes mine's three thousand  
crowns What's yours?

*Luc Serv* Five thousand mine

*1st Var Serv* 'Tis much deep and it should  
seem by the sum 30

Your master's confidence was above mine,  
Else, surely his had equal'd

*Enter* FLAMINIUS

*Tit* One of Lord Timon's men

*Luc Serv* Flaminius! Sir, a word Pray, is my  
lord ready to come forth?

*Flam* No, indeed, he is not

*Tit* We attend his lordship, pray, signify so  
much

*Flam* I need not tell him that he knows you are too diligent {*Exit* 40

*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak muffled*

*Luc Serv* Ha! is not that his steward and muffled so?

He goes away in a cloud Call him call him

*Tit* Do you hear sir?

*and Var Serv* By your leave sir—

*Flav* What do ye ask of me my friend?

*Tit* We wait for certain money here sir

*Flav* Ay

If money were as certain as your waiting

'T were sure enough

Why then prefer'd you not your sums and bills

When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they could smile and fawn upon his debts

And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws

You do yourself but wrong to stir me up

Let me pass quietly

Believe me my lord and I have made an end

I have no more to reckon he to spend

*Luc Serv* Ay but this answer will not serve

*Flav* If it will not serve 'tis not so base as you

For you serve knaves {*Exit*

*1st Var Serv* How? what does his cashiered worship mutter?

*and 1st Var Serv* No matter what he's poor and that's revenge enough Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings

*Enter SERVILIUS*

*Tit* O here's Servilius now we shall know some answer

*Ser* If I might beseech you gentlemen to repair some other hour I should derive much from it for take it of my soul my lord leans wondrously to discontent His comfortable temper has forsook him he's much out of health and keeps his chamber

*Luc Serv* Many do keep their chambers are not sick

And if it be so far beyond his health

Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts

And make a clear way to the gods

*Ser* Good gods!

*Tit* We cannot take this for answer sir

*Flam* [Whispering] Servilius help! My lord's my lord!

*Enter TIMON in a rage FLAVIUS follows*

*Tim* What are my doors opposed against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy my gaol?

The place which I have feasted does it now Like all mankind show me an iron heart?

*Luc Serv* Put in now Titus

*Tit* My lord here is my bill

*Luc Serv* Here's mine

*Hor* And mine my lord

*Both Var Serv* And ours my lord

*Pho* All our bills

*Tim* Knock me down with 'em! Cleave me to the girdle

*Luc Serv* Alas my lord—

*Tim* Cut my heart in sums

*Tit* Mine fifty talents

*Tim* Tell out my blood

*Luc Serv* Five thousand crowns my lord

*Tim* Five thousand drops pays that What yours? and yours?

*1st Var Serv* My lord—

*2nd Var Serv* My lord—

*Tim* Tear me take me and the god fall upon you!

*Hor* Faith I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money These debts may well be called desperate ones for a madman or as 'em {*Exit* 100

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS*

*Tim* They have even put my breath from me the slaves

Creditors' devils!

*Flav* My dear lord—

*Tim* What if it should be so?

*Flav* My lord—

*Tim* I'll have it so My steward!

*Flav* Here my lord

*Tim* So fully? Go bid all my friends again

Lucius Lucullus and Sempronius

All sirrah all

I'll once more feast the rascals

*Flav* O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul

There is not so much left to furnish out

A moderate table

*Tim* Be it not in thy care go

I charge thee invite them all Let in the tide

Of knaves once more my cook and I'll provide {*Exit*

SCENE V *The same the Senate house*

*The Senate sitting*

*1st Sen* My lord you have my voice to it the fault's

Bloody 'tis necessary he should die

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy

*2nd Sen* Most true the law shall bruise him

*Enter ALCIBIADES with Attendants*

*Alcib* Honour, health, and compassion to the Senate!

*1st Sen* Now captain?

*Alcib* I am an humble suitor to your virtues,  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly  
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine who in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice—  
An honour in him which buys out his fault—  
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death  
He did oppose his foe,  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger ere twas spent  
As if he had but proved an argument

*1st Sen* You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed lool fair  
Your words have took such pains as if they labour'd

To bring manslaughter into form and set quarrelling

Upon the head of valour, which indeed  
Is valour misbegot and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born  
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe and make his wrongs

His outsides, to wear them like his raiment,  
carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger

If wrongs be evils and enforce us kill,  
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

*Alcib* My lord—

*1st Sen* You cannot make gross sins look clear

To revenge is no valour but to bear

*Alcib* My lords then, under favour pardon me

If I speak like a captain

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle  
And not endure all threats? sleep upon it,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,  
Without repugnance? If there be

Such valour in the bearing what make we  
Abroad? why then women are more valiant  
That stay at home, if bearing carry it

And the ass more captain than the lion the felon  
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,

If wisdom be in suffering O my lords,  
As you are great be pitifully good  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?  
To kill I grant, is sin's extremest gust,  
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just  
To be in anger is impiety,  
But who is man that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this

*2nd Sen* You breathe in vain

*Alcib* In vain! his service done  
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium  
Were a sufficient briber for his life

*1st Sen* What is that?

*Alcib* I say my lords, he has done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

*2nd Sen* He has made too much plenty with  
em,

He's a sworn rioter he has a sin that often  
Drowns him and takes his valour prisoner  
If there were no foes, that were enough

To overcome him In that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages  
And cherish factions 'Tis infer'd to us  
His days are foul and his drink dangerous

*1st Sen* He dies

*Alcib* Hard fate! he might have died in war  
My lords, if not for any parts in him—  
Though his right arm might purchase his own  
time

And be in debt to none—yet more to move you  
Take my deserts to his and join 'em both,  
And for I know your reverend ages love

Security I'll pawn my victories all  
My honours to you upon his good returns  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why let the war receive it in valiant gore,

For law is strict and war is nothing more  
*1st Sen* We are for law He dies Urge it no  
more

On height of our displeasure Friend or brother  
He forfeits his own blood that spills another

*Alcib* Must it be so? it must not be My lords,  
I do beseech you know me

*2nd Sen* How!

*Alcib* Call me to your remembrances

*3rd Sen* What!

*Alcib* I cannot think but your age has forgot  
me,

It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue and be denied such common grace  
My wounds ache at you

*1st Sen* Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words but spacious in effect  
We banish thee for ever

*Alcib* Banish me!  
 Banish your dotage banish usury  
 That makes the Senate usury 100  
*1st Sen* If after two days shine Athens contain  
 thee  
 Attend our weightier judgement And not to  
 swell our spirit  
 He shall be executed presently

[*Exeunt SENATORS*]  
*Alcib* Now the gods keep you old enough that  
 you may live  
 Only in bone that none may look on you!  
 I am worse than mad I have kept back their foes  
 While they have told their money and let out  
 Their coin upon large interest I myself  
 Rich only in large hurts All those for this?  
 Is this the balsam that the usuring Senate  
 Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment! 110  
 It comes not ill I hate not to be banish'd  
 It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury  
 That I may strike at Athens I'll cheer up  
 My discontented troops and lay for hearts  
 'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds  
 Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods  
 [*Exit*]

SCENE VI The same a banquetting room in  
 Timon's house

*Musick* Tables set out *Servants* attending *Enter*  
*divers LORDS SENATORS and others at several*  
*doors*

*1st Lord* The good time of day to you sir  
*2nd Lord* I also wish it to you I think this  
 honourable lord did but try us this other day  
*1st Lord* Upon that were my thoughts tiring  
 when we encountered I hope it is not so low  
 with him as he made it seem in the trial of his  
 several friends  
*2nd Lord* It should not be by the persuasion of  
 his new feasting 9  
*1st Lord* I should think so He hath sent me an  
 earnest inviting which many my near occasions  
 did urge me to put off but he hath conjured me  
 beyond them and I must needs appear  
*2nd Lord* In like manner as I in debt to my  
 unfortunate business but he would not hear my  
 excuse I am sorry when he sent to borrow of  
 me that my provision was out  
*1st Lord* I am sick of that grief too as I under-  
 stand how all things go 10  
*2nd Lord* Every man here is so What would he  
 have borrowed of you?  
*1st Lord* A thousand pieces  
*2nd Lord* A thousand pieces!  
*1st Lord* What of you?  
*2nd Lord* He sent to me sir—Here he comes

*Enter TIMON and Attendants*

*Tim* With all my heart gentlemen both and  
 how fare you?

*1st Lord* Ever at the best hearing well of your  
 lordship 30

*2nd Lord* The swallow follows not summer  
 more willing than we your lordship

*Tim* [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter  
 such summer birds are men Gentlemen, our  
 dinner will not recompense this long stay Feast  
 your ears with the music awhile if they will fare  
 so harshly on the trumpet's sound we shall to it  
 presently

*2nd Lord* I hope it remains not unkindly with  
 your lordship that I returned you an empty mes-  
 senger 41

*Tim* O sir let it not trouble you

*2nd Lord* My noble lord—

*Tim* Ah my good friend what cheer?

*2nd Lord* My most honourable lord I am even  
 sick of shame that when your lordship this other  
 day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar

*Tim* Think not on it sir

*2nd Lord* If you had sent but two hours be-  
 fore— 51

*Tim* Let it not cumber your better remem-  
 brance [*The banquet brought in*] Come bring in  
 all together

*2nd Lord* All covered dishes!

*1st Lord* Royal cheer I warrant you

*3rd Lord* Doubt not that if money and the  
 season can yield it

*1st Lord* How do you? What's the news?

*3rd Lord* Alcibiades is banished Hear you of  
 it? 61

*1st and 2nd Lord* Alcibiades banished!

*3rd Lord* 'Tis so be sure of it

*1st Lord* How! how!

*2nd Lord* I pray you upon what?

*Tim* My worthy friends will you draw near?

*3rd Lord* I'll tell you more anon Here's a noble  
 feasting coward

*2nd Lord* This is the old man still

*3rd Lord* Will it hold? will it hold? 70

*2nd Lord* It does but time will—and so—

*3rd Lord* I do concern

*Tim* Each man to his stool with that spur as he  
 would to the lip of his mistress your diet shall  
 be in all places alike Make not a city feast of it  
 to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the  
 first place Sit sit The gods require our thanks

On great benefactors sprinkle our society with  
 thankfulness For your own gifts make your  
 selves praised but reserve still to give, let your

deities be despised Lend to each man enough,  
that one need not lend to another, for, were your  
godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake  
the gods Make the meat be beloved more than  
the man that gives it Let no assembly of twenty  
be without a score of villains If there sit twelve  
women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as  
they are The rest of your foes, O gods—the  
senators of Athens, together with the common lag  
of people—what is amiss in them, you gods, make  
suitable for destruction For these my present  
friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing  
bless them, and to nothing are they welcome

Uncover, dogs, and lap

*The dishes are uncovered and seen to be full of  
warm water*

*Some speak* What does his lordship mean?

*Some other* I know not

*Tim* May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth friends! Smoke and luke-  
warm water

Is your perfection This is Timon's last 100  
Who stuck and spangled with your flatteries,  
Washes it off and sprinkles in your faces  
Your reeking villany

*Throwing the water in their faces*

Live loathed and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites  
Courteous destroyers affable wolves meek  
bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's  
flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man and beast the infinite malady

Crust you quite ~~er~~! What dost thou go?

Soft! take thy physic first—thou too—and thou,

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none 111

*Throws the dishes at them and drives them out*

What all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not ~~er~~ welcome guest

Burn house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon man and all humanity! [Exit

*Re enter the LORDS SENATORS, &c*

*1st Lord* How now, my lords!

*2nd Lord* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

*3rd Lord* Push! did you see my cap?

*4th Lord* I have lost my gown 120

*1st Lord* He ~~er~~ but a mad lord and nought but  
humour sways him He gave me a jewel th'  
other day and now he has beat it out of my hat  
Did you see my jewel?

*3rd Lord* Did you see my cap?

*2nd Lord* Here 'tis

*4th Lord* Here lies my gown

*1st Lord* Let's make no stay

*2nd Lord* Lord Timon's mad

*3rd Lord* I feel't upon my bones 130

*4th Lord* One day he gives us diamonds next  
day stones [Exit

## ACT IV

### SCENE I Without the walls of Athens

*Enter TIMON*

*Tim* Let me look back upon thee O thou wall  
That girdlest in those wolvs, dive in the earth  
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!

Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,  
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads! To general filth  
Convert o the instant, green virginity!

Do t in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast,  
Rather than render back, out with your knives  
And cut your trusters throats! Bound servants,  
steal! 10

Large handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law Mad to thy master's bed,  
Thy mistress is o the brothel! Son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,  
Religion to the gods peace, justice truth  
Domestic awe night-rest and neighbourhood,  
Instruction manners, mysteries, and trades  
Degrees observances, customs and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries 20  
And let confusion live! Plagues, incident to  
men

Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth  
That gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
And drown themselves in riot! Itches blains  
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop  
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath, 30  
That their society as their friendship may  
Be merely poison! Nothing I ll bear from thee,  
But nakedness thou detestable town!  
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!  
Timon will to the woods, where he shall find  
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind  
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods  
all—

The Athenians both within and out that wall!  
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! 40  
Amen [Exit

SCENE II *Athens a room in Timon's house*

*Enter FLAVIUS with FLO and three SERVANTS*

1st Serv. Hear you master steward where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remain?

Flav. Alack my fellows what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the merciful gods

I am as poor as you

1st Serv. Such a house broke?

So noble a master fall'n? All gone? and not

One friend to take his fortune by the arm

And go along with him?

2nd Serv. As we do turn our backs

From our companion thrown into his grave

So his familiars to his buried fortunes

Slink all away leave their false vows with him

Like empty purses pick'd and his poor self

A dedicated beggar to the air

With his disease of all shunn'd poverty

Walks like contempt alone More of our fellows

*Enter other SERVANTS*

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house

3rd Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's

livery

That see I by our faces we are fellows still

Servants alike in sorrow Leak'd is our bark

And we poor mates stand on the dying deck

Hearing the surges threat We must all part

Into this sea of air

Flav. Good fellows all

The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you

Wherever we shall meet for Timon's sake

Let's yet be fellows let's shake our heads and say

As twere a knell unto our master's fortunes

We have seen better days Let each take some

Day put our all your hands Not one word more

Thus we part rich in sorrow parting poor

*Servants embrace and part several ways*

O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt

Since riches point to misery and contempt?

Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live

But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp and all what state compounds

But only painted like his varnish'd friends?

Poor honest lord brow'd low by his own heart

Undone by goodness? Strange unusual blood

When man's worst sin is he does too much good?

Who then dares to be half so kind again?

For bounty that makes gods does still mar men

My dearest lord, bless'd, to be most accursed,

Rich only to be wretched thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions Alas kind lord!

He's flung in rage from this ingrateful sear

Of monstrous friends nor has he with him to

Supply his life or that which can command it

I'll follow and inquire him out

I'll ever serve his mind with my best will

Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still

*[Exit]*

SCENE III *Woods and cave near the sea shore*

*Enter TIMON from the cave*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun draw from the earth

Rotten humidity below thy sister's orb

Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb

Whose procreation residence and birth

Scarce is dividant touch them with several for

tunes

The greater scorns the lesser Not nature,

To whom all sores lay siege can bear great

fortune

But by contempt of nature

Raise me this beggar and deny't that lord

The senator shall bear contempt hereditary

The beggar native honour

It is the pasture lards the rother's sides

The want that makes him lean Who dares

who dares

In purity of manhood stand upright

And say This man's a flatterer? if one be,

So are they all for every guise of fortune

Is smoo'd by that below The learned pate

Ducks to the golden fool All is oblique

There's nothing level in our cursed natures

But direct villainy Therefore be abhor'd

All feasts societies and thrones of men!

His semblable yea himself Timon disdains

Destruction fang mankind! Earth yield me

roots! *[Digging]*

Who seeks for better of thee sauce his palate

With thy most operant poison? What is here?

Gold? yellow glittering precious gold? No

gods

I am no idle votarist roots you clear heavens!

Thus much of this will make black white foul

fair

Wrong's right base noble old young's coward

valiant

Ha you gods! why thus? what this you gods?

Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads

This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions bless the accursed,

Make the hoar leprosy adored place thieves

And give them title knee, and approbation  
 With senators on the bench This is it  
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again,  
 She whom the spital house and ulcerous sores  
 Would cast the gorge at, thus embalms and  
 spices 40

To the April day again Come, damned earth,  
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
 Do thy right nature [*March afar off*] Ha! a  
 drum? Thou art quick,

But yet I'll bury thee Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand

Nay stay thou out for earnest

*Keeping some gold*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike  
 manner, PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA*

*Alcib* What art thou there? speak

*Tim* A beast, as thou art The canker gnaw  
 thy heart,

For showing me again the eyes of man! 50

*Alcib* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to  
 thee,

That art thyself a man?

*Tim* I am Misanthropos and hate man! and

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something

*Alcib* I know thee well,

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange

*Tim* I know thee too, and more than that I  
 know thee,

I not desire to know Follow thy drum,

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules!

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel, 60

Then what should war be? This fell whore of  
 thine

Harsh in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubin look

*Phry* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim* I will not kiss thee then the rot returns

To thine own lips again

*Alcib* How came the noble Timon to this  
 change?

*Tim* As the moon does by wanting light to  
 give

But then renew I could not like the moon

There were no suns to borrow of

*Alcib* Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim* None, but to 70

Maintain my opinion

*Alcib* What is it Timon?

*Tim* Promise me friendship, but perform  
 none If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague  
 thee, for thou art a man! If thou dost perform,

confound thee, for thou art a man!

*Alcib* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries

*Tim* Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity

*Alcib* I see them now, then was a blessed time

*Tim* As thine is now, held with a brace of  
 harlots

*Timon* Is this the Athenian minion, whom the  
 world 80

Voiced so regardfully?

*Tim* Art thou Timandra?

*Timon* Yes

*Tim* Be a whore still They love thee not that  
 use thee,

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves

For tubs and baths, bring down rose checked  
 youth

To the tub-fast and the diet

*Timon* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib* Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his  
 wits

Are drown'd and lost in his calamities

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, 90

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band I have heard, and grieved,

How cursed Athens mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour  
 states

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them—

*Tim* I prithee beat thy drum and get thee  
 gone

*Alcib* I am thy friend, and pity thee dear

Timon

*Tim* How dost thou pity him whom thou dost  
 trouble?

I had rather be alone

*Alcib* Why, fare thee well

Here is some gold for thee

*Tim* Keep it, I cannot eat it 100

*Alcib* When I have laid proud Athens on a  
 heap—

*Tim* Warr'st thou against Athens?

*Alcib* Ay, Timon and have cause

*Tim* The gods confound them all in thy con-  
 quest

And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib* Why me Timon?

*Tim* That by killing of villains,

Thou wast born to conquer my country

Put up thy gold Go on Here's gold Go on

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vice city bring his poison

In the sick air Let not thy sword skip one 110

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard

He is an usurer Strike me the counterfeit mat-  
 ron,



It is her habit only that is honest  
 Herself's a bawd Let not the virgin's cheek  
 Make soft thy trenchant sword for those milk  
 paps  
 That through the window bars bore at men's  
 eyes  
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ  
 But set them down horrible traitors Spare not  
 the babe  
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their  
 mercy  
 Think it a bastard whom the oracle 120  
 Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut  
 And mince it sans remorse Swear against ob-  
 jects  
 Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes  
 Whose proof nor yells of mothers' maids nor  
 babes  
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding  
 Shall pierce a jot There's gold to pay thy sol-  
 diers  
 Make large confusion and thy fury spent  
 Confounded be thyself! Speak not be gone  
*Alcib* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold  
 thou givest me  
 Not all thy counsel 130  
*Tim* Dost thou or dost thou not heaven's  
 curse upon thee!  
*Phr and Timon* Give us some gold, good  
 Timon Hast thou more?  
*Tim* Enough to make a whore forswear her  
 trade  
 And to make whores a bawd Hold up you  
 sluts  
 Your aprons mountant You are not oathable—  
 Although I know you'll swear terribly swear  
 Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues  
 The immortal gods that hear you—spare your  
 oaths  
 I'll trust to your conditions Be whores still  
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you  
 Be strong in whore allure him burn him up 141  
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke  
 And be no turncoats Yet may your pains six  
 months  
 Be quite contrary! And tharch your poor thin  
 roofs  
 With burthens of the dead—some that were  
 hang'd  
 No matter!—Wear them betray with them  
 Whore still  
 Paint till a horse may mire upon your face  
 A pot of wrinkles!  
*Phr and Timon* Well more gold What then?  
 Believe it that we'll do anything for gold 150  
*Tim* Consumptions sow

In hollow bones of man strike their sharp spurs  
 And mar men's spurring Crack the lawyers  
 voice  
 That he may never more false title plead  
 Nor sound his quill's shrilly Hoar the flamen  
 That scolds against the quality of flesh  
 And not believes himself Down with the nose  
 Down with it flat take the bridge quite away  
 Of him that his particular to foresee  
 Smells from the general weal Make curl'd pate  
 ruffians bald 160  
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
 Derive some pain from you Plague all  
 That your activity may defeat and quell  
 The source of all erection There's more gold  
 Do you damn others and let this damn you  
 And ditches grave you all!  
*Phr and Timon* More counsel with more  
 money bounteous Timon  
*Tim* More whore more mischief first I have  
 given you earnest  
*Alcib* Strike up the drum towards Athens!  
 Farewell Timon  
 If I thrive well I'll visit thee again 170  
*Tim* If I hope well I'll never see thee more  
*Alcib* I never did thee harm  
*Tim* Yes thou spokest well of me  
*Alcib* Call it thou that harm?  
*Tim* Men daily find it Get thee away and  
 take  
 Thy beagles with thee  
*Alcib* We but offend him Strike!  
*[Drum beats Exeunt ALCIBIADES PHRYNIA and  
 TIMANDRA]*  
*Tim* That nature, being sick of man's un-  
 kindness  
 Should yet be hungry! Common mother thou  
 Digging  
 Whose womb unmeasurable and infinite breast  
 Teems and feeds all whose selfsame mettle,  
 Whereof thy proud child arrogant man is puff'd  
 Engenders the black toad and adder blue 181  
 The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm  
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven  
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine  
 Yield him who all thy human sons doth hate  
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor roo!  
 Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,  
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
 Go great with tigers dragons wolves and bears  
 Teem with new monsters whom thy upward face  
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above 191  
 Never presented!—O a roo! Dear thanks!—  
 Dry up thy marrows vines and plough torn leas  
 Whereof ingrateful man with liquorish draughts  
 And morsels unctuous greases his pure munda

That from it all consideration slips'

*Enter APEMANTUS*

More man? plague, plague!

*Apem* I was directed hither Men report  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them

*Tim* 'Tis then because thou dost not keep a  
dog, 200

Whom I would imitate Consumption catch thee!

*Apem* This is in thee a nature but infected,  
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung  
From change of fortune Why this spade? this  
place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatters yet wear silk, drink wine lie soft,  
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was Shame not these woods  
By putting on the cunning of a carper

Be thou a flatterer now and seek to thrive 210

By that which has undone thee Hinge thy knee  
And let his very breath, whom thou dost observe  
Blow off thy cap, praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent Thou wast told thus,

Thou gavest thine ears like tapsters that bid  
welcome

To knaves and all approachers 'Tis most just  
That thou turn rascal hadst thou wealth again  
Rascals should have it Do not assume my like-  
ness

*Tim* Were I like thee I'd throw away my self

*Apem* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like  
thyself, 220

A madman so long, now a fool What think'st  
That the bleak air thy boisterous chamberlain  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd  
trees,

That have outlived the eagle page thy heels,  
And skip where thou point'st out? Will the cold  
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste  
To cure thy mer night's surfeit? Call the crea-  
tures

Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wretched heaven, whose bare unhoused  
trunks,

To the conflicting elements exposed 230

Answer mere nature, bid them flatter thee,  
O thou shalt find—

*Tim* A fool of thee Depart

*Apem* I love thee better now than ere I did

*Tim* I hate thee worse

*Apem* Why?

*Tim* Thou flatter'st misery

*Apem* I flatter not, but say thou art a catiff

*Tim* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem* To vex thee

*Tim* Always a villain's office or a fool's  
Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem* Ay

*Tim* What? a knave too?

*Apem* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride 'twere well, but thou 240  
Dost it enforcedly, thou'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar Willing misery

Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before  
The one is filling still, never complete,  
The other, at high wish Best state contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being  
Worse than the worst, content

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable

*Tim* Not by his breath that is more miserable  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm 250  
With favour never clasp'd but bred a dog  
Hadst thou like us from our first swath, pro-  
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou wouldest have plunged  
thyself

In general riot melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee But my self,  
Who had the world as my confectionary 260  
The mouths, the tongues the eyes, and hearts of  
men

At duty more than I could frame employment,  
That numberless upon me stuck as leaves  
Do on the oak have with one winter's brush

Fell from their boughs and left me open bare  
For every storm that blows I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't Why shouldst thou  
hate men? 269

They never flatter'd thee What hast thou  
given?

If thou wilt curse thy father, that poor rag,  
Must be thy subject, who in spite put stuff  
To some she beggar and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary Hence, be gone!  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer

*Apem* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim* Ay that I am not thee

*Apem* I, that I was

No prodigal

*Tim* I, that I am one now

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it Get thee gone  
That the whole life of Athens were in this! 281  
Thus would I eat it [*Eating a root*]

*Apem* Here I will mend thy feast  
*Offering him a root*  
*Tim* First mend my company take away thy self  
*Apem* So I shall mend mine own by the lack of thine  
*Tim* 'Tis not well mended so it is but borch d  
 If not I would it were  
*Apem* What wouldst thou have to Athens?  
*Tim* Thee thither in a whirlwind If thou wilt  
 Tell them there I have gold look so I have  
*Apem* Here is no use for gold  
*Tim* The best and truest 290  
 For here it sleeps and does no hired harm  
*Apem* Where liest thou nights Timon?  
*Tim* Under that's above me  
 Where feedst thou o days Apemantus?  
*Apem* Where my stomach finds meat or  
 rather where I eat it  
*Tim* Wouldst thou were obedient and knew  
 my mind!  
*Apem* Where wouldst thou send it?  
*Tim* To sauce thy dishes 299  
*Apem* The middle of humanity thou never  
 knewest but the extremity of both ends When  
 thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they  
 mocked thee for too much curiosity in thy rags  
 thou knowest none but art despised for the con-  
 trary There's a medlar for thee eat it  
*Tim* On what I hate I feed not  
*Apem* Dost hate a medlar?  
*Tim* Ay though it look like thee  
*Apem* An thou hadst hated medlers sooner  
 thou shouldst have loved thyself better now  
 What man didst thou ever know unthrift that  
 was beloved after his means?  
*Tim* Who without those means thou talkest  
 of didst thou ever know beloved?  
*Apem* Myself  
*Tim* I understand thee thou hadst some means  
 to keep a dog  
*Apem* What things in the world canst thou  
 nearest compare to thy flatterers? 319  
*Tim* Women nearest but men men are the  
 things them elves What wouldst thou do with  
 the world Apemantus if it lay in thy power?  
*Apem* Give it the beasts to be rid of the men  
*Tim* Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the con-  
 fusion of men, and remain a beast with the  
 beasts?  
*Apem* Ay Timon  
*Tim* A beastly ambition which the gods grant  
 thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion the fox  
 would bestride thee If thou wert the lamb the  
 fox would eat thee If thou wert the fox the  
 lion would suspect thee when peradventure thou

were accused by the ass If thou wert the ass thy  
 dulness would torment thee and still thou livedst  
 but as a breakfast to the wolf If thou wert  
 the wolf thy greediness would afflict thee and  
 oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner  
 Wert thou the unicorn pride and wrath would  
 confound thee and make thine own self the con-  
 quest of thy fury Wert thou a bear thou wouldst  
 be killed by the horse Wert thou a horse thou  
 wouldst be seized by the leopard Wert thou  
 a leopard thou wert german to the lion and the  
 spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life All  
 thy safety were remotion and thy defence ab-  
 sence What beast couldst thou be that were not  
 subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou  
 already that seest not thy loss in transforma-  
 tion! 349

*Apem* If thou couldst please me with speaking  
 to me thou mightst have hit upon it here The  
 commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of  
 beasts

*Tim* How has the ass broke the wall that thou  
 art out of the city?

*Apem* Yonder comes a poet and a painter the  
 plague of company light upon thee! I will fear  
 catch it and give way When I know not what  
 else to do I'll see thee again 359

*Tim* When there is nothing living but thee,  
 thou shalt be welcome I had rather be a beg-  
 gar's dog than Apemantus

*Apem* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive

*Tim* Would thou wert clean enough to spit  
 upon!

*Apem* A plague on thee! Thou art too bad to  
 curse

*Tim* All villains that do stand by thee are pure

*Apem* There is no leprosy but what thou  
 speakest

*Tim* If I name thee

I'll beat thee but I should infect my hands

*Apem* I would my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim* Away thou issue of a man's dog! 371

Choler does kill me that thou art alive

I would to see thee

*Apem* Would thou wouldst burst!

*Tim* Away

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose

A stone by thee [Throws a stone at him]

*Apem* Beast!

*Tim* Slave!

*Apem* Toad!

*Tim* Rogue rogue rogue!

I am sick of this false world and will love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it

Then Timon presently prepare thy grave

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave stone daily, make thine epitaph 380  
 That death in me at others' lives may laugh  
 [To the gold] O thou sweet ling-killer, and dear  
 divorce

'Twix natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
 Of Hy men's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
 Thou ever young fresh, loved, and delicate  
 wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
 That lies in Dian's lap! thou visible god  
 That solder'st close impossibilities  
 And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every  
 tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts! 390  
 Think thy slave man rebels and by thy virtue  
 Set them into confounding odds that beasts  
 May have the world in empire!

*Ape* Would 'twere so!  
 But not till I am dead I'll say thou'st gold  
 Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly

*Tim* Throng'd to!  
*Ape* Ay

*Tim* Thy back, I prithee  
*Ape* Live, and love thy misery  
*Tim* Long live so, and so die [Exit APEMAN-  
 tus] I am quit

Moe things like men! Eat Timon, and abhor  
 them

*Enter BANDITTI*

*1st Ban* Where should he have this gold? It is  
 some poor fragment, some slender ort of his  
 remainder The mere want of gold and the fall  
 ing from of his friends, drove him into this  
 melancholy

*2nd Ban* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure

*3rd Ban* Let us make the assay upon him If he  
 care not for't, he will supply us easily, if he  
 covetously reserve it how shall's get it?

*2nd Ban* True for he bears it not about him,  
 tis hid

*1st Ban* Is not this he? 410  
*Banditti* Where?

*2nd Ban* 'Tis his description

*3rd Ban* He, I know him

*Banditti* Save thee, Timon

*Tim* Now, thieves?

*Banditti* Soldiers not thieves

*Tim* Both too, and women's sons

*Banditti* We are not thieves but men that much  
 do want

*Tim* Your greatest want is you want much of  
 meat

Why should you want? Behold the earth hath  
 roots 420

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs,

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips,  
 The bounteous housewife, Nature, on each bush  
 Lays her full mess before you Want! why want?  
*1st Ban* We cannot live on grass, on berries,  
 water,

As beasts and birds and fishes

*Tim* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds,  
 and fishes,

You must eat men Yet thanks I must you con  
 That you are thieves profess'd that you work not  
 In holier shapes for there is boundless theft 430  
 In limited professions Rascal thieves,  
 Here's gold Go, suck the subtle blood o' the  
 grape,

Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,  
 And so scape hanging Trust not the physician  
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
 More than you rob Take wealth and lives to-  
 gether

Do villainy, do, since you protest to do't  
 Lill e workmen I'll example you with thuevery  
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea the moon's an arrant thief, 440  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The moon into salt tears, the earth's a thief  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
 From general excrement each thing's a thief,  
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough  
 power

Have unchecked'd theft Love not yourselves  
 Away,

Rob one another There's more gold Cut  
 throats

All that you meet are thieves To Athens go,  
 Break open shops, nothing can you steal, 450  
 But thieves do lose it Steal no less for this  
 I give you, and gold confound you howsoever!  
 Amen

*3rd Ban* Has almost charmed me from my  
 profession by persuading me to it

*1st Ban* 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he  
 thus advises us, not to have us thrive in our  
 mystery

*2nd Ban* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give  
 over my trade 460

*1st Ban* Let us first see peace in Athens There  
 is no time so miserable but a man may be true

[Exit BANDITTI]

*Enter FLAVIUS*

*Flav* O you gods!  
 Is yond despised and ruinous man my lord?  
 Full of decay and failing? O monument  
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
 What an alteration of honour

Has desperate want made'  
 What viler thing upon the earth than friends 40  
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends'  
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise  
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies'  
 Grant I may ever love and rather woo  
 Those that would mischief me than those that do'

Has caught me in his eye I will present  
 My honest grief unto him and as my lord  
 Still serve him with my life My dearest master'  
*Tim* Away! what art thou?

*Flav* Have you forgot me sir?

*Tim* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men 480

Then if thou grant'st thou'st a man I have for  
 got thee

*Flav* An honest poor servant of yours

*Tim* Then I know thee not

I never had honest man about me I all

I kept were knaves to serve men meat to villains

*Flav* The gods are witness

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord than mine eyes for you

*Tim* What dost thou weep? Come nearer

Then I love thee

Because thou art a woman and disclaim'st 490

Flinty mankind whose eyes do never give

But thorough lust and laughter Pity's sleeping

Strange times that weep with laughing not with  
 weeping!

*Flav* I beg of you to know me good my lord

To accept my grief and whilst this poor wealth  
 lasts

To entertain me as your steward still

*Tim* Had I a steward

So true so just and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild

Let me behold thy face Surely this man 500

Was born of woman

Forgive my general and exceptionless rashness

You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim

One honest man—mistake me not—but one

No more I pray—and he's a steward

How fain would I have hated all mankind!

And thou redeem'st thyself but all else thee

I fell with curses

Methinks thou art more honest now than wise

For by oppressing and betraying me 510

Thou might'st have sooner got another service

For many so arrive at second masters

Upon their first lord's neck But tell me true—

For I must ever doubt though ne'er so sure—

Is not thy kindness subtle covetous

If not a usurious kindness and as rich men deal  
 gifts

Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav* No my most worthy master in whose  
 breast

Doubt and suspect alas are placed too late

You should have fear'd false times when you did  
 feast 520

Suspect still comes where an estate is least

That which I show Heaven knows is merely  
 love

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind

Care of your food and living and believe it

My most honour'd lord

For any benefit that points to me

Either in hope or present I'd exchange

For this one wish that you had power and wealth

To requite me by making rich yourself

*Tim* Look thee thus so! Thou singly honest  
 man 530

Here take The gods out of my misery

Have sent thee treasure Go live rich and happy

But thus condition'd thou shalt build from men

Hate all curse all show charity to none

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone

Ere thou relieve the beggar give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men let prisons swallow  
 em

Debts wither em to nothing be men like blasted  
 woods

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so farewell and thrive

*Flav* O let me stay 540

And comfort you my master

*Tim* If thou hatest curses

Stay not fly whilst thou art blest and free

Ne'er see thou man and let me ne'er see thee

[*Exit FLAVIUS. TIMON retires to his cave*]

## ACT V

SCENE 1 The woods Before Timon's cave

*Enter POET and PAINTER. TIMON watching them  
 from his cave*

*Pain* As I took note of the place it cannot be  
 far where he abides

*Poet* What's to be thought of him? Does the  
 rumour hold for true that he's so full of gold?

*Pain* Certain Alcibiades reports it Phrynia  
 and Timandra had gold of him He likewise en-  
 riched poor straggling soldiers with great quan-  
 tity 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty  
 sum

*Poet* Then this breaking of his has been but a  
 try for his friends

*Pain* Nothing else You shall see him a palm in  
 Athens again, and flourish with the highest  
 Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to

him in this supposed distress of his It will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for if it be a just and true report that goes of his having

*Poet* What have you now to present unto him?

*Pam* Nothing at this time but my visitation, only I will promise him an excellent piece 21

*Poet* I must serve him so too, tell him of an intent that's coming toward him

*Pam* Good as the best Promising is the very air o' the time it opens the eyes of expectation Performance is ever the duller for his act and but in the plainer and simpler kind of people the deed of saying is quite out of use To promise is most courtly and fashionable, performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it

*Timon comes from his cave behind*

*Tim* [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thy self

*Poet* I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him It must be a personating of himself, a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency

*Tim* [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee

*Poet* Nay let's seek him

Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late

*Pam* True

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light  
Come

*Tim* [*Aside*] I'll meet you at the turn What a god's gold, 50

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that riggst the bark and ploughst the foam

Settest admired reverence in a slave

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues that thee alone obey!

Fit I meet them [*Coming forward*]

*Poet* Hail worthy Timon!

*Pam* Our late noble master!

*Tim* Have I once lived to see two honest men?

*Poet* Sir 60

Having often of your open bounty tasted

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough

What! to you

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I am rapt and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words

*Tim* Let it go naked men may see t the better  
You that are honest, by being what you are, 71  
Make them best seen and known

*Pam* He and my self  
Have travaill'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it

*Tim* Ay, you are honest men

*Pam* We are hither come to offer you our service

*Tim* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?

Can you eat roots and drink cold water? no

*Both* What we can do we'll do, to do you service

*Tim* Ye're honest men Ye've heard that I have gold,

I am sure you have Speak truth, ye're honest men 80

*Pam* So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore  
Came not my friend nor I

*Tim* Good honest men! Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens Thou'rt indeed the best  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively

*Pam* So so, my lord

*Tim* E'en so, sir, as I say And for thy fiction,  
Why thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth

That thou art even natural in thine art  
But for all this my honest natured friends

I must needs say you have a little fault 90

Marry 'tis not monstrous in you neither wish I  
You take much pains to mend

*Both* Beseech your honour

To make it known to us

*Tim* You'll take it ill

*Both* Most thankfully, my lord

*Tim* Will you indeed?

*Both* Doubt it not worthy lord

*Tim* There's never a one of you but trusts a knave

That mightily deceives you

*Both* Do we, my lord?

*Tim* Ay and you hear him cog see him dissemble

Know his gross patchery love him feed him,  
Keep in your bosom Yet remain assured 100  
That he's a made up villain

*Pam* I know none such, my lord

*Poet* Nor I

*Tim* Look you I love you well I'll give you gold

Rid me these villains from your companies

Hang them or stab them drown them in a draught  
 Confound them by some course and come to me  
 I'll give you gold enough  
*Boils* Name them my lord let's know them  
*Tim* You that way and you this but two in company

Each man apart all single and alone 110  
 Yet an arch villain keeps him company  
 If where thou art two villains shall not be  
 Come not near him If thou wouldst not reside  
 But where one villain is then him abandon  
 Hence pack! there's gold you came for gold  
 ye slaves!  
*[To PAINTER]* You have work'd for me there's  
 payment for you Hence!  
*[To POET]* You are an alchemist make gold of  
 that  
 O rascal dogs!

*Beats them out and then retires to his cave*

*Enter FLAVIUS and TWO SENATORS*

*Flav* It is in vain that you would speak with  
 Timon

For he is set so only to himself 120  
 That nothing but himself which looks like man  
 Is friendly with him

*1st Sen* Bring us to his cave  
 It is our part and promise to the Athenians  
 To speak with Timon

*2nd Sen* At all times alike  
 Men are not still the same 'Twas time and griefs  
 That framed him thus time with his fairer hand  
 Offering the fortunes of his former days  
 The former man may make him Bring us to him  
 And chance it as it may

*Flav* Here is his cave 129  
 Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!  
 Look out and speak to friends The Athenians  
 By two of their most reverend Senate greet thee  
 Speak to them noble Timon

*TIMON comes from his cave*

*Tim* Thou sun that comfort'st burn! Speak  
 and be hang'd  
 For each true word a blister! and each false  
 Be as a cauterizing to the root in the tongue  
 Consuming it with speaking!

*1st Sen* Worthy Timon—  
*Tim* Of none but such as you and you of  
 Timon

*1st Sen* The senators of Athens greet thee  
 Timon

*Tim* I thank them and would send them back  
 the plague 140  
 Could I but catch it for them

*1st Sen* O forget  
 What we are sorry for ourselves in thee  
 The senators with one consent of love  
 Entreat thee back to Athens who have thought  
 On special dignities which vacant lie  
 For thy best use and wearing

*2nd Sen* They confess  
 Toward thee forgetfulness too general gross  
 Which now the public body which doth seldom  
 Play the recanter feeling in itself  
 A lack of Timon's aid hath sense withal 150  
 Of its own fail restraining aid to Timon  
 And send forth us to make their sorrow'd render  
 Together with a recompense more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram  
 Ay even such heaps and sums of love and wealth  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs  
 And write in thee the figures of their love  
 Ever to read them thine

*Tim* You witch me in it  
 Surprise me to the very brink of tears  
 Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes 160  
 And I'll bewep these comforts worthy senators  
*1st Sen* Therefore so please thee to return with  
 us

And of our Athens thine and ours to take  
 The captainship thou shalt be met with thanks  
 Allow'd with absolute power and thy good name  
 Live with authority so soon we shall drive back  
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild  
 Who like a boar too savage doth root up  
 His country's peace

*2nd Sen* And shakes his threatening sword  
 Against the walls of Athens

*1st Sen* Therefore Timon— 170  
*Tim* Well sir I will therefore I will sir  
 thus

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen  
 Let Alcibiades know this of Timon  
 That Timon care not But if he sack fair Athens  
 And take our goodly aged men by the beards  
 Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
 Of contumelious beastly mad brain'd war  
 Then let him know and tell him Timon speaks it  
 In pity of our aged and our youth  
 I cannot choose but tell him that I care not 180  
 And let him take it at worst for their knives care  
 not

Whence you have throats to answer For my self  
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp  
 But I do prize it at my love before  
 The reverend st throat in Athens So I leave you  
 To the protection of the prosperous gods  
 As thieves to keepers

*Flav* Stay not all's in vain  
*Tim* Why I was warning of my epitaph

It will be seen to-morrow My long sickness  
Of health and living now begins to mend, 190  
And nothing brings me all things Go, live still,  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

1st Sen We speak in vain

Tim But yet I love my country, and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common brut doth put it

1st Sen That's well spoke

Tim Commend me to my loving country men—

1st Sen These words become your lips as they  
pass through them

2nd Sen And enter in our ears like great  
triumphers

In their applauding gates

Tim Commend me to them, 200

And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage I will some kindness  
do them

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades'  
wrath

1st Sen I like this well he will return again

Tim I have a tree which grows here in my  
close,

That mine own use invites me to cut down  
And shortly must I fell it Tell my friends, 210  
Tell Athens in the sequence of degree  
From high to low throughout, that whoso  
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe  
And hang himself I pray you, do my greeting  
Flaw Trouble him no further, thus you still  
shall find him

Tim Come not to me again but say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood  
Who once a day with his embossed froth 220  
The turbulent surge shall cover Thither come,  
And let my grave stone be your oracle  
Lips, let sour words go by and language end  
What is amiss plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works and death their  
gain!

Sun hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign  
[Retires to his cave]

1st Sen His discontents are unremovably  
Coupled to nature

2nd Sen Our hope in him is dead Let us return  
And strain what other means is left unto us 230  
In our dear peril

1st Sen It requires swift foot [Exeunt]

## SCENE II Before the walls of Athens

Enter TWO SENATORS and a MESSENGER

1st Sen Thou hast painfully discover'd Are  
his files

As full as thy report?

Mess I have spoke the least  
Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach

2nd Sen We stand much hazard if they bring  
not Timon

Mess I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,  
Whom though in general part we were opposed,  
Yet our old love made a particular force  
And made us special like friends This man was  
riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave, 10  
With letters of entreaty, which imported  
His fellowship in the cause against your city,  
In part for his sake moved

1st Sen Here come our brothers

Enter the SENATORS from TIMON

3rd Sen No talk of Timon nothing of him  
expect

The enemies' drum is heard and fearful scouring  
Doth choke the air with dust In and prepare  
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare

[Exeunt]

## SCENE III The woods Timon's cave and a rude tomb seen

Enter a SOLDIER, seeking TIMON

Sold By all description this should be the place  
Who's here? speak, ho! No answer! What is  
this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span  
Some beast rear'd this there does not live a man  
Dead, sure, and this his grave What's on this  
tomb

I cannot read, the character I'll take with wax  
Our captain hath in every figure skill,  
An aged interpreter though young in days  
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is [Exit 10

## SCENE IV Before the walls of Athens

Trumpets sound Enter ALCIBIADES with his  
powers

Alcib Sound to this coward and lascivious  
town

Out terrible approach

A parley sounded

Enter SENATORS on the walls

Tim now you have gone on and fill'd the time



With all licentious measure making your wills  
The scope of justice till now my self and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power  
Have wander'd with our traversed arms and  
breathed

Our sufferance vainly Now the time is flush  
When crouching marrow in the bearer strong  
Cries of itself No more Now breathless  
wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease 11  
And palsy insolence shall break his wind  
With fear and horrid flight

1st Sen Noble and young  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit  
Ere thou hadst power or we had cause of fear  
We sent to thee to give thy rages balm  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity

2nd Sen So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love  
By humble message and by promised means  
We were not all unkind nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war

1st Sen These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands from whom  
You have received your griefs nor are they such  
That these great towers trophies and schools  
should fall

For private faults in them

2nd Sen Nor are they living  
Who were the motives that you first went out  
Shame that they wanted cunning in excess  
Hath broke their hearts March noble lord  
Into our city with thy banners spread 30  
By decimation and a tithed death—  
If thy revenges hunger for that food  
Which nature loathes—take thou the destined  
tenth

And by the hazard of the spotted die  
Let die the spotted

1st Sen All have not offended  
For those that were it is not square to take  
On those that are, revenges crimes like lands  
Are not inherited Then dear country man  
Bring in thy ranks but leave without thy rage  
Spare thy Athenian cradle and those kin 40  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that have offended like a shepherd  
Approach the fold and cull the infected forth  
But kill not all together

2nd Sen What thou wilt  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy snail  
Than hew to it with thy sword

1st Sen Set but thy foot  
Against our rampired gates and they shall ope  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before  
To say thou hast enter friendly

2nd Sen Throw thy glove  
Or any token of thine honour else 50  
That thou wilt use the wars in thy redress  
And not as our confusion all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire

Alab Then there's my glove  
Descend and open your uncharged ports  
Those enemies of Timon's and mine own  
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof  
Fall and no more And atone your fears  
With my more noble meaning not a man  
Shall pass his quarter or offend the stream 60  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds  
But shall be render'd to your public laws  
At heaviest answer

Both 'Tis most nobly spoken  
Alab Descend and keep your words

The SENATORS descend and open the gates  
Enter SOLDIER

Sold My noble general Timon is dead  
Entomb'd upon the very hem of the sea  
And on his grave stone this insculpture which  
With wax I brought away whose soft impres-  
sion

Interprets for my poor ignorance  
Alab [Reads the epitaph] Here lies a wretched  
corse of wretched soul bereft

30 Seek not my name A plague consume you  
wicked carvers' left!

Here lie I Timon who alive all living men did  
hate

Pass by and curse thy fill but pass and stay not  
here thy gait

These well express in thee thy latter spirits  
Though thou abhorrest in us our human griefs  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow and those our droplets  
which

From inward nature fall yet rich conceit  
Taw'd thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
On thy low grave on faults forgiven Dead 80  
O noble Timon of whose memory  
Hereafter more Bring me into your city  
And I will use the olive with my sword,  
Make war breed peace make peace stint war  
make each

Prescribe to other as each other's leech  
Let our drums strike

[Exeunt]

# PERICLES, Prince of Tyre

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GOWER as Chorus  
 ANTIOCHUS King of Antioch  
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre  
 HELICANUS } two lords of Tyre  
 ESCANES }  
 SIMONIDES King of Pentapolis  
 CLEON governor of Tarsus  
 LYSIMACHUS governor of Mytilene  
 CERIMON a lord of Ephesus  
 THALIARD a lord of Antioch  
 PHILEMON servant to Cerimon  
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza  
 MARSHAL  
 A PANDAR  
 BOULT his servant  
 A MESSENGER  
 THREE LORDS of Tyre  
 A LORD of Tarsus  
 THREE FISHERMEN  
 A KNIGHT attending on Simonides

TWO SAILORS of Pentapolis  
 A SERVANT to Cerimon  
 THREE PIRATES  
 TWO GENTLEMEN of Mytilene  
 A SAILOR of Tyre  
 A SAILOR of Mytilene  
 FIVE KNIGHTS suitors to Thaisa  
 THE DAUGHTER of Antiochus  
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon  
 THAISA daughter to Simonides  
 MARINA daughter to Pericles and Thaisa  
 Lychorida, nurse to Marina  
 A BAWD  
 DIANA  
 NON-SPEAKING Lords Knights Gentlemen Sailors,  
 and Attendants \*  
 SCENE Antioch Tyre Tarsus Pentapolis and the sea  
 coast near it Ephesus Mytilene and the sea coast  
 near it, and at sea



### ACT I

Before the palace of Antioch

Enter GOWER

To sing a song that old was sung,  
 From ashes ancient Gower is come,  
 Assuming man's infirmities,  
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes  
 It hath been sung at festivals,  
 On ember eves and holy ales,  
 And lords and ladies in their lives  
 Have read it for restoratives  
 The purchase is to make men glorious,  
*Et bonum quo antiquius eo melius*  
 If you born in these latter times  
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
 And that to hear an old man sing  
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
 I life would wish and that I might  
 Waste it for you, like taper light  
 This Antioch under Antiochus the Great  
 Built up this city, for his chiefest seat,  
 The fairest in all Syria  
 I tell you what mine authors say  
 This king unto him took a fere  
 Who died and left a female heir  
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace,  
 With whom the father liking took  
 And her to incest did provoke

Bad child, worse father<sup>1</sup> to entice his own  
 To evil should be done by none  
 But custom what they did begin  
 Was with long use account no sin 30  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,  
 To seek her as a bed fellow,  
 In marriage pleasures play fellow,  
 Which to prevent he made a law  
 To keep her still and men in awe,  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife  
 His riddle told nor lost his life  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify 40  
 What now ensues to the judgement of your  
 eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify [Exit

SCENE I Antioch a room in the palace  
 Enter ANTIOCHUS PRINCE PERICLES, and  
 followers

Ant Young prince of Tyre, you have at large  
 received  
 20 The danger of the task you undertake  
 Per I have Antiochus and with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard in this enterprise  
 Ant Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride  
 For the embracements even of Jove himself,  
 At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,

Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence  
The senate house of planets all did sit  
To knit in her their best perfections

*Music Enter the DAUGHTER of Antiochus*

*Per* See where she comes apparell'd like the  
spring

Graces her subjects and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men  
Her face the book of praise where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence  
Sorrow were ever razed and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion  
You gods that made me man and sway in love  
That have inflamed desire in my breast  
To taste the fruit of this celestial tree  
Or die in this adventure be my helps  
As I am son and servant to your will  
To compass such a boundless happiness

*Ant* Prince Pericles—

*Per* That would be son to great Antiochus

*Ant* Before thee stand this fair Hesperides  
With golden fruit but dangerous to be touch'd  
For death like dragon here affright thee hard  
Her face like heaven enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory which desert must gain  
And which without desert because thine eye  
Presumes to reach all thy whole heap must die  
On sometimes famous princes like thyself  
Drawn by report adventurous by desire  
Tell thee with speechless tongues an I semblance  
pale

That without covering shall be on field of stars  
Here they stand martyrs slain in Cupid's wars  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desert  
For going on death's net whom none resist

*Per* Antiochus I thank thee who hath taught  
My frail mortality to know itself

And by those fearful objects to prepare  
This body like to them to what I must  
For death remember'd should be like a mirror  
Who tells us life's but breath to trust it error  
I'll make my will then and as sick men do  
Who know the world see heaven but feeling  
none

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did  
So I bequeath a happy peace to you  
And all good men as every prince should do  
My riches to the earth from whence they came  
But my unsupported fire of love to you  
[To the  
daughter of Antiochus]

Thus ready for the way of life or death  
I wait the sharpest blow Antiochus

*Ant* Scorning advice read the conclusion, then  
Which read and not expounded, thus decreed  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed

*Daughter* Of all say'd yet may'st thou prove  
prosperous

Of all say'd yet I wish thee happiness

*Per* Like a bold champion I assume the lists  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage

I am no viper yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed

I sought a husband in which labour

I found that kindness in a father

He's father son and husband mild

I mother wife and yet his child

How this may be and yet in two

As you will live resolve it you

*Sharp* physics is the last but O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's  
acts

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually  
If this be true which makes me pale to read it

Fair glass of life, he I loved you and could still

*Takes hold of the hand of the princess*

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill

But I must tell you now my thoughts revolt

For he's no man on whom perfections wait

That know no sin within will touch the gate

You are a fair viol and your sense the string

Who finger'd to make man his lawful music

Would draw heaven down and all the gods to  
hearken

But being play'd upon before your time

Hell only danceeth at so harsh a chime

Good sooth I care not for you

*Ant* Prince Pericles touch not upon thy life

For that's an article within our law

As dangerous as the rest your time's expired

Either expound now or receive your sentence

*Per* Great king

Few love to hear the sins they love to act

'T would breed yourself too near for me to  
tell it

Who has a book of all that monarchs do

He's more secure to keep it shut than show it

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind

Blows dust in others' eyes to spread itself

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear

The breath is gone and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them The blind mole  
casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven to tell the earth its  
throng'd

By man's oppression and the poor worm doth  
die for it

Kings are earth's gods in vice their law's their  
will

And if Jove stray who dares say Jove doth ill?

It is enough you know and it is fit

What being more known grows worse, to  
smother it  
All love the womb that their first being bred  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head  
*Ant* [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he  
has found the meaning,  
But I will gloze with him — Young Prince of  
Tyre,  
Though by the tenour of our strict edict, *111*  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to cancel of your days,  
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
As your fair self doth tune us otherwise  
Forty days longer we do respite you,  
If by which time our secret be undone,  
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son,  
And until then your entertain shall be  
As doth befit our honour and your worth *120*  
[*Exeunt all but PERICLES*]  
*Per* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight!  
It it be true that I interpret false  
Then were it certain you were not so bad  
As with foul incest to abuse your soul,  
Where now you're both a father and a son  
By your untimely claspings with your child  
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father  
And she an eater of her mother's flesh, *130*  
By the defiling of her parent's bed  
And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
On sweetest flowers yet they poison breed  
Antioch farewel! for wisdom sees, those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night  
Will shun no course to keep them from the light  
One sin I know, another doth provoke  
Murders as near to lust as flame to smoke,  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame, *140*  
Then lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear  
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear [*Exit*]

*Re enter ANTIOCHUS*

*Ant* He hath found the meaning, for which we  
mean  
To have his head  
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
In such a loathed manner  
And therefore instantly this prince must die,  
For by his fall my honour must keep high  
Who attends us there?

*Enter THALIARD*

*Thal* Doth your Highness call? *150*  
*Ant* Thaliard

You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes  
Her private actions to your secrecy  
And for your faithfulness we will advance you  
Thaliard behold, here's poison, and here's gold,  
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill  
him  
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
Because we bid it Say, is it done?  
*Thal* My lord,  
'Tis done  
*Ant* Enough *160*

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste  
*Mess* My lord, Prince Pericles is fled [*Exit*]  
*Ant* As thou  
Wilt live, fly after, and like an arrow shot  
From a well experienced archer hits the mark  
His eyes doth level at, so thou never return  
Unless thou say, "Prince Pericles is dead"  
*Thal* My lord,  
If I can get him within my pistol's length,  
I'll make him sure enough, so, farewell to your  
Highness  
*Ant* Thaliard adieu! [*Exit THALIARD*] Till  
Pericles be dead *170*  
My heart can lend no succour to my head [*Exit*]

SCENE II Tyre a room in the palace

*Enter PERICLES*

*Per* [*To LORDS without*] Let none disturb us —  
Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion dull eyed melancholy,  
Be my so used a guest as not an hour  
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,  
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed  
me quiet?  
Here pleasures court mine eyes and mine eyes  
shun them,  
And danger, which I fear do, meet at Antioch  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me *10*  
Then it is thus the passions of the mind  
That have their first conception by misdread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care,  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now and cares it be not done  
And so with me The great Antiochus  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great can make his will his act,  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to si-  
lence  
Nor boots it me to say I honour him *20*  
If he suspect I may dishonour him  
And what may make him blush in being known.

He'll stop the course by which it might be known  
 With hostile forces he'll overspread the land  
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state  
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist  
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence  
 Which care of them not pity of my self  
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees  
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend  
 them 30  
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish  
 And punish that before that he would punish

*Enter HELICANUS with other LORDS*

*1st Lord* Joy and all comfort in your sacred  
 breast!

*2nd Lord* And keep your mind till you return  
 to us

Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel* Peace peace and give experience tongue  
 They do abuse the King that flatter him  
 For flattery is the bellows blows up sin  
 The thing the which is flatter'd but a spark 40  
 To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
 glowing

Whereas reproof obedient and in order  
 Fits kings as they are men for they may err  
 When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace  
 He flatters you makes war upon your life  
 Prince pardon me or strike me if you please  
 I cannot be much lower than my knees

*Per* All leave us else but let your cares o'er  
 look

What shipping and what lading's in our haven  
 And then return to us [*Exit LORDS*] Helicanus  
 thou 50

Hast moved us What seest thou in our looks?

*Hel* An angry brow dread lord

*Per* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns  
 How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel* How dare the plants look up to heaven  
 from whence

*They have their nourishment?*

*Per* Thou know'st I have power

To take thy life from thee

*Hel* [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself  
 Do you but strike the blow

*Per* Rise, prithee rise

Sit down Thou art no flatterer 60  
 I thank thee for it and heaven forbid

That kings should let their ears hear their faults  
 hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince

Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant  
 What wouldst thou have me do?

*Hel* To bear with patience

Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself

*Per* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus

That minister'st a potion unto me

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself

Attend me, then I went to Antioch 70

Where as thou know'st against the face of death

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty

From whence an issue I might propagate

Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder

The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest

Which by my knowledge found the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike but smooth But thou

know'st this

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss

Which fear so grew in me I hither fled 80

Under the covering of a careful night

Who seem'd my good protector and being here

Bethought me what was past what might suc-

ceed

I knew him tyrannous and tyrants fears

Decrease not but grow faster than the years

And should he doubt it as no doubt he doth

That I should open to the listening air

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed

To keep his bed of blackness unlaid open 89

To lop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms

And make pretence of wrong that I have done

him

When all for mine if I may call offence

Must feel war's blow who spares not innocence

Which love to all of which thyself art one

Who now reprovest me for it—

*Hel* Alas sir!

*Per* Drew sleep out of mine eyes' blood from

my cheeks

Musings into my mind with thousand doubts

How I might stop this tempest ere it came

And finding little comfort to relieve them

I thought it princely charity to grieve them 100

*Hel* Well my lord since you have given me

leave to speak

*Freely will I speak Antiochus you fear*

And justly too I think you fear the tyrant

Who either by public war or private treason

Will take away your life

Therefore my lord go travel for a while

Till that his rage and anger be forgot

Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life

Your rule direct to any if to me 109

Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be

*Per* I do not doubt thy faith

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel* We'll mingle our bloods together in the

earth

From whence we had our being and our birth

*Per* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to  
Tarsus  
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee,  
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself  
The care I had and have of subjects good  
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear  
it 119

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both  
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince  
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Tyre an ante chamber in the palace*

*Enter THALIARD*

*Thal* So this is Tyre, and this the court. Here  
must I kill King Pericles, and if I do it not I am  
sure to be hanged at home. 'Tis dangerous. Well  
I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good  
discretion that, being bid to ask what he would  
of the king, desired he might know none of his  
secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for't  
for if a king bid a man be a villain he's bound by  
the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here  
come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES, with other  
Lords of Tyre*

*Hel* You shall not need my fellow peers of  
Tyre 11  
Further to question me of your king's departure  
His seal'd commission left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.  
*Thal* [*Aside*] How! the king gone!  
*Hel* If further yet you will be satisfied  
Why as it were unlicensed of your loves  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you  
Being at Antioch—  
*Thal* [*Aside*] What from Antioch?  
*Hel* Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know  
not— 20  
Took some displeasure at him at least he judged  
so

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself,  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil  
With whom each minute threatens life or death.  
*Thal* [*Aside*] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now although I would,  
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,  
He escap'd the land, to perish at the sea  
I'll present myself—Peace to the lords of Tyre!  
*Hel* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-  
come 31

*Thal* From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles  
But since my landing I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came  
*Hel* We have no reason to desire it,  
Commended to our master not to us  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre 40  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *Tarsus a room in the Governor's  
house*

*Enter CLEON, the governor of Tarsus, with  
DIONYZA, and others*

*Cle* My Dionyza shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?  
*Dio* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench  
it,  
For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are,  
Here they're but felt and seen with mischief's  
eyes,  
But like to groves, being topped they higher rise  
*Cle* O Dionyza, 10  
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep  
Our woes into the air, our eyes do weep  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them  
louder,  
That if heaven slumber while their creatures  
want  
They may awake their helps to comfort them  
I'll then discourse our woes felt several years  
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears  
*Dio* I'll do my best, sir 20  
*Cle* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the govern-  
ment,  
A city on whom plenty held full hand  
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets,  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the  
clouds  
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at  
Whose men and dames so jett'd and adorn'd  
Like one another's glass to trim them by  
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight  
And not so much to feed on as delight,  
All poverty was scorn'd and pride so great 30  
The name of help grew odious to repeat  
*Dio* O 'tis too true  
*Cle* But see what heaven can do! By this our  
change  
These mouths who but of late earth, sea and air  
Were all too little to content and please,

Although they gave their creatures in abundance  
As houses are defiled for want of use  
They are now starved for want of exercise  
Those palates who not yet two summers young  
er

Must have inventions to delight the taste 40  
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it  
Those mothers who to nurse up their babes  
Thought nought too curious are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they loved  
So sharp are hunger's teeth that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life  
Here stands a lord and there a lady weeping  
Here many sink yet those which see them fall  
Have scarce strength left to give them burial  
Is not this true? 50

*Die* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it  
*Cle* O let those cities that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste  
With their superfluous riots hear these tears!  
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs

*Enter a LORD*

*Lord* Where's the Lord Governor?

*Cle* Here

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in  
haste

For comfort is too far for us to expect

*Lord* We have descried upon our neighbouring shore 60  
ing here

A portly sail of ships make hitherward

*Cle* I theught as much

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir

That may succeed as his inheritor

And so in ours & me neighbouring nation

Taking a advantage of our misery

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power

To beat us down the which are down already

And make a conquest of unhappy me

Whereas no glory's got to overcome 70

*Lord* That's the least fear for by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us  
peace

And come to us all favourers not as foes

*Cle* Thou speak'st like him a tutor'd to repeat

"Who makes the fairest show means most deceit"

But bring they what they will and what they  
can

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest and we are half way  
there

Go tell their general we attend him here,

To know for what he comes and whence he  
comes

And what he craves

*Lord* I go my lord

*Cle* Welcome is peace if he on peace consents 80

If wars we are unable to resist

*First PERICLES with Attendants*

*Per* Lord Governor for so we hear you are

Let not our ships and number of our men

Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes

We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre

And seen the desolation of your streets

Not come we to add sorrow to your tears 90

But to relieve them of their heavy load

And these our ships you happily may think

Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within

With bloody veins expecting overthrow

Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,

And give them life whom hunger starv'd half  
dead

*All* The gods of Greece protect you!

And we'll pray for you

*Enter*

*Arise* I pray you rise

We do not look for reverence but for love

And harbourage for ourself our ships and men

*Cle* The which when any shall not gratify 100

Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought

Be it our wives our children or ourselves

The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!

Till when—the which I hope shall never be  
seen—

Your Grace is welcome to our town and us

*Per* Which welcome we'll accept feast here  
awhile

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile

*[Exeunt]*

## ACT II

*Enter GOVERNOR*

*Gov.* Here have you seen a mighty king

His child I wis to incest bring

A better prince and benign lord

That will prove awful both in deed and word

Be quiet then as men should I be

Till he hath pass'd necessity

I'll show you those in troublous reign,

Loosing a mure a mountain gain

The good in conversation

To whom I give my benison

Is still at Tarsus where each man

Thinks all is writ he spoken can

And to remember what he does

Build his statue to make him glorious

But tidings to the contrary 110

Are brought y our eyes, what need speak I?

## DUMB SHOW

*Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON all the train with them Enter at another door a GENTLEMAN, with a letter to PERICLES, PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON, gives the MESSENGER a reward, and knights him Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another*

Good Helicane that stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey lil e a drone  
From others labours, for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive, 20  
And to fulfil his prince's desire  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
And had intent to murder him,  
And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest  
He, doing so put forth to seas,  
Where when men been, there s seldom ease,  
For now the wind begins to blow  
Thunder above and deeps below 30  
Make such unquiet that the ship  
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split,  
And he good prince having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen but himself,  
Till fortune tired with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad,  
And here he comes What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower—this longs the text 40

[Exit

SCENE I *Pentapolis an open place by the sea side*

*Enter PERICLES wet*

Per Yet cease y our ire, you angry stars of  
heaven!  
Wind rain and thunder, remember earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you  
And I as fits my nature do obey you  
Alas the sea hath cast me on the rocks  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
breath  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death  
Let it suffice the greatness of y our powers  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes, 9  
And having throw n him from your watery grave,  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave

*Enter THREE FISHERMEN*

1st Fish What ho, Pilch'

2nd Fish Ha come and bring away the nets'

1st Fish What Patch breech I say'

3rd Fish What say y ou, master?

1st Fish Look how thou stirrest now' come  
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion

3rd Fish 'Taith, master, I am thinking of the  
poor men that were cast away before us even  
now 20

1st Fish Alas, poor souls, it griev'd my heart to  
hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help  
them, when, well a-day, we could scarce help  
ourselves

3rd Fish Nay, master said not I as much when  
I saw the porpoise how he bounced and tumbled?  
they say they re half fish half flesh A plague on  
them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed  
Master I marvel how the fishes live in the sea 30

1st Fish Why as men do a land, the great ones  
eat up the little ones I can compare our rich  
misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale, ■ plays  
and tumbles driving the poor fry before him, and  
at last devours them all at a mouthful Such  
whales have I heard on o the land who never  
leave gaping till they ve swallowed the whole  
parish church steeple, bells, and all

Per [Aside] A pretty moral 39

3rd Fish But master if I had been the sexton,  
I would have been that day in the belfry

2nd Fish Why, man?

3rd Fish Because he should have swallow ed me  
too And when I had been in his belly, I would  
have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he  
should never have left, till he cast bells steeple,  
church, and parish, up again But if the good King  
Simonides were of my mind—

Per [Aside] Simonides' 49

3rd Fish We would purge the land of these  
drones, that rob the bee of her honey

Per [Aside] How from the finny subject of the  
sea

These fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
And from their watery empire recollect  
All that may men approve or men detect'  
Peace be at your labour honest fishermen

2nd Fish Honest' good fellow what s that? If  
it be a day fits y ou, scratch 't out of the calendar  
and nobody look after it

Per May see the sea hath cast upon y our  
coast 60

2nd Fish What a drunken knave was the sea to  
cast thee in our way'

Per A man whom both the waters and the wind  
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball  
For them to play upon entreats y ou pity him  
He asks of y ou, that never used to beg

1st Fish No friend, cannot y ou beg? Here s  
them in our country of Greece gets more with  
begging than we can do with working

2nd Fish Canst thou catch any fishes, then?



*Per* I never practis'd it  
*2nd Fish* Nay then thou wilt starve sure for  
 here's nothing to be got now a-days unless thou  
 canst fish for it

*Per* What I have been I have forgot to know  
 But what I am want teaches me to think on  
 A man throng'd up with cold my veins are chill  
 And have no more of life than may suffice  
 To give my tongue that heat to ask your help  
 Which if you shall refuse when I am dead 80  
 For that I am a man pray see me buried

*1st Fish* Die quoth a? Now gods forbid! I have a  
 gown here come put it on keep thee warm  
 Now afore me a handsome fellow! Come thou  
 shalt go home and we'll have flesh for holidays  
 fish for fasting-days and more o' puddings and  
 flap-jacks and thou shalt be welcome

*Per* I thank you sir  
*2nd Fish* Hark you my friend you said you  
 could not beg 90

*Per* I did but crave  
*2nd Fish* But crave! Then I'll turn craver too  
 and so I shall scape whipping

*Per* Why are all your beggars whipped then?  
*2nd Fish* O not all my friend not all for if all  
 your beggars were whipped I would wish no  
 better office than to be beadle But master I'll  
 go draw up the net

[Exit with THIRD FISHERMAN  
*Per* [Aside] How well this honest mirth be  
 comes their labour!

*1st Fish* Hark you sir do you know where ye  
 are? 107

*Per* Not well  
*1st Fish* Why I'll tell you This is called Pen-  
 tapolis and our king the good Simonides

*Per* The good king Simonides do you call him?  
*1st Fish* Ay sir and he deserves so to be called  
 for his peaceable reign and good government

*Per* He is a happy king since he gains from his  
 subjects the name of good by his government  
 How far is his court distant from this shore? 111

*1st Fish* Marry sir half a day's journey And  
 I'll tell you he hath a fair daughter and to-mor-  
 row is her birthday and there are princes and  
 knights come from all parts of the world to just  
 and tourney for her love

*Per* Were my fortunes equal to my desires I  
 could wish to make one there

*1st Fish* O sir things must be as they may and  
 what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for  
 —his wife's soul 118

Re-enter SECO D AND THIRD FISHERMEN draw-  
 ing up a net

*2nd Fish* Help, master help! here's a fish hangs

in the net like a poor man's rith in the law  
 twill hardly come out Ha! bots on't tis come  
 at last and 'tis turned to a rusty armour

*Per* An armour friends! I pray you let me see  
 it

Thanks fortune yet that after all my crosses  
 Thou givest me somewhat to repair my self  
 And though it was mine own part of my heri-  
 tage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me 120  
 With this strict charge even as he left his life  
 Keep it my Pericles it hath been a shield  
 'Twixt me and death —and pointed to this  
 brace

For that it saved me keep it in like necessity—  
 The which the gods protect thee from!—may  
 defend thee

It kept where I kept I so dearly lov'd it  
 Till the rough seas that spare not any man,  
 Took it in rage though calm'd have given it  
 again

I thank thee for it My shipwreck now's no ill  
 Since I have here my father's gift in's will 140

*1st Fish* What mean you sir?  
*Per* To beg of you kind friends this coat of  
 worth

For it was sometime target to a king  
 I know it by this mark He lov'd me dearly  
 And for his sake I wish the having of it  
 And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's  
 court

Where with it I may appear a gentleman  
 And if that ever my low fortune's better  
 I'll pay your bounties till then rest your debtor

*1st Fish* Why wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms  
*1st Fish* Why do e take it and the gods gi-  
 thee good on't!

*2nd Fish* Ay but hark you my friend thus  
 we that made up this garment through the rough  
 seams of the waters There are certain con-  
 dlements certain vails I hope sir if you thrive  
 you'll remember from whence you had it

*Per* Believe it I will  
 By your furtherance I am clothed in steel 160  
 And spite of all the rapture of the sea,  
 This jewel holds his building on my arm  
 Unto thy value I will mount myself  
 Upon a courser whose delightful steps  
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.  
 Only my friend I yet am unprovided  
 Of a pair of bases

*2nd Fish* We'll sure provide Thou shalt have  
 my best gown to make thee a pair and I'll bring  
 thee to the court my self 170

*Per* Then honour be but a goal to my will,

This day I'll rise or else add ill to ill [Exeunt

SCENE II *The same a public way or platform leading to the lists A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAIS, LORDS and Attendants

Sim Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1st Lord They are, my liege

And stay your coming to present themselves

Sim Return them, we are ready, and our daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,

Sits here, like beauty's child whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing, wonder at

[Exit a LORD

Thais It pleaseth you, my royal father to express

My commendations great, whose merit's less

Sim It's fit it should be so for princes are 10

A model which heaven makes like to itself

As jewels lose their glory if neglected,

So princes their renowns if not respected

Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight in his device

Thais Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform

Enter FIRST KNIGHT he passes over and his Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS

Sim Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thais A knight of Sparta my renowned father,

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun, 20

The word "*Lux tua vita mihi*"

Sim He loves you well that holds his life of you

The SECOND KNIGHT passes over

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thais A prince of Macedon, my royal father,

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady,

The motto thus in Spanish "*Pu por dulzura que por fuerza*"

The THIRD KNIGHT passes over

Sim And what's the third?

Thais The third of Antioch

And his device, a wreath of chivalry,

The word "*Me pompe pro- exit aper*" 30

The FOURTH KNIGHT passes over

Sim What is the fourth?

Thais A burning torch that's turned upside

down,

The word "*Quod me alit me extinguit*"

Sim Which shows that beauty hath his power and will

Which can as well inflame as it can kill

The FIFTH KNIGHT passes over

Thais The fifth, an hand environed with clouds, Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried, The motto thus, "*Sic spectanda fides*"

The Sixth Knight, Pericles passes over

Sim And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight himself With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd? 40

Thais He seems to be a stranger, but his present is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at top,

The motto "*In hac spe vivo*"

Sim A pretty moral

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish

1st Lord He had need mean better than his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend,

For by his rusty outside he appears 50

To have practised more the whipstock than the lance

2nd Lord He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished

3rd Lord And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day to scour it in the dust

Sim Opinions but a fool that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man

But stay the knights are coming We will withdraw

Into the gallery [Exeunt  
Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean knight!'

SCENE III *The same a hall of state, a banquet prepared*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAIS, LORDS Attendants, and KNIGHTS, from tilting

Sim Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title page, your worth in arms

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself

Prepare for mirth for mirth becomes a feast

You are princes and my guests

Thais But you my knight and guest,

To whom this wreath of victory I give 10

And crown you king of this day's happiness

Per 'Tis more by fortune lady than by merit

Sim Call it by what you will, the day is yours,

And here I hope is none that envies it  
In framing an artist Art hath thus decreed  
To make some good but others to exceed  
And you are her labour'd scholar Come queen  
to the feast—

For daughter so you are—here take your place  
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace

*Knights* We are honour'd much by good  
*Simonides*

*Sim* Your presence glads our days Honour we  
love

For who hates honour hates the gods above  
*Marshal* Sir yonder is your place

*Per* Some other is more fit  
*1st Knight* Contend not sir for we are gentle  
men

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes  
Envy the great nor do the low despise

*Per* You are right courteous knights  
*Sim* Sit sir sit

[*Aside*] By Jove I wonder that is king of  
thoughts

These eates resist me she but thought upon  
*This* [*Aside*] By Juno that is queen of mar-  
riage

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury  
*Wish* him my meat—Sure he is a gallant  
gentleman

*Sim* [*Aside*] He is but a country gentleman  
Has done no more than other knights have done

Has broken a staff or so so let it pass  
*This* [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to  
glass

*Per* [*Aside*] You king's to me like to my father's  
picture

Which tells me in that glory once he was  
Had princes sit like stars about his throne

And he the sun for them to reverence  
None that beheld him but like lesser lights

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy  
Where now his son is like a glow worm in the  
night

The which hath fire in darkness none in light  
Whereby I see that Time is the king of men

He is both their parent and he is their grave  
And gives them what he will not what they  
crave

*Sim* What are you merry knights?  
*Knights* Who can be other in this royal pres-  
ence?

*Sim* Here, with a cup that is stored unto the  
brim—

As you do love fill to your mistress lip—  
We drink this health to you

*Knights* We thank your Grace  
*Sim* Yet pause awhile

You knight doth sit too melancholy  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countersail his worth  
Note it not you Thaisa?

*Thaisa* What is it

To me my father?

*Sim* O attend my daughter

Princes in this should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats  
Which make a sound but kill'd are wonder'd  
at

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet  
Here say we drink this standing bowl of wine to  
him

*Thaisa* Alas my father it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold  
He may my proffer take for an offence

Since men take women's gifts for impudence

*Sim* How!

Do as I bid you or you'll move me else  
*Thaisa* [*Aside*] Now by the gods he could not  
please me better

*Sim* And furthermore tell him we desire to  
know of him

Of whence he is his name and parentage  
*Thaisa* The king my father sir has drunk to  
you

*Per* I thank him

*Thaisa* Wishing it so much blood unto your life  
*Per* I thank both him and you and pledge him  
freely

*Thaisa* And further he desires to know of you  
Of whence you are your name and parentage

*Per* A gentleman of Tyre my name Pericles  
My education been in arts and arms

Who looking for adventures in the world  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men

And after shipwreck driven upon this shore  
*Thaisa* He thanks your Grace names himself  
Pericles

A gentleman of Tyre  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men cast on this shore

*Sim* Now by the gods I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy

Come gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles  
And waste the time which looks for other  
revels

Even in your armours as you are address'd,  
Will very well become a soldier's dance

I will not have excuse with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads

Since they love men in arms as well as beds  
*The knights dance*

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So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform d  
Come, sir, 100  
Here is a lady that wants breathing too,  
And I have heard, y ou knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip,  
And that their measures are as excellent  
*Per* In those that practise them they are, my  
lord  
*Sm* O, that s as much as you would be denied  
Of your fair courtesey

*The KNIGHTS and Ladies dance*

Unclasp, unclasp  
Thanks gentlemen, to all, all have done well,  
[*To PERICLES*] But you the best Pages and lights,  
to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! [*To*  
*PERICLES*] Yours, sir, 110

We have given order to be next our own  
*Per* I am at your Grace s pleasure

*Sm* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
And that's the mark I know you level at  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest,  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV *Tyre a room in the Governor's house*

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES*

*Hel* No, Escanes, know this of me,  
Antiochus from incest lived not free,  
For which, the most high gods not minding  
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in  
store

Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value and his daughter with  
him

A fire from heav en came and shrivell d up  
Their bodies, even to loathing for they so stunk  
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall 11  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial

*Esa* 'Twas very strange

*Hel* And yet but justice, for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward

*Esa* 'Tis very true

*Enter THREE LORDS*

*1st Lord* See, not a man in private conference  
Or council has respect with him but he

*2nd Lord* It shall no longer grieve without re-  
proof

*3rd Lord* And cursed be he that will not second  
it 20

*1st Lord* Follow me, then Lord Helicane, a  
word

*Hel* With me? and welcome Happy day, my  
lords

*1st Lord* Know that our griefs are risen to the  
top,

And now at length they overflow their banks  
*Hel* Your griefs! for what? Wrong not your  
prince you love

*1st Lord* Wrong not yourself, then, noble Hel-  
cane,

But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his  
breath

If in the world he live we ll seek him out,  
If in his grave he rest we ll find him there, 30  
And be resolved he lives to govern us  
Or dead give's cause to mourn his funeral  
And leave us to our free election

*2nd Lord* Whose death indeed's the strongest  
in our censure,

And knowing this kingdom is without a  
head—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof  
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,  
That best l now how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto—our sovereign

*All* Live noble Helicane! 40

*Hel* For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages  
If that you love Prince Pericles forbear

Take I your wish I leap into the seas  
Where s hourly trouble for a minute s ease  
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you to  
Forbear the absence of your king,

If in which time expired he not return  
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke

But if I cannot win you to this love  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects 50

And in your search spend your adventurous  
worth,

Whom if you find, and win unto return  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown

*1st Lord* To wisdom he s a fool that will not  
yield,

And since Lord Helicane enjoine th us  
We with our travels will endea our us

*Hel* Then you love us, we you and we ll clasp  
hands

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V *Pentapolis a room in the palace*

*Enter SIMONIDES reading a letter, at one door,*  
*the KNIGHTS meet him*

*1st Knight* Good morrow to the good Simon-  
ides

*Sim* Knights from my daughter thus I let you know

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
A married life

Her reason to herself is only known

Which yet from her by no means can I get  
*and Anclit* May we not get access to her my lord?

*Sim* Faith by no means she hath so strictly tied

Her to her chamber that 'tis impossible  
Ore twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's  
livery

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd  
And on her virgin honour will not break it  
*3rd Knight* Loath to bid farewell we take our  
leaves [Exit knights]

*Sim* So  
They are well dispatch'd now to my daughter's  
letter

She tells me here she'll wed the stranger knight  
Or never more to vie nor day nor light  
Tis well mistress your choice agrees with  
mine

I like that well Nay how absolute she's in't  
Not minding whether I dislike or no?  
Well I do commend her choice  
And will no longer have it be delay'd  
Soft! here he comes I must discern him

Enter PERICLES

*Per* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim* To you as much sir I am beholdin' to you  
For your sweet music this last night I do  
Protest my ears were never better fed  
With such delightful pleasing harmony

*Per* It is your Grace's pleasure to commend  
Not my desert

*Sim* Sir you are music's master

*Per* The worst of all her scholars my good lord

*Sim* Let me ask you one thing

What do you think of my daughter sir?

*Per* A most virtuous princess

*Sim* And she's fair too is she not?

*Per* As a fair day in summer wondrous fair

*Sim* Sir my daughter thinks very well of you

As well that you must be her master

And she will be your scholar therefore look to it

*Per* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster

*Sim* She thinks not so peruse this writing else

*Per* [Aside] What's his red?

A letter that she loves the knight of T're

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life

O seek not to entrap me gracious lord

A stranger and distressed gentleman

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter

But bent all offices to honour her

*Sim* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter and  
thou art

A villain

*Per* By the gods I have not

Never did thought of mine levy offence

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure

*Sim* Traitor thou heest

*Per* Traitor!

*Sim* As traitor

*Per* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—

That calls me traitor I return the he

*Sim* [Aside] Now by the gods I do applaud his  
courage

*Per* My actions are as noble as my thoughts

That never relish'd of a base descent

I came unto your court for honour's cause

And not to be a rebel to her state

And he that otherwise accounts of me

This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy

*Sim* No?

Here comes my daughter she can witness it

Enter THIASA

*Per* Then as you are as virtuous as fair

Resolve your angry father if my tongue

Did ever solicit or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you

*Thas* Why sir say if you had

Who takes offence at that would make me  
glad?

*Sim* Yea mistress are you so peremptory?

[Aside] I am glad on't with all my heart—

I'll tame you I'll bring you in subjection

Will you not having my consent

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? [Aside] who for aught I know

May be nor can I think the contrary

As great in blood as I myself—

Therefore hear you mistress either frame

Your will to mine—and you sir hear you

Either be ruled by me or I will make you—

Man and wife

Nay come your hands and lips must seal it too

And being join'd I'll thus your hopes destroy

And for a further grief—God give you joy!

What are you both pleased?

*Thas* Yes if you love me sir

*Per* Even as my life my blood that sisters it

*Sim* What are you both agreed?

*Both* Yes if it please your Majesty

*Sim* Let pleaseth me so well that I will see you  
wed

And then with what haste you can get you to

bed [Exit]

## ACT III

*Enter GOWER*

*Gow* Now sleep yslak'd hath the rout,  
 No din but snores the house about,  
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
 Of this most pompous marriage-feast  
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
 Now couches fore the mouse's hole,  
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,  
 E'er the blither for their drouth  
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
 A babe is moulded Be attent,  
 And time that is so briefly spent  
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche  
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech

DUMB SHOW

*Enter, PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door with Attendants, a MESSENGER meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES the LORDS kneel to him Then enter THAISA with child, with LYCHORIDA a nurse The KING shows her the letter, she rejoices She and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCHORIDA and their Attendants Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest*

By many a dorn and painful perch  
 Of Pericles the careful search  
 By the four opposing coigns  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made with all due diligence  
 That horse and sail and high expense 20  
 Can stead the quest At last from Tyre,  
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,  
 To the court of King Simonides  
 Are letters brought the renour these  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead,  
 The men of Tyrus on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none  
 The mutiny he there hastes to oppress  
 Says to 'em if King Pericles 30  
 Come not home in twice six moons,  
 He obedient to their dooms  
 Will take the crown The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Y ravished the regions round,  
 And every one with claps can sound,  
 "Out heir apparent is a king!  
 Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?  
 Brief he must hence depart to Tyre  
 His queen with child makes her desire— 40  
 Which who shall cross?—along to go

Omit we all their dole and woe  
 Lychorida, her nurse she takes,  
 And so to sea Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut But fortune's mood  
 Varies again, the grisled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth  
 That, as a duel for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives 50  
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-need  
 Does fall in travail with her fear  
 And what ensues in this fell storm  
 Shall for itself itself perform  
 I will relate action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey,  
 Which might not what by me is told  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage the ship upon whose deck 59  
 The sea tost Pericles appears to speak *[Exit*

SCENE I

*Enter PERICLES on shipboard*

*Per* Thou god of this great vast rebuke these  
 surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou, that  
 hast  
 Upon the winds command bind them in brass  
 Having call'd them from the deep! O still  
 Thy deafening, dreadful thunders, gently quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! O how, Ly-  
 chorida,  
 How does my queen? Thou stormest venom-  
 ously,  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard Lychorida!—Lucina O 10  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deary  
 Aboard our dancing boat, make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails!

*Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant*

Now, Lychorida!

*Lyc* Here is a thing too young for such a  
 place  
 Who if it had concert would die, as I  
 Am like to do Take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen  
*Per* How, how Lychorida!  
*Lyc* Patience good sir, do not assist the storm  
 Here's all that is left in being of your queen 20  
 A little daughter For the sake of it  
 Be manly and take comfort  
*Per* O you gods!  
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away? We here below

Recall not what we give and therein may  
Use honour with you

*Lyc* Patience good sir  
Even for this charge

*Per* Now mild may be thy life!  
For a more blustrous birth had never babe  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for  
Thou art the rudest welcome to this world 30  
That ever was prince's child Happy what ill  
lows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
As fire air water earth and heaven can make  
To herald thee from the womb Even at the first  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit  
With all thou canst find here Now the good  
gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter TWO SAILORS*

*1st Sail* What courage sir? God save you!  
*Per* Courage enough I do not fear the flaw  
It hath done to me the worst Yet for the love 40  
Of this poor infant this fresh new sea farer  
I would it would be quiet

*1st Sail* Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not  
wilt thou? Blow and split thy self

*2nd Sail* But sea room in the brine and cloudy  
billow kiss the moon I care not  
*1st Sail* Sir your queen must overboard The  
sea works high the wind is loud and will not lie  
till the ship be cleared of the dead

*Per* That's your superstition 50

*1st Sail* Pardon us sir with us at sea it hath  
been still observed and we are strong in custom  
Therefore briefly yield her for she must over  
board straight

*Per* As you think meet Most wretched queen!

*Lyc* Here she lies sir

*Per* A terrible childbed hast thou had my  
dear

No light no fire the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave but straight 60  
Must cast thee scarcely coffin'd in the ooze  
Where for a monument upon thy bones

And ere remain lamps the belching whale  
And humming water must overwhelm thy corpse  
Lying with simple shells O Lychorida  
Bid Nestor bring me spices ink and paper  
My casket and my jewels and bid Alexander  
Bring me the satin coffer Lay the babe  
Upon the pillow Hie thee whilst I say  
A priestly farewell to her Suddenly woman 70

*[Exit LYCHORIDA]*

*2nd Sail* Sir we have a chest beneath the  
hatches caulked and buttressed ready

*Per* I thank thee Mariner say what coast is  
this?

*2nd Sail* We are near Tarsus

*1er* Thither gentle mariner

Alter thy course for Tyre When canst thou  
reach it?

*2nd Sail* By break of day if the wind cease

*Per* O make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon for the babe  
Cannot hold out to Tyre There I'll leave it 80  
At careful nursing Go thy ways good mariner  
I'll bring the body presently *[Exit]*

SCENE II Ephesus a room in Cerimon's house

*Enter CERIMON with a SERVANT and some Persons  
who have been shipwrecked*

*Cer* Philemon ho!

*Enter PHILEMON*

*Phl* Doth my lord call?

*Cer* Get fire and meat for these poor men

There's been a turbulent and stormy night

*Serv* I have been in many but such a night as  
this

Till now I never endured

*Cer* Your master will be dead ere you return

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature

That can recover him *[To PHILEMON]* Give this  
to the pothecary

And tell me how it works

*[Exit all but CERIMON]*

*Enter TWO GENTLEMEN*

*1st Gent* Good morrow 10

*2nd Gent* Good morrow to your lordship

*Cer* Gentlemen

Why do you stir so early?

*1st Gent* Sir

Our lodgings standing bleak upon the sea

Shook as the earth did quake

The very principals did seem to rend

And all to topple Pure surprise and fear

Made me to quit the house

*2nd Gent* That is the cause we trouble you so  
early

'Tis not our husbandry

*Cer* O you say well 20

*1st Gent* But I much marvel that your lordship  
having

Rich time about you should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose

'Tis most strange

Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd

*Cer* I hold it mer  
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches Careless heirs  
 May the two latter darken and expend,  
 But immortality attends the former, 30  
 Making a man a god 'Tis known I ever  
 Have studied physic, through which secret art,  
 By turning in our authorities I have,  
 Together with my practice, made familiar  
 To me and to my aid the blest infusions  
 That dwell in vegetives, in metals stones,  
 And I can speak of the disturbances  
 That nature works, and of her cures, which doth  
 give me  
 A more content in course of true delight  
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, 40  
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags  
 To please the fool and Death  
*2nd Gent* Your honour has through Ephesus  
 pour'd forth  
 Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
 Your creatures who by you have been restored  
 And not your knowledge, your personal pain,  
 but even  
 Your purse, still open hath built Lord Cerimon  
 Such strong renown as time shall never decay

*Enter two or three SERVANTS with a chest*

*1st Serv* So lift there

*Cer* What is that?

*1st Serv* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest 50

'Tis of some wreck

*Cer* Set it down let's look upon it

*2nd Gent* 'Tis like a coffin sir

*Cer* Whate'er it be

'Tis wondrous heavy Wrench it open straight

If the sea's stomach be overcharged with gold

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon

us

*2nd Gent* 'Tis so my lord

*Cer* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!

Did the sea cast it up?

*1st Serv* I never saw so huge a billow sir,

As toss'd it upon shore

*Cer* Wrench it open,

Soft 't smells most sweetly in my sense 60

*2nd Gent* A delicate odour

*Cer* As ever hit my nostril So, up with it

O you most potent gods! what's here? a corpse!

*1st Gent* Most strange!

*Cer* Shrouded in cloth of state balm'd and en-  
 treasured

With full bags of spices! A passport too!

Apollo perfect me in the characters!

*Reads from a scroll*

Here I give to understand,  
 If e'er this coffin drive a land,

I King Pericles have lost 70

This queen worth all our mundane cost

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king

Besides this treasure for a fee

The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

That even cracks for woe! Thus chanced tonight

*2nd Gent* Most likely, sir

*Cer* Nay certainly to night

For look how fresh she looks! They were too

rough 79

That threw her in the sea Make a fire within

Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet

*[Exit a Servant]*

Death may usurp on nature many hours

And yet the fire of life kindle again

The oppress'd spirits I heard of an Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered

*Re-enter a Servant with boxes napkins,  
 and fire*

Well said well said the fire and cloths

The rough and woeful music that we have,

Cause it to sound beseech you

The viol once more How thou stir'st, thou

block! 90

The music there! I pray you give her air

Gentlemen

This queen will live Nature awakes, a warmth

Breathes out of her She hath not been entranced

Above five hours See how she gins to blow

Into life's flower again!

*1st Gent* The heavens

Through you increase our wonder and set up

Your fame for ever

*Cer* She is alive behold

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost 100

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold

The diamonds of a most praised water

Do appear, to make the world twice rich Live,

And make us weep to hear your fate fair crea-  
 ture,

Rare as you seem to be *[She moves]*

*That* O dear Diana

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is

this?

*2nd Gent* Is not this strange?

*1st Gent* Most rare

*Cer* Hush my gentle neighbours!

Lend me your hands to the next chamber bear

her

Get linen Now this matter must be look'd to

For her relapse is mortal Come come,



And Æsculapius guide us!

{*Exeunt carrying her &c.*}

SCENE III *Tarsus a room in Cleon's house*

*Enter PERICLES CLEON DIONIZA and LYCHORIDA with MARINA in her arms*

*Per* Most honour'd Cleon I must needs be gone

My twelvemonths are expired and Tyrrhus stands  
In a litigious peace You and your lady

Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle* Your shafts of fortune though they hurt  
You mortally

Yet glance full wanderin'ly on us

*Dion* O your sweet queen!

That the strict fates had pleased you had brought  
her hither

To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per* We cannot but obey

The powers above us Could I rage and roar to  
As doth the sea she lies in yet the end

Must be as tis My gentle babe Marina whom  
For she was born at sea I have nam'd so here

I charge you her charity vithal leavin' her

The infant of your care beseeching you

To give her princely training that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born

*Cle* Fear not my lord but think

Your Grace that fed my country with your corn  
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you

Must in your child be thought on If neglection  
Should therein make me vile the common body

By you relieved would force me to my duty

But if to that my nature need a spur

The gods revenge it upon me and mine

To the end of generation

*Per* I believe you

Your honour and your goodness teach me to

Without your vows Till she be married madam

By bright Diana whom we honour all

Unscissard shall this hair of mine remain

Though I show ill in it So I take my leave 30

Good madam make me blessed in your care

In bringing up my child

*Dion* I have one myself

Who shall not be more dear to my respect

Than yours my lord

*Per* Madam my thanks and prayers

*Cle* We'll bring your Grace on to the edge

of the shore

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and

The gentlest winds of heaven

*Per* I will embrace

Your offer Come dearest madam O no tears

Lychorida, no tears

Look to your little mistress on whose grace 40

You may depend hereafter Come my lord

{*Exeunt*}

SCENE IV *Ephesus a room in Cerimon's house*

*Enter CERIION and THYRA*

*Cer* Madam this letter and some certain  
jewels

Lay with you in your coffer which are now

At your command know you the character?

*Thy* It is my lord's

That I was shipp'd at sea I well remember

Even on my eaning time but whether there

Deliver'd by the holy gods

I cannot rightly say But since King Pericles

My wedded lord I ne'er shall see again

A vestal in cry will I take me to 20

And never more have joy

*Cer* Madam if this your purpose as ye speak

Diana's temple is not distant far

Where you may abide till your date expire

Moreover if you please a niece of mine

Shall there attend you

*Thy* My recompense is thanks that's all

Yet my good will is great though the gift small

{*Exeunt*}

## ACT IV

*Enter GOWDER*

*Gow* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre

Welcomed and settled to his own desire

His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus

Unto Diana there a votress

Now to Marina bend your mind

Whom our fast-growing scene must find

At Tarsus and by Cleon train'd

In music letters who hath gain'd

Of education all the grace

Which makes her both the heart and place 10

Of general wonder I ut alack

That monster envy oft the wack

Of earned praise Marina's life

Seeks to take off by treason's knife

And in this kind hath our Cleon

One daughter and a wench full grown

Even ripe for marriage rite this maid

Hi he! I bloten and it is said

For certain in our story she

Would ever with Marina be 20

Be it when she wove the slender silk

With fingers long small white as milk

Or when she would with sharp needle wound

The cambric which she made more sound

By hurting it or when to the lute

She sung and made the night bird mute

That still records with moan or when

She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail to her mistress Dian still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute Marina so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not ungiven This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Mariana, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida our nurse, is dead  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest for this blow The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content,  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer

30

40

50

[Exit

SCENE I *Tarsus an open place near the sea shore*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE*

*Dion* Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn  
 to do't

'Tis but a blow which never shall be known  
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon  
 To yield thee so much profit Let not conscience,  
 Which is but cold inflaming love, thy bosom,  
 In flame too nicely, nor let pity, which  
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
 A soldier to thy purpose

*Leon* I will do it but yet she is a goodly crea-  
 ture

9

*Dion* The fitter, then the gods should have her  
 Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'  
 death Thou art resolved?

*Leon* I am resolved

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers*

*Mar* No I will rob Tellus of her weed  
 To strew thy green with flowers The yellows,  
 blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds  
 Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,  
 While summer-days do last Ay me! poor maid  
 Born in a tempest when my mother died  
 This world to me is like a lasting storm

20

Whirling me from my friends

*Dion* How now, Marina! why do you keep  
 alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not  
 Consume your blood with sorrowing, you have  
 A nurse of me Lord, how your favour's changed  
 With this unprofitable woe!

Come give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it  
 Walk with Leonine the air is quick there  
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach Come,  
 Leonine take her by the arm walk with her

30

*Mar* No I pray you,

I'll not bereave you of your servant

*Dion* Come come,  
 I love the King your father, and yourself

With more than foreign heart We every day  
 Expect him here When he shall come and find  
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,  
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken  
 No care to your best courses Go, I pray you,  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again reserve  
 That excellent complexion, which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old Care not for me,  
 I can go home alone

40

*Mar* Well I will go,

But yet I have no desire to it

*Dion* Come come I know 'tis good for you  
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least  
 Remember what I have said

*Leon* I warrant you, madam

*Dion* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a  
 while

Pray walk softly do not heat your blood

What! I must have a care of you

*Mar* My thanks, sweet madam

50

[Exit DIONYZA

Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon* South west

*Mar* When I was born the wind was north

*Leon* Was it so?

*Mar* My father as nurse said did never fear  
 But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors galling  
 His kingly hands haling ropes,  
 And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea  
 That almost burst the deck

*Leon* When was this?

*Mar* When I was born

Never was waves nor wind more violent,

60

And from the ladder-tackle washes off

A canvas climber 'Ha!' says one 'wilt out?'

And with a dropping industry they skip  
 From stem to stern The boatswain whistles and  
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion

*Leon* Come, say your prayers

*Mar* What mean you?

*Leon* If you require a little space for prayer,  
 I grant it Pray, but be not tedious  
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am

To do my work with haste

*Mar* Why will you kill me?

*Leon* To satisfy my lady

*Mar* Why would she have me kill d?

Now as I can remember by my troth

I never did her hurt in all my life

I never spake bad word nor did all turn

To any living creature Believe me I

I never kill'd a mouse nor hurt a fly

I trod upon a worm against my will

But I wept for it How have I offended 80

Wherein my death must yield her any profit

Or my life imply her any danger?

*Leon* My commission

Is not to reason of the deed but do it

*Mar* You will not do't for all the world I hope

You are well favour'd and your looks foreshew

You have a gentle heart I saw you lately

When you could not hurt in parting two that fought

Good sooth it show'd well in you Do so now

Your lady seeks my life come you between, 90

And save poor me the weaker

*Leon* I am sworn

And will dispatch

*He sets on her*

*Enter PIRATES*

*1st Pirate* Hold villain!

*[LEONINE runs away]*

*2nd Pirate* A prize! a prize!

*3rd Pirate* Half part mates half part

Come let's have her aboard suddenly

*[Exit PIRATES with MARINA]*

*Re-enter LEONINE*

*Leon* These roving thieves serve the great  
pirate Valdes

And they have seized Marina Let her go  
There's no hope she will return I'll swear she's  
dead

And throw'n into the sea But I'll see further 100

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her

Nor carry her aboard If she remain

Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain

*[Exit]*

SCENE II *Mytilene a room in a brothel*

*Enter PANDAR BAYD and BOULT*

*Pand* Boul!

*Boul* Sir?

*Pand* Search the market narrowly Mytilene  
is full of gallants We lost too much money this  
morn'g by being too wenchless

*Br.* We were never so much out of crea-  
tures We have but poor three and they can do  
no more than they can do and they with con-

tinual action are even as good as rotten 9

*Pand* Therefore let's have fresh ones what-  
e'er we pay for them If there be not a con-  
science to be used to every trade we shall never  
prosper

*Br.* Thou sayest true 'Tis not our blemish  
up of poor bastards—as I think I have brought  
up some eleven—

*Boul* Ay to eleven and brought them down  
again But shall I search the market?

*Br.* What else man? The stuff we have, a  
strong wind will blow it to pieces they are so  
pitifully sodden 21

*Pand* Thou sayest true they're too unwholesome  
of conscience The poor Transylvanian is  
dead that lay with the little baggage

*Boul* Ay she quickly pooped him she made  
him roast meat for worms But I'll go search the  
market *[Exit]*

*Pand* Three or four thousand chequins were a  
pretty proportion to live quietly and so gave  
over 30

*Br.* Why to give over I pray you? Is it a  
shame to get when we are old?

*Pand* O our credit comes not in like the com-  
modity nor the commodity was not with the  
dancer therefore if in our youths we could  
pick up some pretty estate we were not amiss to  
keep our door hatch'd Besides the sore terms  
we stand upon with the gods will be strong with  
us for giving over 39

*Br.* Come other sorts offend as well as we

*Pand* As well as we? Ay and better too we  
offend worse Neither is our profession any trade  
it's no calling But here comes Boul

*Re-enter BOULT with the PIRATES and MARINA*

*Boul* *[To MARINA]* Come your ways My  
masters you say she's a virgin?

*1st Pirate* O sir we doubt it not

*Boul* Master I have gone through for this  
piece you see If you like her so if not I have  
lost my earnest

*Br.* Boul has she any qualities? 50

*Boul* She has a good face speaks well and  
has excellent good clothes There's no further  
necessity of qualities can make her be refused

*Br.* What's her price Boul?

*Boul* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand  
pieces

*Pand* Well follow me my masters you shall  
have your money presently Wife take her in  
instruct her what she has to do that she may not  
be raw in her entertainment 60

*[Exit PANDAR and PIRATES]*

*Br.* Boul take you the marks of her the

colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boul* Performance shall follow. [Exit

*Mar* Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

He should have struck, not spoke, or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

*Baud* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar* That I am pretty

*Baud* Come, the gods have done their part in you

*Mar* I accuse them not

*Baud* You are light into my hands, where you are like to live

*Mar* The more my fault

To scape his hands where I was like to die 80

*Baud* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure

*Mar* No

*Baud* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well, you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar* Are you a woman?

*Baud* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar* An honest woman, or not a woman 90

*Baud* Marry, whup thee, gosling. I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar* The gods defend me!

*Baud* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you; men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boul's returned

*Re-enter BOULT*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boul* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs, I have drawn her picture with my voice

*Baud* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boul* 'Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description 109

*Baud* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on

*Boul* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do

you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Baud* Who, Monsieur Veroles?

*Boul* Ay, he. He offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow

*Baud* Well, well, as for him, he brought his disease hither. Here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun

*Boul* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign

*Baud* [To MARINA] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers; seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit

*Mar* I understand you not

*Boul* O, take her home, mistress, take her home. These blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice

*Baud* Thou sayest true: i' faith, so they must, for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant 139

*Boul* 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint—

*Baud* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit

*Boul* I may so

*Baud* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well

*Boul* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet

*Baud* Boul, spend thou that in the town, report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn: therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report

*Boul* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night

*Baud* Come your ways, follow me

*Mar* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep 160

*Diana* aid my purpose!

*Baud* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt

SCENE III *Tarsus a room in Cleon's house*

*Enter CLEON and DIONA*

*Dion* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle* O Dionyza such a piece of slau hter  
The sun and moon ne er look d upon<sup>1</sup>

*Dion* I think  
You ll turn a child again

*Cle* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world  
I d giv e it to undo the deed O lady  
Much less in blood than virtue yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o the earth  
I the justice of compare<sup>1</sup> O villain Leonine<sup>1</sup>  
Whom thou hast poison d too 10  
If thou hadst drunk to him t had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy fact What canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion* That she is dead Nurses are not the fates  
To foster it nor ever to preserve  
She died at night I ll say so Who can cross it?  
Unless you play the pious innocent  
And for an honest attribute cry out  
'She died by foul play

*Cle* O go to Well well  
Of all the faults beneath the heavens the gods 20  
Do like this worst

*Dion* Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence  
And open this to Pericles I do shame  
To think of whar a noble strain you are  
And of how coward a spirit

*Cle* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added  
Thou h not his prime consent he did not flow  
From honourable sources

*Dion* Be it so then  
Yet none does know but you how she came  
dead

Not none can kno v Leonine bein gone 30  
She did disdain my child and stood bet een  
Her and her fortunes None would look on her  
But cast their gazes on Marina s face  
Whilst ours as blurred at and held a Maskin  
Not worth the time of day It pierced me  
thorough

And though you call my course unnatural  
You not your child well loving yet I find  
It greets me as an enterpris of kindness  
Perform d to your sole daughter

*Cle* Heavens forgive it<sup>1</sup>

*Dion* And as for Pericles 40  
What should he say? We epe after her hearse  
And yet we mourn Her monument  
Is almost finish d and her epitaph  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her and care in us  
At whose expense tis done

*Cle* Thou art like the harpy  
Which to betray dost with thine angel s face,  
Sense with thine eyes le s talons

*Dion* You are like one that superstitiously 49  
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies  
But yet I know you ll do as I advise [Exeunt

## SCENE IV

*Enter GOWER before the monument of Marina at Tarsus*

*GOW* Thus time we waste and lonnest leagues  
make short

Sail seas in cockles have an wish but for t  
Making to take your imagination  
From bourn to bourn region to re ion  
By you being pardon d we commit no crime  
To use one language in each several clime  
Where our scenes seem to live I do beseech  
you  
To learn of me who stand i the gaps to teach  
you

The stages of our story Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas : 10  
Attended on by many a lord and knight  
To see his daughter all his life s deli he  
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late  
Advanced in time to great and high estate  
Is left to govern Bear you it in mind  
Old Helicanus goes along behind  
Well sailin ships and bounteous winds have  
brought

This kin to Tarsus—think his pilot thought  
So with his steers c shall your thoughts grow  
on— 19

To fetch his daughter home who first is gone  
Like mores and shado vs see them move  
awhile

Your ears unto your eyes I ll reconcile

## DUMB SHOW

*Enter PERICLES at one door with all his train  
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other CLEON shew s  
PERICLES the tomb whereat PERICLES makes  
lamentation puts on sackcloth and in a mighty  
passion departs Then exeunt CLEON and DIONYZA*

See how belief may suffer by foul show<sup>1</sup>  
This borrow d passion stands for true old woe  
And Pericles in sorrow all devour d  
With sighs shot through and biggest tears  
o erflow d

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks He swears  
Never to wash his face nor cut his hairs  
He puts on sackcloth and ruses He bears  
A tempest which his mortal vessel tears 30  
And yet he rides it out Now please you wit  
The epitaph is for Marina writ  
By wicked Dion yza

*Reads the inscription on Marina s monument*  
"The fairest sweet st and best lies here

Who wither'd in her spring of year  
 She was of Tyros the King's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter,  
 Marina was she call'd, and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'  
 the earth  
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed, 40  
 Hath Thetis' birth child on the heavens be-  
 stow'd  
 Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never  
 stint  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint "

No visitor does become black villainy  
 So well as soft and tender flattery  
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be ordered  
 By Lady Fortune, while our scene must play  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well a-day  
 In her unholy service Patience, then, 50  
 And think you now are all in Mytilene [Exit

SCENE V *Mytilene a street before the brothel*

*Enter, from the brothel, TWO GENTLEMEN*

1st Gent Did you ever hear the like?

2nd Gent No nor ever shall do in such a place  
 as this, she being once gone

1st Gent But to have divinity preached there?  
 did you ever dream of such a thing?

2nd Gent No, no Come I am for no more  
 bawdy houses Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1st Gent I'll do anything now that is virtuous  
 but I am out of the road of rutting for ever 10  
 [Exeunt

SCENE VI *The same a room in the brothel*

*Enter PANDAR BAWD and BOULT*

Pand Well I had rather than twice the worth  
 of her she had ne'er come her

Bawd Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the  
 god Priapus and undo a whole generation We  
 must either get her ravished, or be rid of her  
 When she should do for clients her fitment and  
 do me the kindness of our profession she has me  
 her quirks her reasons, her master reasons her  
 prayers her knees, that she would make a puri-  
 tan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her

Boult 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll dis-  
 furnish us of all our cavaliers and make our  
 swearers priests

Pand Now, the pox upon her green sickness  
 for me!

Bawd 'Faith there's no way to be rid on't but  
 by the way to the pox Here comes the Lord  
 Lysimachus disguised

Boult We should have both lord and lown, if

the peevish baggage would but give way to  
 customers 21

*Enter LYSIMACHUS*

Lys How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boult I am glad to see your honour in good  
 health

Lys You may so, 'tis the better for you that  
 your resorters stand upon sound legs How now!  
 Wholesome iniquity have you that a man may  
 deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd We have here one, sir if she would—  
 but there never came her like in Mytilene 31

Lys If she'd do the deed of darkness thou  
 wouldst say

Bawd Your honour knows what 'tis to say well  
 enough

Lys Well, call forth, call forth

Boult For flesh and blood sir, white and red  
 you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed,  
 if she had but—

Lys What, prithee?

Boult O, sir I can be modest

Lys That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no  
 less than it gives a good report to a number to be  
 chaste [Exit BOULT

Bawd Here comes that which grows to the  
 stalk, never plucked yet I can assure you

*Re enter BOULT with MARINA*

Is she not a fair creature?

Lys Faith she would serve after a long voy-  
 age at sea Well, there a for you Leave us

Bawd I beseech your honour give me leave A  
 word and I'll have done presently 51

Lys I beseech you do

Bawd [To MARINA] First, I would have you  
 note this is an honourable man

Mar I desire to find him so that I may worthily  
 note him

Bawd Next, he's the governor of this country,  
 and a man whom I am bound to

Mar If he govern the country you are bound  
 to him indeed but how honourable he is in that,  
 I know not 61

Bawd Pray you without any more virginal  
 fencing will you use him kindly? He will line  
 your apron with gold

Mar What he will do graciously, I will thank-  
 fully receive

Lys Ha you done?

Bawd My lord she's not paced yet You  
 must take some pains to work her to your man-  
 age Come, we will leave his honour and her to-  
 gether Go thy ways

[*Exeunt BALD and BOULT*]

*Lys* Now pretty one how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar* What trade sir?

*Lys* Why I cannot name it but I shall offend

*Mar* I cannot be offended with my trade Please you to name it

*Lys* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar* Ever since I can remember

*Lys* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

*Mar* Earlier too sir if now I be one

*Lys* Why the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale

*Mar* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort and will come into it? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place

*Lys* Why hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar* Who is my principal?

*Lys* Why your herb-woman she that sets seeds and roots of harme and iniquity O you have heard something of my power and so stand aloof for more serious wooing But I protest to thee pretty one my authority shall not see thee or else look friendly upon thee Come bring me to some private place Come, come

*Mar* If you were born to honour show it now If put upon you make the judgement good That thought you worthy of it

*Lys* How is this? how is this? Some more be save

*Mar* For me

That am a maid thou hast most ungentle fortune Have placed me in this sty where since I came Diseases have been sold dearer than physic O that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallowed place

Though they did change me to the meanest bird

That flies in the purer air?

*Lys* I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well neither dream'd thou couldst

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind

Thy speech had alter'd it Hold here is gold for thee

Persever in that clear way thou goest

And the gods strengthen thee?

*Mar* The good gods preserve you?

*Lys* For me be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent for to me

The very doors and windows say our wile

Fare thee well Thou art a piece of virtue and

I doubt not but thy training hath been noble

Hold here is more gold for thee

A curse upon him die he like a thief

That robs thee of thy goodness? If thou dost

Hear from me it shall be for thy good

*Re-enter BOULT*

*Boult* I beseech your honour one piece for me

*Lys* Away! thou damned door-keeper!

Your house but for this virgin that doth prop it

Would sink and overwhelm you Away!

[*Exit*]

*Boult* How is this? We must take another course with you If your peevish chastity which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope shall undo a whole household let me be gelded like a spaniel Come your ways

*Mar* Whither would you have me?

*Boult* I must have your maidenhead taken off or the common hangman shall execute it Come your ways We'll have no more gentlemen driven away Come your ways I say

*Re-enter BALD*

*Bald* How now? what is the matter?

*Boult* Worse and worse mistress she has

here spoken holy words to the Lord Jesumachus

*Bald* O shonorable!

*Boult* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods

*Bald* Marry hang her up for ever!

*Boult* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman and she sent him away as cold as a snowball saying his prayers too

*Bald* *Boult* take her away use her at thy pleasure Crack the glass of her virginity and make the rest malleable

*Boult* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is she shall be ploughed

*Mar* Hark hark you gods!

*Bald* She conjures Away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She is born to undo us Will you not go the way of women kind? Marry come up my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

*Boult* Come mistress come your ways with me

*Mar* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear

*Mar* Prithce tell me one thing first

*Boult* Come now your one thing

*Mar* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult* Why I could wish him to be my master or rather my mistress

*Mar* Neither of these are so bad as thou art Since they do better thee in their command

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend  
Of hell would not in reputation change  
Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every  
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib  
To the cholerick fisting of every rogue  
Thy ear is liable thy food is such  
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs 179  
*Boul* What would you have me do? go to the wars  
would you? where a man may serve seven  
years for the loss of a leg, and have not money  
enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?  
*Mar* Do anything but this thou doest Empty  
Old receptracles, or common shores of filth,  
Serve by indenture to the common hangman  
Any of these ways are yet better than this  
For what thou professest, a baboon could he  
speal

Would own a name too dear O that the gods  
Would safely deliver me from this place! 191  
Here here's gold for thee  
If that thy master would gain by me,  
Proclaim that I can sing weave, sew and dance  
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast  
And I will undertake all these to teach  
I doubt not but this populous city will  
Yield many scholars

*Boul* But can you teach all this you speak of?  
*Mar* Prove that I cannot take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom 201  
That doth frequent your house  
*Boul* Well I will see what I can do for thee If  
I can place thee I will

*Mar* But amongst honest women  
*Boul* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little  
amongst them But since my master and mis-  
tress have bought you, there's no going but by  
their consent, therefore I will make them ac-  
quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but  
I shall find them tractable enough Come I'll  
do for thee what I can come your ways

[Exeunt]

## ACT V

Enter GOWER

*Gow* Marina thus the brothel scapes and  
chances  
Into an honest house, our story says  
She sings like one immortal and she dances  
As goddess like to her admired lays  
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needl' com-  
poses  
Nature's own shape of bud, bird branch or  
berry  
That even her art sisters the natural roses

Her inkle, silk twin with the rubied cherry,  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10  
She gives the cursed bawd Here we her place,  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him on the sea We there him  
lost,

Whence driven before the winds he is arrived  
Here where his daughter dwells, and on this  
coast

Suppose him now at anchor The city strived  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies  
His banners sable, trun'd with rich expense,  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies 20  
In your supposing once more put your sight  
Of heavy Pericles think thus his bark  
Where what is done in action more if might  
Shall be discover'd please you sit and hark

[Exit]

SCENE I On board Pericles ship, off Mytilene  
A close pavilion on deck with a curtain before it,  
Pericles within it reclined on a couch A barge  
lying beside the Tyrian vessel

Enter two SAILORS one belonging to the Tyrian  
vessel the other to the barge, to them HELICANUS  
*Tyr Sail* [To the SAILOR of Mytilene]

Where is lord Helicanus? He can resolve you  
O here he is

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,  
And in it is Lysimachus the governor  
Who craves to come aboard What is your will?  
*Hel* That he have his Call up some gentlemen  
*Tyr Sail* Ho gentlemen! my lord calls

Enter two or three GENTLEMEN  
*1st Gent* Doth your lordship call?  
*Hel* Gentlemen there's some of worth would  
come aboard

I pray ye greet them fairly 10  
[The GENTLEMEN and the two SAILORS descend  
and go on board the barge]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and LORDS, with  
the GENTLEMEN and the two SAILORS

*Tyr Sail* Sir,  
Thus is the man that can in aught you would,  
Resolve you  
*Lys* Hail reverend sir! the gods preserve you!  
*Hel* And you sir, to outlive the age I am  
And die as I would do

*Lys* You wish me well  
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us  
I made to it to know of whence you are  
*Hel* First what is your place?



*Lys* I am the governor of this place you lie before

*Hel* Sir

Our vessel is of Tyre in it the king  
A man who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one nor taken sustenance  
But to prorogue his grief

*Lys* Upon what ground is his distemperance?

*Hel* 'T would be too tedious to repeat  
But the main grief springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife

*Lys* May we not see him?

*Hel* You may

But bootless is your sight He will not speak  
To any

*Lys* Yet let me obtain my wish

*Hel* Behold him [*PERICLES discovered*] This  
was a goodly person

Till the disaster that one mortal night  
Drove him to this

*Lys* Sir king all hail! the gods preserve you!  
Hail royal sir!

*Hel* It is in vain he will not speak to you

*ut Lord* Sir

We have a maid in Mytilene I durst wager  
Would in some words of him

*Lys* 'Tis well bethought

She questionless with her sweet harmony

And other chosen attractions would allure

And make a battery through his deafen'd parts

Which now are midway stopp'd

She is all happy as the fairest of all

And with her fellow maids is now upon

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side

[*He whispers a LORD who goes off in the  
barge of Lysimachus*]

*Hel* Sure all's effectless yet nothing we'll  
omit

That bears recovery's name But since your  
kindness

We have stretch'd thus far let us beseech you

That for our gold we may provision have

Wherein we are not destitute for want

But weary for the staleness

*Lys* O sir a courtesy

Which if we should deny the most just gods

For every graff would send a caterpillar

And so afflict our province Yet once more

Let me entreat to know at large the cause

Of your king's sorrow

*Hel* Sir sir I will recount it to you

But see I am prevented

*Re-enter from the barge LORD with MARINA and  
a young Lady*

*Lys* O here is  
The lady that I sent for Welcome fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel* She's a gallant lady

*Lys* She's such a one that were I well assured

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock

I'd wish no better choice and think me rarely

wed

Fair one all goodness that consists in bounty

Expect even here where is a lady patient

If that thy prosperous and artificial feat

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught

Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay

As thy desires can wish

*Mar* Sir I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery

Provided

That none but I and my companion maid

Be suffer'd to come near him

*Lys* Come let us leave her

And the gods make her prosperous!

*Marina sings*

*Lys* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar* No nor look'd on us

*Lys* See she will speak to him

*Mar* Hail sir! my lord lend ear

*Per* Hail ha! [*Pushing her back*]

*Mar* I am a maid

My lord that ne'er before invited eyes

But have been gazed on like a corner She speaks

My lord that may be hath endured a grief

Might equal yours if both were justly weigh'd

Though wayward fortune did malign my state,

My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kins

But time hath rooted out my parentage

And to the world and awkward casualties

Bound me in servitude [*And*] I will desist

But there is something glows upon my cheek

And whispers in mine ear Go not till he speak

*Per* My fortunes—parentage—good parent

age—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar* I said my lord if you did know my

parentage

You would not do me violence

*Per* I do think so Pray you turn your eyes

upon me

You are like something that—What country

woman?

Here of these shores?

*Mar* No nor of any shores

Yet I was mortally brought forth and am

No other than I appear

*Per* I am great with woe, and shall deliver

weeping

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
 My daughter might have been My queen's square brows,  
 Her stature to an inch, as wand like straight, 110  
 As silver voiced, her eyes as jewel-like  
 And cased as richly, in pace another Juno,  
 Who starves the ears she feeds and makes them hungry  
 The more she gives them speech Where do you live?  
*Mar* Where I am but a stranger From the deck  
 You may discern the place  
*Per* Where were you bred?  
 And how achieved you these endowments which  
 You make more rich to owe?  
*Mar* If I should tell my history, it would seem  
 Like lies disdain'd in the reporting  
*Per* Prithce speak 120  
 Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
 Modest as Justice and thou seem'st a palace  
 For the crown'd Truth to dwell in I will believe thee,  
 And make my senses credit thy relation  
 To points that seem impossible for thou look'st  
 Like one I loved indeed What were thy friends?  
 Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—  
 Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest  
 From good descending?  
*Mar* So indeed I did  
*Per* Report thy parentage I think thou said'st 130  
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
 If both were open'd  
*Mar* Some such thing  
 I said and said no more but what my thoughts  
 Did warrant me was likely  
*Per* Tell thy story  
 If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
 Of my endurance thou art a man and I  
 Have suffer'd like a girl Yet thou dost lool  
 Like Patience gazing on kings graves and smiling  
 Extremity out of act What were thy friends? 140  
 How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?  
 Recount I do beseech thee Come sit by me  
*Mar* My name is Marina  
*Per* O I am mock'd  
 And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
 To make the world to laugh at me

*Mar* Patience, good sir,  
 Or here I'll cease  
*Per* Nay, I'll be patient  
 Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
 To call thyself Marina  
*Mar* The name  
 Was given me by one that had some power, 150  
 My father, and a king  
*Per* How 'a king's daughter?  
 And call'd Marina?  
*Mar* You said you would believe me,  
 But not to be troubler of your peace  
 I will end here  
*Per* But are you flesh and blood?  
 Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
 Motion! Well, speak on Where were you born?  
 And wherefore call'd Marina?  
*Mar* Call'd Marina  
 For I was born at sea  
*Per* At sea! what mother?  
*Mar* My mother was the daughter of a king,  
 Who died the minute I was born 160  
 As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
 Deliver'd weeping  
*Per* O stop there a little!  
 [Aside] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep  
 Did mock sad fools withal This cannot be,  
 My daughter's buried Well where were you bred?  
 I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
 And never interrupt you  
*Mar* You scorn Believe me, 'twere best I did  
 give o'er  
*Per* I will believe you by the syllable  
 Of what you shall deliver Yea give me leave 170  
 How came you in these parts? where were you bred?  
*Mar* The King my father did in Tarsus leave me  
 Till cruel Cleon with his wicked wife  
 Did seek to murder me and having woo'd  
 A villain to attempt it who having drawn to do 't  
 A crew of pirates came and rescued me  
 Brought me to Mytilene But good sir  
 Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?  
 It may be  
 You think me an impostor No, good faith,  
 I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180  
 If good King Pericles be  
*Per* Ho Helicanus!  
*Hel* Calls my lord?  
*Per* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
 Most wise in general Tell me, if thou canst  
 What this maid is or what is like to be  
 That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel* Here is the regent sir of Mytilene  
Speaks nobly of her

*Lys* She would never tell  
Her parentage being demanded that  
She would sit still and weep

*Per* O Helicanus strike me honour'd sir  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality  
And drown me with their sweetness O come  
hither

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget  
Thou that wast born at sea buried at Tarsus  
And found at sea again! O Helicanus  
Down on thy knees thank the holy gods as  
loud

As thunder threatens us This is Marina  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough  
Though doubts did ever sleep

*Mar* First sir I pray  
What is your title?

*Per* I am Pericles of Tyse but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name as in the rest you  
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect  
The heir of kingdoms and another like  
To Pericles thy father

*Mar* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa as my mother who did end  
The minute I began

*Per* Now blessing on thee! Rise thou art my  
child

Give me fresh garments Mine own Helicanus  
She is not dead at Tarsus as she should have  
been,

By savage Cleon She shall tell thee all  
When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge  
She is thy very princess Who is this?

*Hel* Sir 'tis the governor of Mytilene,  
Who hearing of your melancholy state  
Did come to see you

*Per* I embrace you  
Give me my robes I am wild in my beholding  
O heavens bless my girl But hark what music?  
Tell Helicanus my Marina tell him  
O'er point by point for yet he seems to doubt  
How sure you are my daughter But what  
music?

*Hel* My lord I hear none

*Per* None!

The music of the spheres? List my Marina

*Lys* It is not good to cross him give him way

*Per* Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

I know not but

*Lys*

My lord I hear

*Music*

*Per* Most heavenly music!  
It tips me unto listening and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes Let me rest [Sleeps]

*Lys* A pillow for his head  
So leave him all Well my companion friends  
If this but answers to my just belief  
I'll well remember you

[Exeunt all but PERICLES]

DIANA appears to PERICLES as in a vision

*Dia* My temple stands in Ephesus Hie thee  
thither

And do upon mine altar sacrifice  
There when my maiden priests are met together  
Before the people all

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife  
To mourn thy crosses with thy daughter's call  
And give them repetition to the life  
Or perform my bidding or thou livest in woe  
Do it and happy by my silver bow!

Awake and tell thy dream [Disappears]

*Per* Celestial Dian goddess argentine  
I will obey thee Helicanus!

Re-enter HELICANUS LAST LACHES and MARINA

*Hel* Sir?  
*Per* My purpose was for Tarsus there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon but I am  
For other service first Toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails eftsoons I'll tell thee why  
[To LACHES] Shall we refresh us sir upon  
your shore

And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys* Sir  
With all my heart and when you come ashore,  
I have another suit

*Per* You shall prevail  
Were it to woo my daughter for it seems  
You have been noble towards her

*Lys* Sir lend me your arm  
*Per* Come, my Marina [Exeunt]

SCENE II Enter COWER before the temple of  
DIANA at Ephesus

*Got.* Now our sands are almost run  
More a little and then dumb  
Thus my last boon give me  
For such kindness must relieve me  
That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry what feats what shows  
What minstrelsy and pretty din  
The regent made in Mytilene  
To greet the king So he thrived,

That he is promised to be wived  
To fair Marina, but in no wise  
Till he had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade, whereto being bound,  
The interim pray you, all confound  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd  
At Ephesus the temple see,  
Our King and all his company  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancy's thankful doom

10 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it, spite of seeing O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,  
Like him you are Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?  
15 Per The voice of dead Thaisa!  
Thais That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
And drown'd  
Per Immortal Dian!  
19 Thais Now I know you better  
When we with tears parted Pantapolis,  
The King my father gave you such a ring  
Shows a ring  
Per This this No more, you gods! your pres-  
ent kindness 40  
Makes my past miseries sports You shall do  
well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt and no more be seen O, come, be buried  
A second time within these arms  
Mar My heart  
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom  
Kneels to THAISA  
Per Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thaisa,  
Thy burden at the sea and call'd Marina  
For she was yielded there  
Thais Blest and mine own!  
Hel Hail, madam, and my queen!  
Thais I know you not  
Per You have heard me say when I did fly  
from Tyre, 50  
I left behind an ancient substitute  
Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
I have named him off  
Thais 'Twas Helicanus then  
Per Still confirmation  
Embrace him dear Thaisa this is he  
Now do I long to hear how you were found  
How possibly preserv'd, and who to thank,  
Besides the gods, for this great miracle  
Thais Lord Cerimon, my lord, this man  
Through whom the gods have shown their power,  
that can 60  
From first to last resolve you  
Per Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives?  
Cer I will my lord  
Beseech you first go with me to my house  
Where shall be shown you all was found with  
her,  
How she came placed here in the temple,  
No needless thing omitted  
Per Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I

[Exit

SCENE III *The temple of Diana at Ephesus, THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess, a number of Virgins on each side, CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending*

*Enter PERICLES, with his train, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA and a Lady*

Per Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,  
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,  
Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa  
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
A maid child call'd Marina, who O goddess  
Wears yet thy silver livery She at Tarsus  
Was nursed with Cleon, who at fourteen years  
He sought to murder but her better stars  
Brought her to Mytilene, 'gainst whose shore 10  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter

Thais Voice and favour!  
You are you are—O royal Pericles! [Faints]

Per What means the nun? she dies! help gen-  
tlemen!

Cer Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true  
This is your wife

Per Reverend appearer, no,  
I threw her overboard with these very arms

Cer Upon this coast, I warrant you  
Per 'Tis most certain 20

Cer Look to the lady, O she's but o'erjoy'd  
Early in blustering morn this lady was  
Thrown upon this shore I oped the coffin  
Found there rich jewels recover'd her and  
placed her

Here in Diana's temple

Per May we see them?

Cer Great sir, they shall be brought you to my  
house,

Whither I invite you Look, Thaisa

Recovered

Thais O let me look!

If he be none of mine my sanctity

Will offer night-oblations to thee Thaisa 70  
 This prince, the fair betrothed of your daughter  
 Shall marry her at Pentapolis And now  
 This ornament

Makes me look dismal will I clip to form  
 And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd  
 To grace thy marriage-day I'll beautify  
*Thus* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit  
 Sir

My father's dead  
*Per* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there my  
 queen

We'll celebrate their nuptials and ourselves 80  
 Will in that Ling'orn spend our following days  
 Our son and daughter shall in Ty'rus reign  
 Lord Cerimon we do our longing stay  
 To hear the rest untold Sir lead's the way  
*{Exeunt}*

*Enter GOWER*

*Gow* In Antiochus and his daughter you have  
 heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward  
 In Pericles his queen and daughter seen  
 Although assail'd with fortune fierce and  
 keen

Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast  
 Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at  
 last

In Helicanus may you well descry 90  
 A figure of truth of faith of loyalty  
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
 The worth that learned charity ay wears  
 For wicked Cleon and his wife when fame  
 Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd  
 name

Of Pericles to raise the city turn  
 That him and his they in his palace burn  
 The gods for murder seemed so content  
 To punish them although not done, but  
 meant

So on your patience evermore attendin 100  
 New joy waits on you! Here our play has end  
*{Exit}*

# CYMBELINE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain*  
 CLOTEN *son to the Queen by a former husband*  
 POSTHUMUS LEONATUS *a gentleman husband to Imogen*  
 BELARIUS *a banished lord disguised under the name of Morgan*  
 GUIDERIUS *sons to Cymbeline disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan*  
 ARVIRAGUS *sons to Cymbeline disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan*  
 PHILARIO *friend to Posthumus*  
 IACHIMO *friend to Philario*  
 CAIUS LUCIUS *general of the Roman forces*  
 PISANIO *servant to Posthumus*  
 CORNELIUS *a physician*  
 A ROMAN CAPTAIN  
 TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS  
 A FRENCHMAN  
 A SPANIARD  
 A DUTCHMAN  
 TWO LORDS of Cymbeline's court  
 TWO GENTLEMEN of Cymbeline's court

TWO GAOLERS  
 A SOOTHSAYER  
 A TRIBUNE  
 TWO SENATORS  
 AN ATTENDANT on Cymbeline  
 TWO MESSENGERS

QUEEN *wife to Cymbeline*  
 IMOGEN *daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen*  
 HELEN *a lady attending on Imogen*  
 A LADY attending on the Queen

SICILIUS LEONATUS *father to Posthumus*  
 TWO LEONATI *brothers to Posthumus*  
 MOTHER to Posthumus  
 JUPITER

NON-SPEAKING Lords Ladies Roman Senators and Tribunes Musicians Officers, Captains Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE *Britain, and Rome*



## ACT I

SCENE I *Britain the garden of Cymbeline's palace*  
 Enter TWO GENTLEMEN

1st Gent You do not meet a man but frowns  
 Our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
 Still seem as does the King

2nd Gent But what's the matter?

1st Gent His daughter and the heir of's kingdom whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son—a widow

That late he married—hath referr'd herself

Unto a poor but worthy gentleman She's

wedded

Her husband banish'd she imprison'd All

Is outward sorrow though I think the King

Be touch'd at a very heart

2nd Gent None but the King?

1st Gent He that hath lost her too so is the

Queen,

That most desired the match but not a courtier

Although they wear their faces to the bent

Of the King's looks hath a heart that is not

Glad at the thing they scowl at

2nd Gent And why so?

1st Gent He that hath miss'd the Princess is a

thing

Too bad for bad report And he that hath her—

I mean, that married her alack, good man!

And therefore banish'd—is a creature such  
 As to seek through the regions of the earth 20  
 For one his like, there would be something fail-  
 ing

In him that should compare I do not think  
 So fair an outward and such stuff within  
 Endow'd a man but he

2nd Gent You speak him far  
 1st Gent I do extend him sir within himself,  
 Crush him together rather than unfold  
 His measure duly

2nd Gent What's his name and birth?

1st Gent I cannot deliver him to the root His

father

Was called Sicilius who did join his honour 30

Against the Romans with Cassibelan

But had his titles by Tenantius whom

He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,

So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus,

And had, besides this gentleman in question,

Two other sons who in the wars of the time

Died with their swords in hand for which their

father

Then old and fond of issue took such sorrow

That he quit being, and his gentle lady

Beg of this gentleman our theme, deceased

As he was born The King he takes the babe 40

To his protection calls him Posthumus Leonatus

Breeds him and makes him of his bed-chamber.

Puts to him all the learnings that his time

Could make him the receiver of which he took  
As we do air fast as twas minister d  
And in s spring became a harvest lived in  
court—

Which rare it is to do—most praised most  
loved

A sample to the youngest to the more mature  
A glass that feared them and to the graver  
A child that guided dorards to his mistress 50  
For whom he now banish d her own price  
Proclauns how she esteern d him and his virtue  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man he is

2nd Gent I honour him  
Even out of your report But pray you tell me  
Is she sole child to the King?

1st Gent His only child  
He had two sons If this be worth your hearing  
Mark it the eldest of them at three years old  
I the swathing clothes the other from their nur  
sery

Were stol n and to this hour no guess in knowl  
edge 60

Which way they went

2nd Gent How long is this ago?

1st Gent Some twenty years

2nd Gent That a King's children should be so  
convey d

So slackly guarded and the search so slow  
That could not trace them?

1st Gent Howsoe'er tis strange  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh d at  
Yet it is true sir

2nd Gent I do well believe you

1st Gent We must forbear here comes the  
gentleman

The Queen and Princess [Exeunt]

Enter the QUEEN POSTHUMUS and IACEN

Queen No be assured you shall not find me  
daughter 70

After the slander of most stepmothers  
Evil-eyed unto you You re my prisoner but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint For you Posthumus  
So soon as I can win the offended King  
I will be known your advocate Marry yet  
The fire of rage is in him, and were good  
You lean d unto his sentence with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you

Post Please your Highness  
I will from hence to-day

Queen You know the peril 80  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pity in  
The pangs of barr d affections though the  
King

Hath charg'd you should not speak together

Imo [Exit]  
O

Dissembling courtesy? How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest hus  
band

I something fear my father's wrath but nothing—  
Always reserved my holy duty—what  
His ra can do on me You must be gone  
And I shall here abide the hourly shor  
Of angry eyes not comforted to live, 90  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again

Post My queen! my mistress!  
O lady weep no more lest I give cause  
To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man I will remain  
The loyal st husband that did e'er plight troth  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's  
Who to my father was a friend to me  
Known but by letter Thither write my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send  
Though ink be made of gall

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen Be brief I pray you 100  
If the King come I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure [Aside] Yet I'll  
move him

To walk thus way I never do him wrong  
But he does buy my injuries to be friends  
Pays dear for my offences [Exit]

Post Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live  
The loathness to depart would grow Adieu!

Imo Nay stay a little  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself 110  
Such parting were too petty Look here love  
This diamond was my mother's Take it heart  
But keep it till you woo another wife  
When Imogen is dead

Post How how! another?  
You gentle gods give me I ur this I have  
And scar up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death [Putting on the ring]  
Remain remain thou here  
While sense can keep it on And sweetest  
fairest

As I my poor self did exchange for you  
To your so infinite loss so in our trifles 120  
I still live in you For my sake wear this  
It is a manacle of love I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner  
Putting a bracelet upon her arm  
Imo O the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords*

Post Alack, the King!

Cym Thou basest thing, avoid! Hence from my sight!

If after this command thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness thou diest Away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood

Post The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court!

I am gone [Exit

Imo There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this 130

Cym O disloyal thing,  
That shouldst repair my youth thou heap'st  
A year's age on me

Imo I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation  
I am senseless of your wrath, a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs all fears

Cym Past grace? obedience?

Imo Past hope, and in despair, that way, past  
grace

Cym That mightst have had the sole son of  
my queen!

Imo O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle  
And did avoid a puttock 140

Cym Thou took'st a beggar, wouldst have  
made my throne

A seat for baseness

Imo No, I rather added

A lustre to it

Cym O thou vile one!

Imo Sir,  
It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus  
You bred him as my play fellow, and he is  
A man worth any woman, overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays

Cym What art thou mad?

Imo Almost sir heaven restore me! Would I  
were

A neat herd's daughter, and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym Thou foolish thing! 150

*Re-enter QUEEN*

They were again together You have done  
Not after our command Away with her  
And pen her up

Queen Beseech your patience Peace  
Dear lady daughter peace! Sweet sovereign  
Leave us to ourselves and make yourself some  
comfort

Out of your best advice

Cym Nay let her languish  
A drop of blood a day, and being aged

Die of this folly! [Exit CYMBELINE and Lords  
Queen Fie! you must give way

*Enter PISANIO*

Here is your servant How now, sir! What news?

Pis My lord your son drew on my master

Queen Ha! 160

No harm, I trust is done?

Pis There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought  
And had no help of anger They were parted  
By gentlemen at hand

Queen I am very glad on't  
Imo Your son's my father's friend, he takes his  
part

To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!  
I would they were in Afric both together,  
My self by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer-back Why came you from your  
master?

Pis On his command He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven, left these notes 171

Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When 't pleased you to employ me

Queen This hath been

Your faithful servant I dare lay mine honour  
He will remain so

Pis I humbly thank your Highness

Queen Pray, walk awhile

Imo About some half-hour hence

I pray you, speak with me You shall at least

Go see my lord aboard For this time leave me  
[Exit

SCENE II *The same a public place*

*Enter CLOTEN and TWO LORDS*

1st Lord Sir, I would advise you to shift a  
shirt, the violence of action hath made you reek  
as a sacrifice Where air comes out, air comes in  
There's none abroad so wholesome as that you  
vent

Clo If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it  
Have I hurt him?

2nd Lord [Aside] No 'faith not so much as  
his patience 9

1st Lord Hurt him! his body's a passable car-  
cass, if he be not hurt It is a throughfare for  
steel, if it be not hurt

2nd Lord [Aside] His steel was in debt it went  
o' the backside the town

Clo The villain would not stand me

2nd Lord [Aside] No but he fled forward still  
toward your face

1st Lord Stand you! You have land enough of  
your own, but he added to your having, gave  
you some ground 20



2nd Lord [Aside] As many inches as you have oceans Puppies!

Clo I would they had not come between us

2nd Lord [Aside] So would I till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground

Clo And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

2nd Lord [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election she is damned

1st Lord Sir as I told you always her beauty and her brain go not together She's a good sign but I have seen small reflection of her wit

and Lord [Aside] She shines not upon fools lest the reflection should hurt her

Clo Come I'll to my chamber Would there had been some hurt done!

2nd Lord [Aside] I wish not so unless it had been the fall of an ass which is no great hurt

Clo You'll go with us?

1st Lord I'll attend your lordship

Clo Nay come let's go together

2nd Lord Well my lord [Exeunt]

### SCENE III A room in Cymbeline's palace

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO

Imo I would thou grewst unto the shores of the haven,

And questiondst every sail If he should write,

And I not have it were a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis It was his queen, his queen!

Imo Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis And kiss'd it madam

Imo Senseless linen! happier therein than I!

And that was all?

Pis No madam for so long

As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others he did keep

The deck with glove or hat or handkerchief

Still waving as the fits and starts of's mind

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on

How swift his ship

Imo Thou shouldst have made him

As little as a crow or less ere left

To after-eye him

Pis Madam so I did

Imo I would have broke mine eye strings

crack'd them, but

To look upon him, till the diminution

Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle

Nay follow'd him till he had melted from

The smallness of a gnat to air and then

Have turn'd mine eye and wept But good

PISANIO

When shall we hear from him?

Pis Be assured madam

With his next vantage

Imo I did not take my leave of him but had

Most pretty things to say Ere I could tell him

How I would think on him at certain hours

Such thoughts and such or I could make him

swear

The shores of Italy should not betray

My interest and his honour or have charged

him

At the sixth hour of morn at noon at midnight

To encounter me with orisons for then

I am in heaven for him or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss which I had set

Between two charming words comes in my

father

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north

Shakes all our buds from growing

Enter a LADY

Lady The Queen madam

Desires your Highness company

Imo Those things I bid you do get them dis-

patch'd

I will attend the Queen

Pis Madam I shall [Exeunt]

### SCENE IV POME PHILARIO'S house

Enter PHILARIO LACHIMO a FRENCHMAN a

DUTCHMAN and a SPANIARD

Lach Believe it sir I have seen him in Britain

He was then of a crescent note, expected to prove

so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of

but I could then have looked on him without

the help of admiration, though the catalogue of

his endowments had been table'd by his side and

I to peruse him by items

Pis You speak of him when he was less fur-

rushed than now he is with that which makes him

both without and within

French I have seen him in France We had very

many there could behold the sun with as firm

eyes as he

Lach This matter of marrying his king's daugh-

ter wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her

value than his own words him, I doubt not a

great deal from the matter

French And then his banishment

Lach Ay and the approbation of those that

weep this lamentable divorce under her colours

are wonderfully to extend him be it but to for-

tify her judgment which else an easy battery

might lay flat for taking a beggar without less

quality But how comes it he is to sojourn with

you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi* His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life. Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality. 30

*Enter POSTHUMUS*

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still. 40

*French* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller, rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences. But upon my mended judgement—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight. 51

*French* Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords, and by such two that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other or have fallen both.

*Lich* Can we, with manners ask what was the difference?

*French* Safely, I think 'Twas a contention in public, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—hus to be more fair virtuous wise, chaste, constant-qualified and less attemptable than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Lich* That lady is not now living or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

*Post* She holds her virtue still and I my mind.

*Lich* You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy. 71

*Post* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing though I profess myself her adorer, nor her friend.

*Lich* As fair and as good—a kind of hand in hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she were before others I have seen as that diamond

of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many. But I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post* I praised her as I rated her. So do I my stone.

*Lich* What do you esteem it at?

*Post* More than the world enjoys.

*Lich* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post* You are mistaken. The one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Lich* Which the gods have given you.

*Post* Which by their graces I will keep.

*Lich* You may wear her in title yours, but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too so your brace of unprizable estimations the one is but frail and the other casual, a cunning thief or a that way accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phi* Let us leave here, gentlemen. 109

*Post* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me we are familiar at first.

*Lich* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress make her go back, even to the yielding had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

*Post* No no.

*Lich* I dare thereupon pawn the rioty of my estate to your ring which, in my opinion, overvalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

*Lich* What's that?

*Post* A repulse though your attempt, as you call it deserve more a punishment too. 129

*Phi* Gentlemen enough of this. It came in too suddenly let it die as it was born and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Lich* Would I had put my estate and my neighbourhood on the approbation of what I have spoke!

*Post* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Lich* Yours, whom in constancy you think

stands so safe I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring that commend me to the court where your lady is with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserve I

*Post* I will wage against your gold gold to it My ring I hold dear as my finger tis part of it  
*Iach* You are afraid and therein the wiser If you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram you cannot preserve it from tainting But I see you have some religion in you that you fear 149

*Post* This is but a custom in your tongue you bear a graver purpose I hope  
*Iach* I am the master of my speeches and would undergo what's spoken I swear

*Post* Will you? I shall but lend my diamond till your return Let there be covenants drawn between's My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking I dare you to this match here's my ring

*Plu* I will have it no lay 159  
*Iach* By the gods it is one If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress my ten thousand ducats are yours so is your diamond too If I come off and leave her in such honour as you have trust in she your jewel such your jewel and my gold are yours provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment

*Post* I embrace these conditions let us have articles betwixt us Only thus far you shall answer If you make your voyage upon her and give me directly to understand you have prevailed I am no further your enemy she is not worth our debate If she remain unseduced you not making it appear otherwise for your ill opinion and the assault you have made to her chastity you shall answer me with your sword

*Iach* Your hand a covenant We will have these terms set down by lawful counsel and straight away for Britain lest the bargain should catch cold and starve I will fetch my gold and have our two wagers recorded 181

*Post* Agreed [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO*]

*French* Will this hold think you?  
*Plu* Senior Iachimo will not from it Pray let us follow em [*Exeunt*]

SCENE V Britain a room in Cymbeline's palace

*Enter QUEEN LADIES and CORNELIUS*  
*Queen* Whiles yet the dew's on ground gather those flowers  
Make haste Who has the note of them?

*1st Lady* I madam  
*Queen* Dispatch [*Exeunt LADIES*]  
Now master doctor have you brought those drugs?

*Cor* Pleaseth your highness ay Here they are, madam [*Presenting a small box*]  
But I beseech your Grace without offence—  
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds  
Which are the movers of a languishing death  
But though slow deadly?  
*Queen* I wonder doctor  
Thou ask'st me such a question Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perjuries? distil? preserve? yea  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? I having thus far proceeded—  
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is it not meet  
That I did amplify my judgement in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging but none human

To try the virtue of them and apply  
Allayments to their act and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects

*Cor* Your Highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart  
Besides the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious

*Queen* O content thee

*Enter PISANIO*

[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal upon him  
Will I first work He's for his master  
And enemy to my son How now Pisanio!  
Doctor your service for this time is ended  
Take your own way 19

*Cor* [*Aside*] I do suspect you madam  
But you shall do no harm

*Queen* [*To PISANIO*] Hark thee a word

*Cor* [*Aside*] I do not like her She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons I do know her spirit  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drop of such damnable nature Those she hat  
Will stupefy and dill the sense awhile  
Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs

Then afterward upon her But there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time  
To be more fresh reviving She is fool'd 40

With a most false effect, and I the truer,  
So to be false with her  
*Queen* No further service, doctor,

Until I send for thee  
*Cor* I humbly take my leave *[Exit*

*Queen* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou  
think in time

She will not quench and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my  
son

I'll tell thee on the instant thou art then 50  
As great as is thy master greater for  
His fortunes all lie speechless and his name  
Is at last gasp Return he cannot nor  
Continue where he is To shift his being  
Is to exchange one misery with another  
And every day that comes comes to decay  
A day's work in him What shalt thou expect,  
To be depend on a thing that leans  
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends, 59  
So much as but to prop him? *[The QUEEN drops  
the box PISANIO takes it up]* Thou takest up  
Thou know'st not what, but take it for thy  
labour

It is a thing I made, which hath the King  
Five times redeem'd from death I do not know  
What is more cordial Nay, I prithee, take it,  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her, do't as from thyself  
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee I'll move the  
king

To any shape of thy preferment such 71  
As thou'lt desire, and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
To load thy merit richly Call my women  
Think on my words *[Exit PISANIO]*

A sly and constant I have,  
The agent for his master  
And the remembrance of her to hold  
The hand fast to her lord I have given him that  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of heirs for her sweet, and which she after 80  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured  
To taste of too

*Re-enter PISANIO and LADIES*

So, so, well done well done  
The violets cowslips and the primroses  
Bear to my closet I are thee well Pisanio  
Think on my words *[Exeunt QUEEN and LADIES*  
*Pis* And shall do  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue

I'll choke myself, there's all I'll do for you *[Exit]*

SCENE VI *The same another room in the palace*

*Enter IMOGEN*

*Imo* A father cruel, and a step-dame false  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd—O, that hus-  
band!

My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,  
As my two brothers happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious Blest be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills  
Which seasons comfort Who may this be Fie!

*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO*

*Pis* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome 10  
Comes from my lord with letters

*Iach* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety  
And greets your Highness dearly  
*Presents a letter*

*Imo* Thanks, good sir,  
You're kindly welcome  
*Iach [Aside]* All of her that is out of door most  
rich!

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I  
Have lost the wager Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or like the Parthian, I shall flying fight, 20  
Rather, directly fly

*Imo [Reads]* He is one of the noblest note  
to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied  
Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your  
trust— Leonatus"

So far I read aloud,  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest and takes it thank fully  
You're as welcome worthy sir as I  
Have words to bid you and shall find it so 30  
In all that I can do

*Iach* Thanks fairest lady  
What are men mad? Hath nature given them  
eyes

To see this vaulted arch and the rich crop  
Of sea and land which can distinguish twixt  
The fiery orbs above and the twin'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition malice with spectacles so precious  
Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo* What makes your admiration?  
*Iach* It cannot be: the eye for apes and mon-  
keys

'Twixt two such shes would chatter this way and

Contemn with mows the other nor the judge  
ment

For idiots in this case of favour would  
Be wisely definite nor the appetite  
Sluttry to such neat excellence opposed  
Should make desire vomit emptiness  
Not so allured to feed

*Imo* What is the matter trow?

*Iach* The cloyed will  
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire that tub  
Both fill d and running ravening first the lamb  
Longs after for the garbage

*Imo* What dear sir 50  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach* Thanks madam well [*To PISANIO*] Be  
seech you sir desire

My man s abode where I did leave him He  
Is strange and peevish

*Pis* I was going sir

To give him welcome [*Exit*]

*Imo* Continues well my lord? His health be  
seech you?

*Iach* Well madam

*Imo* Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is

*Iach* Exceeding pleasant none a stranger there

So merry and so gamesome He is call d 60

The Briton reveller

*Imo* When he was here

He did incline to sadness and oft times

Not knowing why

*Iach* I never saw him sad

There is a Frenchman his companion, one

An eminent monsieur that it seems much loves

A Gallian girl at home he furnaces

The thick sighs from him whules the jolly

Briton—

Your lord I mean—laughs from a free lungs  
cries O

Can my sides hold to think that man who  
knows

By history report or his own proof 70

What woman is yea what she cannot choose

But must be will his free hours languish for

Assured bondage?

*Imo* Will my lord say so?

*Iach* Ay madam, with his eyes in flood with  
laughter

It is a recreation to be by

And hear him mock the Frenchman But heav  
ens know

Some men are much to blame

*Imo* Not he I hope

*Iach* Not he but yet heaven s bounty towards  
him might

Be used more thankfully In himself tis much

In you which I account his beyond all talents 80

Whilst I am bound to wonder I am bound

To pity too

*Imo* What do you pity sir?

*Iach* Two creatures heartily

*Imo* Am I one sir?

You look on me What wreck discern you in me

Deserves your pity?

*Iach* Lamentable! What,

To hide me from the radiant sun and solace

I the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo* I pray you sir

Deliver with more openness your answers

To my demands Why do you pity me?

*Iach* That others do—

I was about to say—enjoy your—But

It is an office of the gods to venge it

Not mine to speak on

*Imo* You do seem to know

Something of me or what concerns me Pray

you—

Since doubting things go ill often hurts more

Than to be sure they do for certainties

Either are past remedies or timely knowing

The remedy then born—discover to me

What both you spur and stop

*Iach* Had I this cheek 90

To bathe my lips upon this hand whose touch

Whose every touch would force the feeler s soul

To the oath of loyalty this object which

Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye

Firing it only here should I damn d then

Slaver with lips as common as the stairs

That mount the Capitol join gripes with hands

Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as

With labour then by peeping in an eye

Base and unlustrous as the smoky light

That s fed with stinking tallow it were fit 100

That all the plagues of hell should at one time

Encounter such revolt

*Imo* My lord I fear

Has forgot Britain

*Iach* And himself Not I

Inclined to this intelligence pronounce

The beggary of his change but tis your graces

That from my muteest conscience to my tongue

Charms this report out

*Imo* Let me hear no more

*Iach* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my  
heart

With pity that doth make me sick A lady

So fair and fasten d to an empery

Would make the great st king d noble—to be  
partner d

With tomboys hired with that self exhibition

Which your own coffers yield with d ceased  
ventures 120

That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature's such boil'd  
stuff

As well might poison poison! Be revenged  
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo* Revenged!  
How should I be revenged? If this be true—  
As I have such a heart that both mine ears 130  
Must not in haste abuse—if it be true,  
How should I be revenged?

*Iach* Should he make me  
Live, like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite upon your purse? Revenge it  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure  
More noble than that runagate to your bed,  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close as sure

*Imo* What, ho, Pisanio!  
*Iach* Let me my service tender on your lips

*Imo* Away! I do condemn mine ears that  
have 141

So long attended thee If thou wert honourable,  
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue not  
For such an end thou seek'st—as base as strange  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far  
From thy report as thou from honour, and  
Solicit not here a lady that disdains

Thee and the devil alike What ho Pisanio!  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault If he shall think it fit, 150

A saucy stranger in his court to mart  
As in a Romish stew and to expound  
His beastly mind to us he hath a court  
He little cares for and a daughter who  
He not respects at all What ho, Pisanio!

*Iach* O happy Leonatus! I may say  
The credit that thy lady hath of thee  
Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect good-  
ness

Her assured credit Blessed live you long!  
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever 160  
Country call'd his! and you his mistress only

For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon  
I have spoke this to know if your affiance  
Were deeply rooted and shall make your lord,  
That which he is, new o'er, and he is one  
The truest manner'd such a holy witch  
That he enchants societies into him,  
Half all men's hearts are his

*Imo* You make amends

*Iach* He sits 'mongst men like a descended  
god  
He hath a land of honour sets him off 170  
More than a mortal seeming Be not angry

Most mighty princess, that I have adventured  
To try your taking of a false report, which  
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judge-  
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,  
Which you know cannot err The love I bear  
him

Made me to fan you thus, but the gods made  
you

Unlike all others, chaffless Pray, your pardon

*Imo* All's well, sir Take my power in the court  
for yours

*Iach* My humble thanks I had almost forgot  
To entreat your Grace but in a small request, 181  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord, my self and other noble friends  
Are partners in the business

*Imo* Pray, what is 't?

*Iach* Some dozen Romans of us and your  
lord—

The best feather of our wing—have mingled  
sums

To buy a present for the Emperor,  
Which I the factor for the rest have done  
In France 'Tis plate of rare device and jewels  
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great,  
And I am something curious, being strange, 191  
To have them in safe stowage May it please  
you

To take them in protection?

*Imo* Willingly,  
And pawn mine honour for their safety Since  
My lord hath interest in them I will keep them  
In my bedchamber

*Iach* They are in a trunk  
Attended by my men I will mail e bold  
To send them to you only for this night,  
I must aboard to-morrow

*Imo* O no no  
*Iach* Yes I beseech or I shall short my  
word

By lengthening my return From Gallia 201  
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise  
To see your Grace

*Imo* I thank you for your pains,  
But not away to-morrow!

*Iach* O I must madam  
Therefore I shall beseech you if you please  
To greet your lord with writing do it to-night  
I have outstood my time which is material  
To the tender of our present

*Imo* I will write  
Send your trunk to me it shall safe be kept 209  
And truly yielded you You're very welcome

[Exeunt

## ACT II

## SCENE I Britain before Cymbeline's palace

*Enter CLOTEN and TWO LORDS*

*Clo* Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on it and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing as if I borrowed mine oaths of him and might not spend them at my pleasure

*1st Lord* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl

*2nd Lord* *[Aside]* If his wit had been like him that broke it it would have run all out

*Clo* When a gentleman is disposed to swear it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths ha?

*and Lord* No my lord *[Aside]* nor crop the ears of them

*Clo* Whoreson dog! I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

*and Lord* *[Aside]* To have smelt like a fool

*Clo* I am not vexed more at anything in the earth a pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am they dare not fight with me because of the Queen my mother Every Jack slave hath his bellyful of f'htine and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match

*and Lord* *[Aside]* You are cock an' capon too and you crow cock with your comb on

*Clo* Sayest thou?

*and Lord* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to

*Clo* No I know that But it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors

*and Lord* Ay it is fit for your lordship only

*Clo* Why so I say

*1st Lord* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

*Clo* A stranger and I not know on't

*and Lord* *[Aside]* He's a strange fellow himself and knows it not

*1st Lord* There's an Italian come and his thought one of Leonatus friends

*Clo* Leonatus! a banished rascal and he's another whatsoever he be Who told you of this stranger?

*1st Lord* One of your lordship's pages

*Clo* Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

*and Lord* You cannot derogate my lord

*Clo* Not easily I think

*and Lord* *[Aside]* You are a fool granted there fore your issues being foolish do not derogate

*Clo* Come I'll go see this Italian What I have

lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him  
Come go

*and Lord* I'll attend your lordship

*[Exeunt CLOTEN and FIRST LORD]*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman that Bears all down with her brain and thus her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart And leave eighteen Alas poor princess Thou divine Imogen what thou endurest Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd A mother hourly coming plots a wooer More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour keep uns'ed That temple thy fair mind that thou may'st stand To enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!

*[Exit 70]*

SCENE II Imogen's chamber in Cymbeline's palace a trunk in one corner of it

IMOGEN in bed reading HELEN a Lady attending

*Imo* Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Hel* Please you madam

*Imo* What hour is it?

*Hel* Almost midn'ht madam

*Imo* I have read three hours then Nine eyes are weak

Fold down the leaf where I have left To bed Take not away the taper leave it burning And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock I prithee call me Sleep hath seized me wholly

*[Exit HELEN]*

To your protection I commend me gods From fairies and the tempters of the night Guard me beseech ye

*[Sleeps IMOGEN comes from the trunk]*

*Iach* The crickets sing and man's o'er labour'd sense

Repairs itself by rest Our Tarquim thus Did softly press the rushes ere he waken'd The cha'try he wounded Cytherea How bravely thou becomest thy bed fresh lily And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch! But kiss one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd How dearly they do it! 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus The flame o' the taper

Be'st toward her and would under peep her lid To see the enclosed lights now canop'd Under these windows white and azure laced With blue of heaven's own tinct But my desires To note the chamber I will v're all down Such and such pictures there the wain low such

The adornment of her bed, the arras, figures,  
Why, such and such, and the contents o' the  
story

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory  
O sleep thou ape of death lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,

Thus in a chapel lying! Come off come off  
*Taking off her bracelet*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!  
'Tis mine and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord On her left breast  
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip Here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make This secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock and  
ta'en

The treasure of her honour No more To what  
end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading  
late

The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down  
Where Philomel gave up I have enough  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawn-  
ing

May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear,  
Though this a heavenly angel hell is here  
*Clock strikes*

One, two, three, time, time!

*[Goes into the trunk The scene closes]*

SCENE III *An ante chamber adjoining Imogen's  
apartments*

*Enter CLOTEN and LORDS*

*in Lord* Your lordship is the most patient man  
in loss the most coldest that ever turned up ace  
*Clo* It would make any man cold to lose

*in Lord* But not every man patient after the  
noble temper of your lordship You are most hot  
and furious when you win

*Clo* Winning will put any man into courage If I  
could get this foolish Imogen I should have gold  
enough It's almost morning is't not?

*in Lord* Day, my lord

*Clo* I would this music would come I am ad-  
vised to give her music o' mornings they say it  
will penetrate

*Enter Musicians*

Come on tune If you can penetrate her with  
your fingering so, we'll try with tongue too If  
none will do let her remain but I'll never give

o'er First, a very excellent good conceited thing,  
after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich  
words to it, and then let her consider

*SONG*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies,  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes,  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise,  
Arise arise

*Clo* So, get you gone If this penetrate, I will  
consider your music the better, if it do not it is a  
vice in her ears which horse hairs and calves-  
guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot,  
can never amend *[Exeunt Musicians]*

*2nd Lord* Here comes the King

*Clo* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the  
reason I was up so early He cannot choose but  
take this service I have done fatherly

*Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN*

Good morrow to your Majesty and to my gra-  
cious mother

*Cym* Attend you here the door of our stern  
daughter?

Will she not forth?

*Clo* I have assailed her with music, but she  
vouchsafes no notice

*Cym* The exile of her minion is too new  
She hath not yet forgot him Some more time  
Must wear the print of his remembrance out  
And then she's yours

*Queen* You are most bound to the King  
Who lets go by no vantages that may  
Prefer you to his daughter Frame yourself  
To orderly soliciting and be friended  
With aptness of the season, make denials  
Increase your services so seem as if  
You were inspired to do those duties which  
You tender to her that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless

*Clo*

Senseless! not so

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Mess* So like you, sir ambassadors from Rome  
The one is Caius Lucius

*Cym* A worthy fellow, 60  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now,  
But that's no fault of his We must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender,



And towards himself his goodness forespent on  
us

We must extend our notice Our dear son  
When you have given good morning to your  
mistress

Attend the Queen and us we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman Come our  
queen *[Exeunt all but CLOTEN]*

*Clo* If she be up I'll speak with her if not  
Let her lie still and dream *[Knocks]* By your  
leave ho! 70

I know her women are about her What  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance oft it doth yea and  
makes

Diana's rangers false themselves yield up  
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer and tis  
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the  
thief

Nay sometime hangs both thief and true man  
What

Can it not do and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me for  
I yet not understand the case myself  
*[Knocks]* By your leave 80

*Enter HELEN*

*Hel* Who's there that knocks?

*Clo* A gentleman

*Hel* No more?

*Clo* Yes and a gentlewoman's son

*Hel* That's more

Than some whose tailors are as dear as yours

Can justly boast of What's your lordship's  
pleasure?

*Clo* Your lady's person Is she ready?

*Hel* Ay

To keep her chamber

*Clo* There is gold for you

Sell me your good report

*Hel* How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The Princess! 90

*Enter IMOGEN*

*Clo* Good morrow fairest Sister your sweet  
hand *[Exit HELEN]*

*Imo* Good morrow sir You lay out too much  
pains

For purchasing but trouble The thanks I give  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks

And scarce can spare them

*Clo* Still, I swear I love you

*Imo* If you but said so 'twere as deep with me

If you swear still your recompense is still

That I regard it not

*Clo* This is no answer

*Imo* But that you shall not say I yield being  
silent

I would not speak I pray you spare me Faith  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy 101

To your best kindness One of your great know-  
ing

Should learn being taught forbearance

*Clo* To leave you in your madness 'twere my  
sin

I will not

*Imo* Fools are not mad folks

*Clo* Do you call me fool?

*Imo* As I am mad I do

If you'll be patient I'll no more be mad

That cures us both I am much sorry sir

You put me to forget a lady's manners 110

By being so verbal And learn now for all

That I which know my heart do here pro-  
nounce

By the very truth of it I care not for you

And am so near the lack of charity—

To accuse myself—I hate you which I had  
rather

You felt than make it my boast

*Clo* You sin against

Obedience which you owe your father For

The contract you pretend with that base wretch

One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes

With scraps o' the court it is no contract none

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties— 121

Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their  
souls

On whom there is no more dependency

But brats and beggary in self-figured knot

Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by

The consequence o' the crown and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave

A hilding for a livery a squire's cloth

A pantler not so eminent

*Imo* Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more 130

But what thou art besides thou wert too base

To be his groom Thou wert dignified enough,

Even to the point of envy if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues to be styled

The under-hangman of his kingdom and hated

For being preferred so well

*Clo* The south fog rot him!

*Imo* He never can meet more mischance if an  
come

To be but named of thee His meanest garment

That ever hath but clipp'd his body is dearer

In my respect than all the hairs above thee 140

Were they all made such men How now I see  
no!

*Enter PISANIO**Clo* "His garment!" Now the devil—*Imo* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—*Clo* "His garment!"*Imo* I am sprited with a fool,

Frighted, and anger'd worse Go bid my woman

Search for a jewel that too casually

Hath left mine arm It was thy master's, 'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king s in Europe I do think

I saw t this morning Confident I am

Last night twas on mine arm, I kiss'd it

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord

That I kiss ought but he

*Ph* 'Twill not be lost*Imo* I hope so Go and search*[Exit PISANIO]**Clo* You have abused me

"His meanest garment!"

*Imo* Ay, I said so sir

If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't

*Clo* I will inform your father*Imo* Your mother too

She s my good lady, and will conceive I hope,

But the worst of me So, I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent

*Clo* I ll be revenged

"His meanest garment!" Well

SCENE IV *Rome Philario s house**Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO**Post* Fear it not, sir I would I were so sure

To win the king as I am bold her honour

Will remain hers

*Ph* What means do you make to him?*Post* Not any but abide the change of time

Quake in the present winter s state and wish

That warmer days would come In these sear d hopes,

I barely gratify your love they failing,

I must die much your debtor

*Ph* Your very goodness and your company

O craps all I can do By this your king

Hath heard of great Augustus Caius Lucius

Will do s commission thoroughly and I think

He ll grant the tribute send the arrearsages

Or look upon our Romans whose remembrance

Is yet fresh in their grief

*Post* I do believe,

Statist though I am none nor like to be

That this will prove a war, and you shall hear

The legions now in Gallia sooner landed

In our not fearing Britain than have tidings

Of any penny tribute paid Our countrymen

Are men more order d than when Julius Cæsar

Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their

courage

Worthy his frowning at Their discipline,

Now mingled with their courages, will make

known

To their approvers they are people such

That mend upon the world

*Enter IACHIMO**Ph* See! Iachimo!*Post* The swiftest harts have posted you by

land,

And winds of all the corners kiss d your sails,

To make your vessel nimble

*Ph* Welcome, sir*Post* I hope the briefness of your answer made

The speediness of your return

*Iach* Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon

*Post* And therewithal the best, or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts

And be false with them

*Iach* Here are letters for you*Post* Their tenour good I trust*Iach* Tis very like*Ph* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court

When you were there?

*Iach* He was expected then

But not approach d

*Post* All is well yet

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is t not

Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach* If I had lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in gold

I ll make a journey twice as far to enjoy

A second night of such sweet shortness which

Was mine in Britain for the ring is won

*Post* The stone s too hard to come by*Iach* Not a whit

Your lady being so easy

*Post* Make not sir

Your loss your sport I hope you know that we

Must not continue friends

*Iach* Good sir we must

If you keep covenant Had I not brought

The knowledge of your mistress home I grant

We were to question further but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring and not the wronger

Of her or you having proceeded but

By both your wills

*Post* If you can make t apparent

That you have tasted her in bed my hand

And ring is yours, if not the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour gains or loses  
Your sword or mine or masterless leaves both 60  
To who shall find them

*Iach* Sir my circumstances  
Being so near the truth as I will make them  
Must first induce you to believe whose strength  
I will confirm with oath which I doubt not  
You'll give me leave to spare when you shall  
find

You need it not

*Post* Proceed

*Iach* First her bedchamber—  
Where I confess I slept not but profess  
Had that was well worth watching—it was  
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver the story  
Proud Cleopatra when she met her Roman 70  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks or for  
The press of boats or pride a piece of work  
So bravely done so rich that it did strike  
In workmanship and value which I wonder'd  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought  
Since the true life on it was—

*Post* This is true  
And this you might have heard of here by me  
Or by some other

*Iach* More particulars

Must justify my knowledge

*Post* So they must

Or do your honour injury

*Iach* The chimney 80

Is south the chamber and the chimney piece  
Chaste Dian bathing Never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves The cutter  
Was as another Nature dumb outwent her  
Motion and breath left out

*Post* This is a thing  
Which you might from relation likewise reap  
Being as it is much spoke of

*Iach* The roof of the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted Her andirons—  
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids  
Of silver each on one foot standing nicely 90  
Depending on their brands

*Post* This is her honour!  
Let it be granted you have seen all this—and  
praise

Be given to your remembrance—the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The warrant you have laid

*Iach* Then, if you can

*Showing the bracelet*  
Be pale I beseech you to see this jewel see!  
And now tis up again It must be married  
To that your diamond I'll keep them

*Post* Jove!

Once more let me behold it Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach* Sir—I thank her—that 100

She strapp'd it from her arm I see her yet  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift  
And yet enrich'd it too She gave it me and said  
She prized it once

*Post* May be she pluck'd it off  
To send it me

*Iach* She writes so to you doth she?

*Post* O no no no! tis true Here take this  
too *[Gives the ring]*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye  
Kills me to look on Let there be no honour  
Where there is beauty truth where semblance  
love 109

Where there's another man The vows of women  
Of no more bondage be to where they are made  
Than they are to their virtues which is nothing  
O above measure false!

*Plu* Have patience, sir  
And take your ring again tis not yet won  
It may be probable she lost it or  
Who knows if one of her women being cor-  
rupted

Hath stol'n it from her?

*Post* Very true

And so I hope he came by it Back my ring  
Render me some corporal sign about her  
More evident than this for this was stol'n 110

*Iach* By Jupiter I had it from her arm

*Post* Hark you he swears by Jupiter he swears  
Tis true—nay keep the ring—tis true I am  
sure

She would not lose it Her attendants are  
All sworn and honourable They induced to  
steal it!

And by a stranger! No he hath enjoy'd her  
The cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly

There take thy hurt and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

*Plu* Sir be patient 110

This is not strong enough to be believed  
Of one persuaded well of—

*Post* Never talk on it  
She hath been coiled by him

*Iach* If you seek  
For forth—satisfying under her breast—  
Worthy the pressing—her a mole right proud  
Of that most delicate kissing By my life,  
I kiss'd it and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post* Ay and it doth confirm

Another stain as big as hell can hold, 140  
Were there no more but it

*Iach* Will you hear more?

*Post* Spare your arithmetic, never count the turns,

Once, and a million!

*Iach* I'll be sworn—

*Post* No swearing

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

Thou hast made me cuckold

*Iach* I'll deny nothing

*Post* O that I had her here to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there and do't, at the court before

Her father I'll do something— [Exit

*Phs* Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won 150

Let's follow him and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself

*Iach* With all my heart [Exeunt

SCENE V Another room in Philario's house

Enter POSTHUMUS

*Post* Is there no way for men to be but women

Must be half workers? We are all bastards,

And that most venerable man which I

Did call my father was I know not where

When I was stamp'd some coin with his tools

Made me a counterfeit Yea my mother seem'd

The Dian of that time so doth my wife

The nonpareil of this O, vengeance! vengeance!

Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd

And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with 10

A pudency so rose the sweet view on't

Might well have warm'd old Saturn that I

thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow O all the devils!

This yellow Iachimo, in an hour—was't not?—

Or less—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,

Like a full acorn'd boar, a German one

Cried "O!" and mounted, found no opposition

But what he look'd for should oppose and she

Should from encounter guard Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion

That tends to vice in man, but I affirm 21

It is the woman's part be it lying, note it

The woman's flattering hers deceiving, hers,

Lust and rank thoughts hers hers, revenges

hers,

Ambitions covetings change of prides disdain

Nice longing, slanders, mutability

All faults that may be named nay that hell

knows,

Why hers in part or all, but rather, all

For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still 30

One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that I'll write against them

Detest them, curse them Yet tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will,

The very devils cannot plague them better

[Exit

### ACT III

SCENE I Britain a hall in Cymbeline's palace

Enter in state CYMBELINE, QUEEN CLOTEN, and LORDS at one door, and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS and Attendants

*Cym* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

*Luc* When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues

Be theme and hearing ever was in this Britain

And conquer'd it Cassibelan thine uncle—

Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less

Than in his feats deserving it—for him

And his succession granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds, which by thee lately

Is left untender'd

*Queen* And, to kill the marvel, 10

Shall be so ever

*Clo* There be many Cæsars,

Ere such another Julius Britain is

A world by itself, and we will nothing pay

For wearing our own noses

*Queen* That opportunity

Which then they had to take from's to resume

We have again Remember sir my liege

The kings your ancestors, together with

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands

As Neptune's park ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscaleable and roaring waters, 20

With sands that will not bear your enemies

boats

But suck them up to the topmast A kind of

conquest

Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag

Of 'Came and saw and overcame With

shame—

The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried

From off our coast, twice beaten and his ship-

pings—

Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas

Like egg shells moved upon their surges crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks, for joy whereof

The famed Cassibelan who was once at point—

O gigit fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword 22

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright

And Britons strut with courage

*Clo* Come there's no more tribute to be paid  
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time  
and as I said there is no more such Cæsars. Other  
of them may have crook'd noses but to owe such  
straight arms none

*Cym* Son let your mother end 39

*Clo* We have yet many among us can gripe as  
hard as Cassibelan. I do not say I am one but I  
have a hand. Why tribute? why should we pay  
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a  
blanket or put the moon in his pocket we will  
pay him tribute for light else sir no more trib-  
ute pray you now

*Cym* You must know

Till the injurious Romans did extort

This tribute from us we were free Cæsar's am-  
bition

Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch  
The sides of the world against all colour here 51  
Did put the yoke upon us which to shake off  
Becomes a warlike people whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be

*Clo and Lords* We do

*Cym* Say then to Cæsar  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which  
Ordain'd our laws whose use the sword of  
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled whose repair and fran-  
chise

Shall by the power we hold be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius  
made our laws

Who was the first of Britain which did put 60  
His brows within a golden crown and call'd  
Himself a king

*Luc* I am sorry Cymbeline

That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—  
Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than  
Thy self domestic officers—thine enemy  
Receive it from me then war and confusion  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I against thee. Look  
For fury not to be resisted. Thus defy'd  
I thank thee for my self

*Cym* Thou art welcome. Caus

Thy Cæsar knighted me my youth I spent 70  
Much under him of him I gather'd honour  
Which he to seek of me again perforce  
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for  
Their liberties are now in arms a precedent  
Which not to read would show the Britons cold  
So Cæsar shall not find them

*Luc* Let proof speak

*Clo* His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pas-  
time with us a day or two or longer if you seek

us afterwards in other terms you shall find us in  
our salt water girdle. If you beat us out of it it is  
yours if you fall in the adventure, our crowns  
shall fare the better for you and there's an end

*Luc* So sir

*Cym* I know your master's pleasure and he  
mine

All the remain is Welcome! [Exeunt]

SCENE II Another room in the palace

Enter PISANIO with a letter

*Pis* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you  
not

What monster's her accuser? Leonatus!

O master! what a strange infection

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian

As poisonous tongued as handed hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No

She's punish'd for her truth and undergoes

More goddess-like than wife-like such assaults

As would take in some virtue. O my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were 80

Thy fortunes. How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love and truth and vows which I

Have made to thy command? I her? her blood?

If it be so to do good service never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I

That I should seem to lack humanity

So much as this fact comes to? [Reading] Do t

the letter

That I have sent her by her own command

Shall give thee opportunity. O damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble

Art thou a felony for this act and look at 81

So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes

I am ignorant in what I am commanded

Enter IMOGEN

*Imo* How now Pisanio!

*Pis* Madam here is a letter from my lord

*Imo* Who? thy lord? that is my lord Leonatus!

O learn'd indeed were that astronomer

That knew the stars as I his characters

He'd lay the future open. You good gods

Let what is here contain'd relish of love, 90

Of my lord's health of his content yet not

That we two are asunder let that grieve him

Some griefs are medicinal that is one of them

For it doth physic love of his content

All but in that! Good wail thy leave I lest be

You bees that make these locks of counsel

Lovers

And men in dangerous bonds pray not all be

Thou hast forfeited you cast in prison yet

You clasp young Cupid a table. Good news

gods!

[*Reads*] "Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford Haven what your own love will out of this advise you, follow So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus"

O, for a horse with wings! Hear'st thou, Pisanio?

50

He is at Milford Haven Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day? Then true Pisanio— Who long st, like me, to see thy lord, who long'st—  
O let me bate—but not like me—yet long'st, But in a fainter kind —O, not like me For mine's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick,  
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

To the smothering of the sense—how far it is 60  
To this same blessed Milford and by the way Tell me how Wales was made so happy as To inherit such a haven, but first of all How we may steal from hence, and for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence going  
And our return, to excuse But first, how get hence?

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter Prithce speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis One score 'twixt sun and sun  
Madam 's enough for you [*Aside*] and too much too

71

Imo Why, one that rode to execution man Could never go so slow I have heard of riding wagers,

Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf But this is foolery Go bid my woman feign a sickness say She'll home to her father, and provide me presently

A riding suit no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife

Pis Madam you're best consider

Imo I see before me, man, nor here nor here, Nor what ensues but have a fog in them 81  
That I cannot look through Away, I prithee Do as I bid thee There's no more to say,  
Accessible is none but Milford way [*Exeunt*

SCENE III *Wales a mountainous country with a cave*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS following*

Bel A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop boys, this gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens and bows you

To a morning's holy office The gates of monarchs

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on without Good morrow to the sun Hail thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As proud livers do

Gui Hail, heaven!

Arv Hail heaven!

Bel Now for our mountain sport Up to yond hill,

10

Your legs are young, I'll tread these flats Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off, And you may then revolve what tales I have told you

Of courts of princes of the tricks in war This service is not service, so being done, But being so allow'd To apprehend thus Draws us a profit from all things we see, And often, to our comfort shall we find The sharded beetle in a safer hold 20

Than is the full wing'd eagle O this life Is nobler than attending for a check Richer than doing nothing for a bauble, Prouder than rustling in unpaid for silk Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine, Yet keeps his book uncross'd No life to ours  
Gui Out of your proof you speak We, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest nor know not

What air's from home Haply this life is best, If quiet life be best sweeter to you 30  
That have a sharper known well corresponding With your stiff age But unto us it is A cell of ignorance travelling a bed, A prison for a debtor that not dares To stride a limit

Arv What should we speak of When we are old as you? When we shall hear The rain and wind beat dark December how, In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing, We are beastly, subtle as the fox for prey, 40

Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat  
Our valour to chase what flies our cage  
We make a quire as doth the prison bird  
And sing our bondage freely

*Bel* How you speak!  
Did you but know the city's usuries  
And felt them knowingly the art of the court  
As hard to leave as keep whose top to climb  
Is certain falling or so slippery that  
The fear's as bad as falling the toil of the war  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I the name of fame and honour which dies in the search

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act nay many times  
Doth ill deserve by doing well what's worse  
Must court sy at the censure O boys this story  
The world may read in me My body's mark'd  
With Roman swords and my report was once  
First with the best of note Cymbeline loved me  
And when a soldier was the theme my name  
Was not far off Then was I as a tree  
Who e' boug'hs did bend with fruit But in one night

A storm or robbery call it what you will  
Shook down my mello v hangings nay my leaves  
And left me bare to weather

*Gut* Uncertain favour!  
*Bel* My fault being nothing—as I have told  
you oft—

But that two villains whose false oaths prevail'd  
Before my perfect honour swore to Cymbeline  
I was confederate with the Romans So  
Follow'd my banishment and this twenty years  
This rock and these demesnes have been my world

Where I have liv'd at honest freedom paid  
More pious debts to heaven than in all  
The fore-end of my time But up to the mountains

This is not hunters language He that strikes  
The venison first shall be the lord of the feast  
To him the other two shall minister  
And we will fear no poison which attends  
In place of greater state I'll meet you in the valleys  
[*Exeunt CYMBELINE and ARVIRAGUS*]  
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!  
These boys know little they are sons to the king  
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive  
They think they are mine and though train'd up  
thus meanly

I the cave wherein they bow their thoughts do hit  
The roofs of palaces and nature prompts them  
In simple and low things so prince it much  
Beyond the trick of others Thus Polydore,

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain who  
The king his father call'd Guiderius—Jove!  
When on my three foot stool I sit and tell  
The warlike fears I have done his spirits fly out  
Into my story say Thus mine enemy fell  
And thus I set my foot on a neck even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek he sweats  
Strains his young nerves and puts himself in posture

That acts my words The younger brother Cadwal

Once Arviragus in as like a figure  
Strikes life into my speech and shows much more  
His own conceiving —Hark the game is roused!—

O Cymbeline! Heaven and my conscience know  
Thou didst unjustly banish me whereon  
At three and two years old I stole these babes  
Thinking to bar thee of succession as  
Thou wilt me of my lands Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse they took thee for their mother

And every day do honour to her grave  
Myself Belarius that am Morgan call'd  
They take for natural father —The game is up  
[*Exit*]

SCENE IV Country near Milford Haven  
*Enter PISANIO and IMMOGEN*

*Imo* Thou told me when we came from  
horse the place  
Was near at hand ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first I have now Pisanio! man!  
Where is Posthumus? What in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks  
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One but painted thus  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication Put thyself  
Into a humour of less fear ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses What's the matter?  
Why tenderst thou that paper to me with  
A look untender? Is't be summer news  
Smile to't before if winterly thou needst  
But keep that countenance still My husband's hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,  
And he's at some hard point Speak man Thy tongue

May take off some extremity which to read  
Would be even mortal to me

*Pis* Please you read  
And you shall find me wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune

*Imo* [*Reads*] Thy mistress Pisanio hath played  
the strumpet in my bed the testimonies whereof

lie bleeding in me I speak not out of weak sur-  
mises, but from proof as strong as my grief and  
as certain as I expect my revenge That part thou  
Pisanio must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted  
with the breach of hers Let thine own hands  
take away her life I shall give thee opportunity  
at Milford house She hath my letter for the pur-  
pose, where, if thou fear to strike and to make  
me certain it is done thou art the pandar to her  
dishonour and equally to me disloyal

*Pis* What shall I need to draw my sword?

the paper  
Hath cut her throat already No, 'tis slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword whose  
tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie  
All corners of the world Kings, queens and  
states,

Maids matrons nay, the secrets of the grave 40  
This viperous slander enters What cheer  
madam?

*Imo* False to his bed! What is it to be false?  
To lie in watch there and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge  
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him  
And cry myself awake? that's false to a bed,  
is it?

*Pis* Alas good lady!

*Imo* I false! Thy conscience witness Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency,  
Thou then look'st like a villain now methinks  
Thy favour's good enough Some jay of Italy 51  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd  
him

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,  
I must be ripped—To pieces with me! O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good  
seeming

By thy revolt O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy not born where it grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies

*Pis* Good madam hear me

*Imo* True honest men being heard like false 60  
Æneas  
Were in his time thought false, and Sinon's  
weeping

Did scandal many a holy tear took pity  
From most true wretchedness So thou, Posthu-  
mus

Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men,  
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured  
From thy great fail Come fellow be thou hon-  
est

Do thou thy master's bidding When thou see'st  
him,

A little witness my obedience Look!  
I draw the sword myself Take it, and hit 70  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart  
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief  
Thy master is not there who was indeed  
The riches of it Do his bidding, strike  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,  
But now thou seem'st a coward

*Pis* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand

*Imo* Why, I must die,  
And if I do not by thy hand thou art  
No servant of thy master's Against self slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine  
That cravens my weak hand Come, here's my 80  
heart

Something's afore't Soft soft! we'll no defence,  
Obedient as the scabbard What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away away,  
Corruptors of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers Though those that are be-  
tray'd

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe  
And thou Posthumus thou that didst set up 90  
My disobedience 'gainst the King my father  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness and I grieve myself  
To think when thou shalt be disedged by her  
That now thou tirest on how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me Prithce dispatch  
The lambentreats the butcher, where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding 100  
When I desire it too

*Pis* O gracious lady,  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business  
I have not slept one wink

*Imo* Do it and to bed then

*Pis* I'll wail mine eye balls blind first

*Imo* Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused  
So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action and thine own? our horses labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent? whereunto I never  
Purpose return Why hast thou gone so far 110  
To be unbent when thou hast taken thy stand  
The elected deer before thee?

*Pis* But to win time  
To lose so bad employment in the which



I have consider d of a course Good lady  
Hear me with patience

*Imo* Talk thy tongue w eary speak  
I have heard I am a strumpet and mune ear  
Therein false struck can take no greater wound  
Nor tent to bortom that But speak

*Pis* Then madam  
I thought you would not back again

*Imo* Most like  
Bringing me here to kill me

*Pis* Not so neither 120  
But if I were as wise as honest then  
My purpose would prove well It cannot be  
But that my master is abused  
Some villain ay and singular in his art  
Hath done you both this cursed injury

*Imo* Some Roman courtezan

*Pis* No on my life  
I ll give but notice you are dead and send him  
Some bloody sign of it for tis commanded  
I should do so You shall be miss d at court  
And that will well confirm it

*Imo* Why good fellow 130  
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?  
Or in my life what comfort when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis* If you ll back to the court—

*Imo* No court no father nor no more ado  
With that harsh noble simple nothing  
That Cloten whose love suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege

*Pis* If not at court  
Then not in Britain must you bide

*Imo* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shmes? Day night  
Are they not but in Britain? I the world s volume  
Our Britain seems as of it but not in t 141  
In a great pool a swan s nest Prithce, think  
There s livers out of Britain

*Pis* I am most glad  
You think of other place The ambassador  
Lucius the Roman comes in Milford Haven  
To-morrow Now if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is and but disguise  
That which, to appear itself must not yet be  
But by self-danner you should tread a course  
Pretty and full of view yea, haply near 150  
The residence of Posthumus so nigh at least  
That though his actions were not visible yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear  
As truly as he moves

*Imo* O for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty not death on t  
I would adventure

*Pis* Well then here s the point  
You must forget to be a woman change

Command into obedience fear and niceness—  
The handmaids of all women or more truly  
Woman it pretty self—into a waggish courage  
Ready in gibes quick answer d saucy and 161  
As quarrelous as the v casel nay you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek  
Exposing it—but O the harder heart!  
Alack no remedy—to the greedy touch  
Of common kissing Titan an I forget  
Your labour some and dainty trims wherein  
You made great Juno angry

*Imo* Nay be brief  
I see into thy end and am almost

A man already  
*Pis* First make yourself but like one 170  
Fore thinking this I have already fit—  
Tis in my cloak tag—doublet hat hose all  
That answer to them Would you in their serving  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season fore noble I ucus  
Present yourself desire his service tell him  
Wherein you re happy—which you ll make him  
know

If that his head have ear in music—doubtless  
With joy he will embrace you for he s honour  
able

And doubling that most holy Your means  
abroad 180

You have me rich and I will never fail  
Beginning nor supplyment

*Imo* Thou art all the comfort  
The gods will diet me with Prithce away  
There s more to be consider d but we ll even  
All that good time will give us This attempt  
I am soldier to and will abide it with  
A prince s courage Away I prithee

*Pis* Well madam we must take a short fare  
well

Lest being miss d I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court My noble mistress  
Here is a box I had it from the Queen 190  
What s in t is precious if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm d at land a dram of this  
Will drive away distemper To some shade  
And fix you to your marhood May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

*Imo* Amen I thank thee [Exeunt severally]

SCENE V A room in Cymbeline s palace

Enter CYMBELINE QUEEN CLOTEN LUCIUS,  
LORDS and ATTENDANTS

*Cym* Thus far and so far: ell  
*Luc* Thanks royal sir  
My emperor hath wrote I must from hence  
And am t he sorry that I must report ye  
My master s enemy

*Cym* Our subjects, sir,  
Will not endure his yoke, and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike

*Luc* So, sir I desire of you  
A conduct over-land to Milford Haven  
Madam, all joy befall your Grace!

*Queen* And you!  
*Cym* My lords, you are appointed for that  
office

The due of honour in no point omit  
So farewell, noble Lucius

*Luc* Your hand, my lord

*Clo* Receive it friendly but from this time  
forth

I wear it as your enemy

*Luc* Sir the event

Is yet to name the winner Fare you well

*Cym* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my  
lords

Till he have cross'd the Severn Happiness!

[*Exit LUCIUS and LORDS*]

*Queen* He goes hence frowning, but it hon-  
ours us

That we have given him cause

*Clo* 'Tis all the better

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it

*Cym* Lucius hath wrote already to the Em-  
peror

How it goes here It fits us therefore ripely  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness

The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head from whence he  
moves

His war for Britain

*Queen* 'Tis not sleepy business,  
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly

*Cym* Our expectation that it would be thus  
Hath made us forward But, my gentle queen  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd

The duty of the day She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice than of duty,

We have noted it Call her before us for  
We have been too slight in sufferance

[*Exit an ATTENDANT*]

*Queen* Royal sir  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired  
Hath her life been the cure whereof my lord

'Tis time must do Beseech your Majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her She is a lady  
So tender of rebukes that words are strokes

And strokes death to her

*Re-enter ATTENDANT*

*Cym* Where is she, sir? How

Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Attendant* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no an-  
swer

That will be given to the loudest noise we make

*Queen* My lord, when last I went to visit her,

She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,

Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,

She should that duty leave unpaid to you,

Which daily she was bound to proffer This

She wish'd me to make known, but our great  
court

Made me to blame in memory

*Cym* Her doors lock'd?

Not seen of late? Grant heavens, that which I fear

Prove false! [*Exit*]

*Queen* Son I say, follow the King

*Clo* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days

*Queen* Go look after [*Exit CLOTEN*]

Pisanio thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!

He hath a drug of mine, I pray his absence

Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes

It is a thing most precious But for her,

Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized  
her,

Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown

To her desired Posthumus Gone she is

To death or to dishonour and my end

Can make good use of either She being down,

I have the placing of the British crown

*Re-enter CLOTEN*

How now, my son!

*Clo* 'Tis certain she is fled

Go in and cheer the King He rages, none

Dare come about him

*Queen* [*Aside*] All the better May

This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit*]

*Clo* I love and hate her, for she's fair and

royal

And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Than lady ladies woman from every one

The best she hath, and she of all compounded,

Outsells them all I love her therefore but

Disdaining me and throwing favours on

The low Posthumus slanders so her judgement

That what's else rare is choked and in that point

I will conclude to hate her nay indeed,

To be revenged upon her For when fools

Shall—

*Enter PISANIO*

Who is here? What, are you packing sirrah?

Come hither Ah you precious pandar! Villain

Where is thy lady? In a word, or else

Thou art straightway with the fiends

*Pis* O good my lord!

*Clo* Where is thy lady? or by Jupiter

I will not ask again Close villain

I'll have this secret from thy heart or rip

Thy heart to find it Is she with Posthumus?

From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn

*Pis* Alas my lord 89

How can she be with him? When was she muss'd?  
He is in Rome

*Clo* Where is she sir? Come nearer

No further halting Satisfy me home

What is become of her

*Pis* O my all worthy lord!

*Clo* All worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is at once

At the next word No more of worthy lord!

Speak or thy silence on the instant

Thy condemnation and thy death

*Pis* Then, sir

This paper is the history of my knowledge 99

Touching her flight *(Presenting a letter)*

*Clo* Let's see: I will pursue her

Even to Augustus throne

*Pis* *(Aside)* Or this or perish

She's far enough and what he learns by this

May prove his travel not her danger

*Clo* Hum!

*Pis* *(Aside)* I'll write to my lord she's dead

O Imogen,

Safe mayst thou wander safe return again!

*Clo* Sirrah is this letter true?

*Pis* Sir as I think

*Clo* It is Posthumus hand I know't Sirrah  
If thou wouldst not be a villain but do me true  
service, undergo those employments wherein  
I should have cause to use thee with a serious  
industry that is what villainy sees or I bid thee  
do to perform it directly and truly I would  
think thee an honest man Thou shouldst neither  
want my means for thy relief nor my voice for  
thy preferment

*Pis* Well my good lord

*Clo* Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently  
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare for-  
tune of that beggar Posthumus thou canst not in  
the course of gratitude but be a diligent fol-  
lower of mine Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis* Sir I will

*Clo* Give me thy hand here's my purse  
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy  
possession?

*Pis* I have, my lord, at my lodging the same  
suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and  
mistress 129

*Clo* The first service thou dost me, fetch that  
suit hither Let it be thy first service go

*Pis* I shall my lord *(Exit)*

*Clo* Meet thee at Milford Haven!—I forgot  
to ask him one thing I'll remember anon—  
even there thou villain Posthumus will I kill  
thee I would these garments were come She  
said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch  
from my heart—that she held the very garment  
of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and  
natural person together with the adornment of  
my qualities With that suit upon my back will  
I ravish her first kill him and in her eyes there  
shall she see my valour which will then be a tor-  
ment to her contempt He on the ground my  
speech of insultment ended on his dead body and  
when my last hath dined—which as I say to  
 vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so  
praised—to the court I'll knock her back foot  
her home again She hath despised me rejoic-  
ingly and I'll be merry in my revenge 110

*Re-enter PISANIO with the clothes*

Be those the garments?

*Pis* Ay my noble lord

*Clo* How long is't since she went to Milford  
Haven?

*Pis* She can scarce be there yet

*Clo* Bring this apparel to my chamber that  
is the second thing that I have commanded thee  
The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to  
my design Be but dutious and true prefer-  
ment shall render itself to thee My revenge it  
now at Milford Would I had wings to follow it!  
Come and be true *(Exit)*

*Pis* Thou bidst me to my loss for true to thee  
Were to prove false which I will never be  
To him that is most true To Milford go  
And find not her whom thou pursuest Flow

flow  
You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's  
speed

Be cross'd with slowness labour be his meed! *(Exit)*

SCENE VI Wales before the cave of Belarius

*Enter IACHAN in boy's clo'es*

*Imo* I see a man's life is a tedious one  
I have tired myself and for two or three hours together  
I have made the ground my bed I should be  
sick

But that my resolution helps me Milford  
When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd  
thee

Thou wast within a ken O Jove! I think  
Foundations fly the wretched such I mean,

Where they should be relieved Two beggars  
told me  
I could not miss my way Will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them, knowing tis 10  
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true To lapse in  
fulness  
Is sorer than to lie for need, and falsehood  
Is worse in kings than beggars My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' the false ones Now I think on  
thee,

My hunger's gone, but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food But what is this?  
Here is a path to't 'Tis some savage hold  
I were best not call, I dare not call yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant 20  
Plenty and peace breeds cowards hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother Ho! who's here?  
If anything that's civil, speak if savage,  
Take or lend Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter  
Best draw my sword and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look  
on't

Such a foe, good heavens! [Exit, to the cave

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS

Bel You, Polydore have proved best woodman  
and

Are master of the feast Cadwal and I  
Will play the cook and servant, 'tis our match  
The sweat of industry would dry and die 31  
But for the end it works to Come our stomachs  
Will make what's homely savoury Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard Now peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui I am thoroughly weary

Arv I am weak with toil, yet strong in appe-  
tite

Gui There is cold meat i' the cave, we'll  
browse on that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd

Bel [Looking into the cave] Stay come not in  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think 41

Here were a fairy  
Gui What's the matter, sir?

Bel By Jupiter an angel! or if not,  
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness

No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN

Imo Good masters harm me not  
Before I enter'd here I call'd and thought  
To have begg'd or bought what I have took  
Good troth,  
I have stol'n nought, nor would not though I had  
found

Gold strew'd i' the floor Here's money for my  
meat 50

I would have left it on the board so soon

As I had made my meal, and parted

With prayers for the provider

Gui Money, youth?

Arv All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those

Who worship dirty gods

Imo I see you're angry

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should

Have died had I not made it

Bel Whither bound?

Imo To Milford Haven

Bel What's your name?

Imo Fidele, sir I have a kinsman who  
Is bound for Italy, he embark'd at Milford,  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fallen in this offence 60

Bel Prithce, fair youth  
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer

Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it

Boys, bid him welcome

Gui Were you a woman youth,  
I should woo hard but be your groom In hon-  
esty, 70

I bid for you as I'd buy

Arv I'll make't my comfort

He is a man I'll love him as my brother,

And such a welcome as I'd give to him

After long absence, such is yours Most wel-  
come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends

Imo 'Mongst friends,

If brothers [Aside] Would it had been so, that  
they

Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize

Been less and so more equal ballasting

To thee Posthumus

Bel He wears at some distress

Gui Would I could free't!

Arv Or I whate'er it be, 80

What pain it cost what danger Gods!

Bel Hark, boys

Whispering

Imo [Aside] Great men,

That had a court no bigger than this cave,

That did attend themselves and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them—laying  
by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes—

Could not outpeer these twain Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,

Since Leonatus's false

*Bel* It shall be so  
*Boys* we'll go dress our hunt Fair youth come  
 in 90  
*Discourse* is heavy fasting when we have  
 supped  
*We*'ll mannerly demand thee of thy story  
*So far* as thou wilt speak it

*Gut* Pray draw near  
*Arv* The night to the owl and morn to the lark  
 less welcome  
*Imo* Thanks sir  
*Arv* I pray draw near *{Exeunt}*

SCENE VII *Pompe a public place*

*Enter* TWO SENATORS and TRIBUNES

*1st Sen* This is the renown of the Emperor's writ  
 That since the common men are now in action  
 Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians  
 And that the legions now in Gallia are  
 Full weak to undertake our wars against  
 The fall'n-off Britons that we do invite  
 The gentry to this business He creates  
 Lucius proconsul and to you the tribunes  
 For this immediate levy he commands  
 His absolute commission Long live Caesar! 10  
*1st Tri* Is Lucius general of the forces?

*and Sen* Ay  
*1st Tri* Remaining now in Gallia?  
*1st Sen* With those legions  
 Which I have spoke of whereunto your levy  
 Must be supplyant The words of your commis-  
 sion

Will tie you to the numbers and the tune  
 Of their dispatch  
*1st Tri* We will discharge our duty *{Exeunt}*

ACT IV

SCENE I *Wales near the cave of Belarius*

*Enter* CLOTEN

*Clo* I am near to the place where they should  
 meet if Pisano have mapped it truly How fit  
 his garments serve me! Why should his mistress  
 who's made by him that made the tailor not  
 be fit too? the rather—saying reverence of the  
 word—for 'tis said a woman's fitness comes by  
 fits Therein I must play the workman I dare  
 speak it to myself—for it is not vain-glory for a  
 man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—  
 I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as  
 his no less young more strong not beneath him  
 in fortunes beyond him in the adventures of the  
 time, above him in birth alike conversant in gen-  
 eral services, and more remarkable in single op-  
 positions yet this impercipient thing loves

him in my despite What mortality is! Post  
 humus thy head which now is growing upon  
 thy shoulders shall within this hour be off thy  
 mistress enforced thy garments cut to pieces  
 before thy face and all this done spurn her home  
 to her father who may haply be a little angry for  
 my so rough usage but my mother having  
 power of his restiness shall turn all into my  
 commendations My horse is tied up safe Our  
 sword and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them  
 into my hand This is the very description of  
 their meeting place and the fellow dares not de-  
 ceive me *{Exit}*

SCENE II *Before the cave of Belarius*

*Enter* from the cave BELARIUS GUIDERIUS,  
 ARVIRAGUS and IMOGEN

*Bel* *{To* IMOGEN You are not well Remain here  
 in the cave

*We*ll come to you after hunting

*Arv* *{To* IMOGEN Brother stay here  
 Are we not brothers?

*Imo* So man and man should be  
 But clay and clay differs in dignity  
 Whose dust is both alike I am very sick

*Gut* Go you to hunting I'll abide with him

*Imo* So sick I am not yet I am not well  
 But not so citizen a wanton as  
 To seem to die ere sick So please you leave me  
 Stick to your journal course The breach of cus-  
 tom 10

Is breach of all I am ill but your being by me  
 Cannot amend me society is no comfort  
 To one not sociable I am not very sick  
 Since I can reason of it Pray you trust me here  
 I'll rob none but myself and let me die  
 Stealing so poorly

*Gut* I love thee I have spoke it  
 How much the quantity the weight as much  
 As I do love my father

*Bel* What! how! how!

*Arv* If it be sin to say so sir I yoke me  
 In my good brother's fault I know not why 20  
 I love this youth and I have heard you say  
 Love's reason's without reason The bier at door  
 And a demand who is it shall die I'd say

My father not this youth

*Bel* *{Aside}* O noble strain!  
 O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
 Cowards father cowards and base thing sure  
 base

Nature hath metal and brain contempt and grace  
 I'm not their father yet who this should be,  
 Doch miracle itself loved before me  
 'Tis the ninth hour of the morn

*Arv* Brother, farewell 30  
*Imo* I wish ye sport  
*Arv* You health So please you sir  
*Imo* [Aside] These are kind creatures Gods,  
 what lies I have heard!  
 Our courtiers say all's savage but at court  
 Experience, O, thou disprove report!  
 The imperious seas breed monsters, for the dish  
 Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish  
 I am sick still, heart-sick *Pisano*,  
 I'll now taste of thy drug [*Suallows some*]  
*Gut* I could not stir him  
 He said he was gentle but unfortunate,  
 Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest 40  
*Arv* Thus did he answer me, yet said, here-  
 after  
 I might know more  
*Bel* To the field, to the field!  
 We'll leave you for this time Go in and rest  
*Arv* We'll not be long away  
*Bel* Pray, be not sick,  
 For you must be our housewife  
*Imo* Well or ill,  
 I am bound to you  
*Bel* And shalt be ever  
 [Exit IMOGEN to the cave]  
 This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath  
 had  
 Good ancestors  
*Arv* How angel like he sings!  
*Gut* But his neat cookery! he cut our roots  
 In characters,  
 And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick 50  
 And he her dieter  
*Arv* Nobly he yokes  
 A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh  
 Was that it was, for not being such a smile,  
 The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly  
 From so divine a temple, to commix  
 With winds that sailors rail at  
*Gut* I do note  
 That grief and patience rooted in him both,  
 Mingle their spurs together  
*Arv* Grow, patience!  
 And let the stinking elder grief untwine  
 His perishing root with the increasing vine! 60  
*Bel* It is great morning Come away!—Who's  
 there?

Enter CLOTEN

*Clo* I cannot find those runagates, that villain  
 Hath mock'd me I am faint  
*Bel* Those runagates!  
 Means he not us? I partly know him 'Tis  
 Cloten the son o' the Queen I fear some am-  
 bush

I saw him not these many years, and yet  
 I know 'tis he We are held as outlaws, hence!  
*Gut* He is but one You and my brother search  
 What companies are near Pray you, away,  
 Let me alone with him  
 [Exit BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS]  
*Clo* Soft! What are you 70  
 That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
 I have heard of such What slave art thou?  
*Gut* A thing  
 More slavish did I ne'er than answering  
 A slave without a knock  
*Clo* Thou art a robber,  
 A law-breaker a villain Yield thee thief  
*Gut* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have  
 not I  
 An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
 Thy words, I grant, are bigger for I wear not  
 My dagger in my mouth Say what thou art,  
 Why I should yield to thee?  
*Clo* Thou villain base 80  
 Know'st me not by my clothes?  
*Gut* No, nor thy tailor rascal,  
 Who is thy grandfather He made those clothes,  
 Which, as it seems make thee  
*Clo* Thou precious varlet,  
 My tailor made them not  
*Gut* Hence then and thank  
 The man that gave them thee Thou art some  
 fool  
 I am loath to beat thee  
*Clo* Thou injurious thief  
 Hear but my name, and tremble  
*Gut* What's thy name?  
*Clo* Cloten thou villain  
*Gut* Cloten thou double villain, be thy name,  
 I cannot tremble at it Were it Toad or Adder,  
 Spider, 90  
 'T would move me sooner  
*Clo* To thy further fear  
 Nay to thy mere confusion thou shalt know  
 I am son to the Queen  
*Gut* I am sorry for 't, not seeming  
 So worthy as thy birth  
*Clo* Art not afraid?  
*Gut* Those that I reverence those I fear, the  
 wise  
 At fools I laugh not fear them  
*Clo* Die the death!  
 When I have slain thee with my proper hand  
 I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
 And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads  
 Yield rustic mountaineer [Exit fighting 100  
 Re-enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS  
*Bel* No companies abroad?

*Arv* None in the world You did mistake him sure  
*B* I cannot tell Long is it since I saw him  
 But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
 Which then he wore the natches in his voice  
 And burst of speaking were as his I am absolute  
 I was very Cloten  
*Arv* In this place we left them  
 I wish my brother make good time with him  
 You say he is so fell  
*Bel* Being scarce made up  
 I mean to man he had not apprehension 110  
 Of roaring terrors for the effect of judgement  
 Is oft the cause of fear But see thy brother

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS with Cloten's sword*

*Gus* This Cloten was a fool an empty purse  
 There was no money in't Not Hercules  
 Could have knock'd out his brains for he had none  
 Yet I not doing this the fool had born  
 My head as I do his  
*Bel* What hast thou done?  
*Gus* I am perfect what cut off one Cloten's head

Son to the Queen after his own report  
 Who call'd me traitor mountaineer and swore  
 With his own single hand he'd take us in 121  
 Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—  
 they grow

And set them on Lud's town

*Bel* We are all undone  
*Gus* Why worthy father what have we to lose,

But that he swore to take our lives? The law  
 Protects not us Then why should we be tender  
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threaten us  
 Play judge and executioner all him self  
 For we do fear the law? What company  
 Discover you abroad?

*Bel* No sin, I soul 130  
 Can we set eyes on but in all safe reason  
 He must have some attendants Though his humour

Was nothing but mutation ay and that  
 From one bad thing to worse not frenzy not  
 Absolute madness could so far have raved  
 To bring him here alone although perhaps  
 It may be heard at court that such as we  
 Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws and in time  
 May make some stronger head the which he  
 hearing—

As it is like him—might break out and swear 140  
 He'd fetch us in yet is it not probable  
 To come alone, either he so undertaking

Or they so suffering Then on good ground we fear

If we do fear this body hath a tail  
 More perilous than the head

*Arv* Let ordinance  
 Come as the gods foresay it How soon er  
 My brother hath done well

*Bel* I had no mind  
 To hunt this day The boy Fidele's sickness  
 Did make my way long forth

*Gus* With his own sword  
 Which he did wave against my throat I have 150

His head from him I'll throw it into the creek  
 Behind our rock and let it to the sea  
 And tell the fishes he's the Queen's son Cloten  
 That's all I seek [Exit]

*Bel* I fear it will be revenged  
 Would Polydore thou hadst not done it though  
 valour

Becomes thee well enough

*Arv* Would I had done it  
 So the revenge alone pursued me! Polydore  
 I love thee brotherly but envy much  
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed I would re-  
 venger

That possible strength might meet would seek  
 us through 160

And I put us to our arms

*Bel* Well 'tis done  
 We'll hunt no more to-day nor seek for  
 danger

Where there's no profit I prithee to our  
 rock

You and Fidele play the cooks I'll stay  
 Till hasty Polydore return and bring him  
 To dinner presently

*Arv* Poor sick Fidele!  
 I'll willingly to him To gain his colour  
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood  
 And praise myself for charity [Exit]

*Bel* O thou goddess 170  
 Thou divine Nature how thy self thou blazon'st  
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet  
 Not waging his sweet head and yet as rough  
 Their royal blood enchas'd as the rudest wind,  
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine  
 And make him stoop to the vale 'Tis wonder  
 That an invisible instinct should frame them  
 To royalty unlearn'd honour untaught  
 Civility not seen from other valour  
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop 180  
 As if it had been sow'd Yet still it's a strange  
 What Cloten's being here to us portends  
 Or what his death will bring us

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS*

*Gut* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother His body's hostage  
For his return

*Solemn music*

*Bel* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

*Gut* Is he at home?

*Bel* He went hence even now

*Gut* What does he mean? since death of my  
dear st mother 190

It did not speak before All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys  
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Bel* Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms  
Of what we blame him for

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, with IMOGEN, as dead,  
bearing her in his arms*

*Arv* The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch, 200  
Than have seen this

*Gut* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself

*Bel* O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made  
but I,

Thou didst, a most rare boy, of melancholy  
How found you him?

*Arv* Stark as you see 209  
Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at, his right  
cheek

Reposing on a cushion

*Gut* Where?

*Arv* O the floor,  
His arms thus leagued I thought he slept, and  
put

My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose  
rudeness

Answer'd my steps too loud

*Gut* Why he but sleeps  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come to thee

*Arv* With fairest flowers  
Whilst summer lasts and I live here Fidele, 219  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave Thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose,  
nor

The azure harebell, lil e thy veins, no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath The ruddock  
would,

With charitable bill—O bill sore shaming  
Those rich left heirs that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!—bring thee all this  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are  
none,

To winter-ground thy corse

*Gut* Prithee have done,  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious Let us bury him, 231  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt To the grave!

*Arv* Say, where shall's lay him?  
*Gut* By good Euriphile, our mother

*Arv* Be't so

And let us, Polydore though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the  
ground,

As once our mother, use like note and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele

*Gut* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing I'll weep and word it with thee,  
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse 241  
Than priests and fanes that lie

*Arv* We'll speak it then  
*Bel* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less, for  
Cloten

Is quite forgot He was a queen's son, boys,  
And though he came our enemy, remember  
He was paid for that Though mean and mighty,  
rotting

Together, have one dust, yet reverence  
That angel of the world, doth make distinction  
Of place tween high and low Our foe was  
princely,

And though you took his life as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince

*Gut* Pray you fetch him hither 251  
Thersites body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive

*Arv* If you'll go fetch him  
We'll say our song the whilst Brother begin

[*Exit BFLARIUS*  
*Gut* Nay Cadwal we must lay his head to the  
cast,

My father hath a reason for't

*Arv* 'Tis true



*Gut* Come on then, and remove him

*Art* So Begin

*Song*

*Gut* Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages  
Thou thy worldly task hast done 260  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages  
Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney sweepers come to dust

*Art* Fear no more the frown o' the great  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke  
Care no more to clothe and eat  
To thee the reed is as the oak  
The sceptre learning physic must  
All follow this and come to dust

*Gut* Fear no more the lightning flash 270

*Art* Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone

*Gut* Fear not slander censure rash

*Art* Thou hast finish'd joy and moan

*Both* All lovers young all lovers must  
Consign to thee and come to dust

*Gut* No exorciser harm thee!

*Art* Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

*Gut* Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

*Art* Nothing ill come near thee!

*Both* Quiet consummation have 30

And renowned be thy grave!

*Re-enter BELARIUS with the body of CLOTEN*

*Gut* We have done our obsequies Come lay him down

*Bel* Here's a few flowers but about midnight more

The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night

Are strewn fittest for graves Upon their faces

You were as flowers now wither'd even so

These herblets shall which we upon you strew

Come on away apart upon our knees

The ground that gave them first has them again

Their pleasures here are past so is their pain 290

*[Exit BELARIUS, CUDERILUS and ARVIRAGUS]*

*Imo* *[Awaking]* Yes sir to Milford Haven which is the way?

I thank you—By yond bush?—Pray how far thither?

Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?

I have gone all night Faith, I'll lie down and sleep

But soft! no bedfellow!—O gods and goddesses!

*Seeing the body of CLOTEN*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world

This bloody man the care on't I hope I dream

For so I thought I was a cave keeper

And took to honest creatures But tis not so

'Twas but a bolt of nothing shot at nothing 300

Which the brain makes of fumes Our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgments blind Good faith

I tremble still with fear but if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye fear'd gods a part of it!

The dream's here still even when I wake it is

Without me as within me not imagined felt

A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!

I know the shape of his leg This is his hand

His foot Mercutio's his Martial thigh 310

The brawns of Hercules but his Jovial face—

Murder in heaven?—How!—Tis gone Pisanio

All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks

And mine to boot be darted on thee! Thou

Conspired with that irregular devil Cloten

Hast here cut off my lord To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous! Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main top! O Posthumus! alas 320

Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me!

where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart

And left this head on How should this be?

Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten Malice and lucre in them

Have laid this woe here O tis pregnant pregnant!

The drug he gave me which he said was precious

And cordial to me have I not found it

Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home

This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's O!

Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood 330

That we the horror may seem to those

Which chance to find us O my lord my lord!

*Falls on the body*

*Enter ILCIUS a CAPTAIN and other Officers and a SOOTHISAYER*

*Cap* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia

After your will have cross'd the sea attend on

You here at Milford Haven with your ships

They are in readiness

*Luc* But what from Rome?

*Cap* The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners

And gentlemen of Italy most willing spirits

That promise not fe service and they come 340

Under the conduct of bold Iachimo

Sycina's brother

*Luc* When expect you them?

*Cap* With the next benefit of the wind

*Luc* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair Command our present  
numbers

Be muster'd, bid the captains look to 't Now,  
sir,  
What have you dream'd of late of this war's pur-  
pose?

*Sooth* Last night the very gods show'd me a  
vision—

I fast and pray'd for their intelligence—thus  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams, which por-  
tends—

Unless my sins abuse my divination—  
Success to the Roman host

*Luc* Dream often so,  
And never false Soft, ho! what trunk is here  
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime  
It was a worthy building How! a page!  
Or dead or sleeping on him? But dead rather,  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead  
Let's see the boy's face

*Cap* He's alive, my lord  
*Luc* He'll then instruct us of this body

Young one, 360  
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems  
They crave to be demanded Who is this  
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was he  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy in-  
terest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

*Imo* I am nothing or if not  
Nothing to be were better This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain Alas! 370  
There is no more such masters I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master

*Luc* 'Lack good youth!  
Thou movest no less with thy complaining than  
Thy master in bleeding Say his name, good  
friend

*Imo* Richard du Champ [*Aside*] If I do lie and  
do

No harm by it though the gods hear I hope  
They'll pardon it—Say you, sir?

*Luc* Thy name?

*Imo* Fidele sir

*Lu* Thou dost approve thyself the very same  
Thy name well fits thy faith thy faith thy name  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say

Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure,  
No less beloved The Roman Emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee Go with me  
*Imo* I'll follow, sir But first, an't please the  
gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes can dig and when  
With wild wood leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd  
his grave 390

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er I'll weep and sigh,  
And leaving so his service, follow you  
So please you entertain me

*Luc* Ay, good youth,  
And rather father thee than master thee  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties Let us  
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave Come arm him Boy, he is prefer'd  
By thee to us and he shall be interr'd 401  
As soldiers can Be cheerful, wipe thine eyes  
Some falls are means the happier to arise

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A room in Cymbeline's palace*

*Enter CYMBELINE, LORDS, PISANIO, and  
Attendants*

*Cym* Again, and bring me word how 'tis with  
her [*Exit an Attendant*]

A fever with the absence of her son,  
A madness of which her life's in danger Heav-  
ens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen  
The great part of my comfort, gone my queen  
Upon a desperate bed and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me her son gone,  
So needful for this present It strikes me past  
The hope of comfort But for thee fellow  
Who needs must know of her departure and 10  
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture

*Pis* Sir, my life is yours  
I humbly set it at your will but, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes return Beseech your  
Highness

Hold me your loyal servant

*1st Lord* Good my liege  
The day that she was missing he was here  
I dare be bound he's true and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally For Cloten  
There wants no diligence in seeking him, 20  
And will no doubt be found

*Cym* The time is troublesome

[To PISANIO] We'll slip you for a season but our  
jealousy

Does yet depend

1st Lord So please your Majesty  
The Roman legions all from Gallia drawn  
Are landed on your coast with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen by the Senate sent

Cym Now for the counsel of my son and  
queen'

I am amazed with matter

1st Lord Good my liege

Your preparation can affront no less

Than what you hear of Come more for more  
you're ready 30

The want is but to put those powers in motion  
That long to move

Cym I thank you Let's withdraw  
And meet the time as it seeks us We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us but  
We grieve at chances here Away'

[Exeunt all but PISANIO]

Pis I heard no letter from my master since  
I wrote him Imogen was slain 'Tis strange  
Nor hear I from my mistress who did promise  
To yield me often tidings neither know I

What betid to Cloten but remain 40  
Perplex'd in all The heavens still must work  
Wherein I am false I am honest not true to be  
true

These present wars shall find I love my country  
Even to the note of the king or I'll fall in them  
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd  
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd

[Exit]

SCENE IV Wales before the city of Belarius

Enter BELARIUS, GUTFRIDUS and AMIRAGUS

Gut The noise is round about us

Bel Let us from it

Arv What pleasure sir find we in life to loath

II

From action and adventure?

Gut Nay what hope  
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after

Bel Sons

We'll hugger to the mountains there secure  
us

To the king's party there's no going New  
ness

Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not  
muster'd 40

Among the bands—may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd, and so extort from us that

Which we have done whose answer would be  
death

Drawn on with torture

Gut This is sir a doubt

In such a time nothing becoming you  
Nor satisfying us

Arv It is not likely

That when they hear the Roman horses neigh  
Behold their quarter'd fires have both their  
eyes

And ears so cloy'd importantly as now

That they will waste their time upon our note

To know from whence we are

Bel O I am known

Of many in the army Many years

Though Cloten then but young you see not  
wore him

From my remembrance And besides the  
king

Hath not deserved my service nor your loves

Who find in my exile the want of breeding

The certainty of this hard life aye hopeless

To have the courtesy your cradle promised

But to be still hot summer's tanlings and

The shivering slaves of winter

Gut Than be so 30

Better to cease to be Pray sir to the army

I and my brother are not known yourself

So out of thought and thereto so o'ergrown

Cannot be question'd

Arv By this sun that shines

I'll thither What thing is it that I never

Did see man die scarce ever look'd on blood

But that of coward hares hot goats and venison

Never bestid a horse save one that had

A rider like myself who ne'er wore rowel 40

Nor iron on his heel I am ashamed

To look upon the holy sun, to have

The benefit of his blest beams remaining

So long a poor unknown

Gut By heavens I'll go

If you will bless me sir and give me leave

I'll take the better care but if you will not

The hazard therefore due fall on me by

The hands of Romans'

Arv So say I amen

Bel No reason I since of your lives you set

So slight a valuation should reserve

My crack'd one to more care. I live with you

loosely'

If in your country wars you chance to die

That is my bed too lads and there I'll lie

Lead lead [Aside] The turn seems long their

blood thinks scorn  
Till it fly out and show them princes born  
[Exeunt]

## ACT V

SCENE I *Britain the Roman camp**Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief*

Post Ye a bloody cloth, I'll keep thee, for I wish'd

Thou shouldst be colour'd thus You married ones,

If each of you should take this course, how many

Must murder wives much better than themselves

For wrying but a little! O Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands,

No bond but to do just ones Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never

Had lived to put on this So had you saved

The noble Imogen to repent, and struck

Me wretch more worth your vengeance But, alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults, that's love,

To have them fall no more You some permit

To second ills with ills each elder worse,

And make them dread it, to the doers thrift

But Imogen is your own, do your best wills,

And make me blest to obey! I am brought hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight

Against my lady's kingdom 'Tis enough

That Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress, peace!

I'll give no wound to thee Therefore good heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose I'll disrobe me

Of these Italian weeds and suit my self

As does a Briton peasant so I'll fight

Against the part I come with, so I'll die

For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life

Is every breath a death, and thus unknown,

Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

Myself I'll dedicate Let me make men know

More valour in me than my habits show

Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!

To shame the guise o' the world I will begin

The fashion, less without and more within *[Exit]*

SCENE II *Field of battle between the British and Roman camps*

*Enter from one side LUCIUS IACHIMO and the Roman Army, from the other side the British Army, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following, like a poor soldier They march over and go out Then enter again, in skirmish IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him*

Lach The heaviness and guilt within my bosom

Takes off my manhood I have belied a lady,

The princess of this country - and the air on t

Revengingly enfeeble me, or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,  
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn

If that thy gentry, Britain, go before

This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds

Is that we scarce are men and you are gods *10*  
*[Exit]*

*The battle continues, the Britons fly, CYMBELINE is taken then enter, to his rescue BELARIUS GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*

Bel Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground,

The lane is guarded Nothing routs us but

The villainy of our fears

Gai }

Arv }

Stand, stand and fight!

*Re enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons, they rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt Then re enter LUCIUS, and IACHIMO, with IMOGEN*

Luc Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself

For friends kill friends and the disorder's such

As war were hoodwink'd

lach

'Tis their fresh supplies

Luc It is a day turn'd strangely Or betimes

Let's re-inforce, or fly *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III *Another part of the field*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a BRITISH LORD*

Lord Camest thou from where they made the stand?

Post I did,

Though you it seems come from the fiers

Lord

I did

Post No blame be to you, sir for all was lost

But that the heavens fought The king himself

Of his wings destitute the army broken

And but the backs of Britons seen all flying

Through a strait lane the enemy full hearted

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having

work

More plentiful than tools to do't struck down

Some mortally some slightly touch'd some fall-

ing

Mercy, through fear, that the strait pass was

damm'd

With dead men hurt behind and cowards living

To die with lengthen'd shame

Lor

Where was this lane?

Post Close by the battle, ditch'd and wall'd

with turf,

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier  
 An honest one I warrant who deserved  
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to  
 In doing this for's country. *As thus art the lane*  
*He with two striplings—lads more like to run* 19  
*The country base than to commit such slaughter*  
*With faces fit for masks or rather fairer*  
*Than those for preservation cased or shame—*  
*Made good the passage cried to those that fled*  
*Our Britain's harts die flying not our men*  
*To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards*  
*Stand*

Or we are Romans and will give you that  
 Like beasts which you shun beastly and may  
 save  
 But to look back in frown Stand stand These  
 three

Three thousand confident in act as many—  
 For three performers are the file when all 30  
 The rest do nothing—with this word Stand  
 stand

Accommodated by the place more charming  
 With their own nobleness which could have  
 turn'd

A distaff to a lance gilded pale looks  
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd that some  
 turn'd coward

But by example—O a sin in war  
 Damn'd in the first beginners—gan to look  
 The way that they did and to grin like lions  
 Upon the pikes o' the hurriers Then began  
 A stop: the chaser a retire, anon 40  
 A rout confusion thick forthwith they fly  
 Chickens the way which they stoop'd eagles  
 slaves

The strides they victors made And now our  
 cowards  
 Like fragments in hard voyages became  
 The life o' the need Having found the back-door  
 open

Of the unguarded hearts heavens how they  
 wound'  
 Some slain before some dying some their  
 friends

O'erborne the former wave Ten chased by  
 one  
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty  
 Those that would die or ere resist are grown 50  
 The mortal bugs o' the field

*Lord* This was strange chance  
 A narrow lane an old man and two boys

*Post* Nay do not wonder at it You are made  
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear  
 Than to work any Will you rhyme upon it  
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one  
 'Two boys an old man twice a boy a lane,

Preserved the Britons was the Romans bane  
*Lord* Nay be not angry sir  
*Post* Lack to what end?  
 Who dares not stand his foe I'll be his friend 60  
 For if he'll do as he is made to do  
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too  
 You have put me into rhyme  
*Lord* Farewell you're angry  
*Post* Still going? [*Exit LORD*] This is a lord! O  
 noble misery

To be in the field and ask what news? of me!  
 To-day how many would have given their hon-  
 ours

To have saved their carcasses! took heel to  
 do it

And yet died too! I in mine own woe charm'd  
 Could not find death where I did hear him  
 groan

Nor feel him where he struck Being an ugly  
 monster 70

'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups soft  
 beds

Sweet words or hath more ministers than we  
 That draw his knives: the war Well I will find  
 him

For being now a favourer to the Briton  
 No more a Briton I have resumed again  
 The part I came in Fight I will no more  
 But yield me to the veriest hind that shall  
 Once touch my shoulder Great the slaughter is  
 Here made by the Roman great the answer be  
 Britons must take For me my ransom's death 80  
 On either side I come to spend my breath  
 Which neither here I'll keep nor bear again  
 But end it by some means for I'mogen

*Enter TWO BRITISH CAPTAINS and Soldiers*

*1st Cap* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is  
 taken

'Tis thought the old man and his sons were  
 angels

*2nd Cap* There was a fourth man in a silly  
 habit

That gave the affront with them

*1st Cap* So 'tis reported  
 But none of 'em can be found Stand! who's  
 there?

*Post* A Roman  
 Who had not now been drooping here if  
 seconds

Had answer'd him  
*2nd Cap* Lay hands on him a dog! 90

A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
 What crows have peck'd them here He brags  
 his service

As if he were of note Bring him to the King

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO Soldiers, Attendants, and Roman Captives The CAPTAINS present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler, then exeunt omnes*

SCENE IV *A British prison*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and TWO GAOLERS*

*1st Gaol* You shall not now be stol'n, you have locks upon you

So graze as you find pasture

*2nd Gaol* Ay, or a stomach  
[*Exeunt GAOLERS*]

*Post* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty Yet am I better Than one that s sick o' the gout, since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity than be cured By the sure physician, Death, who is the key To unbar these locks My conscience, thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument to pick that bolt, 10  
Then free for ever! Is't enough I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease,  
Gods are more full of mercy Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desired more than constrain'd, to satisfy,

If of my freedom tis the main part take  
No stricter render of me than my all

I know you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broil en debtors take a third,

A sixth a tenth letting them thrive again 20  
On their abatement That's not my desire

For Imogen's dear life take mine, and though  
Tis not so dear yet tis a life you coin'd it

'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake,  
You rather mine being yours, and so great

powers,  
If you will take this audit take this life,

And cancel these cold bonds O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence [Sleeps]

*Solemn music Enter as in an apparition SICILIUS LEONATUS father to Posthumus an old man attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron his wife, and mother to Posthumus with music before them then after other music follow the two young LEONATI brothers to Posthumus with wounds as they died in the wars They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping*

*Sici* No more thou thunder-master, show 30  
Thy spite on mortal flies  
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
That thy adulteries  
Rates and revenges

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
Whose face I never saw?

I died whilst in the womb he stay'd  
Attending nature's law

Whose father then, as men report  
Thou orphans father art 40

Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart

*Moth* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes,  
That from me was Posthumus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

*Sici* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserved the praise o' the world,  
As great Sicilius' heir 50

*1st Bro* When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel,  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exiled and thrown 60  
From Leonati seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy  
And to become the geel and scorn  
O' th' other's villainy?

*2nd Bro* For this from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents and us twain 70  
That striking in our country's cause  
Fell bravely and were slain  
Our fealty and Tenantius' right  
With honour to maintain

*1st Bro* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd  
Then Jupiter thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due  
Being all to dolours turn'd? 80

*Sici* Thy crystal window open look out,  
No longer exercise  
Upon a valiant race thy harsh  
And potent injuries

*Moth* Since Jupiter, our son is good,

Take off his miseries  
*Sir* Peep through thy marble mansion help  
 Or we poor ghosts will cry  
 To the shining synod of the rest  
 Against thy deity  
*Both Bro* Help Jupiter or we appeal  
 And from thy justice fly

*JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle he throws a thunderbolt The Ghosts fall on their knees*

*Jup* No more you petty spirits of region low  
 Offend our hearing hush! How dare you ghosts  
 Accuse the thunderer whose bolt you know  
 Sky planted batters all rebelling coasts?  
 Poor shadows of Elysium hence and rest  
 Upon your never withering banks of flowers  
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress  
 No care of yours it is you know ours  
 Whom best I love I cross to make my gift  
 The more delay'd delighted Be content  
 Your low laid son our godhead will uplift  
 His comforts thrive his trials well are spent  
 Our jovial star rign'd at his birth and in  
 Our temple was he married Rise and fade  
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen  
 And happier much by his affliction made  
 This tablet lay upon his breast wherein  
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine  
 And so sways! No further with your din  
 Express impatience lest you stir up mine  
 Mount eagle to my palace crystalline

*[Ascends]*  
*Sir* He came in thunder his celestial breath  
 Was sulphurous to smell The holy eagle  
 Stoop'd as to foot us His ascension is  
 More sweet than our blest fields His royal bird  
 Prunes the immortal wing and cloy's his beak  
 As when his god is pleas'd

*All* Thanks Jupiter!  
*Sir* The marble pavement closes he is  
 enter'd  
*His radiant roof* Away! and, so be blest  
 Let us with care perform his great behest

*[The Ghosts vanish]*  
*Post* *[H. skin.]* Sleep thou hast been a grand  
 sire and begot  
 A father to me and thou hast created  
 A mother and two brothers but O scorn  
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were  
 born  
 And so I am awake Poor wretches that depend  
 On greatness favour dream as I have done  
 Wake and find nothing But alas I serve  
 Many dream not to find neither deserve  
 And yet are steep'd in slours so am I

That have this golden chance and know not why  
 What furies haunt this ground? A book! O rate  
 one!

Be not as is our fangled world a garment  
 Nobler than that it covers! Let thy effects  
 So follow to be most unlike our courtiers  
 As good as promise  
*[Re-its]* When as a lion's whelp shall to him  
 self unknown without seeking find and be em  
 braced by a piece of tender air and when from a  
 stately cedar shall be lopped branches which  
 being dead many years shall after revive be  
 jointed to the old stock and freshly grow then  
 shall Posthumus end his miseries Britain be  
 fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty  
 'Tis still a dream or else such stuff as madmen  
 Tongue and brain not either both or nothing  
 Or senseless speaking or a speaking such  
 As sense cannot untie Be what it is  
 The action of my life is like it which  
 I'll keep if but for sympathy

*Re-enter GADLERS*

*1st Gald* Come sir are you ready for death?  
*Post* Over roasted rather ready long ago  
*1st Gald* Hanging in the word sir If you be  
 ready for that you are well cooked  
*Post* So if I prove a good repast to the specta  
 tors the dish pays the shot  
*1st Gald* A heavy reckoning for you sir But the  
 comfort in you shall be called to no more pay  
 ments fear no more tavern bills which are often  
 the sadness of parting as the procuring of mirth  
 You come in faint for want of meat depart  
 reeling with too much drink sorry that you have  
 paid too much and sorry that you are paid too  
 much purse and brain both empty the brain the  
 heavier for being too light the purse too light  
 being drawn of heaviness Of this contradiction  
 you shall now be quit O the charity of a penny  
 cord! it sums up thousands in a trice You have  
 no true debtor and creditor but it of what's  
 past is and to come the discharge Your neck  
 sir is pen, book and counters so the acquaintance  
 follows

*Post* I am merrier to die than thou art to live  
*1st Gald* Indeed sir he that sleeps feels not the  
 tooth ache but a man that were to sleep your  
 sleep and a hangman in help him to bed I  
 think he would change places with his officer  
 for look you sir you know not which way you  
 shall go  
*Post* Yes indeed do I fellow  
*1st Gald* Your death has eyes in a head then  
 I have not seen him so pictured You must either  
 be directed by some that take upon them to

know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know or jump the after inquiry on your own peril And how you shall speed in your journey I end, I think you'll never return to tell one

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Post I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them

1st Gaius What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking

*Enter a MESSENGER*

Mess Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the king

200

Post Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free

1st Gaius I'll be hang'd then

Post Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler, no bolts for the dead

*[Exeunt all but the FIRST GAOLER]*

1st Gaius Unless a man would marry a gallows and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone Yet, on my conscience there are verier knaves desire to live for all he be a Roman, and there be some of them too that die against their wills so should I if I were one I would we were all of one mund, and one mind good, O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't

[Exit

SCENE V *Cymbeline's tent*

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, LORDS, OFFICERS, and Attendants*

Cym Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne Woe is my heart That the poor soldier that so richly fought Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targets of proof cannot be found He shall be happy that can find him, if Our grace can make him so

Bel I never saw Such noble fury in so poor a thing Such precious deeds in one that promised nought But beggary and poor looks

Cym No tidings of him? 10  
Bel He hath been search'd among the dead and living

Bel no trace of him  
Cym To my grief, I am The heir of his reward, *[To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,*

*and ARVIRAGUS]* which I will add To you, the liver, heart and brain of Britain, By whom I grant she lives 'Tis now the time To ask of whence you are Report it

Bel Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen Further to boast were neither true nor modest, Unless I add, we are honest

Cym Bow your knees  
Arise my knights o' the battle I create you 20  
Companions to our person and will fit you With dignities becoming your estates

*Enter CORNELIUS and LADIES*

There's business in these faces Why so sadly Greet you our victory? you look like Romans, And not o' the court of Britain

Cor Hail great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report

The queen is dead  
Cym Who worse than a physician Would this report become? But I consider By medicine life may be prolong'd yet death Will seize the doctor too I now ended she? 30

Cor With horror madly dying, like her life, Which being cruel to the world concluded Most cruel to herself What she confess'd I will report, so please you These her women Can trip me if I err, who with wet cheeks Were present when she finish'd

Cym Prithce say  
Cor First she confess'd she never loved you, only

Affected greatness got by you not you, Married your royalty, was wise to your place, Abhor'd your person

Cym She alone knew this, 40  
And but she spoke it dying I would not Believe her lips in opening it Proceed

Cor Your daughter whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess Was as a scorpion to her sight whose life, But that her flight prevented it she had Ta'en off by poison

Cym O most delicate fiend! Who is't can read a woman? Is there more?  
Cor More sir, and worse She did confess she had

I or you a mortal mineral, which being too 50  
Should by the minute feed on life and lingering By inches waste you, in which time she purposed

By watching weeping, tendance, kissing to Overcome you with her show and in time When she had fitted you with craft, to



Her son into the adoption of the crown  
But failing of her end by this strange absence  
Grew shameless-desperate open d in despite  
Of heav'n and men her purposes repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected so 60  
Despairing died

*Cym* Heard you all this her women?

*1st Lady* We did so please your Highness

*Cym* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault for she was beautiful  
Mine ears that heard her flattery nor my heart  
That thought her like her seeming it had been  
vicious

To have mistrusted her yet O my daughter!

That it was folly in me thou mayst say

And prove it in thy feeling Heaven mend all!

*Enter LUCIUS IACHIMO the SOOTHISAYER and  
other Roman Prisoners guarded POSTHUMUS  
behind and IMOGEN*

Thou comest not Caius now for tribute that 69  
The Britons have razed out though with the loss  
Of many a bold one whose kinsmen have made  
suit

That their good souls may be appeased with  
slaughter

Of your their captives which ourself have granted  
So think of your estate

*Luc* Consider sir the chance of war The day  
Was yours by accident had it gone with us  
We should not when the blood was cool have  
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword But since the gods  
Will have it thus that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom let it come Sufficeth 80

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer

Aurustus lives to think on it and so much

For my peculiar care This one thing only

I will entreat my boy a Briton born

Let him be ransom'd Never matter had

A paceso kind so dutious diligent

So tender over his occasions true

So fear so nurse-like Let his virtue join

With my request which I'll make bold your

Highness 90

Cannot deny he hath done no Briton harm

Though he have serv'd a Roman Save him sir

And spare no blood beside

*Cym* I have surely seen him

His favour is familiar to me Boy

Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace

And art mine own I know not why wherefore

To say live boy Ne'er thank thy master live

And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt

Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it

Yes though thou do demand a prisoner

The noblest ta'en

*Imo* I humbly thank your Highness 100

*Luc* I do not bid thee beg my life good lad

And yet I know thou wilt

*Imo* No no alack

There's other world in hand I see a thing

Bitter to me as death Your life good master

Must shuffle for itself

*Luc* The boy disdains me

He leaves me scorns me Briefly die their joys

That place them on the truth of girls and boys

Why stands he so perplexed?

*Cym* What wouldst thou boy?

I love thee more and more Think more and more

What's best to ask knowst him thou lookst 110

on's speak

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo* He is a Roman no more kin to me

Than I to your Highness who being born your

vassal

Am something nearer

*Cym* Wherefore eyest him so?

*Imo* I'll tell you sir in private if you please

To give me hearing

*Cym* Ay with all my heart

And lend my best attention What's thy name?

*Imo* Fidele sir

*Cym* Thou art my good youth my page

I'll be thy master Walk with me speak freely

*Cymbeline and IMOGEN converse apart*

*Bel* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Art* One said another 120

Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad

Who died and was fidele What think you?

*Gur* The same dead thing alive

*Bel* Peace peace! see further he eyes us not

forbear

Creatures may be alike Were't he I am sure

He would have spoke to us

*Gur* But we saw him dead

*Bel* Be silent let's see further

*Pis* [Aside] It is my mistress

Since she is living let the time run on

To good or bad

*Cymbeline and IMOGEN come forward*

*Cym* Come stand thou by our side

Make thy demand aloud [To IACHIMO] Sir step 13

you forth

Give answer to this boy and do it freely

Or by our greatness and the grace of it

Which is our honour bitter torture shall

Winnow the truth from falsehood On speak to

him

*Imo* My boon is that this gentleman may render

Of whom he had this ring

*Post* [*Aside*] What's that to him?

*Cym* That diamond upon your finger, say  
How came it yours?

*Iach* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee

*Cym* How! me? 140

*Iach* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that

Which torments me to conceal By villainy

I got this ring 'Twas Leonatus' jewel,

Whom thou dost banish, and—which more may  
grieve thee,

As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er lived

'Twixt sky and ground Wilt thou hear more,  
my lord?

*Cym* All that belongs to this

*Iach* That paragon thy daughter—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false  
spirits

Quail to remember—Give me leave, I faint

*Cym* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy  
strength 150

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will  
Than die ere I hear more Strive, man, and speak

*Iach* Upon a tune—unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour!—it was in Rome—ac-  
cursed

The mansion where!—'twas at a feast—O, would

Our viands had been poison'd, or at least

Those which I heaved to head!—the good Post-  
humus—

What should I say? He was too good to be

Where ill men were, and was the best of all

Amongst the rarest of good ones—sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy 161

For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast

Of him that best could speak, for feature laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva

Postures beyond brief nature for condition,

A shop of all the qualities that man

Loves a woman for, besides that hook of wiving,

Fairness which strikes the eye—

*Cym* I stand on fire

Come to the matter

*Iach* All too soon I shall

Unless thou wouldest grieve quickly This Post-  
humus 170

Most like a noble lord in love and one

That had a royal lover took his hunt

And not dispraising whom we praised—therein

He was as calm as virtue—he began

His mistress picture, which by his tongue being  
made

And then a mind put in either our brags

Were crack'd of kitchen trulls or his description

Proved us unspeaking sots

*Cym* Nay, nay to the purpose

*Iach* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins  
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams, 180

And she alone were cold Whereat I, wretch

Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore

Upon his honour'd finger, to attain

In suit the place of's bed and w in this ring

By hers and mine adultery He, true knight,

No lesser of her honour confident

Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring

And would so, had it been a carbuncle 189

Of Phoebus' wheel, and might so safely had it

Been all the worth of's car Away to Britain

Post I in this design Well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taught

Of your chaste daughter the wide difference

'Twixt amorous and villainous Being thus

quench'd

Of hope, not longing mine Italian brain

'Gan in your duller Britain operate

Most vilely, for my vantage excellent

And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,

That I return'd with simular proof enough 200

To make the noble Leonatus mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown

With tokens thus, and thus, averring notes

Of chamber hanging pictures, this her bracelet—

O cunning, how I got it!—nay some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit Whereupon—

Methinks, I see him now—

*Post* [*Advancing*] Ay so thou dost,  
Italian fiend! Ay me, most credulous fool, 210

Egregious murderer thief, anything

That's due to all the villains past in being,

To come! O give me cord or knife or poison,

Some upright justice! Thou hang send out

For torturers ingenious It is I

That all the abhorred things in the earth amend

By being worse than they I am Posthumus

That kill'd thy daughter—villain like I lie—

That caused a lesser villain than myself,

A sacrilegious thief to do t The temple 220

Of virtue was she yea and she herself

Spirit and throw stones cast mire upon me set

The dogs of the street to bay me Every villain

Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus and

Be villain less than twas! O Imogen!

My queen my life my wife! O Imogen,

Imogen Imogen!

*Imo* Peace my lord hear hear—

*Post* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful  
page,

There lie thy part [*Striking her she falls*]

*Pis* O gentlemen, help!

Mine and your mistress! O my lord Posthumus!  
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now Help help!  
Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym* Does the world go round?

*Post* How come these strangers on me?

*Pis* Wake my mistress!

*Cym* If this be so the gods do mean to strike me

To death with mortal joy

*Pis* How fares my mistress?

*Imo* O get thee from my sight

Thou gavest me poison Dangerous fellow hence!

Breathe not where princes are

*Cym* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis* Lady

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me if 240

That boy I gave you was not thought by me

A precious thing I had it from the Queen

*Cym* New matter still?

*Imo* It poison'd me

*Cor* O gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd

Which must approve thee honest If Pisano

Have said she given his mistress that con-

fection

Which I gave him for cordial she is served

As I would serve a rat

*Cym* What's this Cornelius?

*Cor* The Queen sir very oft importuned me

To temper poisons for her still pretending 250

The satisfaction of her knowledge only

In killing creature vile as cats and dogs

Of no esteem I dreading that her purpose

Was of more danger did compound for her

A certain stuff which being in would cease

The present power of life but in short time

All offices of nature should again

Do their due functions Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo* Most like I did for I was dead

*Bel* My boys

There was our error

*Gus* This is sure Fidele 260

*Imo* Why did you throw your wedded lady

from you?

Think that you are upon a rock and now

Throw me a sin [Embracing him]

*Post* Hang there like fruit my soul

Till the tree die!

*Cym* How now my flesh, my child

What makest thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo* [Weeping.] Your blessing sir

*Bel* [To CLAUDIUS and ARVIRACUS.] Though

you did love this youth I blame ye not

You had a motive for it

*Cym* My tears that fall

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen

Thy mother's dead

*Imo* I am sorry for it my lord 270

*Cym* O she was naught and long of her it was

That we meet here so strangely But her son

Is gone we know not how nor where

*Pis* My lord,

Now fear is from me I'll speak truth Lord

Cloten

Upon my lady's missing came to me

With his sword drawn foam'd at the mouth, and

swore

If I discover'd not which way she was gone

It was my instant death By accident

I had a feigned letter of my master's

Then in my pocket which directed him 280

To seek her on the mountains near to Milford

Where in a frenzy in my master's garments

Which he enforced from me away he posts

With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate

My lady's honour What became of him

I further know not

*Gus* Let me end the story

I slew him there

*Cym* Marry the gods forfend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips

Pluck a hard sentence Pris'thee valiant youth

Deny't again

*Gus* I have spoke it and I did it 290

*Cym* He was a prince

*Gus* A most uncivil one The wrongs he did me

Were nothing prince like for he did provoke me

With language that would make me spurn the

sea,

If it could so roar to me I cut off's head

And am right glad he is not standing here

To tell this tale of mine

*Cym* I am sorry for thee

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd and

must

Endure our law Thou'rt dead

*Imo* That headless man

I thought had been my lord

*Cym* Bind the offender 300

And take him from our presence

*Bel* Stay sir him,

This man is better than the man he slew

As well descended as thyself and hath

More of thee merited than a band of Cloten's

Had I ever fear for [To the Court.] Let his arms

alone

They were not born for bondage

*Cym* Why old soldier

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

*Arw* In that he spake too far  
*Cym* And thou shalt die for't  
*Bel* We will die all three, 310  
 But I will prove that two on's are as good  
 As I have given out him My sons, I must,  
 For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,  
 Though, haply, well for you  
*Arw* Your danger's ours  
*Gut* And our good his  
*Bel* Have at it then, by leave  
 Thou hadst, great King, a subject who  
 Was call'd Belarius  
*Cym* What of him? he is  
 A banish'd traitor  
*Bel* He it is that hath  
 Assumed this age, indeed a banish'd man,  
 I know not how a traitor  
*Cym* Take him hence 320  
 The whole world shall not save him  
*Bel* Not too hot  
 First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,  
 And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
 As I have receiv'd it  
*Cym* Nursing of my sons!  
*Bel* I am too blunt and saucy, here's my knee  
 Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,  
 Then spare not the old father Mighty sir,  
 These two young gentlemen that call me father  
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine,  
 They are the issue of your loins, my liege 330  
 And blood of your begetting  
*Cym* How! my issue!  
*Bel* So sure as you your father's I, old Morgan,  
 Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd  
 Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
 Itself and all my treason, that I suffer'd  
 Was all the harm I did These gentle princes—  
 For such and so they are—these twenty years  
 Have I train'd up Those arts they have as I  
 Could put into them, my breeding was sir as 339  
 Your Highness knows Their nurse Euriphile,  
 Whom for the theft I wedded stole these children  
 Upon my banishment I mov'd her to  
 Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
 For that which I did then Beaten for loyalty  
 Excited me to treason Their dear loss,  
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped  
 Unto my end of stealing them But gracious sir,  
 Here are your sons again and I must lose  
 Two of the sweetest companions in the world  
 The benediction of these covering heavens 350  
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
 To play heaven with stars  
*Cym* Thou weep'st and speak'st  
 The service that you three have done is more

Unlike than this thou tell'st I lost my children  
 If these be they, I know not how to wish  
 A pair of worthier sons  
*Bel* Be pleas'd awhile  
 Thus gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
 Most worthy prince, as yours is true Guiderius  
 This gentleman my Cadwal Arviragus, 359  
 Your younger princely son he, sir, was lapp'd  
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
 Of his queen mother, which for more probation  
 I can with ease produce  
*Cym* Guiderius had  
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,  
 It was a mark of wonder  
*Bel* This is he,  
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp  
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
 To be his evidence now  
*Cym* O, what am I  
 A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother 369  
 Rejoic'd deliverance more Blest pray you be,  
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
 You may reign in them now! O Imogen,  
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom  
*Imo* No my lord,  
 I have got two worlds by't O my gentle brothers,  
 Have we thus met? O never say hereafter  
 But I am truest speaker You call'd me brother,  
 When I was but your sister, I you brothers,  
 When ye were so indeed  
*Cym* Did you e'er meet?  
*Arw* Ay, my good lord  
*Gut* And at first meeting lov'd,  
 Continued so until we thought he died 380  
*Cor* By the Queen's dram she swallow'd  
*Cym* O rare instinct!  
 When shall I hear all through? This fierce  
 abridgement  
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
 Distinction should be rich in Where? how liv'd  
 you?  
 And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
 How parted with your brothers? how first met  
 them?  
 Why fled you from the court? and whither?  
 These  
 And your three motives to the battle with  
 I know not how much more should be demanded  
 And all the other by-dependencies 390  
 From chance to chance but nor the time nor  
 place  
 Will serve our long inter'gatories See,  
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen  
 And she like harmless lightning throws her eye  
 On him her brothers' murderer master hutting  
 Each object with a joy the counterchange

Is severally in all Let's quit this ground  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices  
[To BELARIUS] Thou art my brother so we'll  
hold thee ever

Imo You are my father too and did relieve  
me 400

To see this gracious season

Cym All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds Let them be joyful too  
For they shall taste our comfort

Imo My good master  
I will yet do you service

Luc Happy be you!

Cym The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought  
He would have well become this place and  
graced

The thankings of a king

Post I am sir

The soldier that did company these three  
In poor besetting 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd That I was he 410  
Speak Iachimo I had you down and might  
Have made you finish

Iach [Kneeling] I am down again  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did Take that life beseech  
you

Which I so often owe but your ring first  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess  
That ever swore her faith

Post Kneel not to me  
The power that I have on you is to spare you  
The malice towards you to forgive you Live  
An I deal with others better

Cym Nobly doom'd! 420  
We'll learn our freeness of a son in law  
Pardon's the word to all

Art You help us sir  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother  
Joy'd are we that you are

Post Your servant Princes Good my lord of  
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer As I slept methought  
Great Jupiter upon his eagle back'd,  
Appear'd to me with other spiritely shows  
Of mine own kindred When I waked I found  
This label on my bosom whose containing 430  
Is so from sense in hardness that I can  
Make no collection of it Let him show  
His skill in the construction

Luc Philarmenus!

Sooth Here, my good lord

Luc Read and declare the meaning

Sooth [Reads] When as a lion's whelp shall  
to himself unknown, without seeking find and be

embraced by a piece of tender air and when  
from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches  
which being dead many years shall after revive  
be jointed to the old stock and freshly grow  
then shall Posthumus end his miseries Britain be  
fortunate and flourish in peace and plenty  
Thou Leonatus art the lion's whelp  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being *leo-natus* doth import so much  
[To CYMBELINE] The piece of tender air thy  
virtuous daughter

Which we call *mollis aer* and *mollis aer*  
We term it *muller* which *muller* I divine  
Is this most constant wife who even now  
Answering the letter of the oracle 450  
Unknown to you, unsought were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air

Cym This hath some seeming  
Sooth The lofty cedar royal Cymbeline  
Personates thee and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth who by Belarius stol'n,  
For many years thought dead are now revived  
To the majestic cedar join'd whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty

Cym Well  
My peace we will begin And *Caius Lucius*  
Although the victor we submit to Caesar 460  
And to the Roman empire promising  
To pay our wonted tribute from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen  
Whom heavens in justice both on her and hers  
Have laid most heavy hand

Sooth The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd for the Roman eagle, 470  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft  
Lessen'd herself and in the beams of the sun  
So vanish'd which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Caesar should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline  
Which shines here in the west

Cym Laud we the gods!  
And let our crooked smokes climb to their  
nostrils

From our blest altars Publish we this peace  
To all our subjects Set we forward Let  
A Roman and a British ensign wave 480  
Friendly together So through Lud's town march  
And in the temple of great Jupiter  
Our peace we'll ratify seal it with feasts  
Set on there Never was a war did cease  
Ere bloody hands were wash'd with such a  
peace [Exunt]

# THE WINTER'S TALE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Time, at Chorus

LEONTES King of Sicilia  
MAMILLIUS young Prince of Sicilia  
CAMILLO  
ANTIGONUS  
CLEOMENES  
DION  
POLIXENES King of Bohemia  
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia  
ARCHIDAMUS a Lord of Bohemia  
OLD SHEPHERD reputed father of Perdita  
CLOWN his son  
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue  
A MARINER  
A GAOILER  
THREE GENTLEMEN

A LORD attending on Leontes  
THREE SERVANTS to Leontes  
AN OFFICER  
A SERVANT to the Old Shepherd

HERMIONE Queen to Leontes  
PERDITA daughter to Leontes and Hermione  
PAULINA wife to Antigonus  
EMILIA a lady attending on Hermione  
MOPSA  
DORCAS  
TWO LADIES attending on Hermione

NON SPEAKING Lords Ladies Gentlemen Officers  
Servants Shepherds Shepherdesses and Attendants

SCENE Sicilia and Bohemia

## ACT I

SCENE I Antechamber in Leontes palace

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS

Arch If you shall chance Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia

Cam I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him

Arch Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves, for indeed—

Cam Beseech you —

Arch Verily I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge I cannot with such magnificence — in so rare — I know not what to say We will give you sleepy drinks that your senses unintelligent of our insufficiency may though they cannot praise us as little accuse us

Cam You pay a great deal too dear for what is given freely

Arch Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me and as mine honesty puts it to utterance

Cam Sicilia cannot show himself over kind to Bohemia They were trained together in their childhoods, and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters though not personal

have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts letters loving embassies that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands as over a vast and embraced as it were, from the ends of opposed winds The heavens continue their loves!

Arch I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius It is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note

Cam I very well agree with you in the hopes of him It is a gallant child one that indeed physics the subject makes old hearts fresh They that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man

Arch Would they else be content to die?

Cam Yes, if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live

Arch If the King had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one

[Exit

SCENE II A room of state in the same

Enter LEONTES HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS  
POLIXENES CAMILLO and Attendants

Pol Nine changes of the watery star hath been The shepherd's note since we have left our throne Without a burthen time as long again Would be fill'd up my brother with our thanks And yet we should for perpetuity Go hence in debt and therefore like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply

With one We thank you many thousands more  
That go before it

*Leon* Stay your thanks a while  
And pay them when you part

*Pol* Sir that's to-morrow 10

I am question'd by my fears of what may chance

Or breed upon our absence that may blow

No sleeping winds at home to make us say

This is put forth too truly Besides I have  
stay'd

To tire your royalty

*Leon* We are tougher brother

Than you can put us to

*Pol* No longer stay

*Leon* One seven night longer

*Pol* Very sooth to-morrow

*Leon* We'll part the time between's then and  
in that

I'll no gainsaying

*Pol* Press me not beseech you so

There is no tongue that moves none none the  
world 20

So soon as yours could win me So it should now

Were there necessity in your request although

I were needful I denied it My affairs

Do even drag me homeward which to hinder

Were in your love a whip to me my stay

To you a charge and trouble To save both

Farewell our brother

*Leon* Tongue tied our Queen? speak you

*Her* I had thought sir to have held my peace  
until

You had drawn oaths from him not to stay

You sir

Charge him too coldly Tell him you are sure 30

All in Bohemia's well this satisfaction

The by-gone day proclaim'd Say this to him

He's beat from his best ward

*Leon* Well said Hermione

*Her* To tell he longs to see his son were  
strong

But let him say so then, and let him go

But let him swear so and he shall not stay

We'll thank him hence with distrusts

Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure

The borrow of a week When at Bohemia

You take my lord I'll give him my commis-  
sion 40

To let him there a month behind the best

Prefix'd for's parting yet good deed Leontes

I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind

What lady she her lord You'll stay?

*Pol* No madam

*Her* Nay but you will?

*Pol* I may not verily

*Her* Verily!

You put me off with limber vows but I  
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars  
with oaths

Should yet say Sir no going Verily

You shall not go a lady! Verily's 50

As potent as a lord! Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner

Not like a guest so you shall pay your fees

When you depart and save your thanks! How  
say you?

My prisoner or my guest? by your dread

Verily

One of them you shall be

*Pol* Your guest then madam

To be your prisoner should import offending

Which is for me less easy to commit

Than you to punish

*Her* Not your gaoler then 59

But your kind hostess Come I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were  
boys

You were pretty lordings then?

*Pol* We were fair Queen

Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day

And to be boys eternal

*Her* Was not my lord

The verier wago the two?

*Pol* We were as twin'd lambs that did frisk  
in the sun

And bleat the one at the other What we changed

Was innocence for innocence we knew not

The doctrine of ill-doing nor dream'd 70

That any did! Had we pursued that life

And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd

With stronger blood we should have answer'd  
heaven

Boldly Not guilty the imposition clear'd

Hereditary ours

*Her* By this we gather

You have tripp'd since

*Pol* O my most sacred lady!

Temptations have since then been born to us for

In those unfledged days was my wife a girl

Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes

Of my young play fellow

*Her* Grace to boot! 80

Of this make no conclusion lest you say

Your Queen and I are devils Yet go on

The offences we have made you do well answer

If you first aim'd with us and that with us

You did continue fault and that you slipp'd not

With any but with us

*Leon* Is he won yet?

*Her* He'll stay my lord

*Leon* At my request he would not

Hermione my dearest, thou never spok'st  
To better purpose

Her Never?

Leon Never, but once

Her What! have I twice said well? when  
was t before? 90

I prithee tell me, cram 's with praise, and make 's  
As far as tame things One good deed dying  
tongueless

Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that  
Our praises are our wages You may ride s  
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere  
With spur we heat an acre But to the goal  
My last good deed was to entreat his stay,  
What was my first? It has an elder sister  
Or I mistake you O would her name were  
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose, when?  
Nay, let me have't, I long

Leon Why, that was when 101  
Three crabbed months had sour d themselves to  
death

Ere I could mal e thee open thy white hand  
And clap thyself my love Then didst thou utter  
I am yours for ever "

Her 'Tis grace indeed  
Why lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose  
twice

The one for ever earn d a royal husband,

The other for some while a friend

Leon [Aside] Too hot too hot!  
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods  
I have tremor cordis on me my heart dances

But not for joy, not joy This entertainment 111  
May a free face put on derive a liberty

From heartiness from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent t may I grant,

But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,  
As now they are, and making practised smiles

As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh as t were

The mort o' the deer, O that is entertainment

My bosom likes not nor my brows! Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

Mam Ay, my good lord

Leon I fecks! 120

Why that s my baw cock What hast smutch d  
thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine Come, cap-  
tain,

We must be near not near but cleanly cap-  
tain

And yet the steer the heifer and the calf

Are all call d near —Still virginalling

Upon his palm! —How now, you wanton calf!

Art thou my calf?

Mam Yes if you will, my lord

Leon Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots  
that I have,

To be full like me yet they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs, women say so, 130

That will say any thing But were they false  
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind as waters, false  
As dice are to be wish d by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true  
To say this boy were like me Come, sir page,  
Lool on me with your welkin eye Sweet villain!  
Most dear st' my collop! Can thy dam? —may 't  
be? —

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre  
Thou dost make possible things not so held,  
Communicatest with dreams —how can this be? —  
With what s unreal thou coactive art, 141  
And fellow st nothing Then 'tis very credent  
Thou mayst co-join with something, and thou  
dost,

And that beyond commission and I find it,  
And that to the infection of my brains  
And hardening of my brows

Pol What means Sicilia?

Her He something seems unsettled

Pol How, my lord!

What cheer? how is t with you, best brother?

Her You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction

Are you moved, my lord?

Leon No in good earnest 150

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines

Of my boy's face methoughts I did recoil

Twenty three years, and saw my self unbreech'd,

In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove

As ornaments oft do too dangerous

How like methought I then was to this kernel

This squash this gentleman Mine honest friend,  
Will you take eggs for money? 161

Mam No my lord I'll fight

Leon You will! why, happy man be's dole!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol If at home sir

He calls my exercise, my mirth my matter,  
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,

My parasite my soldier statesman all

He makes a July's day short as December,

And with his varying childness cures in me 170

Thoughts that would thicken my blood

Leon So stands this squire

Officed with me We two will walk my lord

And leave you to your graver steps



How thou lovest us show in our brother's welcome

Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap  
Next to thy self and my young rover he's  
Apparent to my heart

*Her* If you would seek us  
We are yours: the garden shall attend you there?

*Leon* To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found

Be you beneath the sky [*Aside*] I am angling now 180

Though you perceive me not how I give line  
Go to go to!

How she holds up the neb the bill to him!  
And arms her with the boldness of a wife  
To her allowing husband!

[*Exit POLIXENES, HERMIONE and Attendants*  
Gone already!

Inch thick knee-deep o'er head and ears a fork'd one!

Go play boy play Thy mother plays and I  
Play too but so disgraced a part whose issue  
Will huss me to my grave contempt and clamour  
Will be my knell Go play boy play There  
have been 190

Or I am much deceived cuckolds ere now  
And many a man there is even at this present  
Now while I speak this holds his wife by the arm  
That little thinks she has been sluiced in a  
absence

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour by  
Sir Smile, his neighbour Nay there's comfort in't

Whiles other men have gates and those gates  
open'd

As mine against their will Should all despair  
That have revolted wives the tenth of mankind  
Would hang themselves Phrygian for't there is  
none 200

It is a bawdy planet that will strike  
Where his predominant and his powerful  
thunk it

From east west north and south Be it concluded  
No barricado for a belly know it  
It will let in and out the enemy  
With bag and baggage Many thousands on's  
Have the disease, and feel it not How now boy?

*Mam* I am like you, they say  
*Leon* Why that's some comfort

What Camillo there?

*Cam* Ay my good lord 210

*Leon* Go play Mamillius thou art an honest  
man [*Exit MAMILLIUS*

Camillo, this great air will yet stay longer

*Cam* You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold

When you cast out it still came home

*Leon* Didst note it?

*Cam* He would not stay at your petitions  
made

His business more material

*Leon* Didst perceive it?

[*Aside*] They're here with me already whisper  
ing rounding

Sicilia is a so-forth 'Tis far gone

When I shall gust it last How came't Camillo  
That he did stay?

*Cam* At the good Queen's entreaty 220

*Leon* At the Queen's be't good should be  
pertinent

But so it is it is not Was thus taken  
By any understanding pate but thine?

For thy conceit is soaking will draw in  
More than the common blocks Not nored in

But of the finer natures? By some severals  
Of head piece extraordinary? Lower messes

Perchance are to this business purblind? Say  
*Cam* Business my lord! I think most under  
stand

Bohemia stays here longer

*Leon* Ha!

*Cam* Stays here longer 230

*Leon* Ay but why?

*Cam* To satisfy your Highness and the en-  
treaties

Of our most gracious mistress

*Leon* Satisfy!

The entreaties of your mistress! Satisfy!

Let that suffice I have trusted thee Camillo  
With all the nearest things to my heart as well

My chamber-councils wherein priest like thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom I from thee departed

Thy penitent reform'd but we have been  
Deceived in thy integrity deceived 240

In that which seems so

*Cam* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leon* To hide upon it thou art not honest or  
If thou inclinest that way thou art a coward.

Which boxes honesty behind restraining  
From course required or else thou must be  
counted

A servant grafted in my serious trust

And therein negligent or else a fool

That seest a game play'd home the rich stake  
drawn

And takest it all for jest

*Cam* My gracious lord

I may be negligent foolish and fearful 250

In every one of these no man is free,

But that his negligence his folly fear

Among the infinite doings of the world  
 Sometime puts forth In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly, if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end, if ever fearful  
 To do a thing where I the issue doubted,  
 Whereof the execution did cry out 260  
 Against the non performance, 'twas a fear  
 Which oft infects the wisest These, my lord,  
 Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty  
 Is never free of But beseech your Grace,  
 Be plainer with me, let me know my trespass  
 By its own visage If I then deny it,  
 'Tis none of mine

*Leon* Ha' not you seen, Camillo—  
 But that's past doubt, you have, or your eye-  
 glass  
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn—or heard—  
 For to a vision so apparent rumour 270  
 Cannot be mute—or thought—for cogitation  
 Resides not in that man that does not think—  
 My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,  
 Or else be impudently negative,  
 To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say  
 My wife's a hobby horse, deserves a name  
 As rank as any flav'rench that puts to  
 Before her troth plight say't and justify't  
*Cam* I would not be a stander-by to hear  
 My sovereign mistress clouded so without 280  
 My present vengeance taken 'Shrew my heart,  
 You never spoke what did become you less  
 Than this, which to reiterate were sin  
 As deep as that, though true

*Leon* Is whispering nothing?  
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?  
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
 Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible  
 Of breaking honesty—horsing foot on foot?  
 Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?  
 Hours minutes? noon midnight? and all eyes  
 Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs  
 only,  
 That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?  
 Why then the world and all that's in it is  
 nothing  
 The covering sl is nothing Bohemia nothing  
 My wife is nothing nor nothing have these  
 nothings  
 If this be nothing  
*Cam* Good my lord be cured  
 Of this diseased opinion and betimes  
 For 'tis most dangerous  
*Leon* Say it be 'tis true  
*Cam* No no my lord  
*Leon* It is, you lie you lie

I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee, 300  
 Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave  
 Or else a hovering temporizer, that  
 Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
 Inclining to them both Were my wife's liver  
 Infected as her life she would not live  
 The running of one glass

*Cam* Who does infect her?  
*Leon* Why, he that wears her like her medal,  
 hanging  
 About his neck Bohemia, who if I  
 Had servants true about me, that bare eyes  
 To see all mine honour as their profits, 310  
 Their own particular thrifts, they would do that  
 Which should undo more doing, ay, and thou,  
 His cupbearer—whom I from meaner form  
 Have bench'd and rear'd to worship who mayst  
 see  
 Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees  
 heaven,  
 How I am galled—mightst bespice a cup,  
 To give mine enemy a lasting wink,  
 Which draught to me were cordial

*Cam* Sir, my lord,  
 I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
 But with a lingering dram that should not work  
 Maliciously like poison but I cannot 321  
 Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,  
 So sovereignly being honourable  
 I have loved thee—

*Leon* Mal e that thy question and go rot!  
 Dost think I am so muddy so unsettled  
 To appoint myself in this vexation sully  
 The purity and whiteness of my sheets  
 Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted  
 Is goads thorns nettles tails of wasps  
 Give scandal to the blood of the prince my son,  
 Who I do think is mine and love as mine 331  
 Without ripe moving to t? Would I do this?  
 Could man so blench?

*Cam* I must believe you, sir,  
 I do and will fetch off Bohemia for t,  
 Provided that when he's removed, your High-  
 ness  
 Will take again your Queen as yours at first  
 Even for your son's sake and thereby for sealing  
 The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms  
 Known and allied to yours

*Leon* Thou dost advise me  
 Even so as I mine own course have set down 340  
 I'll give no blemish to her honour none  
*Cam* My lord  
 Go then and with a countenance as clear  
 As friendship wears at feasts keep with Bohemia  
 And with your Queen I am his cupbearer  
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant

*Leon* This is all  
Do t and thou hast the one half of my heart  
Do t not thou split at thine own

*Cam* I'll do t my lord

*Leon* I will seem friendly as thou hast advised  
me *[Exit 350]*

*Cam* O miserable lady! But for me  
What ease stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes and my ground to do t  
Is the obedience to a master one  
Who in rebellion with himself will have  
All th t are his so too. To do this deed  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after I did not do t but since  
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one  
Let villainy itself forswear t I must *361*  
Torsake the court. To do t or no is certain  
To me a break neck. Happy star reign now!  
Here comes Bohemia

*Re-enter POLIXENES*

*Pol* This is strange methinks  
My fav our here begins to warp. Not speak?  
Good day Camillo

*Cam* Hail most royal sir!

*Pol* What is the news? the court?

*Cam* None rare my lord

*Pol* The king hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province and a region

Lov'd as he loves himself. Even now I met him

With customary compliment when he *371*

Wasting his eyes to the contrary and falling

A lip of much contempt speeds from me and

So leaves me to consider what is breeding

That changeth thus his manners

*Cam* I dare not know my lord

*Pol* How dare not? Do not. Do you know  
and dare not?

Be intelligent to me tis thereabouts

For to yourself what you do know you must

And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo *380*

Your changed complexions are to me a murmur

Which shows me mine changed too. For I must  
be

A party in this alteration finding

Myself thus alter'd with t

*Cam* There is a sickness

Which puts some of us in distemper but

I cannot name the disease and it is caught

Of you that yet are well

*Pol* How! caught of me?

Make me not smother'd like the basilisk

I have look'd on thousands who have sped the

better

By my reward but kill'd none so Camillo—

As you are certainly a gentleman thereto *39*

Clerk like experienced which no less adorns

Our gentry than our parents noble names

In whose success we are gentle—I beseech you

If you know aught which does behove my knowl-

edge

Thereof to be inform'd imprison t not

In ignorant concealment

*Cam* I may not answer

*Pol* A sickness caught of me and yet I well!

I must be answer I. Dost thou hear Camillo?

I conjure thee by all the parts of man *400*

Which honour does acknowledge whereof the

least

Is not this suit of mine that thou declare

What incidence thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me how far off how near

Which way to be prevented if to be

If not how best to bear it

*Cam* Sir I will tell you

Since I am charg'd in honour and by him

That I think honourable therefore mark my

counsel

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as

I mean to utter it or both yourself and me *410*

Cry lost and so good night!

*Pol* On good Camillo

*Cam* I am appointed him to murder you

*Pol* By whom Camillo?

*Cam* By the king

*Pol* For what?

*Cam* He dunks nay with all confidence he

swears

As he had seen t or been an instrument

To vice you to t that you have touch'd his

Queen

Forbiddenly

*Pol* O then my best blood turn

To an infected jelly and my name

Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!

Turn then my freshest reputation to *420*

A savour that may strike the duldest nostril

Where I arrive and my approach be shunn'd

Nay hated too worse than the great st infection

That e'er was heard or read!

*Cam* Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven and

By all their influences you may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon

As or by oath remove or counsel shake

The fabric of his folly whose foundation

Is piled upon his faith and will continue *430*

The standing of his body

*Pol* How should this grow?

*Cam* I know not but I am sure tis safer to

Avoid what's grown than question how 'tis born  
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,  
 That lies enclosed in this trunk which you  
 Shall bear along impawn'd away to-night!  
 Your followers I will whisper to the business  
 And will by twos and threes at several posterns  
 Clear them o' the city For my self, I'll put  
 My fortunes to your service which are here 440  
 By this discovery lost Be not uncertain,  
 For, by the honour of my parents, I  
 Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,  
 I dare not stand by, nor shall you be safer  
 Than one condemn'd by the King's own mouth  
 thereon

His execution sworn

*Pol* I do believe thee,  
 I saw his heart in's face Give me thy hand  
 Be pilot to me and thy places shall  
 Still neighbour mine My ships are ready and  
 My people did expect my hence departure 450  
 Two days ago This jealousy

Is for a precious creature As she's rare,  
 Must it be great, and as his person's mighty,  
 Must it be violent and as he does conceive  
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever  
 Profess'd to him why his revenges must  
 In that be made more bitter Fear o'er shades me  
 Good expedition be my friend and comfort  
 Th' gracious Queen part of his theme, but  
 nothing

Of his ill-taken suspicion? Come, Camillo 460  
 I will respect thee as a father if  
 Thou bear'st my life off hence Let us avoid  
*Cam* It is in mine authority to command  
 The keys of all the posterns Please your High-  
 ness

To take the urgent hour Come, sir, away  
 [Exeunt

## ACT II

## SCENE I A room in Leontes' palace

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and LADIES*

*Her* Take the boy to you he so troubles me,  
 'Tis past enduring

*1st Lady* Come, my gracious lord  
 Shall I be your play fellow?

*Mam* No I'll none of you

*1st Lady* Why, my sweet lord

*Mam* You'll kiss me hard and speak to me as if  
 I were a baby, still I love you better

*1st Lady* And why so my lord

*Mam* Not for because

Your brows are blacker, yet black brows they  
 52,

Become some women best, so that there be not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle, 10  
 Or a half-moon made with a pen

*2nd Lady* Who taught you this?

*Mam* I learnt it out of women's faces Pray  
 now

What colour are your eyebrows?

*1st Lady* Blue my lord

*Mam* Nay, that's a mock I have seen a lady's  
 nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows

*1st Lady* Hark ye,

The Queen your mother rounds apace We shall

Present our services to a fine new prince

One of these days, and then you'd wanton with  
 us,

If we would have you

*2nd Lady* She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk Good time encounter her! 20

*Her* What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,  
 sir now

I am for you again Pray you sit by us,

And tell's a tale

*Mam* Merry or sad shall it be?

*Her* As merry as you will

*Mam* A sad tale's best for winter I have one  
 Of sprites and goblins

*Her* Let's have that good sir

Come on sit down come on, and do your best

To fright me with your sprites, you're powerful  
 at it

*Mam* There was a man—

*Her* Nay come sit down then on

*Mam* Dwelt by a churchyard I will tell it  
 softly, 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it

*Her* Come on then

And give't me in mine ear

*Enter LEONTES with ANTIGONUS LORDS,  
 and others*

*Leon* Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
 with him?

*1st Lord* Behind the tuft of pines I met them  
 never

Saw I men scour so on their way I eyed them  
 Even to their ships

*Leon* How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!

Alack for lesser knowledge! how accursed

In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd and one may drink depart 40

And yet partake no venom for his knowledge

Is not infected but if one present

The abhor'd ingredient to his eye make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge his  
 sides

With violent hefts I have drunk and seen the spider

Camillo has his help in this his pandar

There is a plot against my life, my crown

All's true that I mistrusted That false villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him

He has discover'd my design and I 50

Remain a pinch'd thing yea a very trick

For them to play at will How came the posterns

So easily open?

1st Lord By his great authority

Which often hath no less prevail'd than so

On your command

Leon I know it too well

Give me the boy I am glad you did not nurse him

Though he does bear some signs of me yet you

Have too much blood in him

Her What is this? sport?

Leon Bear the boy hence he shall not come about her

Away with him and let her sport herself 60

With that she's big with for tis Polixenes

Has made thee's well thus

Her But I'd say he had not

And I'll be sworn you would believe me saying

Howe'er you lean to the nayward

Leon You my lords

Look on her mark her well be but about

To say she is a goodly lady and

The justice of your hearts will thereto add

'Tis pity she's not honest honourable

Praise her but for this her without-door form

Which on my faith deserves high speech and straight 70

The shrug the hum or ha these petty brands

That calumny doth use—O I am out—

That mercy does for calumny will sear

Virtue itself these shrugs these hums and ha's

When you have said She's goodly come between

Ere you can say 'She's honest But be it known  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be

She's an adulteress

Her Should a villain say so

The most repleurish'd villain in the world,

He were as much more villain You my lord, 80

Do but mistake

Leon You have mistook my lady

Polixenes for Leontes O thou thing!

Which I'll not call a creature of thy place

Least barbarism, making me the precedent

Should a like language use to all degrees

And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Between the prince and beggar I have said

She's an adulteress I have said with whom

More she's a traitor and Camillo is

A federy with her and one that knows 90

What she should shame to know herself

But with her most vile principal that she's

A bed sweeter even as bad as those

That vulgars give bold titles ay and privy

To this their late escape

Her No by my life

Privy to none of this How will this grieve you

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that

You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord

You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say

You did mistake

Leon No if I mistake 100

In those foundations which I build upon

The centre is not big enough to bear

A school boy's top Away with her! to prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty

But that he speaks

Her There's some ill planet reigns

I must be patient till the heavens look

With an aspect more favourable Good my lords

I am not prone to weeping in our sex

Commonly are the want of which I am dew

Perchance shall dry your pities but I have 110

That honourable grief lodged here which burns

Worse than tears drown Beseech you all my lords

With thoughts so qualified as your charities

Shall best instruct you measure me and so

The King's will be perform'd!

Leon Shall I be heard?

Her Who is it that goes with me? Beseech your highness

My women may be with me for you see

My plight requires it Do not weep good fools

There is no cause When you shall know your

mistress

Has deserved prison then about in tears 120

As I come out This action I now go on

Is for my better grace Adieu my lord

I never wish'd to see you sorry now

I trust I shall My women come you have leave

Leon Go do our bidding hence!

[Exit QUEEN guarded with LADIES]

1st Lord Beseech your highness call the Queen again

Ant Be certain what you do sir lest your justice

Prove violence in the which three great ones suffer

Yourself your queen your son

1st Lord For her my lord,

I dare my life lay down and will do it sir 130

Please you to accept it that the Queen is spotless

If the eyes of heaven and to you, I mean,  
In this which you accuse her

*Art* If it prove  
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where  
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her,  
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her,  
For every inch of woman in the world,  
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,  
If she be

*Leon* Hold your peace

*Lord* Good my lord—

*Ant* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves  
You are abused and by some putter-on  
That will be damn'd for 't, would I knew the  
villain

I would land-damn him Be she honour-flaw'd,  
I have three daughters, the eldest is eleven,  
The second and the third, nine, and some five,  
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't By mine  
honour,

I'll geld 'em all, fourteen they shall not see,  
To bring false generations They are co-heirs,  
And I had rather glib myself than they  
Should not produce fair issue

*Leon* Cease, no more  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose, but I do see 't and feel 't,  
As you feel doing thus, and see withal  
The instruments that feel

*Art* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty  
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth

*Leon* What! lack I credit?  
*Lord* I had rather you did lack than I my  
lord,

Upon this ground, and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion  
Be blamed for 't how you might

*Leon* Why, what need we  
Commune with you of this but rather follow  
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative  
Calls not your counsels but our natural goodness  
Imparts this, which if you or stupified  
Or seeming so in skill cannot or will not  
Relish a truth like us inform yourselves  
We need no more of your advice The matter  
The loss the gain the ordering on 't is all  
Properly ours

*Art* And I with my liege,  
You had only in your silent judgment tried it  
Without more offence

*Leon* How could that be?  
If thou art most ignorant by age  
Or thou wert born a fool Camillo's flight,  
Added to their familiarity,

Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,  
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation  
But only seeing, all other circumstances  
Made up to the deed, doth push on this proceed-  
ing

Yet, for a greater confirmation,  
For in an act of this importance 'twere  
Most precious to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post  
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple  
Cleomenes and Dion whom you know  
Of stuff'd sufficiency Now from the oracle  
They will bring all whose spiritual counsel had,  
Shall stop or spur me Have I done well?

*1st Lord* Well done my lord

*Leon* Though I am satisfied and need no more  
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle  
Give rest to the minds of others such as he  
Whose ignorant credulity will not  
Come up to the truth So have we thought it good  
From our free person she should be confined  
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence  
Be left her to perform Come follow us  
We are to speak in public, for this business  
Will raise us all

*Ant* [*Aside*] To laughter as I take it,  
If the good truth were known [*Exeunt*]

## SCENE II A prison

*Enter PAULINA a Gentleman, and Attendants*

*Paul* The keeper of the prison call to him,  
Let him have knowledge who I am

[*Exit Gentleman*]

Good lady,

No court in Europe is too good for thee,  
What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with the GAOLER*

Now good sir,

You know me do you not?

*Gaol* For a worthy lady

And one whom much I honour

*Paul* Pray you then,

Conduct me to the Queen

*Gaol* I may not, madam

To the contrary I have express commandment

*Paul* Here's ado

To lock up honesty and honour from

The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful pray  
you

To see her women any of them? Emilia?

*Gaol* So please you madam

To put apart these your attendants I

Shall bring Emilia forth

*Paul* I pray now call her

Withdraw yourselves

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants*]

*Gaol* And madam  
I must be present at your conference  
*Paul* Well be it so prithee *(Exit GAOLER)*  
Here's such ado to make no stain a stain  
As passes colouring

*Re enter GAOLER with EMILIA*

Dear gentlewoman 20  
How fares our gracious lady?

*Emil* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together On her father's griefs  
Which never tender lady hath borne greater  
She is something before her time deliver'd

*Paul* A boy?

*Emil* A daughter and a goodly babe  
Lusty and like to live The queen receives  
Much comfort in it says My poor prisoner  
I am innocent as you

*Paul* I dare be sworn  
These dangerous unsafe lures the king be-  
shrew them! 30

He must be told on it and he shall The office  
Becomes a woman best I'll take it upon me  
If I prove honey-mouth'd let my tongue blister  
And never to my red look danger be

The trumpeter any more Pray you Emilia  
Commend my best obedience to the queen

If she dares trust me with her little babe  
I'll show it the king and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loudst We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight of the child 40

The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails

*Emil* Most worthy madam  
Your honour and your goodness is so evident

That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue There is no lady living

So meet for this great errand Please your lady-  
ship

To visit the next room I'll presently  
Acquaint the Queen of your most noble offer

Who but to-day hammer'd of this design  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour 50

Lest she should be denied

*Paul* Tell her Emilia  
I'll use that tongue I have If wit flow from it  
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted

I shall do good

*Emil* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the Queen Please you come something  
nearer

*Gaol* Madam, if it please the Queen I'll send the  
babe

I know not what I shall incur to pass it  
Having no warrant

*Paul* You need not fear it sir

This child was prisoner to the womb and is  
By law and process of great nature thence 60  
Freed and enfranchised not a party to  
The anger of the king nor guilty of  
If any be the trespass of the Queen

*Gaol* I do believe it  
*Paul* Do not you fear Upon mine honour I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger *(Exit)*

SCENE III A room in Leontes palace

Enter LEONTES ANTIGONUS LORDS and  
SERVANTS

*Leon* Nor night nor day nor rest It is but a weak-  
ness

To bear the matter thus mere weakness If  
The cause were not in being—part of the cause,  
She the adulteress for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm out of the blank

And level of my brain plot proof but she  
I can hook to me Say that she were gone  
Given to the fire a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again Who's there?

*1st Serv* My lord?

*Leon* How does the boy?

*1st Serv* He took good rest to-night 10  
Tis hoped his sickness is discharged

*Leon* To see his nobleness!  
Concerning the dishonour of his mother

He straight declined droop'd took it deeply  
Fasten'd an fit of the shame on it in himself

Threw off his spirit his appetite his sleep  
And down'd his languish'd Leave me solely Go

See how he fares *(Exit SERVANT)* Fie! fie! no  
thought of him

The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me In himself too mighty 20

And in his parties his alliance let him be  
Until a time may serve For present vengeance

Take it on her Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me make their pastime at my sorrow

They should not laugh if I could reach them nor  
Shall she within my power

Enter PAULA with a child

*1st Lord* You must not enter

*Paul* Nay rather good my lords be second to  
me

Fear you his tyrannous passion more alas  
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent soul

More free than he is jealous

*Ant* That's enough 30  
*2nd Serv* Madam he hath not slept to-night  
commanded

None should come at him

*Paul* Not so hot good sir  
I come to bring him sleep 'Tis such as you,

That creep like shadows by him and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as ether, to purge him of that humour  
That presses him from sleep.

*Leon.* What noise there, ho?  
*Paul.* No noise, my lord; but a careful conference  
About some gospels for your Highness.

*Leon.* How I  
Away with that audacious lady Antigonus,  
I charged thee that she should not come about  
me.

I knew she would.

*Ant.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

*Leon.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paul.* From all dishonesty he can. In this,  
Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,  
He shall not rule me.

*Ant.* In you now, you hear  
When she will take the rein, let her run  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paul.* Good my liege, I come  
And beseech you, hear me, who profess  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dare  
I ever apply so in comforting your evils,  
Than such as most seem yours. I say, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leon.* Good queen?  
*Paul.* Good queen, my lord,  
Good queen, I say, good queen  
And would by combat mid her good, so were I  
A man, the worst about you.

*Leon.* I once her hence  
*Paul.* Let him that mistrusts but trifles of his eyes  
First him time. On mine own accord I'll off,  
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter.

Here she commends it to your blessing  
I yield it up the child.

*Leon.* Out!  
A most ill which! Hence with her, out of court!  
A most unbecoming bow!

*Paul.* Not so.  
I am as big, nor art in that as you  
In reviling me, and no less honest  
Thou art in me, which is enough. I'll wait on  
As this will please you, to press to the next.

*Leon.* I'll wait on  
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard  
Thou'st said! thou art woman's flesh, unconstant.

By thy dame Paullet here. Take up the bastard.  
Take't up, I say, I give't to thy crone.

*Paul.* For ever  
Unconquerable to thy hands, if thou  
Takest up the prince as by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon't.

*Leon.* He deceals his wife  
*Paul.* So I would you did; then 'twere past all  
doubt.

You'd call your children yours  
*Leon.* A nest of traitors!

*Ant.* I am none, by this good light  
*Paul.* Nor I, nor any

But one that's here, and that's himself, for he  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, he plays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and  
will not—

I or, as the case now stands, it is a curse  
He cannot be compell'd to't—once remove  
The root of his opinion, which is rotten  
An ever oak or stone was sound.

*Leon.* A call it  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath bit at her husband

And now bays me! His bite is none of mine;  
It is the issue of Pollicene's  
Hence with it, and together with the dam  
Commit them to the fire!

*Paul.* It is your's;  
And might we lay the old proverb to your  
charges,

So like you, tis the worse. Behold, my lords,  
Although the pretur be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of a frown, his forehead, nay, the val-  
ley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,  
His smiles,  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger  
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast  
made it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
The ordering of the mind too—amongst all colours  
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,  
Her children not her husband's!

*Leon.* A goodly boy!  
And, lo! thou art worthy to be him;  
That wilt not stay his tongue in

*Ant.* Hang all the husbandly  
That commend that feat, you'll have yourself  
Hudly one subject.

*Leon.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paul.* A most unworthy infam'd and ill  
commendment.

*Leon.* I'll ha' the burnt



*Paul**I care not*

It is an heretic that makes the fire  
 Not she which burns in it I'll not call you tyrant  
 But this most cruel usage of your queen  
 Not able to produce more accusation  
 Than your own weak hinged fancy something  
 savours

Of tyranny and will noble make you 10

Yea scandalous to the world

*Leon* On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant

Where were her life? she durst not call me so

If she did know me one Away with her!

*Paul* I pray you do not push me I'll be gone

Look to your babe my lord tis yours Jove

send her

A better guiding spirit What needs these hands?

You that are thus so tender of his follies

Will never do him good not one of you

So so farewell we are gone *[Exit 130]*

*Leon* Thou traitor hast set on thy wife to this

My child? away with it! Even thou that hast

A heart so tender of it take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire

Even thou and none but thou Take it up straight

Within this hour bring me word tis done

And by good testimony or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else call it thine If thou refuse

And wilt encounter with my wrath say so

The bastard brains with these my proper hands

Shall I dash out Go take it to the fire 140

For thou set it on thy wife

*Ant* I did not sir

These lords my noble fellows if they please,

Can clear me in it

*Lords* We can My royal liege,

He is not guilty of her coming hither

*Leon* You're liars all

*Lord* Beseech your Highness give us better  
 credit

We have always truly served you and beseech  
 you

So to esteem of us and on our knees we beg  
 As recompense of our dear services 150

Past and to come, that you do change this pur-  
 pose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody must

Lead on to some foul issue we all kneel

*Leon* I am a feather for each wind that blows

Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel

And call me father? Better burn it now

Than curse it then But be it let it lie

It shall not neither you, sir come you hither

You that have been so tenderly officious

With Lady Margery your mad wife there 160

To save this bastard a life—for tis a bastard,

So sure as this beard's grey—what will you ad-  
 venture

To save this brat's life?

*Ant* Anything my lord

That my ability may undergo

And nobleness impose at least thus much

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left

To save the innocent Anything possible

*Leon* It shall be possible Swear by this sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding

*Ant* I will my lord!

*Leon* Mark and perform it see at thou! for the

fail

Of any point in it shall not only be

Death to thy self but to thy lewd-toned wife

Whom for this time we pardon We'll enjoin thee

As thou art liege man to us that thou carry

This female bastard hence and that thou bear

To some remote and desert place quite our

Of our dominions and that there thou leave it

Without more mercy to its own protection

And favour of the climate As by strange fortune

It came to us I do in justice charge thee 180

On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place

Where chance may nurse or end it Take it up

*Ant* I swear to do this though a present death

Had been more merciful Come on poor babe

Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and

ravens

To be thy nurses! Wholes as I bears they say

Casting their sagaciousness aside have done

I like offices of pity Sir be prosperous

In more than this deed does require! And blessing

Against this cruelty I'll hit on this side 190

Poor thing condemn'd to loss!

*[Exit with the child]*

*Leon* No I'll not rear

Another's issue

#### ENTER A SERVANT

*Serv* Please your Highness posts

From those you sent to the oracle are come

An hour since Cleomenes and Dion,

Being well armed from Delphos are both landed,

Hasting to the court

*1st Lord* So please you sir their speed

Hath been beyond account

*Leon* Twenty three days

They have been absent 'Tis good speed fore

tells

The great Apollo suddenly will have 200

The truth of this appear Prepare you, lords

Summon a session, that we may arraign

Our most dishonour'd lady for she hath

Been publicly accused so shall she have

A just and open trial While she lives  
My heart will be a burthen to me Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding [Exeunt]

## ACT III

SCENE I *A sea-port in Sicilia*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION

Cleo The climate s delicate, the air most sweet,  
Fertile the isle the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears

Dion I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the rever-  
ence

Of the grave wearers O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious solemn, and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

Cleo But of all the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle  
kin to Jove s thunder, so surprised my sense : 10  
That I was nothing

Dion If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the Queen—O be 't so!—  
As it hath been to us rare pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on t

Cleo Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,  
I little like

Dion The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business When the oracle,  
Thus by Apollo s great divine seal d up  
Shall the contents discover, something rare : 20  
Even then will rush to knowledge Go, fresh  
horses!

And gracious be the issue! [Exeunt]

SCENE II *A court of Justice*

Enter LEONTES LORDS and OFFICERS

Leon This sessions to our great grief we pro-  
nounce,

Even pushes gainst our heart the party tried  
The daughter of a king our wife and one  
Of us too much beloved Let us be clear d  
Of being ty rannous since we so openly  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,  
Even to the guilt or the purgation  
Produce the prisoner

Officer It is his Highness pleasure that the  
Queen

Appear in person here in court Silence! : 10

Enter HERMIONE guarded PAULINA and

LADIES at entrance

Leon Read the indictment

Off [Reads] "Hermione, Queen to the worthy  
Leontes, King of Sicilia thou art here accused  
and arraigned of high treason, in committing  
adultery with Polixenes, King of Bohemia, and  
conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of  
our sovereign lord the King thy royal husband  
the pretence whereof being by circumstances  
partly laid open, thou Hermione contrary to the  
faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst coun-  
sel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly  
away by night"

Her Since what I am to say must be but that  
Which contradicts my accusation and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot  
me

To say "Not guilty" Mine integrity,  
Being counted falsehood shall as I express it,  
Be so received But thus if powers divine  
Behold our human actions as they do, : 30  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush and ty ranny  
Tremble at patience You my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so my past life  
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy, which is more  
Than history can pattern though devised  
And play d to take spectators For behold me  
A fellow of the royal bed which owe  
A moiety of the throne a great king s daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince here standing : 40  
To prate and talk for life and honour fore  
Who please to come and hear For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief which I would spare for hon-  
our,

Tis a derivative from me to mine  
And only that I stand for I appeal  
To your own conscience sir before Polixenes  
Came to your court how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be so since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurent I : 50  
Have strain d to appear thus if one for bey ond  
The bound of honour or in act or will  
That way inclining harden d be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near st of kin  
Cry sic upon my grave!

Leon I ne er heard yet  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first

Her That s true enough  
Though tis a saying sir not due to me

Leon You will not own it

Her More than mistress of : 60  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge For Polixenes,

With whom I am accus'd I do confess  
 I loved him as in honour he required  
 With such a kind of love as might become  
 A lady like me with a love even such  
 So and no other as yourself commanded  
 Which not to have done I think had been in me  
 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you and toward your friend whose love had  
 spoil'd 70

Even since it could speak from an infant freely  
 That it was yours Now for conspiracy  
 I know not how it tastes though it be dish'd  
 For me to try how All I know of it  
 Is that Camillo was an honest man  
 And why he left your court the gods themselves  
 Wotting no more than I are ignorant

Leon You knew of his departure as you know  
 What you have undertaken to do in his absence  
 Her Sir 80  
 You speak a language that I understand not  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams  
 Which I'll lay down

Leon Your actions are my dreams  
 You had a bastard by Polixenes  
 And I but dream'd it As you were past all  
 shame—

Those of your fact are so—so past all truth  
 Which to deny concerns more than avails for as  
 Thy brat hath been cast out like to itself  
 No father owning it—which is indeed  
 More criminal in thee than it—so thou 90  
 Shalt feel our justice in whose easiest passage  
 Look for no less than death

Her Sir spare your threats  
 The bug which you would fright me with I seek  
 To me can life be no commodity  
 The crown and comfort of my life your favour  
 I do give lost for I do feel it gone  
 But know not how it went My second joy  
 And first fruits of my body from his presence  
 I am barr'd like one infectious My third com-  
 fort

Scarr'd most unluckily is from my breast 100  
 The innocent milk in it not innocent mouth  
 Haled out to murder myself on every post  
 Proclaim'd a strumpet with immodest hatred  
 The child bed privilege denied which longs  
 To women of all fashion lastly hurried  
 Here to this place to the open air before  
 I have got strength of limit Now my hege,  
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive  
 That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed  
 But yet hear this mistake me not no life 110  
 I prize it not a straw but for mine honour  
 Which I would free if I shall be condemn'd  
 Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else

But what your jealousies awake I tell you  
 This rigour and not law Your honours all  
 I do refer me to the oracle  
 Apollo be my judge!  
 1st Lord This your request  
 Is altogether just therefore bring forth  
 And in Apollo's name his oracle

[Exit certain Officers]

Her The Emperor of Russia was my father  
 O that he were alive and here beholding 121  
 His daughter's trial that he did but see  
 The flatness of my misery yet with eyes  
 Of pity not revenge!

Re-enter OFFICERS with CLEOMEENES and DION

Off You here shall swear upon this sword of  
 justice  
 That you Cleomenes and Dion have  
 Been both at Delphos and from thence have  
 brought  
 This seal'd up oracle by the hand deliver'd  
 Of great Apollo's priest and that since then  
 You have not dared to break the holy seal 130  
 Nor read the secrets in't

Cleo Dion All this we swear  
 Leon Break up the seals and read  
 Off [Reads] Hermione is chaste Polixenes  
 blameless Camillo a true subject Leontes a jeal-  
 ous tyrant his innocent babe truly begotten and  
 the King shall live without an heir if that which  
 is lost be not found

Lords Now blessed be the great Apollo!  
 Her Praised!  
 Leon Hast thou read truth?  
 Off Ay my lord even so 140  
 As it is here set down  
 Leon There is no truth at all; the oracle  
 The sessions shall proceed This is mere false-  
 hood

Enter SERVANT

Serv My lord the King the King!  
 Leon What is the business?  
 Serv O sir I shall be hated to report it!  
 The Prince your son with mere conceit and fear  
 Of the Queen's speed is gone

Leon How! gone!  
 Serv Is dead  
 Leon Apollo's an'ry and the heavens them-  
 selves  
 Do strike at my injustice [HERMIONE enters]  
 How now there!

Paul This news is mortal to the Queen Look  
 down

And see what death is doing  
 Leon Take her hence 150

Her heart is but o'ercharged she will recover  
I have too much believed mine own suspicion  
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
Some remedies for life

*(Exeunt PAULINA and LADIES, with HERMIONE)*  
Apollo pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!  
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,  
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,  
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy,  
For, being transported by my jealousies  
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160  
Camillo for the minister to poison  
My friend Polixenes, which had been done,  
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied  
My swift command, though I with death and  
with  
Reward did threaten and encourage him,  
Not doing 't and being done He, most humane  
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest  
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,  
Which you knew great and to the hazard  
Of all incertainties himself commended, 170  
No richer than his honour How he glisters  
Thorough my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*Re enter PAULINA*

*Paul* Woe the while!  
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

*1st Lord* What fit is this, good lady?

*Paul* What studied torments, tyrant hast for  
me?

What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boil-  
ing?

In leads or oils? what old or newer torture  
Must I receive, whose every word deserves  
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny 180  
Together working with thy jealousies,  
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle  
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done  
And then run mad indeed stark mad! for all  
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it  
That thou betray'st Polixenes 'twas nothing,  
That did but show thee of a fool, inconstant  
And damnable ingrateful nor was 't much,  
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's hon-  
our,

To have him kill a king poor trespasses 190  
More monstrous standing by, whereof I reckon  
Thy casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter  
To be or none or little though a devil  
Would have shed water out of fire ere done  
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death  
Of the young prince whose honourable thoughts,

Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart  
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire  
Blemish'd his gracious dam, this is not, no,  
Laid to thy answer but the last—O lords, 200  
When I have said, cry "woe!"—the Queen, the  
Queen,

The sweet st, dear st creature s dead, and ven-  
geance for 't

Not dropp'd down yet

*1st Lord* The higher powers forbid!

*Paul* I say she s dead I'll swear 't If word nor  
oath

Prevail not, go and see If you can bring  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir, therefore betake thee  
To nothing but despair A thousand knees 211  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,  
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert

*Leon* Go on, go on

Thou canst not speak too much I have deserved  
All tongues to talk their bitterest

*1st Lord* Say no more

Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault  
I'th boldness of your speech

*Paul* I am sorry for 't

All faults I make, when I shall come to know  
them

I do repent Alas! I have show'd too much 221  
The rashness of a woman he is touch'd  
To the noble heart What's gone and what's past  
help

Should be past grief Do not receive affliction  
At my petition, I beseech you, rather  
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget Now, good my liege,  
Sir royal sir, forgive a foolish woman  
The love I bore your queen—lo fool again!  
I'll speak of her no more nor of your children,  
I'll not remember you of my own lord 231  
Who is lost too Take your patience to you  
And I'll say nothing

*Leon* Thou didst speak but well

When most the truth which I receive much  
better

Than to be pitied of thee Prithce, bring me  
To the dead bodies of my queen and son  
One grave shall be for both upon them shall  
The causes of their death appear unto  
Our shame perpetual Once a day I'll visit  
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there  
Shall be my recreation So long as nature

Will bear up with this exercise so long  
I daily vow to use it Come and lead me  
Unto these sorrows

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Bohemia a desert country near the sea*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with a Child and a MARINER*

*Ant* Thou art perfect then our ship hath  
touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mar* Ay my lord and fear  
We have landed in ill time The skies look  
grimly

And threaten present blusters In my conscience,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are  
angry

And frown upon us

*Ant* Their sacred wills be done! Go get  
aboard

Look to thy bark I'll not be long before  
I call upon thee

*Mar* Make your best haste and go not 10  
Too far! the land 'tis like to be loud weather  
Besides this place is famous for the creatures  
Of prey that keep upon it

*Ant* Go thou away  
I'll follow instantly

*Mar* I am glad at heart

To be so rid of the business [Exit

*Ant* Come poor babe  
I have heard, but not believ'd the spirits of the  
dead

May walk again If such thing be thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking To me comes a creature  
Sometimes her head on one side, some an  
other

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow 21  
So fill'd and so becoming In pure white robes  
Like very sanctity she did approach  
My cabin where I lay thrice bow'd before me  
And gasping to begin some speech her eyes  
Became two spouts the fury spent anon  
Did this break from her Good Antigonus  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath 30  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia  
There weep and leave it crying and, for the  
babe

Is counted lost for ever Perdita

I prithee, call it For this ungentle business  
Put on thee by my lord thou ne'er shalt see  
Thy wife Paulina more And so with shrieks  
She melted into air Affrighted much  
I did in time collect myself and thou hit  
This was so and no slumber Dreams are toys

Yet for this once, ye superstitiously 40  
I will be squared by this I do believe  
Hermione hath suffer'd death and that  
Apollo would thus being indeed the issue  
Of King Polixenes it should here be laid  
Either for life or death upon the earth  
Of its right father Blossom speed thee well!  
There he and there thy character there  
these

Which may, if fortune please both breed thee,  
pretty

*Laying down the Lale with a paper and a  
bundle*

And still rest thine The storm begins Poor  
wretch

That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed 50

To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot

But my heart bleeds and most accus'd am I

To be by oath enjoin'd to this Farewell!

The day frowns more and more thou art like to  
have

A lullaby too rough I never saw

The heavens so dim by day A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase

I am gone for ever [Exit pursued by a bear

*Enter a SHEPHERD*

*Shep* I would there were no age between six  
teen and three and twenty or that youth would  
sleep out the rest for there is nothing in the be-  
tween but getting wenches with child wronging  
the ancients stealing fighting—Hark you now!  
Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen  
and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They  
have scared away two of my best sheep which I  
fear the wolf will sooner find than the master if  
anywhere I have them 'tis by the seaside brows-  
ing of ivy Good luck an't be thy will! what  
have we here? Mercy on 's a barge a very  
pretty barge! A boy or a child I wonder? A  
pretty one a very pretty one sure some scape  
Though I am not bookish yet I can read waiting  
gentlewoman in the scape This has been some  
star work, some trunk work some behind-dor  
work they were warmer that got this than the  
poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity yet I'll  
tarry till my son come he half-fool'd but even  
now Whoa ho ho!

*Enter CLOWN*

*Clo* Hillos loa!

*Shep* What art so near? If thou'll see a thing  
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten come  
hither What ailest thou man?

*Clo* I have seen two such sights by sea and by  
land but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now

the sky betwixt the firmament and it you can-  
not thrust a bodkin's point

*Shep* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo* I would you did but see how it chafes, how  
it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not  
to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor  
souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em,  
now the ship boring the moon with her main-  
mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth,  
as you'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then  
for the land service, to see how the bear tore out  
his shoulder bone, how he cried to me for help  
and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.  
But to make an end of the ship to see how the  
sea flap-dragoned it, but, first, how the poor  
souls roared and the sea mocked them, and how  
the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked  
him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shep* Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

*Clo* Now, now, I have not winked since I saw  
these sights. The men are not yet cold under  
water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman.  
He's at it now.

*Shep* Would I had been by to have helped the  
old man!

*Clo* I would you had been by the ship side to  
have helped her, there your charity would have  
lacked footing.

*Shep* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look  
thee here, boy. Now bless thyself, thou mettest  
with things dying. I with things new-born. Here's  
a sight for thee, look thee a bearing cloth for a  
squire's child! look thee here, take up, take up,  
boy, open 't. So, let's see. It was told me I  
should be rich by the fairies. This is some change-  
ling, open 't. What's within, boy?

*Clo* You're a made old man if the sins of your  
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!  
all gold!

*Shep* This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove  
so. Up with 't, keep it close. Home, home, the  
next way. We are lucky, boy, and to be so still  
requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go.  
Come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clo* Go you the next way with your findings.  
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman  
and how much he hath eaten. They are never  
curst but when they are hungry. If there be any  
of him left I'll bury it.

*Shep* That's a good deed. If thou mayest dis-  
cern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch  
me to the sight of him.

*Clo* Marry, will I, and you shall help to put  
it in the ground.

*Shep* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good  
deeds on it. *[Exit*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I

*Enter TIME, the Chorus*

*Time* I, that please some try all both joy and  
terror

Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,  
Now take upon me in the name of Time,  
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime  
To me or my swift passage that I slide  
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried  
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power  
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour  
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass  
The same I am, ere ancient st order was  
Or what is now received I witness to  
The times that brought them in, so shall I do  
To the freshest things now reigning and make  
stale.

The glistering of this present, as my tale  
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing  
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing  
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving  
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving  
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,  
Gentle spectators, that I now may be  
In fair Bohemia, and remember well,  
I mentioned a son of the Kings, which Florizel  
I now name to you and with speed so pace  
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace  
Equal with wondering. What of her ensues  
I list not prophesy but let Time's news  
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's  
daughter.

And what to her adheres, which follows after  
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,  
If ever you have spent time worse ere now,  
If never yet that Time himself doth say  
He wishes earnestly you never may. *[Exit*

## SCENE II Bohemia the palace of Polixenes

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO*

*Pol* I pray thee good Camillo be no more im-  
portunate. 'Tis a sickness denying thee any  
thing a death to grant this.

*Cam* It is fifteen years since I saw my country,  
though I have for the most part been abroad.  
I desire to lay my bones there. Besides  
the penitent king my master hath sent for me  
to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay,  
or I o'erween to think so which is another spur  
to my departure.

*Pol* As thou lovest me, Camillo wipe not out  
the rest of thy services by leaving me now. Thou  
need I have of thee thine own goodness hardly  
made, better not to have had thee than thus to

want thee Thou having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage must either stay to execute them thy self or take away with thee the very services thou hast done which if I have not enough considered as too much I cannot to be more thankful to thee shall be my study and my profit therein the heaping friendships Of that fatal country Sicilia prithe speak no more whose very name punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent as thou call'st him and reconciled king my brother whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented Say to me when savest thou the Prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy their issue not being gracious than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues

*Cam* Sir it is three days since I saw the Prince What his happier affair may be are to me unknown but I have missingly noted he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared

*Pol* I have considered much Camillo and with some care so far that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removal from a horn I have this intelligence that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd a man that says that for his own nothing and being in the imagination of his neighbours is grown into an unspeakable estate

*Cam* I have heard sir of such a man who hath a daughter of most rare note The report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage

*Pol* That's likewise part of my intelligence but I fear the angel that plucks our son thither Thou shalt accompany us to the place where we will not appearing what we are have some question with the shepherd from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither Prithce be my present partner in this business and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia

*Cam* I willingly obey your command

*Pol* My best Camillo! We must disguise our selves

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *A road near the Shepherd's cottage*

*Enter AUTOLYCHUS singing*

When daffodils begin to peer

With her high dory over the dale

Why then comes in the sweet o' the year

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale

The white sheet bleaching on the hed e

With her high the sweet birds O how they sing!

Doth set my purging tooth on edge

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king

The lark that tithes lyra chants

With height with her high the thrush and the jay

Are summer songs for me and my aunts

What we lie tumbling in the hay

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three pile but now I am out of service

But shall I go mourn for that my dear?

The pale moon shines by night

And when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right

If tinkers may have leave to live

And bear the sow skin bud e

Then my account I will may give,

And in the stocks at such it

My traffic is sheets when the kite builds look to lester linen My father named me Autolycus who being as I am littered under Mercury was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat Callos and knock are too powerful on the highway beating and hanging are terrors to me for the life to come I sleep out the thought of it A prize! a prize!

*Enter CLOW*

*Clow* Let me see every seven wether rods every rod yields pound and odd shilling fifteen hundred shorn what comes the wool to?

*Aut* [Aside] If the spring hold the cock a mine

*Clow* I cannot do without counters Let me see what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast?

Three pound of sugar five pound of currant

rice—that will this sister of mine do with rice!

But my father hath made her mistress of the feast and she lays it on She hath made me four

and twenty nosegays for the shearers three man

song men all and very good ones but they are

most of them means and bases but one puritan

amongst them and he sings psalms to hornpipes

I must have saffron to colour the warden pie

mace dates—none that's out of my note but

megs seven a race or two of ginger but that I

may beg four pound of peunes and as many of

raisins o' the sun

*Aut* O that ever I was born!

*Grocelling on the ground*

*Clo* I' the name of me—

*Aut* O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

*Clo* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off

*Aut* O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions

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*Clo* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter

*Aut* I am robbed, sir, and beaten, my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me

*Clo* What, by a horseman, or a footman?

*Aut* A footman sweet sir, a footman

*Clo* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee If this be a horseman's coat it hath seen very hot service Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee Come lend me thy hand

*Aut* O good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clo* Alas, poor soul!

*Aut* O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder blade is out

*Clo* How now! canst stand?

*Aut* [Picking his pocket] Softly, dear sir, good sir softly You ha' done me a charitable office

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*Clo* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee

*Aut* No good sweet sir, no, I beseech you sir I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going I shall there have money or any thing I want Offer me no money, I pray you, that kills my heart

*Clo* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

90

*Aut* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll my-dames I knew him once a servant of the Prince I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court

*Clo* His vices you would say there's no virtue whipped out of the court They cherish it to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide

99

*Aut* Vices I would say sir I know this man well He hath been since an ape-bearer then a process server, a bailiff, then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son and married a tink-  
er's wife within a mile where my land and living lies and having flown over many knavish professions he settled only in rogue Some call him Autolycus

*Clo* Out upon him! prig for my life prig He haunts wakes, fairs and bear baitings

*Aut* Very true, sir, he, sir, he, that's the rogue that put me into this apparel

111

*Clo* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia If you had but looked b g and spit at him he'd have run

*Aut* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him

*Clo* How do you now?

*Aut* Sweet sir, much better than I was, I can stand and walk I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's

*Clo* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Aut* No good-faced sir no, sweet sir

*Clo* Then fare thee well I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing

*Aut* Prosper you, sweet sir! [Exit CLOWN]  
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too If I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

131

[Sings] "Jog on jog on the foot path way,

And merrily hent the stile a,

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a" [Exit

#### SCENE IV The Shepherd's cottage

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA

*Flo* These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life, no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,

And you the queen on't

*Per* Sir, my gracious lord,

To chide at your extremes it not becomes me O pardon that I name them! Your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured

With a swain's wearing and me poor lowly maid

Most goddess like prank'd up But that our feasts In every mess have folly and the feeders

11

Digest it with a custom I should blush

To see you so attired sworn I think

To show myself a glass

*Flo* I bless the time

When my good falcon made her flight across

Thy father's ground

*Per*

Now Jove afford you cause!

To me the difference forges ahead your great

ness

Hath not been used to fear Even now I tremble

111

To think your father, by some accident,



Should pass this way as you did O the Fates! 20  
How would he look to see his work so noble  
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how  
Should I in these my borrow'd flaunts behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Flo* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity The gods themselves  
Humbling their deities to love have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them Jupiter  
Became a bull and bellow'd the green Neptune  
A ram and bleated and the fire-robed god  
Golden Apollo a poor humble swain, 30  
As I seem now Their transformation  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer  
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires  
Run not before mine honour nor my lusts  
Burn hotter than my faith

*Per* O but sir  
Your resolution cannot hold when tis  
Opposed as it must be by the power of the  
him

One of these two must be necessities  
Which then will speak that you must change  
this purpose,  
Or I my life—

*Flo* Thou dearest Perdita 40  
With these forced thoughts I prithee darken  
not

The mirth o' the feast Or I'll be thine my fair  
Or not my father's For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor anything to any if  
I be not thine To this I am most constant  
Though destiny say no Be merry gentle  
Strange such thoughts as these with anything  
That you behold the while Your guests are  
coming

Lift up your countenance as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50  
We two have sworn shall come

*Per* O lady Fortune  
Stand you auspicious!

*Flo* See your guests approach  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly  
And let's be red with mirth

*Enter SHEPHERD CLOWN MOPSA DORCAS and  
others with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised*

*Shep* Fic, daughter! when my old wife lived,  
upon  
This day she was both pantler butler cook  
Both dame and servant welcomed all served all  
Would sing her song and dance her turn now  
here,  
At upper end o' the table now at the middle  
On his shoulder and his her face o' fire 60  
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,

She would to each one sip You are retired  
As if you were a feasted one and not  
The hostess of the meeting Pray you bid  
These unknown friends to welcome for it is  
A way to make us better friends more known  
Come quench your blushes and present yourself  
That which you are mistress o' the feast Come  
on

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing  
As your good flock shall prosper

*Per* [To POLIXENES] Sir welcome 70  
It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess ship o' the day [To CAMILLO] You're  
welcome sir

Give me those flowers there Dorcas Reverend  
sirs

For you there a rosemary and rue these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long  
Grace and remembrance be to you both  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Pol* Shepherdess—  
A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter

*Per* Sir the year growing ancient  
Not yet on summer's death nor on the birth 80  
Of trembling winter the fairest flowers o' the  
season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors  
Which some call Nature's bastards Of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren and I care not  
To get slips of them

*Pol* Wherefore gentle maiden  
Do you neglect them?

*Per* For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piousness shares  
With great creating Nature

*Pol* Say there be  
Yet Nature is made better by no mean  
But Nature makes that mean so over that art 90  
Which you say adds to Nature is an art  
That Nature makes You see sweet maid we  
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race This is an art  
Which does mend Nature change it rather but  
The art itself is Nature

*Per* So it is  
*Pol* Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards

*Per* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them 100  
No more than were I painted I would wish  
This youth should I say were well and only  
therefore

Desire to breed by me Here's flowers for you

Hot lavender mints savory, marjoram,  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
And with him rises weeping These are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age You re very welcome  
*Cam* I should leave grazing, were I of your  
flock,  
And only live by gazing

*Per* Out, alas! 110  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through Now, my  
fair st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that  
might

Become your time of day, and yours, and yours,  
That wear upon your virgin branches yet  
Your maidenheads growing O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now that frighted thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes 121  
Or Cytherea's breath, pale primroses,  
That die unmarried ere they can behold  
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids bold orlups and  
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds  
The flow'r-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Flo* What lil e a corse?  
*Per* No like a bank for love to lie and play on,  
Nor like a corse, or if, not to be buried, 131  
But quick and in mine arms Come, take your  
flowers

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals Sure this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition

*Flo* What you do  
Still betters what is done When you speak,  
sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever When you sing  
I'd have you buy and sell so give alms,  
Pray so and for the ordering your affairs  
To sing them too When you do dance I wish  
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do 141  
Nothing but that move still still so  
And own no other function Each your doing  
So singular in each particular  
Gro vns what you are doing in the present deed  
That all your acts are queens

*Per* O Doricles  
Your praises are too large But that your youth  
And the true blood which peepeth fairly through  
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd

With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles, 150  
You woo'd me the false way

*Flo* I think you have  
As little skill to fear as I have purpose  
To put you to 't But come, our dance, I pray  
Your hand, my Perdita So turtles pair,  
That never mean to part

*Per* I'll swear for em  
*Pol* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
Ran on the green-sward Nothing she does or  
seems

But smacks of something greater than herself,  
Too noble for this place

*Cam* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out Good sooth, she  
is

The queen of curds and cream 161

*Clo* Come on, strike up!

*Dor* Mopsa must be your mistress, marry, gar-  
lic,

To mend her kissing with!

*Mop* Now in good time!

*Clo* Not a word, a word, we stand upon our  
manners

Come, strike up!

*Music* Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherd-  
esses

*Pol* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain in this  
Which dances with your daughter?

*Shep* They call him Doricles, and boasts him-  
self

To have a worthy feeding but I have it  
Upon his own report and I believe it, 170  
He lool s like sooth He say s he loves my daugh-  
ter

I think so too for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he'll stand and read  
As twere my daughter's eyes and to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best

*Pol* She dances featly

*Shep* So she does anything though I report it,  
That should be silent If young Doricles  
Do light upon her she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of 180

# Enter SERVANT

*Serv* O master if you did but hear the pedlar at  
the door you would never dance again after a  
tabor and pipe no the bagpipe could not move  
you He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell  
money he utters them as he had eaten ballads  
and all men's ears grew to his tunes

*Clo* He could never come better he shall come  
in I love a ballad but even too well if it be dole-  
ful matter merrily set down or a very

thing indeed and sung lamentably

190

*Serv* He hath songs for man or woman of all sizes no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves He has the prettiest love songs for maids so without bawdry which is strange with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadins jump her and thump her and where some stretch mouthed ra cal would as it were mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter he makes the maid to answer Whoop do me no harm good man puts him off slights him with Whoop do me no harm good man

201

*Pol* This is a brave fellow

*Clo* Believe me thou talkest of an admirable concerted fellow Has he any unbraid wares?

*Serv* He hath ribbons of all the colours the rainbow points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle though they come to him by the gross inkle caddisses cambrics lawns Why he sings em over as they were gods or goddesses you would think a smock were a she-angel he so chants to the sleeve hand and the work about the square on t

*Clo* Pruthee bring him in and let him approach singing

*Per* Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in tunes

[Exit *Servant*]

*Clo* You have of these pedlars that have more in them than you d think sister

*Per* Ay good brother or go about to think

*Enter AUTOLICUS singing*

Lawn as white as driven snow 220

Cyprus black as e'er was crow

Gloves as sweet as damask roses

Masks for faces and for noses

Bugle bracelet necklace amber

Perfume for a lady's chamber

Golden quoif and stomachers

For my lads to give their dears

Pins and poking sticks of steel

Wh. maids lack from head to heel

Come buy of me come come buy come buy

Buy lads, or else your lasses cry 231

Come buy

*Clo* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me but being en thrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves

*Mop* I was promised them against the feast but they come not too late now

*Dor* He hath promised you more than that or there be lars 240

*Mop* He hath paid you all he promised you

May be he has paid you more which will shame you to give him again

*Clo* Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plaquettes where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking time when you are going to bed or kiln hole to whistle off the secrets but you must be tittle rattling before all our guests? tis well they are whispering Clamour your tongues and not a word more 251

*Mop* I have done Come you promised me a tawdry lace and a pair of sweet gloves

*Clo* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

*Aut* And indeed sir there are cozeners abroad therefore it bechoves men to be wary

*Clo* Fear not thou man thou shalt lose nothing here

*Aut* I hope so sir for I have about me many parcels of charge 261

*Clo* What hast here? ballads?

*Mop* Pray now buy some I love a ballad in print o life for then we are sure they are true

*Aut* Here's one to a very doleful tune how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money bags at a burthen and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbinadoed

*Mop* Is it true think you?

*Aut* Very true and but a month old 270

*Dor* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Aut* Here's the midwife's name to t one Mistress Tale porter and five or six honest wives that were present Why should I carry lies abroad?

*Mop* Pray you now buy it

*Clo* Come on lay it by and let's first see more ballads We'll buy the other things anon

*Aut* Here's another ballad of a fish that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four score of April forty thousand fathom above water and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids It was thou ht she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her The ballad is very pitiful and is true

*Dor* Is it true too think you?

*Aut* Five justices hands at it and witnesses more than my pack will hold

*Clo* Lay it by too Another 290

*Aut* This is a merry ballad but a very pretty one

*Mop* Let's have some merry ones

*Aut* Why this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man' There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it tis in request I can tell you

*Mop* We can both sing it If thou'll bear a part

thou shalt hear, 'tis in three parts

*Dor* We had the tune on 't a month ago 300

*Aut* I can bear my part, you must know 'tis  
my occupation, have at it with you

## SONG

*Aut* Get you hence, for I must go

Where it fits not you to know

*Dor* Whither? *Mop* O, whither? *Dor*  
Whither?

*Mop* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell

*Dor* Me too, let me go thither

*Mop* Or thou goest to the grange or mill

*Dor* If to either, thou dost ill 310

*Aut* Neither *Dor* What, neither? *Aut* Nei-  
ther

*Dor* Thou hast sworn my love to be

*Mop* Thou hast sworn it more to me  
Then whither goest? say, whither?

*Clo* We'll have this song out anon by ourselves  
My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and  
we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy  
pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both  
Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me,  
girls [Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA]

*Aut* And you shall pay well for 'em

*Follows singing*

"Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk any thread,

Any toys for your head,

Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar,

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware a"

[Exit 330]

## Re-enter SLAVANT

*Serv* Master, there is three carters three shep-  
herds three neat herds, three swine herds, that  
have made themselves all men of hair they  
call themselves Saltiers and they have a dance  
which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gam-  
bols because they are not in 't, but they them-  
selves are o' the mind if it be not too rough for  
some that know little but bowling it will please  
pleasantly 339

*Shep* Away! well none on't. Here has been  
too much homely foolery already. I know sir  
we can you

*Pol* You weary those that refresh us. Pray,  
let's see these four threes of herdsmen

*Serv* One three of them, by their own report,  
sir, hath danced before the King, and not the  
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a  
half by the squire

*Shep* Leave your prating. Since these good  
men are pleased, let them come in, but quickly  
now 351

*Serv* Why, they stay at door, sir [Exit]

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs*

*Pol* O, father, you'll know more of that here-  
after

[To CAMILLO] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to  
part them

He's simple and tells much [To FLORIZEL] How  
now fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was  
young

And handed love as you do, I was wont  
To load my she with knacks. I would have ran-  
sack'd 359

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it  
To her acceptance. You have let him go  
And nothing mated with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply at least if you make a care  
Of happy holding her

*Flo* Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart which I have given already, 369  
But not deliver'd. O hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who it should seem  
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand this hand  
As soft as doves down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth or the fann'd snow that's  
bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er

*Pol* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out  
But to your protestation let me hear  
What you profess

*Flo* Do and be witness to't 379

*Pol* And this my neighbour too?

*Flo* And he and more  
Than he and men the earth, the heavens and all  
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eyes sweet had force and know-  
ledg

More than as ever man is. I would not prize  
them

Without her love for her employ them all,  
Commend them and condemn them to her service

Or to their own perdition

*Pol* Fairly offer'd

*Carr* This shows a sound affection

*Shap* But my daughter

Say you the like to him?

*Per* I cannot speak. 390

So well nothing so well no nor mean better

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his

*Shap* Take hands a bargain!  
And friends unknown you shall bear witness  
to it

I give my daughter to him and will make  
Her portion equal his

*Flo* O that must be  
I the virtue of your daughter One being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet  
Enough then for your wonder But come on 399

Contract us fore these witnesses

*Shap* Come your hand

And daughter yours

*Pol* Soft swain awhile beseech you

Have you a father?

*Flo* I have but what of him?

*Pol* Knows he of this?

*Flo* No neither does nor shall

*Pol* Methinks a father

At the nuptial of his son a guest

That best becomes the table Pray you once  
more

Is not your father grown incapable

Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and alterin' rheums? can he speak?  
hear? 409

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?

Lies he not bedrid? and again does nothing

But what he did being cheldish?

*Flo* No good sir

He has his health and ampler strength indeed

Than most have of his age

*Pol* By my white beard

You offer him if this be so a wrong

Something unfilial Reason my son

Should choose himself a wife, but as good  
reason

The father all whose joy is nothing else

But fair posterity should hold some counsel

In such a business

*Flo* I yield all this 420

But for some other reasons my grave sir

Which tis not fit you know I not acquaint

My father of this business

*Pol* Let him know it

*Flo* He shall not

*Pol* Prishee let him

*Flo* No he must not

*Shap* Let him my son He shall not need to  
grieve

At knowing of thy choice

*Flo* Come come he must not

Mark our contract

*Pol* Mark your divorce young sir

Discovering himself

Whom son I dare not call Thou art too base  
To be acknowledged Thou a sceptre's heir 429  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old  
traitor

I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week And thou fresh  
piece

Of excellent witchcraft who of force must know  
The royal fool thou copest with—

*Shap* O my heart!

*Pol* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars  
and made

More homely than thy state For thee fond boy

If I may ever know thou dost but sigh

That thou no more shalt see this knack as never

I mean thou shalt we'll bar thee from succession

Nor hold thee of our blood no nor our kin 440

Far than Deucalion off Mark thou my words

Follow us to the court Thou churl for this time

Though full of our displeasure yet we free thee  
From the dead blow of it And you enchant

ment—

Worthy enough a herdsman yea him too

That makes himself but for our honour therein

Unworthy thee—if ever henceforth thou

These rural larches to his entrance open,

Or hoop his body more with thy embraces

I will devise a death as cruel for thee 450

As thou art tender to it *[Exit]*

*Per* Even here undone!

I was not much afraid for once or twice

I was about to speak and tell him plainly

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage but

Looks on alike Will't please you sir be gone?

I told you what would come of this Beseech you

Of your own state take care This dream of  
mine—

Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther

But milk my ewes and weep 460

*Carr* Why how now father?

Speak ere thou diest

*Shap* I cannot speak nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know O sir!

You have undone a man of fourscore three

That thought to fill his grave in quiet yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,

To be close by his honest bones but now

Some haw-man must put on my shroud and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust O cursed  
wretch,  
That knew st this was the Prince, and wouldst  
adventure  
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone! 471  
If I might die within this hour, I have lived  
To die when I desire [Exit  
Flo Why look you so upon me?  
I am but sorry, not afeard, delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd What I was, I am,  
More straining on for plucking back, not fol-  
lowing  
My leash unwillingly  
Cam Gracious my lord,  
You know your father's temper At this time  
He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
You do not purpose to him, and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear  
Then, till the fury of his Highness settle,  
Come not before him  
Flo I think Camillo?  
Cam I not purpose it  
Even he, my lord  
Per How often have I told you 'twould be thus!  
How often said my dignity would last  
But till 'twere known!  
Flo It cannot fail but by  
The violation of my faith, and then  
Let Nature crush the sides o' the earth together  
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks  
From my succession wipe me, father, I  
Am heir to my affection 490  
Cam Be advised  
Flo I am and by my fancy If my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason,  
If not, my senses better pleased with madness,  
Do bid it welcome  
Cam This is desperate, sir  
Flo So call it but it does fulfil my vow,  
I needs must think it honesty Camillo  
Not for Bohemia nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd for all the sun sees or 499  
The close earth's wombs or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved therefore I pray you  
As you have ever been my father's honour'd  
friend  
When he shall miss me—as in faith I mean not  
To see him any more—cast your good counsels  
For his passion Let my self and fortune  
Lug for the time to come This you may know  
And so deliver I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore  
And most opportune to our need I have  
A vessel rides fast by but nor prepare I  
For this design What course I mean to hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting  
Cam O my lord!  
I would your spirit were easier for advice,  
Or stronger for your need  
Flo Hark, Perdita [Drawing her aside]  
I'll hear you by and by  
Cam He's irremoveable,  
Resolved for flight Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn, 519  
Save him from danger do him love and honour,  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia  
And that unhappy king my master whom  
I so much thirst to see  
Flo Now, good Camillo,  
I am so fraught with curious business that  
I leave out ceremony  
Cam Sir I think  
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?  
Flo Very nobly  
Have you deserved It is my father's music  
To speak your deeds not little of his care 529  
To have them recompensed as thought on  
Cam Well my lord,  
If you may please to think I love the King  
And through him what is nearest to him which is  
Your gracious self embrace but my direction  
If your more ponderous and settled project  
May suffer alteration, on mine honour  
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving  
As shall become your Highness where you may  
Enjoy your mistress from the whom I see  
There's no disjunction to be made but by — 539  
As heavens forbid!—your ruin marry her,  
And with my best endeavours in your absence,  
Your discontenting father strive to qualify  
And bring him up to liking  
Flo How Camillo,  
May this almost a miracle be done?  
That I may call thee something more than man  
And after that trust to thee  
Cam Have you thought on  
A place whereto you'll go?  
Flo Not any yet  
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do so we profess  
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies 550  
Of every wind that blows  
Cam Then list to me  
This follows if you will not change your purpose  
But unless you this slight make for Sicilia  
And there present yourself and your fair princess,  
For so I see she—as be fore Leonte—  
She shall be habit'd as it becomes  
The partner of your bed Methinks I see

I contes opening his free arms and weeping 558  
His welcomes forth asks thee the son forgive-  
ness

As twere the father's person kisses the hands  
Of your fresh princess and ever divides him  
Twixt his unkindness and his kindness the one  
He chides to hell and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time

Flo Worthy Camillo  
What colour for my visitation shall I  
Hold up before him?

Cam Sent by the King your father  
To greet him and to give him comforts Sir  
The manner of your bearing toward him with  
What you as from your father shall deliver  
Things known betwixt us three I'll write you  
down 570

The which shall point you forth at every sitting  
What you must say that he shall not perceive  
But that you have your father's bosom there  
And speak his very heart

Flo I am bound to you  
There is some sap in this

Cam A course more promising  
Than a wild dedication of ourselves  
To unpath'd waters undream'd shores most cer-  
tain

To miseries enough no hope to help you  
But you shake off one to take another 580  
Nothing so certain as your anchors who  
Do their best office if they can but stay you  
Where you'll be loath to be Besides you know  
Prosperity's the very bond of love  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-  
gether

Affliction alters

Per One of these is true  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek  
But not take in the mind

Cam Yea say you so?  
There shall not at your father's house these seven  
years

Be born another such

Flo My good Camillo  
She is as forward of her breeding as 590  
She is the rear our birth

Cam I cannot say his pity  
She lacks instructions for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach

Per Your pardon sir for this  
I'll blush you thanks

Flo My prettiest Perdita!  
But O the thorns we stand upon Camillo  
Preserver of my father now of me  
The medicine of our house how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemians son,

Nor shall appear in Sicilia

Cam My lord  
Fear none of this I think you know my fortunes  
Do all lie there It shall be so my care 601  
To have you royally appointed as if  
The scene you play were mine For instance sir  
That you may know you shall not want one  
word

They talk aside

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS

Aut Ha ha! what a fool Honesty is! and  
Trust his sworn brother a very simple gentle-  
man! I have sold all my trumpery not a coun-  
terfeit stone not a ribbon glass pom'd  
brooch table book ballad knife tape glove  
shoe tie bracer horn ring to keep my pack  
from fasting They throng who should buy first  
as if my tinkers had been hallowed and brought  
a benediction to the buyer by which means I  
saw whose purse was best in picture and what I  
saw to my good use I remembered My own  
who wants but something to be a reasonable man  
grew so in love with the wenches song that he  
would not stir his petticoats till he had both tune  
and words which drew the rest of the herd to  
me that all their other senses struck in ears You  
might have pinched a plucker it was senseless  
twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse I  
could have filed keys off that hung in chains No  
hearing no feeling but my sir's song and ad-  
miring the nothing of it So that in this time of  
lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival  
purses and had not the old man come in with a  
whoo-bub against his daughter and the King's  
son and scared my choughs from the chaff I had  
not left a purse alive in the whole army 630

[CAMILLO FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward]  
Cam Nay but my letters by this means being  
there

So soon as you arrive shall clear that doubt  
Flo And those that you'll procure from King  
Leontes—

Cam Shall satisfy your father  
Per Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair  
Cam Who have we here?

Enter AUTOLYCUS

We'll make an instrument of this omit  
Nothing may give us aid

Aut If they have overheard me now why  
hanging 639

Cam How now good fellow! why shakest  
thou so? Fear not man here's no harm in-  
tended to thee

Aut I am a poor fellow sir

*Cam* Why, be so still, here's nobody will steal that from thee Yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange therefore disguise thee instantly—thou must think there's a necessity in't—and change garments with this gentleman Though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee there's some boot

*Aut* I am a poor fellow, sir [*Aside*] I know ye well enough

*Cam* Nay, prithee, dispatch The gentleman is half slayed already

*Aut* Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on't

*Flo* Dispatch, I prithee

*Aut* Indeed, I have had earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it

*Cam* Unbuckle unbuckle 660

*FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments*

Fortunate mistress—let my prophecy

Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself

Into some covert Take your sweetheart's hat

And pluck it o'er your brows muffle your face,

Dismantle you and as you can dislik'en

The truth of your own seeming that you may—

For I do fear eyes o'er—to shipboard

Get undescried

*Per* I see the play so lies

That I must bear a part

*Cam* No remedy 669

Have you done there?

*Flo* Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son

*Cam* Nay you shall have no hat

*Giving it to PERDITA*

Come, lady, come Farewell, my friend

*Aut* Adieu sir

*Flo* O Perdita what have we twain forgot!

Pray you a word

*Cam* [*Aside*] What I do next shall be to tell

the king

Of this escape and whither they are bound,

Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail

To force him after in whose company

I shall review Sicilia for whose sight

I have a woman's longing

*Flo* Fortune speed us! 680

Thence we set on Camillo to the sea side

*Cam* The swifter speed the better

[*Exit FLORIZEL, PERDITA and CAMILLO*]

*Aut* I understand the business I hear it To

have an open ear a quick eye and a nimble

hand is necessary for a cut purse a good nose

is requisite also to smell out work for the other

things I see this is the time that the unjust

man doth thrive What an exchange had this

been without boot! What a boot is here with

this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore The Prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession

*Re enter CLOWN and SHEPHERD*

*Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot brain Every lane an end every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work 701*

*Clo* See see, what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood

*Shep* Nay, but hear me

*Clo* Nay but hear me

*Shep* Go to then 708

*Clo* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him Show those things you found about her, those secret things all but what she has with her This being done let the law go whistle I warrant you

*Shep* I will tell the king all every word yea, and his son's pranks too who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law 720

*Clo* Indeed brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce

*Aut* [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

*Shep* Well let us to the king There is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard

*Aut* [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master

*Clo* Pray heartily he be at palace 730

*Aut* [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest I am so sometimes by chance Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement [*Takes off his false beard*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shep* To the palace an it like your worship

*Aut* Your affairs there, what with whom the condition of that fardel the place of your dwelling your names your ages of what having breeding and anything that is fitting to be known discover

*Clo* We are but plain fellows sir

*Aut* A lie you are rough

have no lying It becomes



and they often give us soldiers the lie but we pay them for it with stamped coin not stabbing steel therefore they do not give us the lie

*Clo* Your worship had like to have given us one if you had not taken yourself with the manner

*Shep* Are you a courtier an't like you sir?

*Aut* Whether it like me or no I am a courtier Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I maimate or toaze from thee thy business I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there whereupon I command thee to open thy affair

*Shep* My business sir is to the hang

*Aut* What advocate hast thou to him?

*Shep* I know not, an't like you

*Clo* Advocate is the court word for a pheasant Say you have none

*Shep* None sir I have no pheasant cock nor hen 770

*Aut* How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are Therefore I will not disdain

*Clo* This cannot be but a great courtier

*Shep* His garments are rich but he wears them not handsomely

*Clo* He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical A great man, I'll warrant I know by the pickin' on's teeth

*Aut* The fardel there? what is the fardel?

Wherefore that loz? 781

*Shep* Sir there lies such secrets in this fardel and loz, which none must know but the hang and which he shall know within this hour if I may come to the speech of him

*Aut* Age, thou hast lost thy labour

*Shep* Why sir?

*Aut* The hang is not at the palace he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself for if thou beest capable of things serious thou must know the hang is full of grief

*Shep* So is said sir about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter

*Aut* If that shepherd be not in hand fast let him fly The curses he shall have the tortures he shall feel will break the back of man, the heart of monster

*Clo* Think you so sir? 798

*Aut* Not him alone shall suffer what it can make heavy and very, even bitter but those that

are germane to him, though removed fifty times shall all come under the hammer which though it be great pity yet it is necessary An old sheep-whistling rogue a ram tender to offer to have his daughter come into grace? Some say he shall be stoned but that death is too soft for him say I Draw out throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few the sharpest too easy

*Clo* Has the old man e'er a son sir do you hear an't like you sir? 810

*Aut* He has a son who shall be slayed alive then mounted over with honey set on the head of a wasp's nest then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead then recovered again with aqua vitae or some other hot infusion then raw as he is and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims shall he be set again t a brick wall the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death B it what talk we of these traitorly rascals whose miseries are to be smiled at their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men what you have to the hang Being something gently considered I'll bring you where he is aboard tender your persons to his presence whisper him in your behalfs and if it be in man besides the hang to effect your suits here is man shall do it 828

*Clo* He seems to be of great authority Close with him give him gold and though authority be a stubborn bear yet he is oft led by the nose with gold Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand and no more ado Remember stoned and slayed alive

*Shep* An't please you sir to undertake the business for us here is that gold I have I'll make it as much more and leave this your man in pawn till I bring it you

*Aut* After I have done what I promised?

*Shep* Ay sir 840

*Aut* Well give me the moiety Are you a party in this business?

*Clo* In some sort sir but thou, h my case be a painful one I hope I shall not be slayed out of it *Aut* O that is the case of the shepherd's son Hang him he'll be made an example

*Clo* Comfort good comfort! We must to the hang and show our strange eyes He must know us none of your daughter nor my sister we are gone else Sir I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says your pawn till it be brooch't you

*Aut* I will trust you Walk before toward the sea side go on the right hand I will but look upon the hedge and follow you

*Cle* We are blest in this man, as I may say,  
even blest

*Shep* Let s before as he bids us He was pro-  
vided to do us good 860

[*Exeunt SHEPHERD and CLOWN*]

*Aut* If I had a mind to be honest, I see For-  
tune would not suffer me She drops booties in  
my mouth I am courted now with a double oc-  
casion, gold and a means to do the Prince my  
master good, which who knows how that may  
turn back to my advancement? I will bring these  
two moles these blind ones aboard him If he  
think it fit to shore them again and that the com-  
plaint they have to the King concerns him noth-  
ing let him call me rogue for being so far  
officious, for I am proof against that title and  
what shame else belongs to't To him will I  
present them There may be matter in it [*Exit*]

## ACT V

## SCENE I A room in Leontes palace

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and  
Servants*

*Cle* Sir, you have done enough, and have per-  
form d

A saint like sorrow No fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd, indeed, paid down  
More penitence than done trespass At the last,  
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil,  
With them forgive yourself

*Leon* Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself, which was so much  
That heartless it hath made my kingdom and 10  
Destroy'd the sweet st companion that e'er man  
Bred his hopes out of

*Paul* True too true my lord  
If one by one, you wedded all the world  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman she you I'll d  
Would be unparallel d

*Leon* I think so kill d'  
She I kill d' I did so but thou strik'st me  
Sorely to say I did, it is as bitter  
Upon thy tongue as is my thought Now good 20

*Paul* Now  
Says so but seldom

*Cle* Not at all good lady 20  
You might have spoken a thousand things that

would  
Have done the time more benefit and graced  
Your kindness better

*Paul* You are one of those  
Would have him wed again

*Dion*

If you would not so,  
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name, consider little  
What dangers, by his Highness' fail of issue,  
May drop upon his kingdom and devour  
Uncertain lookers on What were more holy 30  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?  
What holier than for royalty's repair  
For present comfort and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

*Paul*

There is none worthy,  
Respecting her that's gone Besides, the gods  
Will have fulfill d their secret purposes,  
For has not the divine Apollo said,  
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,  
That King Leontes shall not have an heir  
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,  
Is all as monstrous to our human reason 40

As my Antigonus to break his grave  
And come again to me, who on my life,  
Did perish with the infant 'Tis your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills [*To LEONTES*] Care  
not for issue,

The crown will find an heir Great Alexander  
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor  
Was like to be the best

*Leon*

Good Paulina  
Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50  
I know, in honour, O, that e'er I  
Had squared me to thy counsel' then, even now,  
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,  
Have taken treasure from her lips—

*Paul*

And left them  
More rich for what they yielded

*Leon*

Thou speak'st truth  
No more such wives therefore, no wife One  
worse

And better used would make her sainted spirit  
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage  
Where we're offenders now, appear soul vex'd,  
And begin Why to me?

*Paul*

Had she such power, 60  
She had just cause

*Leon*

She had and would incense me  
To murder her I married

*Paul*

I should so  
Were I the ghost that walk'd I'd bid you mark

Her eye and tell me for what dull part in t  
You chose her then I'd shriek that e'en your  
ears

Should rift to hear me and the words that fol-  
low'd

Should be Remember mine  
*Leon* Stars stars,

And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife  
I'll have no wife Paulina

Paul Will you swear  
Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

Leon Never Paulina so be blest my spirit!

Paul Then good my lords bear witness to his oath

Cleo You tempt him over much

Paul Unless another

As like Hermione as is her picture

Affront his eye

Cleo Good madam—

Paul I have done

Yet if my lord will marry—if you will sir

No remedy but you will—give me the office

To choose you a queen She shall not be so young

As was your former but she shall be such

As walk'd you first queen's ghost it should

take joy 80

To see her in your arms

Leon My true Paulina

We shall not marry till thou bid us

Paul That

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath

Never till then

#### Exit a Gentleman

Gent One that gives out himself Prince Florizel  
Son of Polixenes with his princess she

The fairest I have yet beheld desires access

To your high presence

Leon What with him? he comes not

Like to his father's greatness His approach

So out of circumstance and sudden tells us 90

'Tis not a visitation framed but forced

By need and accident What train?

Gent But few

And those but mean

Leon His princess say you with him?

Gent As the most peevish's piece of earth I

think

That ere the sun shone bright on

Paul O Hermione

As every present time doth boast itself

Above a better gone so must thy grave

Give way to what's seen now! Sir you yourself

Have said and writ so but your writing now

Is colder than that theme She had not been 100

Nor was not to be equal'd Thus your verse

Flow'd with her beauty once 'Tis shrewdly

clib'd

To say you have seen a better

Gent Pardon, madam

The one I have almost forgot—your pardon—

The other when she has obtain'd your eye

Will have your tongue too This is a creature

Would she begin a sect might quench the zeal  
Of all professors else make proselytes  
Of who she but bid follow

Paul How! not women?

Gent Women will love her that she is a

woman 110

More worth than any man men that sh is

The rarest of all women

Leon Go Cleomenes

Yourself assisted with your honour'd friends

Bring them to our embracement Still tis strange

[Exit CLEOMENES and others]

He thus should steal upon us

Paul Had our prince

Jewel of children seen this hour he had paid

Well with this lord There was not full a month

Between their births

Leon Prithce no more cease thou know at

He dies to me again when tall'd of Sure 120

When I shall see this gentleman thy speeches

Will bring me to consider that which may

Unfurnish me of reason They are come

Re-enter CLEOMENES and others with  
FLORIZEL and PERDITA

Your mother was most true to wedlock prince

For she did print your royal father off

Conceiving you Were I but twenty one

Your father's image is so hot in you

His very air that I should call you brother

As I did him and speak of something wildly

By us perform'd before Most dearly welcome!

And your fair princess—goddess!—O alas! 131

I lost a couple, that twist heaven and earth

Might thus have stood begetting wonder as

You gracious couple do and then I lost—

All mine own folly—the society

Amity too of your brave father whom

Though bearing misery I desire my life

Once more to look on him

Flo By his command

Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him

Give you all greetings that a kind or friend 140

Can send his brother and but infirmity

Which waits upon worn times hath something

seized

His wish'd ability he had himself

The last is and waters twist your throne and his

Measured to look upon you whom he loves—

I he bade me say so—more than all the ciphers

And those that bear them living

Leon O my brother

Good gentleman the wrongs I have done thee

tir

A fresh return me and these thy officers

So rarely kind, are as interpreters 150

Of my behind hand slackness Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less  
The adventure of her person?

*Flo* Good my lord,

She came from Libya

*Leon* Where the warlike Smalus,

That noble honour'd lord, in fear'd and loved?

*Flo* Most royal sir, from thence from him,  
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her

Thence,

A prosperous south wind friendly, we have  
cross'd,

To execute the charge my father gave me

For visiting your Highness My best train

I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,

Who for Bohemia bend to signify

Not only my success in Libya sir,

But my arrival and my wife's in safety

Here where we are

*Leon* The blessed gods

Purge all infection from our air whilst you

Do climate here! You have a holy father,

A graceful gentleman, against whose person,

So sacred as it is I have done sin

For which the heavens taking angry note,

Have left me issueless, and your father's blest

As he from heaven merits it, with you

Worthy his goodness What might I have been,

Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,

Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a LORD*

*Lord* Most noble sir

That which I shall report will bear no credit,

Were not the proof so nigh Please you, great

*sir* Bohemia greets you from himself by me

Desires you to attach his son who has—

His duty and duty both cast off—

Fled from his father from his hopes and with

A shepherd's daughter

*Leon* Where's Bohemia? speak

*Lord* Here in your city, I now came from

him

I speak amazedly and it becomes

My marvel and my message To your court

Whilst he was hastening in the chase it seems

Of this fair couple meets he on the way

His father of this seeming lady and

Her brother having both their country quitted

With this young prince

*Leon* Camillo has betray'd me

Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endured all weathers

*Lord* Lay't so to his charge,

He's with the King your father

*Leon* Who? Camillo?

*Lord* Camillo, sir, I spake with him, who  
now

Has these poor men in question Never saw I  
Wretches so quake They kneel they kiss the  
earth,

Forswear themselves as often as they speak

Bohemia stops his ears and threatens them

With divers deaths in death

*Per* O my poor father!

The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have

Our contract celebrated

*Leon* You are married?

*Flo* We are not sir, nor are we like to be,

The stars I see, will kiss the valleys first

The odds for high and low are alike

*Leon* My lord,

Is this the daughter of a king?

*Flo* She is,

When once she is my wife

*Leon* That "once" I see by your good father's  
speed

Will come on very slowly I am sorry

Most sorry you have broken from his liking

Where you were tied in duty and as sorry

Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,

That you might well enjoy her

*Flo* Dear, look up

Though Fortune visible an enemy

Should chase us with my father power no jot

Hath she to change our loves Beseech you sir

Remember since you owed no more to time

Than I do now With thought of such affections,

Step forth mine advocate at your request

*Leon* My father will grant precious things as trifles

*Leon* Would he do so I'd beg your precious  
mistress,

Which he counts but a trifle

*Paul* Sir my liege

Your eye hath too much youth in it Not a month

Fore your queen died she was more worth such

gazes

Than what you look on now

*Leon* I thought of her,

I've in these looks I made [To FLORIZEL] But  
your position

Is yet unanswered I will to your father

Your brother not overthrow'n by your desires

I am friend to them and you upon which errand

I now go toward him therefore follow me

And mark what way I make Come, good my

lord [Exit

SCENE II *Before Leontes' palace**Enter AUTOLYCUS and a GENTLEMAN*

*Aut* Beseech you sir were you present at this relation?

*1st Gent* I was by at the opening of the fardel heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it whereupon after a little amazement we were all commanded out of the chamber only this methought I heard the shepherd say he found the child

*Aut* I would most gladly know the issue of it

*1st Gent* I make a broken delivery of the business but the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very notes of admiration They seemed almost with staring on one another to tear the cases of their eyes there was speech in their dumbness language in their very gesture they looked as they had heard of a world ram-somed or one destroyed A notable passion of wonder appeared in them but the wise and bold holder that knew no more but seeing could not say if the unimportance were joy or sorrow but in the extremity of the one it must needs be

*Enter SECOND GENTLEMAN*

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more The news Rogero?

*2nd Gent* Nothing but bonfires The oracle is fulfilled the King's daughter is found Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad makers cannot be able to express it

*Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN*

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward He can deliver you more How goes it now sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale that the verity of it is in strong suspicion Has the King found his heir?

*3rd Gent* Most true if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance That which you hear you'll swear you see there is such unity in the proofs The mantle of Queen Hermione's her jewel about the neck of it the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

*2nd Gent* No

*3rd Gent* Then have you lost a sight which was to be seen cannot be spoken of There might you have beheld one joy crown another so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow

wept to take leave of them for their joy waded tears There was casting up of eyes holdin' up of hands with countenance of such distract that they were to be known by garment not by favour Our King being ready to leap out himself for joy of his found daughter as if that joy were now become a loss cries O thy mother thy mother! then asks Bohemia for giveness then embraces his son in law then again worries he his daughter with clipping her now he thanks the old shepherd which stands by like a weather bitten conduit of many kings reigns I never heard of such another encounter which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it

*2nd Gent* What pray you became of Antigonus that carried hence the child?

*3rd Gent* Like an old tale still which will have matter to rehearse though credit be asleep and not an ear open He was torn to pieces with a bear This avouches the shepherd's son who has not only his innocence which seems much to justify him but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows

*1st Gent* What became of his bark and his followers?

*3rd Gent* Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found But O the noble combat that twist joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled She lifted the Princess from the earth and so locks her in embracing as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing

*1st Gent* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes for by such was it acted

*3rd Gent* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which an led for mine eyes can hit the water though not the fish was when at the relation of the Queen's death with the manner how she came to it bravely confessed and lamented by the King how attentiveness wounded his daughter till from one sign of colour to another she did with an Alas I would fain say bleed tears for I am sure my heart wept blood Who was most marble there changed colour some swooned all sorrowed If all the world could have seen it the woe had been universal

*1st Gent* Are they returned to the court?

*3rd Gent* No the Princess hearing of her mother's statue which is in the keeping of Paulina—

a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom so perfectly he is her ape. He so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*2nd Gent* I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*3rd Gent* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye some new grace will be born. Our absence makes us arrisify to our knowledge. Let's along. 121

[*Exit* GENTLEMEN]

*A* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the Prince, told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what. But he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing this mystery remained undiscovered. But in all one to me, for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter* SHEPHERD and CLOWN

Here come those I have done good to against my will and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

*Shep* Come, boy, I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Cl* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born. You were best say these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am now a gentleman born.

*A* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Cl* Ay, and have been so any time these four years.

*Shep* And so have I, boy. 149

*Cl* So you have, but I was a gentleman born before my father. For the King's son took me by the hand and called me brother, and then the two kings called my father brother, and then the Prince my brother and the Princess my sister called my father father, and so we were and

there was the first gentleman like tears that ever we shed.

*Shep* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Cl* Ay, or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are. 159

*Aut* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the Prince my master.

*Shep* Prithce son, do, for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

*Cl* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Aut* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Cl* Give me thy hand. I will swear to the Prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia. 170

*Shep* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Cl* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shep* How if it be false, son?

*Cl* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend, and I'll swear to the Prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk, but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk, but I'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Aut* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

*Cl* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow. If I do not wonder how thou dardest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred are going to see the Queen's picture. Come, follow us, we'll be thy good masters. [*Exit*]

SCENE III *A chapel in Paulina's house*

*Enter* LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords and Attendants

*Leon* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort.

That I have had of thee!

*Paul* What, sovereign sir, I did not well I meant well. All my services you have paid home, but that you have vouchsafed.

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted.

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit. It is a surplus of your grace which never my life may last to answer.

*Leon* O Paulina, we honour you with trouble, but we came to see the statue of our queen. Your gallery, 10 Have we pass'd through, not without much content.

In many singularities, but we saw not

That which my daughter came to look upon  
The statue of her mother

*Paul* As she lived peerless  
So her dead likeness I do well believe  
Exceeds whatever yet you look'd upon  
Or hand of man hath done: therefore I keep it  
Lonely apart. But here it is. Prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever. 19  
Still sleep mock'd death. Behold and say 'tis  
well.

*PAULINA* *draws a curtain and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue*

I like your silence: it the more shows off  
Your wonder. But yet speak first you my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

*Leon* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed  
Thou art Hermione: or rather thou art she  
In thy not chiding: for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Pol* O not by much.  
*Paul* So much the more our carver's excellence  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes 31  
her

As she lived now.

*Leon* As now she might have done  
So much to my good comfort as it is  
Now piercing to my soul. O thus she stood  
Even with such life of majesty, warm life  
As now it coldly stands when first I woo'd her!  
I am ashamed! Does not the stone rebuke me  
For being more stone than it? O royal piece  
There's magic in this majesty, which has 40  
My evils conjured to remembrance and  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits  
Standing like stone with thee.

*Per* And give me leave  
And do not say 'tis superstition that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paul* O patience!  
The statue is but newly fix'd: the colour's  
Not dry.

*Cen* My lord, your oration was too sore laid  
on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away 50  
So many summers dry. Scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live: no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Pol* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have power  
To take off so much grief from you as he  
Will piece up in himself.

*Paul* Indeed my lord  
If I had thought the sight of my poor ma- e  
Would thus have wrought you—for the stone is  
mute—

I did not have show'd it.

*Leon* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paul* No longer shall you gaze on it, lest your  
fancy 60

May think anon it moves.

*Leon* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that methinks already—

What was he that did make it? See, my lord.

Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those  
veins

Did venis bear blood?

*Pol* Most truly done.

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon* The fixure of her eye has motion in it.

As we are mock'd with art.

*Paul* I'll draw the curtain.

My lord's almost so far transported that

He'll think anon it lives.

*Leon* O sweet Paulina, 70

Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can march

The pleasure of that madness. Let it alone.

*Paul* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you  
but

I could afflict you farther.

*Leon* Do, Paulina.

For this affliction has a taste as sweet.

As any cordial comfort. Still methinks

There is an air comes from her. What fine chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me

For I will kiss her.

*Paul* Good my lord, forbear. 80

The rude lines upon her lip is wet.

You'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own.

With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leon* No, not these twenty years.

*Per* So long, could I

Stand by a looker on.

*Paul* Either forbear

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you

For more amazement. If you can behold it,

I'll make the statue move in lead, descend

And take you by the hand. But then you'll think— 90

Which I protest against—I am assisted

By wicked powers.

*Leon* What you can make her do.

I am content to look on what to speak.

I am content to hear for it is easy.

To make her speak as move.

*Paul* It is required

You'd awake your faith. Then all stand still

On those that think it is unlawful business.

Let about, let them depart

*Leon*

Proceed,

No foot shall stir

*Paul* Music, awake her, strike!

*Muse*

'Tis time, descend, be stone no more, approach,  
Strike all that look upon with marvel Come, 100

I'll fill your grave up stir, nay come away,

Bequeath to death your numbness for from him

Dear life redeems you You perceive she stirs

*HERMIONE comes down*

Start not, her actions shall be holy as

You hear my spell is lawful Do not shun her

Until you see her die again, for then

You kill her double Nay, present your hand

When she was young you woo'd her, now in age

Is she become the suitor?

*Leon*

O, she's warm!

If this be magic, let it be an art 110

Lawful as eating

*Paul* She embraces him

*Cam* She hangs about his neck

If she pertain to life let her speak too

*Paul* Ay, and make 't manifest where she has  
lived,

Or how stolen from the dead

*Paul*

That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale But it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not Mark a little while

Please you to interpose, fair madam kneel

And pray your mother's blessing Turn good 120

lady,

Our Perdita is found

*Her*

You gods, look down

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me mine own

Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?  
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being have preserved

Myself to see the issue

*Paul* There's time enough for that,

Lest they desire upon this push to trouble

Your joys with like relation Go together, 130

You precious winners all, your exultation

Partake to every one I an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there

My mate that's never to be found again

Lament till I am lost

*Leon*

O peace Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,

As I by thine a wife This is a match,

And made between's by vows Thou hast found

mine,

But how is to be question'd, for I saw her,

As I thought, dead and have in vain said many

A prayer upon her grave I'll not seek far— 141

For him I partly know his mind—to find thee

An honourable husband Come Camillo

And take her by the hand whose worth and

honesty

Is richly noted and here justified

By us a pair of kings Let's from this place

What! look upon my brother Both your pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks

My ill suspicion This is your son in law 149

And son unto the king who heavens directing,

Is troth plight to your daughter Good Paulina,

Lead us from hence where we may leisurely

Each one demand and answer to his part

Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first

We were discovered Hastily lead away [Exeunt



# THE TEMPEST

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO *King of Naples*  
 SEBASTIAN *his brother*  
 PROSPERO *the rightful Duke of Milan*  
 ANTONIO *his brother the usurping Duke of Milan*  
 FERDINAND *son to the King of Naples*  
 GONZALO *an honest old counsellor*  
 ADRIAN } *Lords*  
 FRANCISCO }  
 CALIBAN *a savage and deformed slave*  
 TRINCULO *a jester*  
 STEPHANO *a drunken butler*  
 MASTER of a ship  
 BOATSWAIN

MARINERS

MIRANDA *daughter to Prospero*

ARIEL, *an airy spirit*

IRIS  
 CERES } *Sp. II*  
 JUNO }

Now SPEAKING *Nymphs and Reapers presented by spirits and other Spirits attending on Prospero*

SCENE *A ship at sea and an island*

### ACT I

SCENE I *On a ship at sea a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

*Enter a SHIP MASTER and a BOATSWAIN*

Master Boatswain!

Boats Here master what cheer?

Master Good speak to the mariners Fall to it yarely or we run ourselves aground Bestir be stir [Exit]

*Enter MARINERS*

Boats Heigh my hearts! cheerly cheerly my hearts! yare yare Take in the topsail Tend to the master's whistle Blow till thou burst thy wind if room enough!

*Enter ALONSO SEBASTIAN ANTONIO FERDINAND GONZALO and others*

Alon Good boatswain have care Where's the master? Play the men 11

Boats I pray now keep below

Ant Where is the master boatswain?

Boats Do you not hear him? You mar our labour Keep your cabins you do assist the storm

Gon Nay good be patient

Boats When the sea is Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin Silence! trouble not

Gon Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard 21

Boats None that I more love than myself You are a counsellor if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present we will not hand a rope more use your authority If you cannot give thanks you have lived so long

and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour if it so hap Cheerly good hearts! Out of our way I say [Exit]

Gon I have great comfort from this fellow Methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him his complexion is perfect gallows Stand fast good Fate to his hanging Make the rope of his destiny our cable for our own doth little advantage If he be not born to be hanged our case is miserable [Exit]

*Re-enter BOATSWAIN*

Boats Down with the topmast! yare! lower lower! Bring her to try with main-course [A cry within] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office 40

*Re-enter SEBASTIAN ANTONIO and GONZALO*

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give oar and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb A pox o' your throat you bawling blasphemous incharitable dog!

Boats Work you then

Ant Hang cur! hang you whoreson insolent nose-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art

Gon I'll warrant him for drowning though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench

Boats Lay her a hold a hold! set her two courses off to sea again lay her off

*Enter MARINERS with*

Mariners All lost! to prayers to prayers all lost!

Boats What must our mouths be cold?

On The King and Prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is theirs

SA I'm out of patience

1 We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst

be drowning 60

The washing of ten tides!

On He'll be hang'd yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it

And epe at widest to glut him

A confused noise within Mercy on us!

We split we split!—Farewell my wife and

children!

2 Well, brother!—We split, we split, we

split!

3 Let all sink with the King

4 Let's take leave of him

[Exit ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN]

On Now would I give a thousand furlongs of

me for an acre of barren ground, long heath

brown furze, anything The wills above be done!

but I would fain die a dry death [Exit]

SCENE II The island before Prospero's cell

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA

1 If by your art, my dearest father, you have

Put the wild waters in this roar allay them

Thy sky, it seems would pour down stinking

fitch

2 That the sea mounting to the welkin's cheek

Dis has the fire out O I have suffer'd

With those that I saw suffer A brave vessel

Wh' had, no doubt some noble creature in her,

Dis had all to pieces O, the cry did knock

Against my very heart Poor souls, they perish'd

3 Had I been any god of power I would 10

Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere

I should have seen this good ship so have swallow'd and

The fighting souls within her

4 Be collected

No more amazement Tell your piteous heart

There's no harm done

5 O, woe the day!

6 No harm

7 I have done nothing but in care of thee

Of thee my dear one thee my daughter who

Art ignorant of what thou art nought knowing

Of whence I am, nor that I am more better

8 Prospero master of a full poor cell 20

9 I have no greater father

10 More to know

11 Do not meddle with my thoughts

12 This time

And pluck my magic garment from me So,

Lays down his mantle

Lie there, my art Wipe thou thine eyes, have

comfort

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd

The very virtue of compassion in thee,

I have with such provision in mine art

So safely ordered that there is no soul—

No not so much perdition as an hair 30

Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry which thou saw'st sink.

Sir down,

For thou must now know farther

Mir You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd

And left me to a bootless inquisition,

Concluding, "Stay, not yet"

Pros The hour's now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear,

Obeys and be attentive Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell

I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast

not

Out three years old 40

Mir Certainly, sir I can

Pros By what? by any other house or person?

Of anything the image tell me that

Hath kept with thy remembrance

Mir 'Tis far off

And rather like a dream than an assurance

That my remembrance warrants Had I not

Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros Thou hadst, and more, Miranda But how

is it

That this lives in thy mind What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time? 50

If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,

How thou camest here thou may'st

Mir But that I do not

Pros Twelve year since, Miranda twelve year

since

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and

A prince of power

Mir Sir are not you my father?

Pros Thy mother was a piece of virtue and

She said thou wast my daughter and thy father

Was Duke of Milan, and thou his only heir

And princess no worse issued

Mir O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from

thence

Or blessed was it we did? 60

Pros Both, both, my girl

Be foul play as thou say'st were we heaved

thence

But blessedly help'd rather

*Alr* O my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to  
Which is from my remembrance! Please you  
farther

*Iros* My brother and thy uncle call'd Antonio—

I pray thee mark me—that a brother should  
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself  
Of all the world I loved and to him put  
The manage of my state as at that time  
Through all the signories it was the first  
And Prospero the prime duke being so reputed  
In dignity and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel those being all my study  
The government I cast upon my brother  
And to my state grew stranger being transported  
And rapt in secret studies Thy false uncle—  
Dost thou attend me?

*Alr* Sir most heedfully

*Pros* Being once perfected how to grant suits  
How to deny them who to advance and who  
To trash for over topping new created  
The creatures that were mine I say or changed  
em

Or else new form'd em having both the key  
Of officer and office set all hearts i' the state  
To what tune pleased his ear that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk  
And suck'd my verdure out on't Thou attend'st  
not

*Alr* O good sir I do

*Pros* I pray thee mark me  
I thus neglecting worldly ends all dedicated  
To closeness and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired  
O'erprized all popular rate in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature and my trust  
Like a good parent did beget of him  
A falsehood in its contrary as great  
As my trust was which he indeed no limit  
A confidence sans bound He being thus lorded  
Not only with what my revenue yielded  
But what my power might else exact like one  
Who having into truth by telling of it  
Made such a summer of his memory  
To credit his own lie he did believe  
He was indeed the Duke Out of the substitution  
And executing the outward face of royalty  
With all prerogative hence his ambition grew  
ing—

Dost thou hear?

*Alr* Your tale sir would cure deafness

*Pros* To have no screen between this part he  
play'd

And him he play'd it for he needs will be  
Absolute Milan Me, poor man, my library

Was dukedom large enough Of temporal royalties

He thinks me now incapable confederates—  
So dry he was for sway—was the King of Naples  
To give him annual tribute do him homage  
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend  
The dukedom yet unbowed—alas poor Milan  
To most ignoble stooping

*Alr* O the heavens!

*Iros* Mark his condition and the event then  
tell me

If this might be a brother

*Alr* I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother  
Good wombs have borne bad sons

*Pros* Now the condition

This King of Naples being an enemy  
To me inciterate hearkens my brother's suit  
Which was that he in lieu of the premises  
Of homage and I know not how much tribute  
Should presently extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan  
With all the honours on my brother whereon  
A treacherous army levied one midnight  
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan, and, in the dead of darkness  
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence  
Me and this crying self

*Alr* Alack for pity!

I not remembering how I cried out then

Will cry it o'er again It was a hunt

That wrings mine eyes to't

*Pros* Hear a little further

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's without the which this  
story

Were most unpertinent

*Alr* Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

*Pros* Well demanded wench

My tale provokes that question Dear they durst  
not

So dear the love my people bore me not set

A mark so bloody on the business but

With colours faster painted their foul ends

In few they hurried us aboard a bark

Bore us some leagues to sea where they pre-  
pared

A rotten carcass of a boat not rig'd

Nor tackle sail nor mast the very rats

Instinctively have quit it There they hoist us

To cry to the sea that roar'd to us to sit h

To the winds whose pity sigh'd in lack of air

Did us but loving wrong

*Alr* Alack what trouble

Was I then to you?

*Pros* O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me Thou didst  
smile,  
Infused with a fortitude from heaven  
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full  
salt,  
Under my burthen groan'd, which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach, to bear up  
Against what should ensue

*Mir* How came we ashore?  
*Pros* By Providence divine  
Some food we had and some fresh water that 160  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, who being then appointed  
Master of this design did give us, with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessities,  
Which since have steered much so, of his gen-  
tleness,  
knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me  
From mine own library with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom

*Mir* Would I might  
But ever see that man!

*Pros* Now I arise [*Resumes his mantle*]  
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea sorrow 170  
Here in this island we arrived, and here  
I have I thy schoolmaster made thee more profit  
Than other princesses can that have more time  
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful

*Mir* Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I  
pray you sir  
For still 'tis beating in my mind your reason  
For raising this sea storm

*Pros* Know thus far forth  
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune  
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies  
Brought to this shore, and by my prescience 180  
I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star, whose influence  
If now I court not but omit my fortunes  
Will ever after droop I here cease more ques-  
tions

Thou art inclined to sleep 'tis a good dulness  
And give it way I know thou canst not choose  
*MIRANDA SPEAKS*  
Come away servant come I am ready now  
Approach my Ariel come

*Enter ANTELOPE*

*Ant* All hail great ma ter' leave it hail! I  
come  
To answer thy best pleasure be it to fly 190  
To swim, to dive into the fire to ride  
On't - curl'd clouds to thy strong bow I'll task  
And all his quality  
*Pros* Hail thou spirit

Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?  
*Ari* To every article  
I boarded the King's ship now on the beak,  
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin  
I flamed amazement Sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places on the topmast,  
The yards and bow sprit, would I flame distinctly,  
Then meet and join Jove's lightnings, the pre-  
cursors 201

O the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight outrunning were not, the fire and  
cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves trem-  
ble,  
Yea his dread trident shake

*Pros* My brave spirit!  
Who was so firm so constant that this coil  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ari* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation All but mariners 210  
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel  
Then all asire with me The King's son, Ferdi-  
nand

With hair up-starting—then like reed not hair—  
Was the first man that leap'd cried Hell is  
empty

And all the devils are here  
*Pros* Why that's my spirit!  
But was not this nigh shore?

*Ari* Close by my master  
*Pros* But are they Ariel safe?

*Ari* Not a hair perish'd  
On their sustaining garments not a blemish  
But fresher than before and as thou badest me  
In troops I have dispersed them bout the isle 220  
The King's son have I landed by himself  
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting  
His arms in this sad knot

*Pros* Of the King's ship  
The mariners say how thou hast disposed  
And all the rest of the fleet

*Ari* Safely in harbour  
Is the King's ship in the deep'nok where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
I from the still vex'd Bermoothes there she hid  
The mariners all under hatches now she 230  
Who with a ch arm join'd to their suffer'd la-  
bour

I have left asleep and so there to the fleet  
Which I dispersed they all have met again  
And here upon the Mediterranean sea  
Boards his brother - Naples  
Supper with the King saw the King's ship

And his great person perish

*Pros* And thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd but there's more work  
What is the time o' the day?

*Ari* Past the mid season  
*Pros* At least two glasses The time twixt six  
and now 290

Must by us both be spent most precious

*Ari* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me  
pains

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised  
Which I not yet perform'd me

*Pros* How now? moody?  
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ari* My liberty

*Pros* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ari* I practice

Remember I have done thee worthy service

Told thee no lies made thee no mistakings  
served

Without or grudge or grumblings Thou dost  
promise

To bate me a full year

*Pros* Dost thou forget 295  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari* No

*Pros* Thou dost and think'st it much to tread  
the ooze

Of the salt deep

To run upon the sharp wind of the north

To do me business in the veins o' the earth

When it is baked with frost

*Ari* I do not sir

*Pros* Thou liest malignant thing! Hast thou  
forgot

The foul witch Sycorax who with age and envy

Was grown into a hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

*Ari* No sir

*Pros* Thou hast Where was she born?  
speak tell me 260

*Ari* Sir in Argier

*Pros* O was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been

Which thou forget'st This damn'd witch Sycorax

For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible

To enter human hearing from Argier

Thou know'st was banish'd for one thing she  
did

They would not take her life Is not this true?

*Ari* Ay sir

*Pros* This blue-eyed hag was hither brought  
with child

And here was left by the sailors Thou my slave

As thou report'st thyself wast then her servant

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate

To act her earthy and abhor'd commands

Refusing her grand hests she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers

And in her most unmitigable rage

Into a cloven pine within which rift

Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain

A dozen years within which space she died

And left thee there where thou didst vent thy  
groans 280

As fast as mill wheel strike Then was this is  
land—

Save for the son that she did litter here

A freckled whelp hag born—not honour'd with

A human shape

*Ari* Yes Caliban her son

*Pros* Dull thing! I say so he that Caliban

Whom now I keep in service Thou best know'st

What torment I did find thee in thy groans

Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts

Of ever-anxious bears It was a torment

To lay upon the damn'd which Sycorax 290

Could not again undo It was mine art

When I arriv'd and heard thee that made gape

The pine and let thee out

*Ari* I thank thee master

*Pros* If thou more murmur'st I will rend an

oak

And peg thee in his knotty entrails till

Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters

*Ari* Pardon master

I will be correspondent to command

And do my spurring gently

*Pros* Do so and after two days

I will discharge thee

*Ari* That's my noble master!

What shall I do? Say what what shall I do? 300

*Pros* Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea

be subject

To no sir but thine and mine invisible

To every eyeball else Go take this shape

And hither come in't hence with diligence!

[Exit *ARIEL*]

Awake dear heart awake! thou hast slept well

Awake!

*Mir* The strangeness of your story put

Heavenness in me

*Pros* Shake it off Come on

We'll visit Caliban my slave who never

Yields us kind answer

*Mir* 'Tis a villain, sir

I do not love to look on

*Pros* But as tis 310

We cannot miss him he does make our fire,

Fetch in our wood and serves in offices

That profit us What ho! slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak

*Cal* [Within] There's wood enough within  
*Pros* Come forth, I say! there's other business  
 for thee  
 Come, thou tortoise! when?

*Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
 Hark in thine ear

*Ari* My lord it shall be done [Exit  
*Pros* Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil  
 himself  
 Upon thy wicked dam, come forth! 320

*Enter CALIBAN*

*Cal* As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
 Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
 And blister you all o'er!

*Pros* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have  
 cramps

Side stitches that shall pen thy breath up, urchins

Shall for that vast of night that they may  
 work

All exercise on thee thou shalt be pinch'd  
 As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging

Than bees that made 'em

*Cal* I must eat my dinner 330

This island's mine, by *Sycorax* my mother  
 Which thou takest from me When thou camest  
 first

Thou strok'st me and madest much of me,  
 wouldst give me

Water with berries in't and teach me how  
 To name the bigger light and how the less  
 That burn by day and night and then I loved  
 thee

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle  
 The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place and  
 fertile

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
 Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
 For I am all the subjects that you have 340  
 Which first was mine own king and here you  
 sit me

In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me  
 The rest o' the island

*Pros* Thou most lying slave,  
 Whose stripes may move, not kindness! I have  
 to do thee

For that thou art with human care and lodged  
 there

In my own cell till thou didst seek to violate  
 The honour of my child

*Cal* Oho! Oho! would it had been done!

Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else 350  
 This isle with Calibans

*Pros* Abhorred slave,  
 Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
 Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each  
 hour

One thing or other When thou didst not, savage,  
 Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble  
 like

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
 With words that made them known But thy vile  
 race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which  
 good natures

Could not abide to be with, therefore wast thou  
 Deserv'dly confined into this rock 360

Who hadst deserved more than a prison

*Cal* You taught me language, and my profit  
 on't

Is, I know how to curse The red plague rid you  
 For learning me your language!

*Pros* Hag seed hence!

Fetch us in fuel and be quick, thou art best,

To answer other business Shrug'st thou malice?

If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly

What I command I'll rack thee with old cramps,

I'll all thy bones with aches, make thee roar 370

That beasts shall tremble at thy din

*Cal* No pray thee

[Aside] I must obey His art is of such power

It would control my dam a god *Setebos*

And make a vassal of him

*Pros* So slave hence! [Exit CALIBAN]

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible playing and singing,  
 FERDINAND following*

ARIEL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,

And then take hands

Courtsied when you have and kiss'd

The wild waves whist

Foot it featly here and there 380

And sweet sprites the burthen bear

*Britten* (disperately) Hark! hark!

The watch-dogs bark! Bow wow

Bow wow

*In* Hark! hark! I hear

The strain of strutting chancleer

*Cri* Cock-a-diddle-dow

*For* Where should this music be in the air or  
 the earth

It was not here and sure, it was upon

of Ind ha? I have not scaped drowning to be  
afeard now of your four legs for it hath been  
said As proper a man as ever went on four legs  
cannot make him give ground and it shall be  
said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils

Cal The spirit torments me Oh!

Sir This is some monster of the isle with four  
legs, who hath got as I take it an ague Where  
the devil should he learn our language? I will give  
him some relief if it be but for that If I can  
recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples  
with him he s a present for any emperor that  
ever trod on neat s leather

Cal Do not torment me prithee I ll bring my  
wood home faster

Sir He s in his fit now and does not talk after  
the wisest He shall taste of my bottle If he have  
never drunk wine afore it will go near to remove  
his fit If I can recover him and keep him tame I  
will not take too much for him he shall pay for  
him that hath him and that soundly

Cal Thou dost me yet but little hurt thou wilt  
anon, I know it by thy trembling Now Prosper  
works upon thee

Sir Come on your ways open your mouth  
here is that which will give language to you cat  
Open your mouth this will shake your shaking  
I can tell you and that soundly You cannot tell  
who s your friend Open your chaps again

Trin I should know that voice It should be—  
but he is drowned and these are devils O defend  
me!

Sir Four legs and two voices a most delicate  
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well  
of his friend his backward voice is to utter foul  
speeches and to detract If all the wine in my  
bottle will recover him I will help his ague  
Come Amen! I will pour some in thy other  
mouth.

Trin Stephano! 100

Sir Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy  
mercy! This is a devil and no monster I will  
leave him I have no longer spoon

Trin Stephano! If thou beest Stephano touch  
me and speak to me for I am Trinculo—be not  
afeard—the good friend Trinculo

living Se  
scaped!

Sir Prin  
is not con

Cal {As  
not sp

That s a b  
I will kne

Sir How  
hither? s

hither I e

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Cal I ll  
subject se

Sir Here

Trin Sw

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Sir Here

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made like

Trin OS

Sir The

rock by th

now moor

Cal Hast

Sir Out c

man; ther

Cal I hav

My mistre

bush

Sir Come

furnish it a

Trin By

And I will

Trin By

cal I ll kiss

thy foot I ll swear my self thy sub-

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PTO

= Swear

good light this is a very shallow  
monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster!  
The man is the moon! A most poor credulous  
monster! Well drawn monster in good tooth!

Cal I ll show thee every fertile inch of th is  
land

And I will kiss thy foot I prithee be my god  
Trin By this light a most perfidious and drunk  
en monster! When s god s asleep he ll rob his  
bottle

Cal I ll kiss thy foot I ll swear my self thy sub-

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man

*Trin* A most ridiculous monster, to make a  
wonder of a poor drunkard! 170

*Cal* I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs  
grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig nuts,  
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how  
To snare the numble marmoset, I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get  
thee

Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with  
me?

*Ste* I prithee now, lead the way without any  
more talking. Trinculo, the King and all our  
company else being drowned, we will inherit  
here. Here, bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo,  
we'll fill him by and by again

*Cal* [Sings drunkenly]

Farewell, master, farewell, farewell!

*Trin* A howling monster a drunken monster!

*Cal* No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish

'Ban Ban, Caliban

Has a new master, get a new man

Freedom hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,  
hey-day, freedom! 191

*Ste* O brave monster! Lead the way [Exeunt

### ACT III

#### SCENE I Before Prospero's cell

*Enter FERDINAND, leaving a log*

*Fer* There be some sports are painful and their  
labour

Delight in them sets off, some kinds of base-  
ness

Are nobly undergone and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task

Would be as heavy to me as odious but

The mistress which I serve quickens what is

dead

And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed

And he's composed of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs and pile them up

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress

Weeps when she sees me work, and says such  
business

Had never like executor. I forget,

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my

labours

For better when I do it

*Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance,  
unseen*

*Mir* Alas, now, pray you  
Work not so hard. I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!  
Pray, set it down and rest you. When this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study, pray now, rest yourself, 20  
He's safe for these three hours

*Fer* O most dear mistress,  
The sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do

*Mir* If you'll sit down  
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that,  
I'll carry it to the pile

*Fer* No, precious creature,  
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by

*Mir* It would become me  
As well as it does you, and I should do it  
With much more ease for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against

*Pros* Poor worm, thou art infected!  
This visitation shows it

*Mir* You look wearily

*Fer* No noble mistress, 'tis fresh morning with  
me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you—  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—  
What is your name?

*Mir* Miranda—O my father,  
I have broke your hest to say so!

*Fer* Admired Miranda!  
Indeed the top of admiration! worth  
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady  
I have eyed with best regard and many a time 40  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear, for several virtues  
Have I liked several women, never any  
With so full soul but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed  
And put it to the foil but you, O you  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best!

*Mir* I do not know  
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass mine own nor have I seen  
More that I may call men than you good friend,  
And my dear father. How features are abroad,  
I am skillless of but by my modesty,  
The jewel in my dowry I would wish  
Any companion in the world but you,  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself to like of. But I prattle



Something too wildly and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget

*Fer* I am in my condition  
A prince Miranda I do think a king 60  
I would, not so!—and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh fly blow my mouth Hear my soul  
speak

The very instant that I saw you did  
My heart fly to your service there resides  
To make me slave to you and for your sake  
Am I this patient log man

*Mr* Do you love me?  
*Fer* O heaven O earth bear witness to this  
sound

And crown what I profess with kind event  
If I speak true! if hollowly invert 70  
What best is boded me to mischief! I  
Beyond all limit of what else the world  
Do love prize honour you

*Mr* I am a fool  
To weep at what I am glad of

*Pros* Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between 'em!

*Fer* Wherefore weep you?  
*Mr* At mine own orthiness that dare not offer

What I desire to give and much less take  
What I shall die to want But this is trifling  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself 80  
The bigger bulk it shows Hence bashful cunning!

And prompt me plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife if you will marry me  
If not I'll die your maid To be your fellow  
You may deny me but I'll be your servant  
Whether you will or no

*Fer* My mistress dearest  
And I thus humble ever

*Mr* My husband then?  
*Fer* Ay with a heart as willing

As bondage or enfranchisement Here's my hand  
*Mr* And mine with my heart in't And now

farewell 90  
Till half an hour hence

*Fer* A thousand thousand!  
[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA severally*]

*Pros* So glad of this as they I cannot be  
Who are surprised withal but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more I'll to my book  
For yet ere supper time must I perform  
Much business appertaining [*Exit*]

SCENE II Another part of the island

*Enter CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO*

*Ste* Tell not me when the butt is out we will

drink water not a drop before therefore bear  
up and board 'em Servant monster drink to me  
*Trin* Servant monster! the folly of this island!  
They say there's but five upon this isle we are  
three of them if the other two be brains like us  
the state rotters

*Ste* Drink servant monster when I bid thee  
Thy eyes are almost set in thy head 10

*Trin* Where should they be set else? He were a  
brave monster indeed if they were set in his tail

*Ste* My man monster hath drown'd his tongue  
in sack For my part the sea cannot drown me I  
swam ere I could recover the shore five and  
thirty leagues off and on By this light thou shalt  
be my lieutenant monster or my standard

*Trin* Your lieutenant if you list he's no stand-  
ard 20

*Ste* We'll not run Monsieur Monster

*Trin* Nor go neither but you'll lie like dogs  
and yet say nothing neither

*Ste* Moon-calf speak once in thy life if thou  
beest a good moon-calf

*Cal* How does thy honour? Let me lick thy  
shoe

I'll not serve him he is not valiant

*Trin* Thou'rt most ignorant monster I am  
in case to juggle a constable Why thou deboshed  
fish thou wast there ever man a coward that  
hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou  
tell a monstrous lie being but half a fish and half  
a monster?

*Cal* Lo how he mocks me! wilt thou let him  
my lord?

*Trin* Lord quoth he! That a monster should  
be such a natural!

*Cal* Lo lo again! bite him to death I prithee

*Ste* Trinculo keep a good tongue in your head  
If you prove a mutineer—the next tree! The poor  
monster's my subject and he shall not suffer  
undignity

*Cal* I thank my noble lord Wilt thou be pleased  
to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

*Ste* Marry will I kneel and repeat it I will  
stand and so shall Trinculo

*Enter ARIEL, invisible*

*Cal* As I told thee before I am subject to a  
tyrant a sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheat-  
ed me of the island 10

*Ari* Thou liest

*Cal* Thou liest thou jesting monkey thou I  
would my valiant master would destroy thee! I  
do not lie

*Ste* Trinculo if you trouble him any more in  
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your  
teeth

*Trin* Why, I said nothing  
*Se* Mum, then and no more Proceed  
*Cal* I say, by sorcery he got this isle,  
 From me he got it If thy greatness will  
 Revenge it on him—for I know thou dar'st,  
 But this thing dare not—  
*Se* That's most certain  
*Cal* Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee  
*Se* How now shall this be compassed? Canst  
 thou bring me to the party?  
*Cal* Yea, yea, my lord I'll yeld him thee  
 asleep,  
 Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head  
*An* Thou liest thou canst not  
*Cal* What a pied nunny's this! Thou scurvy  
 patch!  
 I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows  
 And take his bottle from him When that's gone  
 He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not show  
 him  
 Where the quick freshes are  
*Se* Trinculo, run into no further danger Inter-  
 rupt the monster one word further, and by this  
 hand, I'll turn thy mercy out o' doors and make  
 a rock fish of thee  
*Trin* Why, what did I? I did nothing I'll go  
 farther off  
*S* Didst thou not say he lied?  
*An* Thou liest  
*S* Do I so take thou that [*Beats TRINCULO*]  
 As you like this give me the lie another time  
*Trin* I did not give the lie Out o' your wits and  
 hearing too? A pot o' your bottle! this can sack  
 and drinking do A murrain on your monster  
 and the devil take your fingers!  
*Cal* Ha ha ha!  
*S* Now, forward with your tale Prishee, stand  
 farther off  
*Cal* Beat him enough After a little time  
 I'll beat him too  
*S* Stand farther Come proceed  
*Cal* Why as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
 I th' afternoon to sleep There thou mayst brain  
 him,  
 Having first seized his books or with a log  
 beat his skull or paunch him with a stake,  
 O'er his wizen'd with thy knife Remember  
 First to possess his books for without them  
 He's but a sot as I am nor hath not  
 One up to command They all do hate him  
 As naturally as I Burn but his books  
 He has leave to use them—for so he calls them—  
 And when he has a house he'll deck withal  
 And the most deeply to converse with  
 The beauty of his daughter he himself  
 Call that a banquet I never saw a woman

60

70

81

90

141

100

150

150

But only Sy corax my dam and she,  
 But she as far surpassereth Sy corax  
 As great'st does least

*Ste*

Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal*

Ay, lord, she will become thy bed, I war-  
 rant

And bring thee forth brave brood

*Ste* Monster I will kill this man His daughter  
 and I will be king and queen—save our graces!—  
 and Trinculo and thy self shall be viceroys Dost  
 thou like the plot Trinculo?

*Trin* Excellent

*Ste* Give me thy hand I am sorry I beat thee  
 but, while thou livest keep a good tongue in thy  
 head

*Cal*

Within this half hour will he be asleep  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste*

Ay, on mine honour

*An*

This will I tell my master

*Cal*

Thou makest me merry I am full of pleas-  
 ure

Let us be jocund Will you troll the catch  
 You taught me but while-ere?

*Ste* At thy request monster, I will do reason  
 any reason Come on Trinculo let us sing [*Sings*]

Flout 'em and scout 'em

And scout 'em and flout 'em,

Thought is free

*Cal* That's not the tune

*ARIEL* plays the tune on a tal or and pipe

*Ste* What is this same?

*Trin* This is the tune of our catch, played by  
 the picture of Nobody

*Ste* If thou beest a man show thyself in thy  
 likeness If thou beest a devil take't as thou list

*Trin* O forgive me my sins!

*Se* He that dies pays all debts I defy thee

Mercy upon us!

*Cal* Art thou afraid?

*Ste* No monster, not I

*Cal* Be not afraid the isle is full of noises  
 Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt  
 no

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
 Will hum about mine ears and sometimes voices  
 That if I then had waked after long sleep  
 Will make me sleep again, and then, in dream  
 The clouds methought would open and show  
 riches

Ready to drop upon me that, when I waked  
 I cried to dream again

*Se* This will prove a brave kingdom to me  
 where I shall have my use for nothing?

*Cal* When Prospero is destroyed

*Se* That's all be and by I remember the  
 story

110

121

130

141

150

150

*Trin* The sound is going away let's follow it  
and after do our work.

*Ste* Lead, monster we'll follow I would I  
could see this raborer he lays it on 161

*Trin* Wilt come? I'll follow Stephano  
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III *Another part of the island*

*Enter ALONSO SEBASTIAN ANTONIO GONZALO  
ADRIAN FRANCISCO and others*

*Gon* By r lakin I can go no further sir  
My old bones ache Here's a maze trod indeed  
Through forth rights and meanders' By your pa  
tience

I needs must rest me

*Alon* Old lord I cannot blame thee  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness  
To the dulling of my spirits Sit down and rest  
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer He is drown'd  
Whom thus we stray to find and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate search on land Well let him go 10

*Ant* [*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] I am right glad that  
he's so out of hope

Do not for one repulse forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd to effect

*Seb* [*Aside to ANTONIO*] The next advantage  
Will we take throughly

*Ant* [*Aside to SEBASTIAN*] Let it be to-night  
For now they are oppress'd with travel they  
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance

As when they are fresh

*Seb* [*Aside to ANTONIO*] I say to-night No more  
*Solemn and strange music*

*Alon* What harmony is this? My good friends  
hark!

*Gon* Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above invisible Enter several  
strange Shapes bringing in a banquet they dance  
about it with gentle actions of salutation and in  
viting the KING &c to eat they depart*

*Alon* Give us kind keepers heavens What  
were these? 20

*Seb* A living drollery Now I will believe

That there are unicorns that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix throne one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there

*Ant* I'll believe both

And what does else want credit come to me,  
And I'll be sworn tis true Travellers ne'er did  
lie,

Though fools at home condemn 'em

*Gon* If I sayles

I should report this now would they believe me?  
If I should say I saw such islanders—

For certes these are people of the island— 30  
Who though they are of monstrous shape yet  
not,

Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find

Many nay almost any

*Pros* [*Aside*] Honest lord

Thou hast said well for some of you there pres-  
ent

Are worse than devils

*Alon* I cannot too much muse

Such shapes such gesture and such sound ex-  
pressing

Although they want the use of tongue a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse

*Pros* [*Aside*] Praise in departing

*Frans* They vanish strangely

*Seb* No matter since 40

They have left their wands behind for we have  
stomachs

Will it please you taste of what is here?

*Alon* Not I

*Gon* Faith sir you need not fear When we  
were boys

Who would believe that there were mountain  
ceers

Dew lapp'd like bulls whose throats had hang-  
ing at 'em

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now  
we find

Each putter-out of five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of

*Alon* I will stand to and feed  
Although my last No matter since I feel 50

The best is past Brother my lord the Duke  
Stand to and do as we

*Thunder and lightning Enter ARIEL like a harpy  
claps his wings upon the table and with a quaint  
device the banquet vanishes*

*Ant* You are three men of sin whom Destiny  
That hath in instrument this lower world

And what is in it the never surfetted sea

Has caused to belch up you and on this island

Where man doth not inhabit you mongst men  
Being most unfit to live I have made you mad

And even with such like valour men hang and  
drown

Their proper selves

*ALONSO SEBASTIAN &c draw their swords*

You fools! I and my fellows 60

Are ministers of Fate The elements

Of whom your swords are temper'd may as well  
Wound the loud winds or with barnack'd at  
stabs

kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that's in my plume My fellow-  
ministers

Are like invulnerable If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your  
strengths

And will not be uplifted But remember—  
For that's my business to you—that you three  
From Milan did supplant good Prospero, 70  
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,  
Him and his innocent child, for which foul deed  
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have  
Incensed the seas and shores, yea all the crea-  
tures,

Against your peace Thee of thy son, Alonso  
They have bereft and do pronounce by me  
Lingering perdition, worse than any death  
Can be at once, shall step by step attend  
You and your ways whose wraths to guard you  
from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle else falls  
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart sorrow &  
And a clear life ensuing

*He vanishes in thunder, then, to soft music, enter the  
Shapes again and dance, with mocks and mows  
and carrying out the table*

Pros Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou  
Perform'd, my Ariel a grace it had devouring  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated  
In what thou hadst to say So, with good life  
And observation strange, my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done My high charms  
work

And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions, they now are in my power  
And in these fits I leave them while I visit 91  
Young Ferdinand whom they suppose is drown'd  
And his and mine loved darling [*Exit above*  
Gos I the name of something holy sir who  
stand you  
In this strange stare?

*Alon.* O it is monstrous monstrous!  
Methought the billow's spoke and told me of it  
The winds did sing it to me and the thunder  
Tha deep and dreadful organ pipe pronounced  
The name of Prosper it did i' bass my treasury 100  
Therefore my son the ooze is bedded and  
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded  
And with him there lie mudded [*Exit*  
Gos But one hand at a time  
I'll fight their legions o'er

*Alon.* I'll be thy second  
[*Exit distraction of Antonio*  
Gos All three of them are desperate Their  
prospects?

Like poison given to work a great time after,  
Now gins to bite the spirits I do beseech you  
That are of suppler joints follow them swiftly  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy  
May now provoke them to

*Adri.* Follow, I pray you [*Exeunt*

## ACT IV

## SCENE I Before Prospero's cell

*Enter PROSPERO FERDINAND, and MIRANDA*

Pros If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation makes amends for I  
Have given you here a third of mine own life,  
Or that for which I live who once again  
I tender to thy hand All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy love and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test Here afore Heav-  
en

I ratify this my rich gift O Ferdinand  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise 10  
And make it halt behind her

*Fer.* I do believe it  
Against an oracle

Pros Then as my gift and thine own acqui-  
sition

Worthily purchased take my daughter but  
If thou dost break her virgin knot before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may  
With full and holy rite be minister'd  
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow, but barren here,  
Sour eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew 20  
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly  
That you shall hate it both Therefore take heed,  
As Hymen's lamps shall light you

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet days fair issue and long life,  
With such love as tis now the murkiest den  
The most opportune place the strong it sugges-  
tion

Our worse genius can shall never melt  
Mine honor into lust to take away  
The edge of that day's celebration  
When I shall think or Phœbus steeds are found  
or d 30  
Or Night kept chain'd below

Pros Fairly spoke  
Sit then and talk with her she is thine own  
What Ariel's mind and strong service of Ariel!

*Enter Ariel*

*Alon.* What was I'm power matter? here I am  
Pros Thou and thy meaner fellows wait for  
service

Did worthily perform and I must use you  
In such another trick Go bring the rabble  
Or whom I give thee power here to this place  
Incite them to quick motion for I must  
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple 40  
Some vanity of mine art It is my promise  
And they expect it from me

*Ari* Presently?

*Pros* Ay with a twink

*Ari* Before you can say come and go  
And breathe twice and cry so so  
Each one, tripping on his toe  
Will be here with mop and mow  
Do you love me, master? No?

*Pros* Dearly my delicate Ariel Do not approach

Till thou dost hear me call

*Ari* Well I conceive *[Exit]* 50

*Pros* Look thou be true do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein The strongest oaths are straw  
To the fire; the blood Be more abstemious  
Or else good night your vow!

*Fer* I warrant you sir  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver

*Pros* Well  
Now come my Ariel bring a corollary  
Rather than want a spirit Appear and perthy!  
No tongue! all eyes! be silent

*Soft music*

*Enter iris*

*Iris* Ceres most bounteous lady thy rich leas  
Of wheat rye barley vetches oats and pease  
Thy turf mountains where live nibbling sheep  
And flat meads thatched with stover them to keep

Thy banks with pioned and twilled barns  
Which spongy April at thy best bestrims  
To make cold nymphs chaste erms and thy  
broom-groves

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves  
Being lass torn thy pole-clipt vineyard  
And thy sea marge sterile and rocky hard  
Where thou thyself dost air—the queen of the  
sky

Whose watery arch and messenger am I 71  
Bids thee leave these and with her sovereign  
grace

Here on this grass plot in this very place  
To come and sport here peacocks fly amant  
Approach rich Ceres her to entertain

*Enter CERES*

*Cer* Hail man-colour'd messenger that never  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter

Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers  
Diffusest honey-drops refreshing showers  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown so  
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down  
Rich scarf to my proud earth why hath thy  
queen

Summon'd me hither to this short-grass'd green?

*Iris* A contract of true love to celebrate  
And some donation freely to estate  
On the blest lovers

*Cer* Tell me heavenly bow  
If Venus or her son as thou dost know  
Do now attend the Queen? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90  
I have forsworn

*Iris* Of her society  
Be not afraid I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Iaphos and her son  
Dove-drawn with her Here thought they to have  
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid  
Whose vows are, that no bed right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted but in vain  
Mar's hot minion is return'd again  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows  
Swears he will shoot no more but play with  
sparrows 100

And be a boy right out

*Cer* High-st queen of state  
Great Juno comes I know her by her gait

*Enter JUNO*

*Juno* How does my bounteous sister? Go with  
me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be  
And honour'd in their issue *[They sing]*

*Juno* Honour riches marriage blessing  
Long continuance, and increasing  
Hourly joys be still upon you!  
Juno sings her blessings on you

*Cer* Earth's increase foison plenty 110  
Barns and garner never empty  
Vines with clustering bunches growing  
Plants with goodly burthen bowing

Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest!  
Scarcity and want shall shun you  
Ceres blessing so is on you

*Fer* This is a most majestic vision and  
Harmonious charmingly May I be bold  
To thank these spirits?

SCENE I

*Pros* Spirits, which by mine art 120  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies  
*For* Let me live here ever,  
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife  
Makes this place Paradise  
*Juno and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment*

*Pros* Sweet, now, silence!  
*Juno and Ceres whisper seriously,*  
There's something else to do Hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd  
*Iris* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wind-  
ring brooks,  
With your sedged crowns and ever harmless  
looks,  
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land  
Answer your summons, Juno does command  
Come, temperate nymphs and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love, be not too late

*Enter certain Nymphs*

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow and be merry,  
Make holiday, your rye straw hats put on  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing

*For certain Reapers, properly habited, they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance, towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks, after which to a strange hollow and confused noise, they hastily vanish*

*Pros* [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates 140  
Against my life the minute of their plot  
Is almost come [To the Spirits] Well done!  
I will no more!

*For* This is strange Your father's in some pas-  
sion

That works him strongly

*Mir* Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd

*Pros* You do look my son in a mov'd sort  
As if you were dismay'd be cheerful sir  
Our revels now are ended These our actors  
As I foretold you were all spirits and 150  
Are melted into air into thin air

And like the baseless fabric of this vision  
The cloud-capp'd towers the gossamer palaces,  
The marble temples the great globe itself  
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve  
And like this insubstantial pageant faded  
Leave not a rack behind We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep Sir I am vex'd

Bear with my weakness, my old brain troubles  
bled  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity 160  
If you be pleas'd retire into my cell  
And there repose A turn or two I'll walk  
To still my beating mind  
*For Mir* We wish your peace [Exit  
*Pros* Come with a thought I thank thee, Ariel,  
come

*Enter ARIEL*

*Ari* Thy thoughts I leave to What thy  
pleasure?

*Pros* Spirit,  
We must prepare to meet with Caliban  
*Ari* Ay, my commander When I presented  
Ceres

I thought to have told thee of it but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee  
*Pros* Say again where didst thou leave these  
varlets? 170

*Ari* I told you sir, they were red hot with  
drinking

So full of valour that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet yet always bending  
Towards their project Then I beat my tabor  
At which like unbrick'd colts they prick'd their  
ears

Advanced their eyelids lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music So I charm'd their ears  
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through  
Iooth'd briars sharp furzes, pricking goss and  
thorns 180

Which enter'd their frail shins At last I left them  
In the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell  
There dancing up to the chins that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet

*Pros* This was well done my bird  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still  
The trumpets in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these thieves

*Ari* I go I go [Exit  
*Pros* A devil a horn devil on whose nature  
Humane can never stick on whom my pain  
Humanity taken all all lost quite lost 190  
And as with age his body uglier grows  
So his mind cankers I will plague them all  
Even to roaring

*Re-enter ARIEL, with a glittering  
scepter*

Come I'll set thee on this I'll

PROSPERO AND ARIEL  
CALIBAN, STEPHANO AND TRINCOLANDO, &c.

*Cal* Pray you tread softly that the blind mole  
may not

Hear a foot fall We now are near his cell

*Ste* Monster your fairy which you say is a  
harmless fairy has done little better than played  
the Jack with us

*Trin* Monster I do smell all horse piss at  
which my nose is in great indignation 00

*Ste* So mine Do you hear monster? If  
I should take a displeasure against you look  
you—

*Trin* Thou wert but a lost monster

*Cal* Good my lord give me thy favour still

Be patient for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink this mischance therefore speak  
softly

All hush'd as midnight yet

*Trin* Ay but to lose our bottles in the pool—

*Ste* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in  
that monster but an infinite loss 210

*Trin* That's more to me than my wetting yet  
this is your harmless fairy monster

*Ste* I will fetch off my bottle though I be o'er  
ears for my labour

*Cal* Prithce, my kin<sup>d</sup> be quiet See st thou here  
This is the mouth o' the cell No noise and enter  
Do that good mischief which may make this is  
land

Thine own for ever and I thy Caliban

For avenge thy foot licker

*Ste* Give me thy hand I do begin to have bloody  
thoughts 211

*Trin* O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy  
Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

*Cal* Let it alone thou fool it is but trash

*Trin* O ho monster! we know what belongs  
to a frippery O King Stephano!

*Ste* Put off that gown Trinculo by this hand  
I'll have that gown

*Trin* Thy grace shall have it

*Cal* The dropsy drown this fool! what do you  
mean 230

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone

And do the murder first If he awake,

From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with  
pinches

Make us strange stuff

*Ste* Be you quiet monster Mistress line, is not  
this my jerkin? Now in the jerkin under the line  
Now jerkin you are like to lose your hair and  
prove a bald jerkin

*Trin* Do do we steal by line and level an't  
like your Grace 240

*Ste* I thank thee for that jest here's a garment  
for me Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am  
king of this country 'Scal by line and level is

an excellent pass of pate there's another garment  
for t

*Trin* Monster come, put some lime upon your  
fingers and away with the rest

*Cal* I will have none on t We shall lose our  
time

And all be turn'd to barnacles or to apes

With foreheads villainous low 250

*Ste* Monster lay to your fingers Help to bear  
this away where my hog'shead of wine is or I'll  
turn you out of my kingdom Go to carry this

*Trin* And this

*Ste* Ay and this

*A noise of hunters heard Enter drivers Spirits in  
shapes of dogs and hounds and hunt them about  
PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on*

*Pros* Hey Mountain hey!

*Ari* Silver! there it goes Silver!

*Pros* Fury Fury! there Tyrant there! hark!  
hark! (CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO  
are driven out)

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps and more pinch spotted make  
them

Than pard or cat o' mountain

*Ari* Hark they roar!

*Pros* Let them be hunted soundly At this hour

Lie at my mercy all mine enemies

Shortly shall all my labours end and thou

Shalt have the air at freedom For a little  
Follow and do me service [Exunt]

## ACT V

### SCENE I Before Prospero's cell

*Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes and ARIEL*

*Pros* Now does my project gather to a head  
My charms crack not my spirits obey and time  
Goes upright with his carriage How's the day?

*Ari* On the sixth hour at which time, my lord  
You said our work should cease

*Pros* I did say so  
When first I raised the tempest Say my spirit  
How fares the King and s' followers?

*Ari* Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,  
Just as you left them all prisoners air

In the line-grove which weather sends your cell  
They cannot budge till your release The King,

His brother and yours abide all three distracted  
And the remainder mourning over them

Brimful of sorrow and dismay but chiefly  
Him that you term'd sir 'The good old lord,

Gonzalo

His tears run down his beard like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds Your charm so strongly  
works 'em

That if you now beheld them your affections  
Would become tender

*Pros* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari* Mine would, sir, were I human

*Pros* And mine shall 20

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not my self,  
One of their kind that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to  
the quick,

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance They being penitent  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

Not a frown further Go release them *Ariel* 30

My charms I'll break their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves

*Ari* I'll fetch them sir [*Exit*]

*Pros* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes,  
and groves,

And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back you demi puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pas-  
time

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew by whose aid 40

Weak masters though ye be I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous  
winds

And twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war, to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt, the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar graves at my command  
Have wak'd their sleepers oped, and let 'em  
forth

By my potent art But this rough magic 50

Here abjure and when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music which even now I do  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for I'll break my staff  
Bury it with three fathoms in the earth  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book

*Solemn music.*

*Enter Ariel before Prospero, Alonso, Gonzalo, Sebastian, and Antonio in like manner attended by Ariel and*

*FRANCISCO* They all enter the circle which *PROSPERO* had made and there stand charmed, which *PROSPERO* observing, speaks

A solemn air and the best comforter  
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains  
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There  
stand,

For you are spell stopp'd  
Holy Gonzalo honourable man,  
Mine eyes even sociable to the show of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops The charm dissolves apace,  
And as the morning steals upon the night  
Melting the darkness so their rising senses  
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their clearer reason O good Gonzalo  
My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
To him thou follow st! I will pay thy graces 70  
Home both in word and deed Most cruelly  
Didst thou, Alonso use me and my daughter,  
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act  
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian Flesh and  
blood

You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition  
Expell'd remorse and nature, who with Sebas-  
tian

Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong  
Would here have kill'd your king I do forgive  
thee

Unnatural though thou art Their understanding  
Begins to swell and the approaching tide 80

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore  
That now lies foul and muddy Not one of them  
That yet looks on me or would know me *Ariel*  
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell  
I will disease me, and my self present  
As I was sometime Milan Quickly spirit,  
Thou shalt ere long be free

*ARIEL sings and helps to attire him*

Where the bee sucks there suck I  
In a cow slip I do lie  
There I couch when owls do cry 90  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After sunset merrily

Merrily merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough

*Pros* Why thus it may do my *Ariel*! I shall miss  
thee

But yet thou shalt have freedom So go to  
To the king and princess as thou art  
The estate thou hast deserves thee as sleep  
Under the cherub the master and the boy  
sway

Let awake and see the world's play



And presently I prithee  
*Art* I drink the air before me, and return  
 Or ere your pulse twice beat {Exit  
*Gon* All torment trouble wonder and amazement  
 Inhabits here Some heavenly power guide us  
 Out of this fearful country!  
*Pros* Behold sir hang  
 The wronged Duke of Milan Prospero  
 For my assurance that a living prince  
 Does now speak to thee I embrace thy body  
 And to thee and thy company I bid 110  
 A hearty welcome

*Alon* Whether thou be st he or no  
 Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me  
 As late I have been I not know Thy pulse  
 Beats as of flesh and blood and a nice I saw thee  
 The affliction of my mind amends with which  
 I fear a madness held me This must crave  
 An if this be at all a most strange story  
 Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat  
 Thou pardon me my wrongs But how should  
 Prospero

Be living and be here?  
*Pros* First noble friend 120  
 Let me embrace thine age whose honour cannot  
 Be measured or confined

*Gon* Whether this be  
 Or be not I'll not swear  
*Pros* You do not taste  
 Some subtilties in the isle, that will not let you  
 Believe things certain Welcome, my friends all!  
*{Aside to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO}* But you my  
 Breace of lords were I so minded  
 I here could pluck his Highness frown upon you  
 An justify you traitors At this time  
 I will tell no tales

*Seb* *{Aside}* The devil speaks in him  
*Pros* No  
 For you most wicked sir whom to call brother  
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
 Thy rankest fault all of them and require  
 My dukedom of thee which perforce, I know  
 Thou must restore

*Gon* When thou be st Prospero  
 Give us particulars of thy preservation  
 How thou hast met us here who three hours  
 since  
 Were wreck'd upon this shore which we have  
 lost—

How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—  
 My dear son Ferdinand

*Pros* I am woe for t sir  
*Alon* Irreparable is the loss and Patience 140  
 Says it is past her cure  
*Pros* I rather think

You have not sought her help of whose soft grace  
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid  
 And rest in self content

*Alon* You the like loss?  
*Pros* As great to me as late and supportable  
 To make the dear loss have I means much  
 weaker

Than you may call to comfort you for I  
 Have lost my daughter

*Alon* A daughter?  
 O heavens that they were living both in Naples  
 The King and Queen there! that they were I  
 wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
 Where my son lies When did you lose your  
 daughter?

*Pros* In this last tempest I perceive these lords  
 At this encounter do so much admire  
 That they devour their reason and scarce think  
 Their eyes do offices of truth their words  
 Are natural breath but howsoever you have  
 Been jussled from your senses know for certain  
 That I am Prospero and that very duke  
 Which was thrust forth of Milan who most  
 strangely 160

Upon this shore where you were wreck'd was  
 landed

To be the lord on t No more yet of this  
 For tis a chronicle of day by day  
 Not a relation for a breakfast nor  
 Befitting this first meeting Welcome sir  
 This cell's my court Here have I few attendants  
 And subjects none abroad Pray you look in  
 My dukedom since you have given me s am  
 I will requite you with as good a thing  
 At least bring forth a wonder to content ye t o  
 As much as me my dukedom

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and  
 MIRANDA playing at chess*

*Isr* Sweet lord you play me false  
*Fer* No my dear at love  
 I would not for the world

*Isr* Yes for a score of kingdoms you should  
 wrangle

And I would call it fair play  
*Alon* If this prove  
 A vision of the island, one dear son  
 Shall I twice lose

*Seb* A most high miracle!  
*Fer* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful

I have cursed them with ut cause *{Ariel's}*  
*Alon* Now all the blessings 180  
 Of a glad father compass thee about!  
 Arise and say how thou camest here

*Mir* O wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,  
That has such people in 't!

*Pros* 'Tis new to thee  
*Alon* What is this maid with whom thou wast  
at play?

Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours  
Is she the goddess that hath serv'd us,  
And brought us thus together?

*Fer* Sir she is mortal,  
But by immortal Providence she s mine  
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190  
For his advice nor thought I had one She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before of whom I have  
Received a second life and second father  
This lady makes him to me

*Alon* I am hers  
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness!

*Pros* There, sir, stop  
Let us not burthen our remembrance with  
A heaviness that s gone

*Gon* I have inly wept, 200  
Or should have spoke ere this Look down, you  
gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither

*Alon* I say Amen, Gonzalo!  
*Gon* Was Milan thrust from Milan that his  
issue

Should become king of Naples? O rejoice  
Beyond a common joy and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars In one voyage  
D-d Claribel her husband find at Tunis  
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife 210  
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his duke-  
dom

In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves  
When no man was his own

*Alon* [To FERDINAND and MIRANDA] Give me  
your hands

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy!

*Gon* Be it so! Amen!  
*Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN*  
*amazedly following*

O, look sir, look sir! here is more of us  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land  
Th s fellow could not drown Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'd grace o'erboard, not an oath on  
shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?  
*Boats* The best news is that we have safely  
found 221

Our King and company, the next, our ship—  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out  
split—

Is tight and yare and bravely rigg'd as when  
We first put out to sea

*Ari* [Aside to PROSPERO] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went

*Pros* [Aside to ARIEL] My tricky spirit!  
*Alon* These are not natural events, they  
strengthen

From strange to stranger Say how came you  
hither?

*Boats* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you We were dead of sleep  
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under  
hatches,

Where but even now with strange and several  
noises

Of roaring shrieking howling jungling chains,  
And moe diversity of sounds all horrible,  
We were awak'd, straightway, at liberty,  
Where we in all her trim, freshly beheld  
Our royal good, and gallant ship our master  
Capering to eye her On a trice, so please you,  
Even in a dream were we divided from them  
And were brought moping hither

*Ari* [Aside to PROSPERO] Was I well done? 240

*Pros* [Aside to ARIEL] Bravely, my diligence  
Thou shalt be free

*Alon* This is as strange a maze as e'er men  
trod

And there is in this business more than nature  
Was ever conduct of Some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge

*Pros* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beaung on  
The strangeness of this business at pick'd leisure  
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you  
Which to you shall seem probable of every  
These happen'd accidents till when be cheerful  
And think of each thing well [Aside to ARIEL]

Come hither, spirit 251

Set Caliban and his companions free,  
Untie the spell [Exit ARIEL] How fares my gra-  
cious sir?

There are yet missing of your company  
Some few odd lads that you remember not

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN STEPHANO*  
*and TRINCULO in their stolen apparel*

*Ste* Every man shift for all the rest and let no  
man take care for himself, for all is but fortune  
Coragio, bully monster, coragio!

*Trin* If these be true spies which I wear in my head here's a goodly sight 160

*Cal* O Setebos these be brave spirits indeed!  
How fine my master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me

*Seb* Ha ha!  
What things are these my lord Antonio?  
Will money buy em?

*Ant* Very like one of them  
Is a plain fish and no doubt marketable  
*Pros* Mark but the badges of these men my lords

Then say if they be true This misshapen knave  
His mother was a witch and one so strong  
That could control the moon, make flows and ebb

And deal in her command without her power 272  
These three have robb'd me and this demi-devil—

For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them  
To take my life Two of these fellows you  
Must know and own this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine

*Cal* I shall be pinch'd to death  
*Alon* Is not this Stephano my drunken butler?

*Seb* He is drunk now Where had he wine?

*Alon* And Trinculo is feeling ripe Where  
should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded em? 280  
How earnest thou in this pickle?

*Trin* I have been in such a pickle since I saw  
you last that I fear me will never out of my  
bones I shall not fear fly blowing

*Seb* Why how now Stephano?

*Ste* O touch me not I am not Stephano but a  
cramp

*Pros* You'd be king o' the isle surrah?

*Ste* I should have been a sore one then

*Alon* *(Pointing to CALIBAN)* This is a strange  
thing as e'er I look'd on

*Pros* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape Go surrah, to my cell 292

Take with you your companions as you look  
To have my pardon trim it handsomely

*Cal* Ay that I will and I'll be wise hereafter  
And seek for grace What a thrice-double ass  
Was I to take this drunkard for a god  
And worship this dull fool!

*Pros* Go to away!

*Alon* Hence, and bestow your luggage where  
you found it

*Seb* Or stole it rather 300

*[Exeunt CALIBAN STEPHANO and TRINCULO]*

*Pros* Sir I invite your Highness and your train  
To my poor cell where you shall take your  
rest

For this one night which part of it I'll waste  
With such discourse as I not doubt shall make  
it

Go quick away the story of my life  
And the particular accidents gone by  
Since I came to this isle And in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear beloved solemnized  
And thence retire me to my Milan where 310  
Every third thought shall be my grave

*Alon* I long  
To hear the story of your life which must  
Take the ear strangely

*Pros* I'll deliver all  
And promise you calm seas auspicious gales  
And sail so expeditious that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off *[Aside to ARIEL]* My  
Ariel chick

That is thy charge Then to the elements  
Be free and face thou well! Please you draw  
near *[Exeunt]*

## EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown  
And what strength I have's mine own  
Which is most faint Now 'tis true,  
I must be here confin'd by you  
Or sent to Naples Let me not  
Since I have my dukedom got  
And pardon'd the deceiver dwell  
In this bare island by your spell  
But release me from my bands 10  
With the help of your good hands  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill or else my project fails  
Which was to please Now I want  
Spirits to enforce art to enchant  
And my ending is despair  
Unless I be relieved by prayer  
Which pierces so that it assaults  
Mercy itself and frees all faults  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free. 20

# The Famous History of the Life of KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH  
 CARDINAL WOLSEY  
 CARDINAL CAMPEIUS  
 CAPUCIUS *ambassador from the Emperor Charles V*  
 CRANMER *Archbishop of Canterbury*  
 DUKE OF NORFOLK  
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM  
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK  
 EARL OF SURREY  
 LORD CHAMBERLAIN  
 LORD CHANCELLOR  
 GARDINER *Bishop of Winchester*  
 BISHOP OF LINCOLN  
 LORD ABERGAVENNY  
 LORD SANDS  
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD  
 SIR THOMAS LOVELL  
 SIR ANTHONY DENNY  
 SIR NICHOLAS VAUX  
 TWO SECRETARIES to Wolsey  
 CROMWELL, *ser ant to Wolsey*  
 GRIFFITH *gentleman usher to Queen Katharine*  
 THREE GENTLEMEN  
 DOCTOR BUTTS *physician to the King*  
 GARTER KING AT-ARMS

SURVEYOR to the Duke of Buckingham  
 BRANDON  
 SERGEANT-AT-ARMS  
 DOOR KEEPER of the Council-chamber  
 PORTER  
 MAN, to the Porter  
 PAGE to Gardiner  
 A CRIER  
 A MESSENGER  
 A SCRIBE  
 A SERVANT to Wolsey

QUEEN KATHARINE *wife to King Henry afterwards divorced*  
 ANNE BULLEN *her Maid of Honour afterwards Queen*  
 AN OLD LADY *friend to Anne Bullen*  
 PATIENCE *woman to Queen Katharine*

NON SPEAKING *Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows*  
 WOMEN attending on the Queen  
 SCRIBES  
 OFFICERS  
 GUARDS  
 ATTENDANTS  
 AND SIX SPIRITS appearing to Queen Katharine

SCENE London Westminster and Kimbolton



## THE PROLOGUE

I COME no more to make you laugh things now,  
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow  
 Sad high and working full of state and woe  
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow  
 We now present Those that can pity here  
 May if they think it well let fall a tear  
 The subject will deserve it Such as give  
 Their money out of hope they may believe  
 May here find truth too Those that come to see  
 Only a show or two and so agree 10  
 The play may pass if they be still and willing  
 I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
 Richly in two short hours Only they  
 That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
 A noise of targets or to see a fellow  
 In a long morley coat guarded with yellow,  
 Will be deceived, for gentle hearers know,  
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
 As fool and fight is beside forfeiting  
 Our own brains and the opinion that we bring  
 To make that only true we now intend  
 Will leave us never an understanding friend

Therefore for goodness' sake and as you are known

The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
 Be sad as we would make ye Think ye see  
 The very persons of our noble story  
 As they were living think you see them great  
 And followed with the general throng and sweat  
 Of thousand friends then in a moment see  
 How soon this mightiness meets misery 30  
 And if you can be merry then I'll say  
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day

## ACT I

SCENE I *London an ante-chamber in the palace*  
 Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door, at the other the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY

Buck Good morrow and well met How have we done  
 Since last we saw in France?  
 Nor I thank your Grace  
 Healthful and ever since a fresh admirer  
 Of what I saw there

Buck An unmetel's ague  
 Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when  
 Those suns of glory those two lights of men  
 Met in the vale of Andren  
 Nor Twixt Guynes and Arde  
 I was then present saw them salute on horse-  
 back  
 Beheld them when they lighted how they clung  
 In their embracement as they grew together 10  
 Which had they what four throned ones could  
 have weigh'd  
 Such a compounded one?

Buck All the whole time  
 I was my chamber's prisoner  
 Nor Then you lost  
 The view of earth's glory Men might say  
 Till this time pomp was single but now married  
 To one above itself Each following day  
 Became the next day's master till the last  
 Made former wonders its To-day the French  
 All elinquant all in gold like heathen gods 19  
 Shone down the English and to-morrow they  
 Made Britain India every man that stood  
 Show'd like a mine Their dwarfish pages were  
 As cherubins all gilt the madams too  
 Not used to toil did almost swear to bear  
 The pride upon them that their very labour  
 Was to them as a painting Now this masque  
 Was cried incomparable and the ensuing night  
 Made it a fool and beggar The two kings  
 Equal in lustre were now best now worst  
 As presence did present them him in eye 30  
 Still him in praise and being present both  
 'Twas said they saw but one and no discern  
 Durst wag his tongue in censure When these  
 sums—

For so they phrase em—by their heralds chal-  
 lengered  
 The noble spirits to arms they did perform  
 Beyond thought's compass that former fabulous  
 story  
 Being now seen possible enough got credit  
 That Being was believed

Buck O you go far  
 Nor As I belong to worship and affect  
 In honour honesty the tract of everything 40  
 Would by a good discourser lose some life  
 Which action's self was tongue to All was royal  
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd  
 Order gave each thing view the office did  
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck Who did guide  
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
 Of this great sport together as you guess?  
 Nor One, certes that promises no element  
 In such a business

Buck I pray you who my lord?  
 Nor All this was order'd by the good discre-  
 tion 50

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York

Buck The devil speed him! No man's pie is  
 freed

From his ambitious finger What had he  
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder  
 That such a leech can with his very bulk  
 Take up the rays of the beneficial sun  
 And keep it from the earth

Nor Surely sir  
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends  
 For being not propp'd by ancestry whose grace  
 Chalks successors their way nor mudd upon 60  
 For high seats done to the crown neither allied  
 To eminent assistants but spider like,  
 Out of his self-drawing web he gives us note  
 The force of his own merit makes his way  
 A gift that heaven gives for him which buys  
 A place next to the King

Nor I cannot tell  
 What heaven hath given him—let some graver  
 eye

Pierce into that but I can see his pride  
 Peep through each part of him Whence has he  
 that

If not from hell? the devil is a niggard 70  
 Or has given all before, and he begins  
 A new hell in himself

Buck Why the devil  
 Upon this French going out took he upon him,  
 Without the privy of the King to appoint  
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file  
 Of all the gentry for the most part such  
 To whom as great a charge as little honour  
 He meant to lay upon an his own letter  
 The honourable board of council out  
 Must fetch him in the papers

Nor I do know 80  
 kinsmen of mine, three at the least that have  
 By this so sickened their estates that never  
 They shall abound as formerly

Buck O many  
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on  
 em

For this great journey What did this sorry  
 But minister communication of  
 A most poor issue?

Nor Grievously I think  
 The peace between the French and us not values  
 The cost that did conclude it

Buck I very man,  
 After the hideous storm that follow'd was 90  
 A thing inspired and, not consulting broke  
 Into a general prophecy that this tempest

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on —  
*Nor* Which is budded out,  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath at-  
tach d

Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux  
*Aber* Is it therefore

The ambassador is silenced?  
*Nor* Marry, is 't  
*Aber* A proper title of a peace, and purchased  
At a superfluous rate!

*Buck* Why all this business  
Our reverend Cardinal carried  
*Nor* Like it your Grace : 100

The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal I advise you—  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together, to consider further that

What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful, and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge, it's long and 't may be said  
It reaches far and where 'twill not extend, 111  
Thither he darts it Bosom up my counsel,  
You'll find it wholesome Lo where comes that  
rock

That I advise your shunning

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before  
him certain of the Guard and two SECRETARIES  
with papers The CARDINAL in his passage fixeth  
his eye on BUCKINGHAM and BUCKINGHAM on  
him, both full of disdain*

*Wol* The Duke of Buckingham is surveyor, ha?  
Where's his examination?

*1st Sec* Here, so please you

*Wol* Is he in person ready?

*1st Sec* Ay please your Grace

*Wol* Well we shall then know more and  
Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look

*[Exeunt WOLSEY and his train]*

*Buck* This butcher's cur is venom mouth'd and  
120

Have not the power to muzzle him, therefore  
best

Not wake him in his slumber A beggar's book  
Ours worth a noble's blood

*Nor* What are you chafed?  
*Ask* God for temperance, that's the appliance  
only

Which your disease requires

*Buck* I read in's looks  
Matter against me, and his eye reviled

Me as his abject object At this instant  
He bores me with some trick He's gone to the  
King,

I'll follow and outstare him

*Nor* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about To climb steep hills 131  
Requires slow pace at first Anger is like  
A full hot horse who being allow'd his way,  
Self mettle tires him Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you, be to yourself  
As you would to your friend

*Buck* I'll to the King,  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons

*Nor* Be advised  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140  
That it do singe yourself We may outrun  
By violent swiftness that which we run at  
And lose by over running Know you not  
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er  
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised  
I say again there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay the fire of passion

*Buck* Sir  
I am thankful to you, and I'll go along 150  
By your prescription But this top-proud fellow,  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not but  
From sincere motions by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous

*Nor* Say not 't treasonous "  
*Buck* To the King I'll say — and make my  
vouch as strong

As shore of rock Attend This holy fox  
Or wolf or both—for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle and as prone to mischief 160  
As able to perform't, his mind and place  
Infecting one another yea reciprocally—  
Only to show his pomp as well in I rance  
As here at home suggests the King our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break the rinsing

*Nor* Faith and so it did

*Buck* Pray give me favour sir This cunning  
Cardinal

The articles of the combination drew  
As himself pleased and they were ratified 170  
As he cried Thus let be to as much end  
As give a crutch to the dead But our count-  
cardinal

Has done this and tis well for worthy Wolsey  
 Who cannot err he did it Now this follows—  
 Which as I take it is a kind of puppy  
 To the old dam treason—Charles the Emperor  
 Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt—  
 For twas indeed his colour but he came  
 To whisper Wolsey—here makes visitation  
 His fears were that the interview betwixt *180*  
 England and France might through their amity  
 Breed him some prejudice for from this league  
 Peep'd harms that menaced him He privily  
 Deals with our Cardinal and as I trow—  
 Which I do well for I am sure the Emperor  
 Paid ere he promised whereby his suit was  
 granted

Ere it was ask'd but when the way was made  
 And paved with gold the Emperor thus desired  
 That he would please to alter the King's course  
 And break the foresaid peace Let the King  
 know

As soon he shall by me that thus the Cardinal *191*  
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases  
 And for his own advantage

Nor I am sorry  
 To hear thus of him and could wish he were  
 Something mistaken in

Buck No not a syllable  
 I do pronounce him in that very shape  
 He shall appear in proof

*Enter BRANDON a SERGEANT AT ARMS before him,  
 and two or three of the Guard*

Bran Your office, sergeant execute it  
 Sir  
 My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl  
 Of Hereford Stafford and Northampton, I *200*  
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
 Of our most sovereign King

Buck Lo you my lord  
 The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish  
 Under device and practice

Bran I am sorry  
 To see you taken from liberty to look on  
 The business present 'Tis his Highness' pleasure  
 You shall to the Tower

Buck It will help me nothing  
 To plead mine innocence for that dye is on me  
 Which makes my whitest part black The will of  
 heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey *210*

O my Lord Abergavenny fare you well  
 Bran Nay he must bear you company The  
 King [To ABERGAVENNY]

Is pleased you shall to the Tower till you know  
 How he determines further

After As the Duke said,

The will of heaven be done and the King's pleas-  
 ure

By me obey'd!  
 Bran Here is a warrant from  
 The King to attach Lord Montacute and the  
 bodies

Of the Duke's confessor John de la Car  
 One Gilbert Peck his chancellor—  
 Buck So so *219*

These are the limbs of the plot No more I hope  
 Bran A monk in the Chartreux

Buck O Nicholas Hopkins?  
 Bran He

Buck My surveyor is false the other great Car-  
 dinal

Hath show'd him gold my life is spann'd al-  
 ready

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham  
 Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
 By darkening my clear sun My lord farewell  
 [Exeunt]

SCENE II *The same the council chamber  
 Cornets Enter the KING leaning on the CARDI-  
 NAL'S shoulder the Nobles and SIR THOMAS  
 LOVELL the CARDINAL places himself under the  
 KING'S feet on his right side*

King My life itself and the best heart of it  
 Thanks you for this great care I stood in the  
 level

Of a full charged confederacy and give thanks  
 To you that choked it Let be call'd before us  
 That gentleman of Buckingham's in person  
 I'll hear him his confessions justify  
 And point by point the treasons of his master  
 He shall again relate

*A noise within crying Room for the Queen!  
 Enter QUEEN KATHARINE ushered by the DUKE  
 OF NORFOLK and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK she  
 kneels The KING riseth from his state takes her  
 up kisses and placeth her by him*

Q Kath Nay we must longer kneel I am a  
 suitor

King Arise and take place by us Half your  
 suit *10*

Never name to us you have half our power  
 The other moiety ere you ask is given  
 Repeat your will and take it

Q Kath Thank your Majesty  
 That you would love yourself and in that love  
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor  
 The dignity of your office is the point  
 Of my petition

King Lady mine proceed

Q Kath I am solicited, not by a few

And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance There have been com-  
missions 20

Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the  
heart

Of all their loyalities wherein, although,  
My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter on  
Of these evactions yet the King our master—  
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even  
he escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion

Nor Not almost appears  
It doth appear for, upon these taxations, 30  
The clothiers all not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth are all in uproar  
And danger serves among them

King Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation? My lord Cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us  
know you of this taxation?

Wal Please you sir, 40  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me

Q Kath No my lord  
You know no more than others but you frame  
Things that are known alike, which are not  
wholesome

To those which would not know them and yet  
must  
Perforce be their acquaintance These evactions  
Whereof my sovereign would have note they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing and to bear em  
The back is sacrifice to the load They say 50  
They are devised by you or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation

King Still exaction!  
The nature of it? in what kind let's know,  
Is this exaction?

Q Kath I am much too venturesome  
In tempting of your patience but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon The subjects  
grief  
Comes through commissions which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance to be levied  
Without delay and the pretence for this  
Is named your wars in France This makes bold 60  
mouths

Tongues spit their duties out and cold hearts  
freeze

Allegiance in them their curses now  
Live where their prayers did, and it's come to  
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will I would your Highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business

King By my life,  
This is against our pleasure

Wal And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice and that not pass'd me but 70  
By learned approbation of the judges If I am  
Traduced by ignorant tongues which neither  
know

My faculties nor person yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing let me say  
'Tis but the fate of place and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through We must not  
stint

Our necessary actions in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers which ever,  
As ravenous fishes do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd but benefit no further 80  
Than vainly longing What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters once weak ones is  
Not ours or not allow'd what worst as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality is cried up  
For our best act If we shall stand still  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State statutes only

King Things done well  
And with a care exempt themselves from fear  
Things done without example in their issue 90  
Are to be fear'd Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe not any  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws  
And stick them in our will Sixth part of each?  
A trembling contribution! Why we take  
From every tree lop bark and part o' the timber  
And though we leave it with a root thus hack'd  
The air will drink the sap To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied 100  
The force of this commission Pray, look to it,  
I put it to your care

Wal A word with you

To the SECRETARY  
Let there be letters writ to every shire  
Of the King's grace and pardon The griev'd  
commons  
Hardly conceive of me let it be noised  
That through our intercession this revolvement



And pardon comes I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding [Enter SECRETARY]

Enter SURVEYOR

Q Kath I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham

Is run in your displeasure

King It grieves many  
The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker

To nature none more bound his training such  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers  
And never seek for aid out of himself Yet see  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed the mind growing once corrupt

They turn to vicious forms ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair This man so complete  
Who was enroll'd amongst wonders and when we

Almost with ravish'd listening could not find  
His hour of speech a minute he my lady  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell Sit by us you shall hear—

This as his gentleman in trust—of him  
Things to strike honour sad Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much

If of Stand forth and with bold spirit relate  
what you

Most like a careful subject have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham

King Speak freely

Sur First it was usual with him every day  
It would infect his speech that if the King  
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so  
To make the sceptre his These very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law  
Lord Abergavenny to whom by oath he men-  
aced

Revenge upon the Cardinal

If of Please your Highness note  
This dangerous conception in this point  
Not friended by his wish to your high person  
His will is most malignant and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends

Q Kath My learn'd lord Cardinal  
Deliver all with charity

King Speak on

How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fall? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak worth?

Sur He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins

King What was that Hopkins?

Sur Sir a Chartreux friar

His confessor who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty

King How know'st thou this?

Sur Not long before your Highness sped to  
France

The Duke being at the Rose within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poulney did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey I replied  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious  
To the King's danger Presently the Duke  
Said 'twas the fear indeed and that he doubted  
To prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk that oft says he,

Hath sent to me wishing me to permit  
John de la Car my chaplain a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment  
Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living but  
To me should utter with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued Neither the King nor's  
heirs

Tell you the Duke shall prosper Bid him strive  
To gain the love of the commonalty The Duke  
Shall govern England

Q Kath If I know you well  
You were the Duke's surveyor and lost your  
office

On the complaint of the tenants Take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person  
And spoil your nobler soul I say take heed  
Yes heartily beseech you

King Let him on  
Go forward

Sur On my soul I'll speak but truth  
I told my lord the Duke by the devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived and that 'twas  
dangerous for him

To ruminate on this so far until  
It forg'd him some dream which being be-  
lieved,

It was much like to do He answer'd 'Tush  
It can do me no damage adding further  
That had the King in his last sickness fail'd  
The Cardinal and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off

King Ha what so rank? Ah ha!  
There's mischief in this man Canst thou say  
further?

Sur I can my liege

King Proceed  
Sur Being at Greenwich  
After your Highness had reproved the Duke

About Sir William Bulmer—

*King* I remember 190  
Of such a time Being my sworn servant,  
The Duke retain'd him his But on, what hence?  
*Surv* "If," quoth he, "I for this had been com-  
mitted

As, to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence which if  
granted

As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him "  
*King* A giant traitor!  
*Hof* Now, madam, may his Highness live in  
freedom 200

And this man out of prison?  
*Q Kath* God mend all!  
*King* There's something more would out of  
thee what say'st?  
*Surv* After 'the Duke his father,' with "the  
knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his  
dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath whose tenour  
Was—were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose

*King* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us He is attach'd, 210  
Call him to present trial If he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his, if none  
Let him not seek't of us By day and night  
He's traitor to the height [Exeunt

SCENE III *An antechamber in the palace*

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS*

*Cham* Is 't possible the spells of France should  
juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?  
*Sands* New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly yet are follow'd

*Cham* As far as I see all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely

A fit or two o' the face, but they are shrewd  
ones

For when they hold 'em you would swear di-  
rectly

Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius they keep state so 10

*Sands* They have all new legs and lame ones  
One would take it

That never saw 'em pace before the spavin  
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em

*Cham*

Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure they've worn out Christendom

*Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

How now!

What news Sir Thomas Lovell?

*Lov*

Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate

*Cham*

What is 't for?

*Lov* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels talk, and tailors

*Cham* I'm glad 'tis there Now I would pray  
our monseurs 21

To think an English courtier may be wise

And never see the Louvre

*Lov*

They must either

For so run the conditions leave those remnants

Of fool and feather that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance

Pertaining thereunto as fights and fireworks

Abusing better men than they can be

Out of a foreign wisdom renouncing clean

The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,

Short blister'd breeches and those types of

travel, 31

And understand again like honest men

Or pack to their old playfellows There I take it,

They may, 'cum privilegio' wear away

The lag end of their lewdness and be laugh'd at

*Sands* 'Tis time to give 'em physick, their di-  
seases

Are grown so catching

*Cham*

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov*

Ay marry

There will be woe indeed lords The sly whore-  
sons

Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies, 40

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow

*Sands* The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are  
going

For sure there's no converting of 'em Now

An honest country lord as I am beaten

A long time out of play may bring his plain song

And have an hour of hearing and by'r lady

Held current music too

*Cham*

Well said Lord Sands

Your colts tooth is not cast yet

*Sir Is*

No my lord

Nor shall not while I have a stump

*Cham*

Sir Thomas

Whether were you a going?

*Lov*

To the Cardinals,

Your lordship is a guest too

*Cham* O tis true  
 This night he makes a supper and a great one,  
 To many lords and ladies there will be  
 The beauty of this kin dom I ll assure you  
*Lo* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
 indeed  
 A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us  
 His dews fall every where  
*Cham* No doubt he s noble  
 He had a black mouth that said other of him  
*Sm's* He may my lord has wherewithal in  
 him  
 Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doc  
 trine 60

Men of his way should be most liberal  
 They are set here for examples  
*Cham* True they are so  
 But few now give so great ones My barne stays  
 Your lordship shall along Come good Sir  
 Thomas

We shall be late else which I would not be  
 For I was spoke to with Sir Henry Guildford  
 This night to be comptrollers  
*Smds* I am your lordship s [Exeunt

SCENE IV A Hall in York Place

*Hautboys* A small table under a state for the CAR  
 DINAL a longer table for the guests Then enter  
 ANNE BULLEN and i llers other Ladies and Gen  
 tlemen as guests at one door at another door enter  
 SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

*Guild* Ladies a general welcome from his  
 Grace  
 Salures ye all this night he dedicates  
 To fair content and you None here he hopes  
 In all this noble bevy has brought with her  
 One care abroad he would have all as merry  
 As first good company good wine good wel  
 come  
 Can make good people O my lord you re tardy

*Enter* LORD CHILBERLAIN LORD SANDS and  
 SIR THO MAS LOVELL

The very thought of this fair company  
 Clapp d wings to me  
*Cham* You are young Sir Harry Guildford  
*Smds* Sir Thomas Lovell hat the Cardinal 10  
 But half my lay thoughts in him some of these  
 Should find a running banquet ere they rested  
 I think vould better please em By my life,  
 They are a sweet society of fair ones  
*Lo* O that your lordship were but now con  
 fessor  
 To one or two of these  
*Smds* I would I were  
 They should find easy penance

*Lo* Faith how easy?  
*Sm's* As easy as a down bed would afford it  
*Chm* Sweet ladies will it please you sit? Sir  
 Harry 19

Place you that side I ll take the charge of this  
 His Grace is entering Nay you must not freeze  
 Two women placed together makes cold weather  
 My Lord Sands you are one will keep em wak  
 ing

Pray sit between these ladies  
*Smds* By my faith,  
 And thank your lordship By your leave sweet  
 ladies

If I chance to talk a little wild for ive me  
 I had it from my father

*Anne* Was he mad sir?  
*Sm's* O very mad exceedin mad in love too  
 But he would bite none just as I do now  
 He would kiss you twenty with a breath

*Kisses her*  
*Cham* Well said my lord 30  
 So now you re fairly seated Gentlemen  
 The penance lies on you if these fair ladies  
 Pass away frowning

*Smds* For my little cure  
 Let me alone

*Hautboys* Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY and  
 takes his state

If you re welcome my fair guests That  
 noble lady  
 Or gentleman that is not freely merry  
 Is not my friend This to confirm my welcome  
 And to you all good health [Drinks]  
*Smds* Your Grace is noble  
 Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks  
 And save me so much talk in

*If* My Lord Sands 40  
 I am beholdin to you cheer your neibours  
 Ladies you are not merry Gentlemen  
 Who e fault is this?

*Smds* The red wine first must rise  
 In their fair cheeks my lord then we shall have  
 em

Talk us to silence  
*Anne* You are a merry gamester  
 My Lord Sands

*Sm's* Yes if I make my play  
 Here s to your ladyship and pled e it madam,  
 For tis to such a thum—

*Anne* You cannot show me  
*Sm's* I told your Grace they would talk anon  
*Drum and trumpet chambers discharge*  
*Wol* What s that?

*Cham* Look out there, some of v e  
 [Exit SERVANT

*Wol* What warlike voice, 50  
And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not,  
By all the laws of war you're privileged

*Re enter SERVANT*

*Cham* How now! what is't?  
*Serv* A noble troop of strangers,  
For so they seem. They've left their barge and  
landed,  
And hither make as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes

*Wol* Good Lord Chamberlain,  
Go give 'em welcome, you can speak the French  
tongue,

And pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em  
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.  
[*Exit CHAMBERLAIN, attended. All rise,  
and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet but we'll mend  
it 61  
A good digestion to you all. And once more  
I shower a welcome on ye welcome all

*Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as masquers,  
habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD  
CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the CAR-  
DINAL and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

*Cham* Because they speak no English thus they  
prayed

To tell your Grace that having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks and under your fair con-  
duct 70

Craze leave to view these ladies and entreat  
An hour of revels with 'em

*Wol* Say Lord Chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace for which  
I pay 'em

A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their  
pleasures

*They choose Ladies for the dance. The KING  
chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

*King* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O  
beauty

Till now I never knew thee!

*Music. Dance.*

*Wol* My lord!

*Cham* Your Grace?

*Wol* Pray tell 'em thus much from me  
There should be one amongst 'em by his person  
More worthy this place than my self to whom

If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80  
I would surrender it

*Cham* I will, my lord

*Whispers the Masquers*

*Wol* What say they?

*Cham* Such a one, they all confess,

There is indeed, which they would have your  
Grace

Find out and he will take it

*Wol* Let me see, then

By all your good leaves, gentlemen here I'll  
make

My royal choice

*King* Ye have found him, Cardinal

*Unmasking*

You hold a fair assembly, you do well lord  
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you Cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily

*Wol* I am glad

Your Grace is grown so pleasant

*King* My Lord Chamberlain, 90

Prishee come hither. What fair lady's that?

*Cham* An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas  
Bullen's daughter—

The Viscount Rochford—one of her Highness'  
women

*King* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-  
heart,

I were unmannerly to take you out

And not to kiss you. A health gentlemen!

Let it go round

*Wol* Sir Thomas Lovell is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber?

*Lov* Yes, my lord

*Wol* Your Grace,

I fear with dancing is a little heated 100

*King* I fear too much

*Wol* There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber

*King* Lead in your ladies every one. Sweet  
partner

I must not yet forsake you let's be merry

Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen  
healths

To drink to these fair ladies and a measure

To lead 'em once again and then let's dream

Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it

[*Exeunt with trumpets*]

## ACT II

SCENE I Westminster a street

Enter TWO GENTLEMEN meeting

1st Gent. Whither away so fast?

2nd Gent.

O God sa

Even to the hall to hear what shall become

Of the great Duke of Buckingham

1st Gent I'll save you

That labour sir All is now done but the cere-

mony

Of bringing back the prisoner

2nd Gent Were you there?

1st Gent Yes indeed was I

2nd Gent Pray speak what has happen'd

1st Gent You may guess quickly what

2nd Gent Is he found guilty?

1st Gent Yes truly in he and condemn'd upon it

2nd Gent I am sorry for it

1st Gent So are a number more

2nd Gent But pray how pass'd it?

1st Gent I'll tell you in a little The great Duke

Came to the bar where to his accusations

He pleaded still not guilty and alleged

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law

The King's attorney on the contrary

Urg'd on the examinations proofs confessions

Of divers witnesses which the Duke desired

To have brought a sore to his face

At which appear'd against him his surveyor

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor and John Car-

Confessor to him with that devil monk

Hopkins that made this mischief

2nd Gent That was he

That fed him with his prophecies?

1st Gent The same

All these accused him strongly which he said

Would have flung from him but indeed he

could not

And so his peers upon this evidence

Have found him guilty of high treason Much

He spoke and learnedly for life but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten

2nd Gent After all this how did he bear him

self?

1st Gent When he was brought again to the bar

to hear

His knell rung out his judgment he was stirr'd

With such an agony he swear'd extremely

And something spoke in choler ill and hasty

But he fell to himself again and sweetly

In all the rest show'd a most noble patience

2nd Gent I do not think he fears death

1st Gent Sure he does not

He never was so womanish The cause

He may a little grieve at

2nd Gent Certainly

The Cardinal in the end of this

1st Gent 'Tis likely

By all conjectures first Kildare's attainer

Then deputy of Ireland who removed

Earl Surrey was sent thither and in haste too

I lest he should help his father

2nd Gent

That trick of state

Was a deep envious one

1st Gent At his return

No doubt he will require it This is noted

And generally whoever the King favours

The Cardinal instantly will find employment

And far enough from court too

2nd Gent All the commons

Hate him perniciously and in my conscience so

Wish him ten fathom deep This Duke as much

They love and dote on call him bounteous

Buckingham

The mirror of all courtesy—

1st Gent Stay there, sir

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment tip-*

*sta vs before him: the axe with the edge towards*

*him halberds on each side accompani'd with Sir*

*THOMAS LOVELL SIR NICHOLAS VAUX SIR WIL-*

*LIAM SANDS and common people*

2nd Gent Let's stand close and behold him

Buck All good people

You that thus far have come to pity me

I hear what I say and then go home and lose me

I have this day received a traitor's judgment

And by that name must die Yet heaven bear

witness

And if I have a conscience let it sink me

Even as the axe falls if I be not faithful

The law I bear no malice for my death

'T has done upon the premises but justice

But those that sought it I could wish more Chris-

tians

Be what they will I heartily forgive em

Yet let em look th' y glory not in mischief

Nor build their evils on the graves of great men

For then my guiltless blood must cry a'inst em

For further life in this world I ne'er hope

Nor will I sue although the King have mercies so

More than I dare make faults You few that

loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His noble friends and fellows whom to leave

Is only bitter to him only d'stroy

Go with me like good angels to my end

And as the long distance of steel falls on me

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice

And lift my soul to heaven Lead on, O God's

name

Lov I do beseech your Grace for charity

If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid a'gainst me now to forgive me frankly

Back Sir Thomas Lovell I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven I forgive all

There cannot be those numberless offences  
 Gaunst me that I cannot take peace with No  
 black envy  
 Shall mark my grave Commend me to his Grace,  
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
 You met him half in heaven My vows and  
 prayers

Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,  
 Shall cry for blessings on him May he live 90  
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!  
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,  
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*Low* To the water side I must conduct your  
 Grace,

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
 Who undertakes you to your end

*Vaux* Prepare there,  
 The Duke is coming See the barge be ready,  
 And fit it with such furniture as suits  
 The greatness of his person

*Buck* Nay Sir Nicholas 100  
 Let it alone my state now will but mock me  
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable  
 And Duke of Buckingham, now poor Edward  
 Bohun

Yet I am richer than my base accusers  
 That never knew what truth meant I now seal it  
 And with that blood will make em one day groan  
 for't

My noble father Henry of Buckingham  
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard  
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister  
 Being distress'd was by that wretch betray'd 110  
 And without trial fell, God's peace be with him!  
 Henry the Seventh succeeding truly pitying  
 My father's loss like a most royal prince  
 Restored me to my honours and out of ruins  
 Made my name once more noble Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth life honour name and all  
 That made me happy at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world I had my trial  
 And must needs say a noble one which makes

me  
 A little happier than my wretched father 120  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes both  
 Fell by our servants by those men we loved  
 most

A most unnatural and faithless service!  
 Heaven has an end in all yet you that hear me  
 Thus from a dying man receive as certain  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
 Be sure you be not loose for those you make  
 friends

And give your hearts to when they once per-  
 ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again 130  
 But where they mean to sink ye All good peo-  
 ple,

Pray for me! I must now forsake ye The last  
 hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me  
 Farewell!

And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell I have done, and God forgive  
 me! [*Exeunt DUKE and Tram*]

*1st Gent* O this is full of pity! Sir it calls,  
 I fear too many curses on their heads

That were the authors

*2nd Gent* If the Duke be guiltless,  
 'Tis full of woe Yet I can give you inkling 140  
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
 Greater than this

*1st Gent* Good angels keep it from us!  
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith,  
 sir?

*2nd Gent* This secret is so weighty 'twill re-  
 quire

A strong faith to conceal it

*1st Gent* Let me have it,  
 I do not talk much

*2nd Gent* I am confident,  
 You shall sir Did you not of late days hear  
 A buzzing of a separation  
 Between the King and Katharine?

*1st Gent* Yes but it held not,  
 For when the King once heard it out of anger 150  
 He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight  
 To stop the rumour and allay those tongues  
 That durst disperse it

*2nd Gent* But that slander sir,  
 Is found a truth now for it grows again  
 Fresher than ere it was and held for certain  
 The King will venture at it Either the Cardinal  
 Or some about him near have, out of malice  
 To the good Queen possess'd him with a scruple  
 That will undo her To confirm this too  
 Cardinal Campeus is arriv'd, and lately 160  
 As all think for this business

*1st Gent* 'Tis the Cardinal,  
 And merely to revenge him on the Emperor  
 For not bestowing on him at his asking  
 The archbishopric of Toledo this is purposed

*2nd Gent* I think you have hit the mark, but is 't  
 not cruel

That she should feel the smart of this? The Car-  
 dinal

Will have his will, and he must fall

*1st Gent* 'Tis woeful  
 We are too open here to argue this,  
 Let's think in private more [*Exeunt*]

SCENE II *An ante-chamber in the palace**Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN reading a letter*

*Cham* My lord the horses your lordship sent for with all the care I had I saw well chosen ridden and furnished They were young and handsome and of the best breed in the north When they were ready to set out for London a man of my Lord Cardinals by commission and main power took em from me with this reason His master would be served before a subject if not before the king which stopped our mouths sir

I fear he will indeed Well let him have them He will have all I think

*Enter to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK*

*Nor* Well met my Lord Chamberlain

*Cham* Good day to both your Graces

*Suf* How is the king employ'd?

*Cham* I left him private Full of sad thoughts and troubles

*Nor* What's the cause?

*Cham* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience

*Suf* No his conscience

Has crept too near another lady

*Nor* 'Tis so

This is the Cardinal's doing the king cardinal so That blind priest like the eldest son of Fortune Turns what he list The king will know him one day

*Suf* Pray God he do! He'll never know himself else

*Nor* How holily he works in all his business! And with what zeal for now he has crack'd the league

Between us and the Emperor the Queen's great nephew

He dives into the king's soul and there scatters

Dangers doubts warning of the conscience

Fears and despairs and all these for his marriage

And out of all these to restore the king

He counsels a divorce a loss of her

That like a jewel has hung twenty years

About his neck you never lost her lustre

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with even of her

That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls

Will bless the king And is not this course pious?

*Cham* Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true

These news are everywhere every tongue speaks em

And every true heart weeps for t All that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end The French king's sister Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes that so long have slept upon This bold bad man

*Suf* And free em from his slavery

*Nor* We had need pray

And heartily for our deliverance

Or this imperious man will work us all

From princes into pages All men's honours

Lie like one lump before him to be fashion'd

Into what pitch he please

*Suf* For me my lords

I love him not nor fear him there's my creed

As I am made without him so I'll stand

If the king please his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike they're breath I nor believe in

I knew him and I know him so I leave him

To him that made him proud the Pope

*Nor* Let's in

And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts that work too much

upon him

My lord you'll bear us company?

*Cham* Excuse me

The king has sent me otherwher besides

You'll find a most unfit time to I disturb him

Health to your lordships

*Nor* Thanks my good Lord Chamberlain

*(Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the KING draws the curtain and sits reading pensively)*

*Suf* How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted

*King* Who's there ha?

*Nor* Pray God he be not angry

*King* Who's there I say? How dare you thrust

yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who art thou ha?

*Nor* A gracious king that pardons all offences

Malice ne'er meant Our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate in which we come

To know your royal pleasure

*King* Ye are too bold

Go to I'll make ye know your times of business

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ha?

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPELLE with a commission*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my

Wolsey

The quet of my wounded conscience

Thou art a cure fit for a king [To CAMPEIUS]

You re welcome

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom,  
Use us and it [To WOLSEY] My good lord have  
great care

I be not found a talker

Wol Sir, you cannot

I would your Grace would give us but an hour 80  
Of private conference

King [To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK] We are busy,  
go

Nor [Aside to SUFFOLK] This priest has no pride  
in him?

Suf [Aside to NORFOLK] Not to speak of  
I would not be so sick though for his place

But this cannot continue

Nor [Aside to SUFFOLK] If it do,

I'll venture one have at him

Suf [Aside to NORFOLK] I another

[Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK]

Wol Your Grace has given a precedent of wis-  
dom

Above all princes in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom

Who can be angry now? What envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her, 90

Must now confess, if they have any goodness

The trial just and noble All the clerks,

I mean the learned ones in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices Rome the nurse of judge-  
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us this good man

This just and learned priest Cardinal Campeius,

Whom once more I present unto your Highness

King And once more in mine arms I bid him

welcome

And thank the holy conclave for their loves : 100

They have sent me such a man I would have

wish'd for

Cam Your Grace must needs deserve all stran-  
gers loves

You are so noble To your Highness hand

I tender my commission by whose virtue

This court of Rome commanding you my lord

Cardinal of York are join'd with me their serv-  
ant

In the impartial judging of this business

King Two equal men The Queen shall be ac-  
quainted

Forthwith for what you come Where's Gardi-  
ner?

Wol I know your Majesty has always loved  
her 110

So dear in heart not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her-

King Ay, and the best she shall have and my  
favour

To him that does best, God forbid else Cardinal,

Prithce call Gardiner to me my new secretary

I find him a fit fellow [Exit WOLSEY]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER

Wol [Aside to GARDINER] Give me your hand

Much joy and favour to you,

You are the King's now

Gard [Aside to WOLSEY] But to be commanded

For ever by your Grace whose hand has raised  
me

King Come hither Gardiner 121

Walks and whispers

Cam My Lord of York, was not one Doctor

Pace

In this man's place before him?

Wol Yes he was

Cam Was he not held a learned man?

Wol

Yes, surely

Cam Believe me there's an ill opinion spread  
then

Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal

Wol

How! of me?

Cam They will not stick to say you envied him,

And fearing he would rise he was so virtuous

Kept him a foreign man still which so grieved  
him

That he ran mad and died

Wol Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough, for living mur-  
murers 131

There's places of rebuke He was a fool

For he would needs be virtuous That good fellow,

If I command him follows my appointment

I will have none so near else Learn this brother,

We live not to be griped by meaner persons

King Deliver this with modesty to the Queen

[Exit GARDINER]

The most convenient place that I can think of

For such receipt of learning is Black Friars

There ye shall meet about this weighty business

My Wolsey see it furnish'd O, my lord 141

Would it not grieve an able man to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience con-  
science!

O tis a tender place, and I must leave her

[Exeunt]

SCENE III An ante-chamber of the Queen's  
apartments

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY

Anne Not for that neither Here's the pang that  
pinches



His highness having lived so long with her and she

So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing O now after  
So many courses of the sun enthroned  
Still growing in a majesty and pomp the which  
To leave a thousand fold more bitter than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire—after this process  
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity 10  
Would move a monster

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her

*Anne.* O God's will! much better  
She never had known pomp Though it be tem-  
poral

Yet if that quarrel fortune do divorce  
It from the bearer 'tis a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing

*Old L.* Alas poor lady!  
She is a stranger now again

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her Verily

I swear 'tis better to be lowly born  
And range with humble live'rs in content, 20  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief  
And wear a golden sorrow

*Old L.* Our content

Is our best having

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead  
I would not be a queen

*Old L.* Beshrew me I would  
And venture maidenhead for it and so would  
you

For all this spice of your hypocrisy  
You that have so fair parts of woman on you  
Have too a woman's heart which ever yet  
Affected eminence wealth sovereignty,  
Which to say sooth, are blessings and which  
gifts 30

Saving your mincing the capacity  
Of your soft che'erful conscience would receive  
If you might please to stretch it

*Anne.* Nay good troth  
*Old L.* Yes troth and troth you would not be  
a queen?

*Anne.* No not for all the riches under heaven

*Old L.* 'Tis strange A three pence bow'd would  
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it But I pray you  
What think you of a duchess? have you lumps  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No in truth

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made Pluck off a  
little 40

I would not be a young court in your way

For more than blushing comes to If your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy

*Anne.* How you do talk!

I swear again I would not be a queen

For all the world

*Old L.* In faith for little England

You'd venture an emballing I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire although there  
long'd

No more to the crown but that Lo who comes  
here?

*Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN*

*Cham.* Good morrow ladies What were it  
worth to know

The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand it values not your asking  
Our mistress sorrows we were pitying

*Cham.* It was a gentle business and becoming  
The action of good women There is hope

All will be well

*Anne.* Now I pray God amen!

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind and heavenly  
blessings

Follow such creatures That you may fair lady

Perceive I speak sincerely and high notes 50

Taken of your many virtues the King's Majesty

Commends his good opinion of you and

Does purpose honour to you no less flowing

Than Marchioness of Pembroke to which title

A thousand pound a year annual support

Out of his grace he adds

*Anne.* I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should render

More than my all is nothing nor my prayers

Are not words duly hallow'd nor my wishes

More worth than empty vanities yet prayers  
and wishes

Are all I can return Beseech your lordship 70

Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,

As from a blushing handmaid to his highness

Whose health and royalty I pray for

*Cham.* Lady

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit

The King hath of you *Anne.* I have perused

her well

Beauty and honour in her are mingled

That they have caught the King and who knows  
yet

But from this lady may proceed a gem

To brighten all this isle? Ill to the King

And say I spoke with you

*Exit LORD CHAMBERLAIN*

*Anne.* My honour'd lord 80

Old L. Why, this it is, see, see!  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could  
Come par betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds, and you, O fate!  
A very fresh fish here—fie, fie, fie upon  
Thus compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd  
up  
Before you open it

Anne This is strange to me  
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,  
no

There was a lady once, 'tis an old story, 90  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt Have you heard it?  
Anne Come, you are pleasant  
Old L. With your theme, I could  
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pem-  
broke!

A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!  
No other obligation! By my life,  
That promises more thousands, Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt By this time  
I know your back will bear a duchess Say,  
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne Good lady, 100  
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,  
And leave me out on't Would I had no being  
If this salute my blood a jot It faints me,  
To think what follows

The Queen is comfortless and we forgetful  
In our long absence Pray do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her

Old L. What do you think me?  
[Exit]

SCENE IV A hall in Black Friars

Trumpets sennet and correts Enter two Vergers,  
with short silver rods, next them, two SCRIBES,  
in the habit of doctors, after them the ARCH-  
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone, after him the  
BISHOPS OF LINCOLN ELA, ROCHESTER and  
SAINT ASAPH next them with some small dis-  
tance follow a Gentleman bearing the purse with  
the great seal, and a cardinal's hat, then two  
Priests bearing each a silver cross then a Gentle-  
man usher, bireheded, accompanied with a Ser-  
geant-at-arms bearing a silver mace then two  
Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars, after  
them six by six the two CARDINALS, two  
Noblemen with the sword and mace The KING  
takes place under the cloth of state the two CARDI-  
NALS sit under him as judges The QUEEN takes  
place some distance from the KING The Bishops  
place themselves on each side the court in manner  
of a consistory, below them, the Scribes The

Lords sit next the Bishops The rest of the Attend-  
ants stand in convenient order about the stage

Wol Whilst our commission from Rome is  
read,

Let silence be commanded

King What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd,

You may then, spare that time

Wol Be't so Proceed

Scribe Say, Henry King of England, come into  
the court

Crier Henry King of England, &c

King Here

Scribe Say, Katharine Queen of England, come  
into the court 11

Crier Katharine Queen of England, &c

The QUEEN makes no answer, rises out of her  
chair goes about the court, comes to the KING,  
and kneels at his feet, then speaks

Q Hath Sir, I desire you do me right and jus-  
tice

And to bestow your pity on me, for  
I am a most poor woman and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions, having here  
No judge indifferent nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding Alas sir,  
In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure 20  
That thus you should proceed to put me off  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven  
witness

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea subject to your countenance glad or sorry  
As I saw it inclined When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your  
friends

I have I not strove to love, although I knew 30  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him deriv'd your anger did I  
Continue in my liking? nay give notice  
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to  
mind

That I have been your wife in this obedience  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you If in the course  
And process of this time, you can report  
And prove it too against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock or my love and duty, 40  
Against your sacred person in God's name,  
Turn me away, and let the foulst contempt  
Shut door upon me and so give me up

To the sharp st kind of justice Please you sir  
 The king your father was reputed for  
 A prince most prudent of an excellent  
 And unmatched wit and judgement Ferdinand  
 My father king of Spain was reckon'd one  
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
 A year before It is not to be question'd 50  
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
 Of every realm that did debate this business  
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful wherefore I  
 humbly

*Beseech you sir to spare me till I may*  
 Be by my friends in Spain advised whose counsel  
 I will implore If not in the name of God  
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd

*Well* You have here, lady  
 And of your choice these reverend fathers men  
 Of singular integrity and learning  
 Yea the elect of the land who are assembled 60  
 To plead your cause It shall be therefore boot  
 less

That longer you desire the court as well  
 For your own quiet as to rectify  
 What is unsettled in the king

*Carr* His Grace  
 Hath spoken well and justly therefore madam  
 It is fit this royal session do proceed  
 And that without delay their arguments  
 Be now produced and heard

*Q Kath* Lord Cardinal  
 To you I speak

*Well* Your pleasure madam

*Q Kath* Sir  
 I am about to weep but thinking that 70  
 We are a queen or long have dream'd so certain  
 The daughter of a king my drops of tears  
 I'll turn to sparks of fire

*Well* Be patient yet

*Q Kath* I will when you are humble nay  
 before

Or God will punish me I do believe  
 Induced by potent circumstances that  
 You are mine enemy and make my challenge  
 You shall not be my judge for it is you  
 Have blown this coal between my lord and me  
 Which God's dew quench Therefore I say  
 again,

I utterly abhor yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge whom, yet once  
 more,

I hold my most malicious foe and think not  
 At all a friend to truth

*Well* I do profess  
 You speak not like yourself who ever yet  
 Have stood to charity and display'd the effects  
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

O'erthrowing woman's power Madam you do  
 me wrong

I have no spleen against you nor injustice  
 For you or any How far I have proceeded 80  
 Or how far further shall I warrant  
 By a commission from the consistory  
 Yea the whole consistory of Rome You charge  
 me

That I have blown this coal I do deny it  
 The king is present if it be known to him  
 That I gainsay my deed how may he wound  
 And worthily my falsehood's yes as much  
 As you have done my truth If he know  
 That I am free of your report he knows  
 I am not of your wrong Therefore in him 100  
 It lies to cure me and the cure is to  
 Remove these thoughts from you the which be-  
 fore

His Highness shall speak in I do beseech  
 You gracious madam to unthink your speaking,  
 And to say so no more

*Q Kath* My lord my lord  
 I am a simple woman much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning You're meek and  
 humble mouth'd

You sign your place and calling in full seeming  
 With meekness and humility but your heart  
 Is cramm'd with arrogance spleen and pride 110  
 You have by fortune and his Highness' favours  
 Gone slightly over low steps and now are  
 mounted

Where powers are your retainers and your  
 words

Domestics to you serve your will as I please  
 Yourself pronounce their office I must tell you  
 You tender more your person's honour than  
 Your high profession spiritual that again  
 I do refuse you for my judge and here  
 Before you all appeal unto the Pope  
 To bring my whole cause before his Holiness 120  
 And to be judged by him

*She returns to the king and offers to depart*

*Carr* The Queen is obstinate  
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it and  
 Disdainful to be tried by it This not well  
 She's going away

*King* Call her again

*Crier* Katharine Queen of England, come into  
 the court

*Grif* Madam you are call'd back

*Q Kath* What need you note it? pray you keep  
 your way

When you are call'd return Now the Lord help  
 They vex me past my patience Pray you, pass  
 on 130

I will not tarry no nor ever more

## KING HENRY VIII

SCENE IV

Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts

[*Exeunt QUEEN, and her Attendants*]

*King*  
That man 't the world who shall report he has  
A better wife let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that Thou art alone  
If thy rare qualities sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts 139  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,  
The queen of earthly queens She's noble born,  
And like her true nobility she has  
Carried herself towards me

*His* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your Highness  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears—for where I am robb'd and  
bound

There must I be unloosed although not there  
At once and fully satisfied—whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your Highness or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might 150  
Induce you to the question on 't or ever  
Have to you but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady, spake one the least word that  
might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*King* My Lord Cardinal,  
I do excuse you, yea, upon mine honour  
I free you from 't You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies that know not  
Why they are so but, like to village curs  
Bark when their fellows do By some of these 160  
The Queen is put in anger You're excused,  
But will you be more justified? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business never  
desired

It to be stirr'd but oft have hinder'd oft  
The passages made toward it On my honour  
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point  
And thus far clear him Now what mov'd me  
to 't

I will be bold with time and your attention  
Then mark the inducement Thus it came give  
heed to 't

My conscience first received a tenderness 170  
Scruple and prick on certain speeches utter'd  
By the Bishop of Bayonne then French ambassa-  
dor

Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary I the progress of this busi-  
ness

Was a determinate resolution he,

I mean the Bishop, did require a respite,  
Wherein he might the King his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate 179  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager  
Sometimes our brother's wife This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience enter'd me,  
Yea with a splitting power, and made to trem-  
ble

The region of my breast, which forced such way,  
That many mazed considerings did throng  
And press'd in with this caution First, me-  
thought

I stood not in the smile of Heaven who had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb  
If it conceived a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't than 190  
The grave does to the dead for her male issue  
Or died where they were made or shortly after  
This world had air'd them Hence I took a  
thought

This was a judgement on me that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir of the world should  
not

Be gladdened in 't by me Then follows that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fall and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200  
Toward this remedy whereupon we are  
Now present here together that's to say  
I meant to rectify my conscience—which  
I then did feel full sick and yet not well—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd First I began in private  
With you my Lord of Lincoln you remember  
How under my oppression I did reel  
When I first mov'd you

*I* In Very well my liege  
*King* I have spoke long Be pleased yourself to  
say

How far you satisfied me

*I* In So please your Highness  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't  
And consequence of dread that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt  
And did entreat your Highness to this course  
Which you are running here

*King* I then mov'd your  
My Lord of Canterbury and got your leave  
To make this present summons Unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court  
But by particular consent proceeded  
Under your hands and seals Therefore go on  
For no dislike the world against the person  
Of the good queen but the sharp thorny point

Of my alleged reasons drive this forward  
Prove but our marriage lawful by my life  
And kindly dignity we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her  
Katharine our queen before the primest crea-  
ture

That a paragon do the world

*Cam* So please your Highness 230

The Queen being absent 'tis a needful fitness

That we adjourn this court till further day

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queen to call back her appeal

She intends unto his Holiness

*Ham* [Aside] I may perceive

These Cardinals trifle with me I abhor

This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome

My learn'd and well beloved servant Crommer

Prishee return With this approach I know

My comfort comes along Break up the court!

I say set on

241

[Exeunt in winter as they entered]

### ACT III

SCENE 1 London The Queen's apartments

The QUEEN and her women as at work

*Q Kath* Take thy lute wench my soul grows  
sad with troubles

Sing and disperse 'em if thou canst Leave  
working

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees

And the mountain tops that freeze

Bow themselves when he did sing

To his music plants and flowers

Ever sprung as sun and showers

There had made a lasting spring

Everything that heard him play

Even the billows of the sea

10

I sung their heads and then lay by

In sweet music is such art

Killing care and grief of heart

Fall asleep or hearing die

Enter a GENTLEMAN

*Q Kath* How now?

*Gent* An please your Grace, the two great  
Cardinals

Wait in the presence

*Q Kath* Would they speak with me?

*Gent* They will dine say so my lady

*Q Kath* Pray their Graces

To come near [Exit GENTLEMAN] What can be  
their business

With me a poor weak woman fall n from fa-  
your?

20

I do not like their coming Now I think on't

They should be good men their affairs as right  
eous

But all hoods make not monks

Enter the two CARDINALS WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS

*Wol* Peace to your Highness!

*Q Kath* Your Graces find me here part of a  
housewife

I would be all against the worst may happen

What are your pleasures with me reverend  
lords?

*Wol* May it please you noble madam to with-  
draw

Into your private chamber we shall give you

The full cause of our coming

*Q Kath* Speak it here

There's nothing I have done yet of my own  
science

30

Deserves a censure Would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords I care not so much I am happy

Above a number if my actions

Were tried by every tongue every eye saw 'em,

Envy and base opinion set against 'em

I know my life so even If your business

Seek me out and that way I am wise in

Out with it boldly Truth loves open dealing

*Wol* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas reginae*  
*serenissima—*

41

*Q Kath* O good my lord no Latin

I am not such a truant since my coming

As not to know the language I have lived in

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange  
suspicious

Pray speak in English Here are some will thank  
you

If you speak truth for their poor mistress sake

10

Believe me, she has had much wrong Lord Car-  
dinal

The willing sin I ever yet committed

May be absolved in English

*Wol* Noble lady 50

I am sorry my integrity should breed

And service to his Majesty and you

So deep suspicion where all faith was meant

We come not by the way of accusation

To taint that honour every good tongue blesses

Not to betray you any way to sorrow

You have too much, good lady but to know

How you stand I minded in the weighty difference

Between the King and you and to deliver

Like free and honest men, our just opinions

60

And comforts to your cause

*Cam* Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature  
Zeal, and obedience he still bore your Grace,  
Forgetting, like a good man your late censure  
Both of his truth and him which was too far,  
Offers as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel

*Q Kath* [*Aside*] To betray me —  
My lords I thank you both for your good wills,  
Ye speak like honest men pray God ye prove  
so!

But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70  
In such a point of weight so near mine honour—  
More near my life, I fear—with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not I was set at work  
Among my maids full little God knows looking  
Either for such men or such business  
For her sake that I have been—for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness—good your Graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause  
Alas I am a woman, friendless hopeless! 80  
*Wol* Madam, you wrong the King's love with  
these fears

Your hopes and friends are infinite  
*Q Kath* In England  
But little for my profit Can you think lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, gainst his Highness  
pleasure,

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth my friends  
They that must weigh out my afflictions  
They that my trust must grow to live not here  
They are as all my other comforts far hence 90  
In mine own country, lords

*Cam* I would your Grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel

*Q Kath* How sir?  
*Cam* Put your main cause into the King's protection

He is loving and most gracious 'Twill be much  
Both for your honour better and your cause  
For if the trial of the law I errake ye  
You'll part away disgraced

*Wol* He tells you rightly  
*Q Kath* Ye tell me what ye wish for both—my  
ruin

Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet there sits a judge 100  
That no king can corrupt

*Cam* Your rage mistakes us

*Q Kath* The more shame for ye Holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul two reverend cardinal virtues  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye

Mend 'em, for shame, my lords Is this your  
comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries,  
I have more charity, but say, I warn'd ye  
Take heed for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at  
once 110

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye  
*Wol* Madam, this is a mere distraction,  
You turn the good we offer into envy  
*Q Kath* Ye turn me into nothing Woe upon ye  
And all such false professors! Would you have  
me—

If you have any justice any pity  
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas has banish'd me his bed already,  
His love, too long ago! I am old my lords, 120  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this

*Cam* Your fears are worse  
*Q Kath* Have I lived thus long—let me speak  
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?  
A woman I dare say without vain glory,  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the King? loved him next heaven?  
obey'd him? 130

Been out of fondness superstitious to him?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? tis not well lords  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,  
And to that woman when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour a great patience  
*Wol* Madam you wander from the good we  
aim at

*Q Kath* My lord I dare not make my self so  
guilty  
To give up willingly that noble title 140  
Your master wed me to Nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities

*Wol* Pray hear me  
*Q Kath* Would I had never trod this English  
earth  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces but heaven knows your  
hearts

What will become of me now wretched lady!  
I am the most unhappy woman living  
Alas poor wenchies where are now your for-  
tunes!

Slurwreck'd upon a kingdom where no pity  
No friends no hope no kindred weep for me  
Almost no grave allow'd me Like the lily 151  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd  
I'll hang my head and perish

If your Grace  
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest

You'd feel more comfort Why should we good lady

Upon what cause wrong you? alas our places  
The way of our profession is against it  
We are to cure such sorrows not to sow 'em  
For goodness sake consider what you do  
How you may hurt yourself ay utterly 160  
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage

The hearts of princes kiss obedience  
So much they love it but to stubborn spirits  
They swell and grow as terrible as storms  
I know you have a gentle noble temper  
A soul as even as a calm Pray think us  
Those we profess peace makers friends and servants

Corn Madam you'll find it so You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears A noble spirit  
As yours was put into you ever casts 170  
Such doubts as false come from it The King loves you

Beware you lose it not For us if you please  
To trust us in your business we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service

Q Kath Do what ye will my lords and pray forgive me

If I have used my self unmannerly  
You know I am a woman lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons  
Pray do my service to his Majesty  
He has my heart yet and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life Come reverend fathers 181

Bestow your counsels on me She says  
That little thought when she set foot here  
She should have bought her dignities so dear

[Exeunt]

SCENE II *Ante-chamber to the King's apartment*  
Enter the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK the DUKE OF SUFFOLK  
the EARL OF SURREY and the LORD CHANCELLER

Nor If you will now unite in your complaints  
And force them with a constancy the Cardinal  
Cannot stand under them If you omit  
The offer of this time I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain more new diseases

With these you bear already

Sir I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me  
Remembrance of my father in law the Duke  
To be revenged on him

Suf Which of the peers  
Have unconcern'd gone by him or at least 190  
Strangely neglected? When did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

Cham My lords you speak your pleasures  
What he deserves of you and me I know  
What we can do to him though now the time  
Gives way to us I much fear If you cannot  
Bar his access to the King never attempt  
Anything on him for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in his tongue

Nor O fear him not  
His spell in that is out The King hath found 20  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language No he's settled  
Not to come off in his displeasure

Sir  
I should be glad to hear such news in this  
Once every hour

Nor Believe it this is true  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy

Sir How came  
His practices to light?

Suf Most strangely  
Sir O how how?

Suf The Cardinal's letters to the Pope were  
carried 30  
And came to the eye of the King wherein was  
read

How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness  
To stay the judgement of the divorce for if  
It did take place I do quoth he perceive  
My King's tangled in affection to  
A creature of the Queen's Lady Anne Bullen

Sir Has the King this?

Suf Believe it  
Sir Will this work?

Cham The King in this perceives him how he  
crasts

And he does his own way But in this point  
All his tricks founder and he loses his physic  
After his patient's death The King already 41  
Hath married the fair lady

Sir Would he had  
Suf May you be happy in your wish my lord  
For I profess you have it

Sir Now all my joy  
Trace the conjunction!

*Suf* My amen to 't'  
*Nor* All men's'

*Suf* There's order given for her coronation  
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
 To some ears unrecounted But, my lords,  
 She is a gallant creature, and complete  
 In mind and feature I persuade me from her 50  
 Will fall some blessing to this land which shall  
 In it be memorized

*Sur* But will the King  
 Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?  
*The Lord forbid!*

*Nor* Marry, amen'  
*Suf* No, no

There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose  
 Will make this sting the sooner Cardinal Cam-  
 peius

Is stol'n away to Rome hath ta'en no leave,  
 Has left the cause o' the King unhandled and  
 Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,  
 To second all his plot I do assure you 60  
*The King* cried "Ha!" at this

*Cham* Now, God incense him,  
 And let him cry "Ha!" louder'

*Nor* But my lord,  
 When returns Cranmer?

*Suf* He is return'd in his opinions which  
 Have satisfied the King for his divorce,  
 Together with all famous colleges  
 Almost in Christendom Shortly I believe,  
 His second marriage shall be publish'd and  
 Her coronation Katharine no more  
 Shall be call'd Queen but Princess Dowager 70  
 And widow to Prince Arthur

*Nor* This same Cranmer's  
 A worthy fellow and hath ta'en much pain  
 In the King's business

*Suf* He has and we shall see him  
 For it an archbishop

*Nor* So I hear  
*Suf* 'Tis so  
*The Cardinal!*

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL*

*Nor* Observe observe, he's moody

*Wol* The packet Cromwell  
 Gave you the King?

*Crom* To his own hand in his bedchamber  
 Of Look'd he o' the inside of the paper? 80  
*Crom* Presently

He did unseal them and the first he view'd,  
 He did it with a serious mind a heed

Was in his countenance You he had

Attend him here this morning

*Wol* Is he ready

To come abroad?

*Crom* I think, by this he is

*Wol* Leave me awhile [*Exit CROMWELL*]

[*Aside*] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,  
 The French King's sister, he shall marry her  
 Anne Bullen! No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him  
 There's more in 't than fair visage Bullen!  
 No well no Bullens Speedily I wish  
 To hear from Rome The Marchioness of Pem-  
 broke! 90

*Nor* He's discontented

*Suf* May be he hears the King  
 Does what his anger to him

*Sur* Sharp enough

Lord for thy justice!

*Wol* [*Aside*] The late queen's gentlewoman, a  
 knight's daughter

To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's queen!  
 This candle burns not clear, 'tis I must snuff it,  
 Then out it goes What though I know her vir-  
 tuous

And well deserving? yet I know her for  
 A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to  
 Our cause that she should lie in the bosom of 100  
 Our hard ruled king Again there is sprung up  
 An heretic an arch one Cranmer one  
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,  
 And is his oracle

*Nor* He is vex'd at something

*Sur* I would twere something that would fret  
 the string  
 The master cord on's heart!

*Enter the KING reading of a schedule and LOVELL*

*Suf* The King the King!  
*King* What piles of wealth hath he accumu-  
 lated

To his own portion! and what expense by the  
 hour

Seems to flow from him! How is the name of  
 thrift

Does he rake this together! Now my lords 110  
 Saw you the Cardinal?

*Nor* My lord we have

Stood here observing him Some strange commo-  
 tion

Is in his brain he bites his lip and starts  
 Stops on a sudden looks upon the ground  
 Then lays his finger on his temple straight  
 Springs out into fast gait then stops again,  
 Strikes his breast hard and anon he casts  
 His eye against the moon In most strange pos-  
 tures

We have seen him set himself

*King* It may well be  
 There is a mutiny in his mind This morning, 120  
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,



As I required and wot you what I found  
There—on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth an inventory thus importing  
The several parcels of his plate his treasure  
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household which  
I find at such proud rate that it out speaks  
Possession of a subject

*Alor* It is Heaven's will  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet  
To bless your eye withal

*King* If we did think 130  
His contemplation were above the earth  
And fix'd on spiritual object he should still  
Dwell in his musings but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the moon not worth  
His serious considering

*King takes his seat. Whispers LOVELL, who goes to the CARDINAL.*

*Wal* Heaven forgive me!  
Ever God bless your Highness!

*King* Good my lord  
You are full of heavenly stuff and bear the inven-  
tory

Of your best graces in your mind the which  
You were now running over You have scarce  
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140  
To keep your earthly audit Sure in that  
I deem you an ill husband and am glad  
To have you therein my companion

*Wal* Sir  
For holy offices I have a time a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear to the state and nature does require  
Her times of preservation which perforce  
I her frail son amongst my brethren mortal  
Must give my tendance to

*King* You have said well  
*Wal* And ever may your Highness joke to-  
gether 150

As I will lend you cause my doing well  
With my well saying!

*King* 'Tis well said again  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well  
And yet words are no deeds My father loved  
you

He said he did and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might have come  
home,

But parted my present havings to bestow  
My bounties upon you

*Wal* [Aside] What should this mean? 160

*Sir* [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

*King* Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you tell me  
If what I now pronounce you have found true  
And if you may confess it say withal  
If you are bound to us or no What say you?  
*Wal* My sovereignty I confess your royal graces  
Shower'd on me daily have been more than  
could

My studied purposes requite which went  
Beyond all man's endeavours My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires 170  
Yet fill'd with my abilities Mine own ends  
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the state For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserv'd I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks  
My prayers to heaven for you my loyalty  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing  
Till death that winter kill it

*King* Fairly answer'd  
A loyal and obedient subject in 180  
Therein illustrated The honour of it  
Does pay the act of it as to the contrary  
The foulness is the punishment I presume  
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you  
My heart dropp'd love my power rain'd honour  
more

On you than any so your hand and heart  
Your brain and every function of your power  
Should notwithstanding that your bond of duty  
As where in love's particular be more  
To me your friend than any

*Wal* I do profess 190  
That for your Highness good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own, that am have and will  
be—

Though all the world should crack their duty to  
you

And throw it from their soul though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid—yet my duty  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood  
Should the approach of this wild river break  
And stand unshaken yours

*King* 'Tis nobly spoken  
Take notice lords he has a loyal breast 200  
For you have seen him open it Read o'er this

*Giving him papers*  
And after this And then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have

[Exit KING frowning upon CARDINAL  
WOLSEY The Nobles throng after  
him smiling and whispering

*Wal* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger is this? how have I reap'd it?  
He parted frowning from me as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes So looks the chafed lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,  
Then makes him nothing I must read this paper,  
I fear the story of his anger 'Tis so,  
This paper has undone me 'Tis the account 210  
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn to-  
gether

For mine own ends, indeed to gain the pope-  
dom,

And fee my friends in Rome O negligence!  
Fit for a fool to fall by What cross devil  
Made me put this main secret in the packet  
I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?  
No new device to beat this from his brains?  
I know 'twill stir him strongly, yet I know  
A way if it take right in spite of fortune  
Will bring me off again What's this? "To the  
Pope!" 220

The letter, as I live, with all the business  
I writ to s Holiness Nay then, farewell!  
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-  
ness,

And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more

*Re-enter to WOLSEY the DUKES OF NORFOLK and  
SUFFOLK the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD  
CHAMBERLAIN*

Nor Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal! who  
commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine yourself 230  
To Asher House my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his Highness

Wol Stay!

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot  
carry

Authority, so weighty

Who dare cross 'em  
Bearing the King's will from his mouth express-  
ly?

Wol Till I find more than will or words to do  
it

I mean your malice, know officious lords,

I dare and must deny it Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded envy 240

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses men of malice

You have Christian warrant for 'em, and no  
doubt

In time will find their fit rewards That seal,

You ask with such a violence, the King

Mine and your master, with his own hand gave  
me,

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness

Tied it by letters patents Now who'll take it?

Sur The King, that gave it  
Wol It must be himself, then 251

Sur Thou art a proud traitor priest  
Wol Proud lord thou liest

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so

Sur Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham my father in law

The heads of all thy brother cardinals

With thee and all thy best parts bound together,

Weigh'd not a hair of his Plague of your policy!

You sent me deputy for Ireland 260

Far from his succour from the King from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest  
him,

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe

Wol This and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

I answer is most false The Duke by law

Found his deserts How innocent I was

From any private malice in his end

His noble jury and foul cause can witness

If I loved many words lord I should tell you

You have as little honesty as honour 271

That in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the King my ever royal master

Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies

Sur By my soul

Your long coat priest protects you thou  
shouldst feel

My sword! the life blood of thee else My lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?

And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely, 280

To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,

Farewell nobility, let his Grace go forward

And dare us with his cap like larks

Wol All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach

Sur Yes that goodness

Of gleaming all the land's wealth into one

Into your own hands Cardinal by extortion

The goodness of your intercepted packets

You writ to the Pope against the King Your  
goodness

Since you provoke me shall be most notorious

My Lord of Norfolk as you are truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state 290

Of our despised nobility our issues,

Who if he live will scarce be gentlemen  
Produce the grand sum of his sins the articles  
Collected from his life I'll startle you  
Worse than the sacring bell when the brown  
wench

Lay kissing in your arms Lord Cardinal  
*Wol* How much methinks I could despise this  
man

But that I am bound in charity against it<sup>1</sup>  
*Nor* Those articles my lord are in the king's  
hand

But thus much they are foul ones  
*Wol* So much fairer 300

And spotless shall mine innocence arise  
When the king knows my truth

*Suf* This cannot save you  
I thank my memory I yet remember  
Some of these articles and out they shall  
Now if you can blush and cry guilty *Cardi*  
*nal*

You'll show a little honesty  
*Wol* Speak on, sir

I dare your worst objections If I blush  
It is to see a nobleman want manners

*Suf* I had rather want those than my head  
Have at you!

First that without the king's assent or knowl  
edge,

You've brought to be a legate by which power  
You main'd the jurisdiction of all bishops

*Nor* Then that in all your writ to Rome or else  
To foreign princes *Ego et Rex murus*

Was still inscribed in which you brought the  
king

To be your servant

*Suf* Then that without the knowledge  
Either of king or council when you went  
Ambassador to the Emperor you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal

*Suf* Item you sent a large commission 320  
To Gregory de Cassado to conclude

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,  
A league between his Highness and Ferrara

*Suf* That out of mere ambition, you have  
caused

Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin

*Suf* Then that you have sent innumerable sub-  
stance—

By what means got I leave to your own con-  
science—

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities to the mere undying

Of all the kingdom Many more there are 330  
Which, since they are of you and odious

I will not taint my mouth with

*Cham* O my lord,

Press not a falling man too far! His virtue  
His faults lie open to the laws let them  
Nor you correct him My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self

*Suf* I forgive him  
*Suf* Lord Cardinal the king's further pleasure  
is

Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine within this kingdom  
Fall into the compass of a *premunire* 340

That therefore such a writ be sued against you  
To forfeit all your goods lands tenements  
Chattels and whatsoever and to be

Out of the king's protection This is my charge  
*Nor* And so we'll leave you to your meditations

How to live better For your stubborn answer  
About the giving back the great seal to us

The king shall know it and no doubt shall  
thank you

So fare you well my little good Lord Cardinal  
*[Exeunt all but WOLSEY 350]*

*Wol* So farewell to the little good you bear me  
Farewell! a long farewell to all my greatness!

This is the state of man to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes to-morrow blossoms

And bears his blushing honours thick upon him  
The third day comes a frost a killing frost

And when he thinks good easy man full surely  
His greatness is a ripening nips his root

And then he falls as I do I have ventured  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders

This many summers in a sea of glory 360  
But far beyond my depth My high blown pride

At length broke under me and now has left me  
Weary and old with service to the mercy

Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me  
Vain pomp and glory of this world I hate ye

I feel my heart new open'd O how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!

There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin 369

More pain and fears than wars or women have  
And when he falls he falls like Lucifer

Never to hope again

*Enter CROMWELL, and starts amazed*

Why how now Cromwell!  
*Crom* I have no power to speak sir

*Wol* What amazed  
At my misfortune? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, as you weep  
I am fall'n indeed

*Crom* How does your Grace?

*Wol* Why well  
Never so truly happy my good Cromwell

I know myself now and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience The King has cured  
me, 380

I humbly thank his Grace, and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy too much honour  
O tis a burden Cromwell, tis a burden  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

*Crom* I am glad your Grace has made that right  
use of it

*Wol* I hope I have I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries and greater far  
Than my weak hearted enemies dare offer 390  
What news abroad?

*Crom* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the King

*Wol* God bless him!

*Crom* The next is that Sir Thomas More is  
chosen

Lord Chancellor in your place

*Wol* That's somewhat sudden,  
But he's a learned man May he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience that his  
bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!  
What more?

*Crom* That Cranmer is returned with welcome  
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury 401

*Wol* That's news indeed

*Crom* Last that the Lady Anne  
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open as his queen,  
Going to chapel and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation

*Wol* There was the weight that pull'd me down  
O Cromwell

The King has gone beyond me! All my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours 410  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles Go get thee from me, Crom-  
well

I am a poor fallen man unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master Seek the King  
That sun I pray may never set! I have told him  
What and how true thou art he will advance  
thee  
Some little memory of me will stir him—  
I know his noble nature—not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish now Good Cromwell  
Neglect him not make use now and provide 420

For thine own future safety

*Crom* O my lord  
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo  
So good so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord  
The King shall have my service, but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours

*Wol* Cromwell I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman 430  
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well,

And, when I am forgotten as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of say I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in  
A sure and safe one though thy master miss'd it  
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me 439  
Cromwell I charge thee fling away ambition  
By that sin fell angels how can man then  
The image of his Maker hope to win by it?  
Love thyself last Cherish those hearts that hate  
thee

Corruption wins not more than honesty  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace  
To silence envious tongues Be just and fear not  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's then if thou fall'st O

Cromwell  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King,  
And—pritchee lead me in 450

There take an inventory of all I have  
To the last penny 'tis the King's My robe,  
And my integrity to heaven is all  
I dare now call mine own O Cromwell Crom-  
well!

I had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my King he would not in mine age  
I have left me naked to mine enemies

*Crom* Good sir have patience  
*Wol* So I have Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell  
[Exeunt]

## ACT IV

## SCENE I A street in Westminster

Enter two Gentlemen meeting one another

1st Gent You're well met once again

2nd Gent So are you

1st Gent You come to take your stand here, and  
behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

and Cent 'Tis all my busine. At our last en-  
counter

The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial

1st Cent 'Tis a cry true. But that time offer'd  
sorrow

Thus general joy

2nd Cent 'Tis well. The citizens

I am sure have shewn at full their royal minds—

As let 'em have their rights they are ever for-  
ward—

In celebration of this day with shows

Pageants and sights of honour

1st Cent Never greater

Nor I'll assure you better taken sir

2nd Cent May I be bold to ask what that con-  
tains

That paper in your hand?

1st Cent Yes 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation

The Duke of Suffolk is the first and claims

To be High Steward next the Duke of Nor-  
folk

He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest

and Cent I thank you sir. Had I not known  
those customs

I should have been beholding to your paper

But I beseech you what's become of Katharine

The Princess. Do you say? how goes her business?

1st Cent That I can tell you too. The Arch-  
bishop

Of Canterbury accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order

Held a late court at Dunstable six miles off

From Amptull where the Princess lay to  
which

She was often cited by them, but appear'd  
not

And to be short for her appearance and

The King's late scruple by the main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorced

And the late marriage made of none effect

Since which she was removed to Lambolton

Where she remains now sick

2nd Cent Alas good lady!

Trumpets

The trumpets sound stand close the queen is

coming

Hautboys

#### THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1 A lively flourish of Trumpets

2 Then two Judges

3 Lord Chancellor with the purse and mace be-  
fore him

4 Clottiers singing

[Music

5 Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Gar-  
ner in his coat of arms and on his head a gilt  
copper crown

6 Marquess Dorset bearing a sceptre of gold on  
his head a ducal coronal of gold. With him the  
EARL OF SURREY bearing the rod of silver  
with the dove crowned with an earl's coronet  
Collars of SS

7 DUKE OF SUFFOLK in his robe of estate his  
coronet on his head bearing a long white wand  
as high steward. With him the DUKE OF  
NORFOLK with the rod of marshalship a cor-  
onet on his head. Collars of SS

8 A canopy borne by four of the Cinque ports  
under it the QUEEN in her robe in her hair  
richly adorned with pearl crowned. On the  
side her the Bishops of London and Win-  
chester

9 The old Duchess of Norfolk in a coronal of gold  
crowned with flowers bearing the Queen's  
train

10 Certain Ladies or Countesses with plain circlets  
of gold without flowers

They pass over the stage in order and state

2nd Cent A royal train believe me. These I  
know

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

1st Cent Marquess Dorset

And that the Earl of Surrey with the rod

2nd Cent A bold brave gentleman. That should  
be

The Duke of Suffolk?

1st Cent 'Tis the same High Steward

2nd Cent And that my Lord of Norfolk?

1st Cent

2nd Cent Heaven bless thee

Looking on the QUEEN

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on

Sir as I have a soul she is an angel

Our King has all the Indies in his arms

And more and richer when he strains that lady

I cannot blame his conscience

1st Cent They that bear

The cloth of honour over her are four barons

Of the Cinque ports

2nd Cent Those men are happy and so are all  
are near her

I take it she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady Duchess of Norfolk

1st Cent It is and all the rest are countesses

2nd Cent Their coronets say so. These are  
stars indeed

And sometimes falling ones

1st Cent No more of that

[Exit procession and then a great flourish  
of trumpets

*Enter a THIRD GENTLEMAN*

1st Gent God save you sir' where have you  
been broiling?

3rd Gent Among the crowd i' the Abbey, where  
a finger

Could not be wedged in more I am stuffed  
With the mere rankness of their joy

2nd Gent You saw  
The ceremony?

3rd Gent That I did  
in Gent

How was it? 60

3rd Gent Well worth the seeing  
2nd Gent

Good sir, speak it to us

3rd Gent As well as I am able The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen

To a prepared place in the choir fell off  
A distance from her, while her Grace sat down

To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely

The beauty of her person to the people  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman

That ever lay by man, which when the people 70  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud and to as many tunes Hats cloaks—

Doublets, I think—flew up and had their faces  
Been loose this day they had been lost Such joy

I never saw before Great bellied women  
That had not half a week to go like rams

In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make 'em reel before 'em No man living

Could say "This is my wife" there, all were  
women

So strangely in one piece

2nd Gent But what follow'd? 81

3rd Gent At length her Grace rose and with  
modest paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saint-  
like

Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly  
Then rose again and bow'd her to the people

When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen

As holy oil Lidw and Confessor's crown  
The rood and bird of peace, and all such emblems

Laid nobly on her, which perform'd the choir 90  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom

Together sung "Te Deum" So she parted  
And with the same full state paced back again

To York Place, where the feast is held

11 Gent Sir

You must no more call it York Place that's past  
For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost

'Tis now the King's and call'd Whitehall

3rd Gent I know it

But 'tis so lately alter'd that the old name  
Is fresh about me

2nd Gent What two reverend bishops  
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3rd Gent Stokesley and Gardiner, the one of  
Winchester, 10

Newly prefer'd from the King's secretary,  
The other London

2nd Gent He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer

3rd Gent All the land knows that  
However, yet there is no great breach, when it  
comes

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from  
him

2nd Gent Who may that be, I pray you?

3rd Gent Thomas Cromwell  
A man in much esteem with the King and truly  
A worthy friend The King has made him master  
Of the jewel house 111

And one already, of the privy council  
2nd Gent He will deserve more

3rd Gent Yes without all doubt  
Come gentlemen ye shall go my way which  
Is to the court and there ye shall be my guests  
Something I can command As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more

Both You may command us sir [Exeunt

# SCENE II Ambolton

*Enter KATHARINE Dowager, sick, led between  
GRIFFITH her gentleman usher, and PATIENCE,  
her woman*

Grif How does your Grace?

Kath O Griffith sick to death!  
My legs like loaden branches bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burthen Reach a chair,  
So now methinks I feel a little ease  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith as thou ledst  
me,

That the great child of honour Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

Grif Yes madam but I think your Grace  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't

Kath Prithee, good Griffith tell me how he  
died

If well he stepp'd before me, happily 10  
For my example

Grif Well the voice goes madam  
For after the stout Lord Northumberland  
Arrested him at York and brought him forward  
As a man sorely tainted to his answer  
He fell sick suddenly and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule

Kath Was poor man!

*Grif* At last with easy roads he came to  
Leicester  
Lodged in the abbey where the reverend abbot  
With all his convent honourably received him 19  
To whom he gave these words O father abbot  
An old man broken with the storms of state  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye  
Give him a little earth for charity  
So went to bed where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still and three nights after this  
About the hour of eight which he himself  
Foretold should be his last full of repentance,  
Continual meditations tears and sorrows  
He gave his honours to the world again 29  
His blessed part to heaven and slept in peace  
*Kath* So may he rest his faults lie gently on  
him!

Yet thus far Griffith give me leave to speak him  
And yet with charity He was a man  
Of an unbought stomach ever ranking  
Himself with princes one that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom Simon was fair play  
His own opinion was his law in the presence  
He would say untruths and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning He was never 40  
But where he meant to ruin pitiful  
His promises were as he then was mighty  
But his performance as he is now nothing  
Of his own bod he was ill and gave  
The clergy ill example

*Grif* Noble madam  
Men's evil manners live in brass their virtues  
We write in water May it please your High-  
ness

To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath* Yes good Griffith  
I were malicious else

*Grif* This Cardinal  
Thou'lt from an humble stock undoubtedly 49  
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle  
He was a scholar and a ripe and good one  
Exceeding wise fair spoken, and persuading  
Lofly and sour to them that loved him not  
But to those men that sought him sweet as sum-  
mer

And thou'lt he were unsatisfied in getting  
Which was a sin yet in bestowing madam  
He was most princely I ver witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford one of which fell with him  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it 60  
The other though unfish'd yet so famous  
So excellent in art and still so rising  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him  
For then, and not till then he felt himself

And found the blessedness of being little  
And to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him he died fearing God  
*Kath* After my death I wish no other herald  
No other speaker of my living actions 70  
To keep mine honour from corruption  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith  
Whom I most hated living thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty  
Now in his ashes honour Peace be with him!  
Patience be near me still and set me lower  
I have not long to trouble thee Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I named my knell whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to 80

*Sad and solemn music*

*Grif* She is asleep good wench let's sit down  
quieter

For fear we wake her Softly gentle Patience

*The vision* Enter solemnly tripping one after another six personages clad in white robes wearing on their heads garlands of lilies and golden wands on their faces branches of lilies or palm in their hands They first congees unto her then dance and at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head at which the other four make reverent curtsies then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two who observe the same order in their changes and hold one the garland over her head which done they deliver the same garland to the last two who likewise observe the same order at which as it were by inspiration she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing and holdeth up her hands to heaven and so in their dancing vanish carrying the garland with them The music continues

*Kath* Spirits of peace where are ye? are ye all gone

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif* Madam we are here

*Kath* It is not you I call for  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif* None madam

*Kath* No? Saw you not even now a blessed  
troop

Invite me to a banquet whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun?

They promised me eternal happiness 90

And brow'd me garlands Griffith which I feel

I am not worthy yet to wear I shall assuredly

*Grif* I am most joyful madam such good  
dreams

Possess your fancy

*Kath* Had the music leave  
They are harsh and heavy to me [Music ceases]

*Pat* Do you note  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
*Ho* A long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!  
*Gnf* She is going, wench Pray pray  
*Pat* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter a MESSENGER*

*Mess* Ant like your Grace—  
*Kath* You are a saucy fellow 100  
Deserve we no more reverence?  
*Gnf* You are to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour, go to kneel  
*Mess* I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon  
My haste made me unmannerly There is stay-  
ing  
A gentleman sent from the King to see you  
*Kath* Admit him entrance, Griffith but this  
fellow  
Let me ne'er see again

*[Exeunt GRIFFITH and MESSENGER]*

*Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the Em-  
peror  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius 110  
*Cap* Madam, the same, your servant  
*Kath* O, my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me But I pray  
you  
What is your pleasure with me?  
*Cap* Noble lady,  
First mine own service to your Grace the next,  
The King's request that I would visit you  
Who grieves much for your weakness and by  
me  
Sends you his princely commendations  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort  
*Kath* O my good lord that comfort comes too  
late 120  
Tis like a pardon after execution  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers  
How does his Highness?  
*Cap* Madam in good health  
*Kath* So may he ever do! and ever flourish  
When I shall dwell with worms and my poor  
name  
Fors'd the kingdom! Patience is that letter  
I ceased you write, yet sent away?  
*P* No madam

*Gr Griffith to KATHARINE*

*Kath* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
Thus to my lord the King  
*Cap* Most willing madam 130  
*Kath* In which I have commended to his good  
ness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daugh-  
ter,  
The dew of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding—  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope she will deserve well—and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved  
him  
Heaven knows how dearly My next poor peti-  
tion

Is that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women that so long 140  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully,  
Of which there is not one I dare avow,  
And now I should not lie but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage  
A right good husband let him be a noble  
And sure those men are happy that shall have  
'em

The last is for my men they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me 149  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by  
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life  
And able means we had not parted thus  
These are the whole contents and good my  
lord

By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the  
King

To do me this last right

*Cap* By heaven I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

*Kath* I thank you honest lord Remember me  
In all humility unto his Highness 161  
Say his long trouble now in passing  
Out of this world tell him in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will Mine eyes grow dim Farewell,  
My lord Griffith farewell Nay Patience,  
You must not leave me yet I must to bed  
Call in more women When I am dead good  
wench

Let me be used with honour Strew me over  
With maiden flowers that all the world may  
know

I was a chaste wife to my grave Embalm me, 170  
Then lay me forth Although unqueen'd yet like  
A queen and daughter to a king inter me  
I can no more *[Exeunt leading 1 A.]*



## ACT V

SCENE I *London a gallery in the palace*

*Enter GARDINER BISHOP OF WINCHESTER a PAGE with a torch before him met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

*Gar* It s one o'clock boy ■ ■ ■ nor?

*Boy* It hath struck.

*Gar* These should be hours for necessities  
Not for delights times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose and not for us  
To waste these times Good hour of night Sir  
Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lo* Came you from the King my lord?

*Gar* I did Sir Thomas and left him at primero  
With the Duke of Suffolk

*Lo* I must to him too

Before he go to bed I'll take my leave

*Gar* Not yet Sir Thomas Lovell What s the  
matter?

It seems you are in haste and if there be  
No great offence belongs to it give your friend  
Some touch of your late business Affairs that  
walk

As they say spirits do at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day

*Lo* My lord I love you

And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work The Queen s in  
labour

They say in great extremity and fear d  
She'll with the labour end

*Gar* The fruit she goes with 20

I pray for heartily that it may find

Good time, and live but for the stock Sir

Thomas

I wish it grubb'd up now

*Lo* Methinks I could

Cry the amen and yet my conscience says  
She s a good creature, and, sweet lady does  
Deserve our better wishes

*Gar* But sir sir

Hear me, Sir Thomas You re a gentleman  
Of mine own way I know you wise, religious  
And let me tell you it will ne'er be well

'Twill not Sir Thomas Lovell take it of me, 30  
Till Cranmer Cromwell her two hands and she  
Sleep in their graves

*Lo* Now sir you speak of two

The most remark'd the kingdom As for Crom-  
well

Beside that of the Jew of house, is made master  
Of the rolls and the King s secretary further  
sir

Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,

With which the time will load him The arch  
bishop

Is the King s hand and tongue and who dare  
speak

One syllable against him?

*Gar* Yes yes Sir Thomas  
There are that dare and I myself have ventured  
To speak my mind of him and indeed this day 41  
Sir I may tell it you I think I have  
Incensed the lords of the council that he is  
For so I know he is they know he is  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land with which they  
moved

Have broken with the King who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint of his great grace  
And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him hath commanded 50  
To-morrow morning to the council board  
He be convented He s a rank weed Sir Thomas  
And we must root him out From your affairs  
I hinder you too long Good night Sir Thomas

*Lo* Many good nights my lord I rest your  
servant [*Exeunt GARDINER and PAGE*]

*Enter the KING and SUFFOLK*

*King* Charles I will play no more to-night  
My mind s not on it you are too hard for me

*Suf* Sir I did never win of you before

*King* But little, Charles

Nor shall not when my fancy s on my play 60  
Now Lovell from the Queen what is the news?

*Lo* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message who return'd her thanks  
In the great st humbleness and desired your  
Highness

Most heartily to pray for her

*King* What say st thou ha?

To pray for her? what is she crying out?

*Lo* So said her woman and that her suffer-  
ance made

Almost each pang a death

*King* Alas good lady!

*Suf* God safely quit her of her burthen, and  
With gentle travail to the gladding of 71  
Your Highness with an heir!

*King* 'Tis midnight, Charles  
Prithce, to bed and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen Leave me alone  
For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to

*Suf* I wish your Highness  
A quiet night and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers

*King* Charles good night [*Exit SUFFOLK*]

*Enter* SIR ANTHONY DENNY

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den* Sir I have brought my lord the arch-  
bishop,

As you commanded me

*King* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den* Ay, my good lord

*King* 'Tis true where is he, Denny?

*Den* He attends your Highness' pleasure

*King* Bring him to us

[*Exit* DENNY

*Lov* [*Aside*] This is about that which the bishop

spak

I am happily come hither

*Re-enter* DENNY, with CRANMER

*King* Avoid the gallery [*LOVELL seems to stay*]

Ha! I have said Be gone

What! [*Exeunt* LOVELL and DENNY

*Cran* [*Aside*] I am fearful Wherefore frowns  
he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror All's not well

*King* How now, my lord! you do desire to  
know

Wherefore I sent for you

*Cran* [*Kneeling*] It is my duty

To attend your Highness' pleasure

*King* Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury

Come, you and I must walk a turn together,

I have news to tell you Come, come give me  
your hand

Ah my good lord I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows

I have, and most unwillingly of late

Heard many grievous I do say, my lord

Grievous complaints of you, which, being con-

sider d

Have moved us and our council that you shall

This morning come before us where I know

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself

But that, till further trial in those charges

Which will require your answer you must take

Our patience to you and be well contented

To make your house our Tower You a brother

of us,

Fit we thus proceed or else no witness

Could come against you

*Cran* [*Kneeling*] I humbly thank your High-

ness

And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Not thorough to be winnow'd where my chaff

And corn shall fly asunder for I know

There's none stands under more calumnious

tongues

Than I myself, poor man

*King* Stand up, good Canterbury

Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted

In us, thy friend Give me thy hand stand up

80 Prithee, let me walk Now, by my holidame

What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd

You would have given me your petition that

I should have ta'en some pains to bring together

Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard

you,

Without indurance further

*Cran* Most dread liege,

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty

If they shall fail I, with mine enemies

Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not

Being of those virtues vacant I fear nothing

What can be said against me

*King* Know you not

How your state stands i' the world with the

whole world?

Your enemies are many, and not small, their

practices

Must bear the same proportion, and not ever

129 The justice and the truth o' the question carries

The due o' the verdict with it At what case

Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

To swear against you? such things have been

done

You are potently opposed and with a malice

Of as great size Ween you of better luck

I mean in perjured witness than your master,

Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived

Upon this naughty earth? Go to go to

You take a precipice for no leap of danger,

And woo your own destruction

*Cran* God and your Majesty

Protect mine innocence or I fall into

141 The trap is laid for me!

*King* Be of good cheer

They shall no more prevail than we give way to

Keep comfort to you, and this morning see

You do appear before them If they shall chance,

In charging you with matters to commit you

The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with that vehemency

The occasion shall instruct you If entreaties

Will render you no remedy this ring

150 Deliver them and your appeal to us

There make before them Look the good man

weeps!

He's honest on mine honour God's blest mother!

I swear he is true-hearted and a soul

None better in my kingdom Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you [*Exit* CRANMER] He

has strangled

His language in his tears

*Enter OLD LADY LOVELL following*

*Gent* [Within] Come back! What mean you?

*OLL* I'll not come back the time that I bring

Will make my holiness minners Now good an els

I'll over thy royal head and shade thy person 160  
Under their blessed wings!

*King* Now by thy looks

I guess thy message Is the Queen deliver'd?

*Say* ay and of a boy

*OLL* Ay ay my liege

And of a lovely boy The God of heaven

Both now and ever bless her! tis a girl

Promises boys hereafter Sir your queen

Desires your visitation and to be

Acquainted with this stranger Tis as like you

As cherry is to cherry

*King* Lovell!

*Lov* Sir?

*King* Give her an hundred marks I'll to the

Queen [Exit]

*OLL* An hundred marks! By this light I'll ha

more 171

An ordinary groom is for such payment

I will have more or scold it out of him

Said I for this the girl was like to him?

I will have more or else unsay it and now

While it is hot I'll put it to the issue

[Exit]

SCENE II Before the council chamber

*Turn in his Pages &c sitting*

*Enter CRAMMER ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY*

*Cram* I hope I am not too late and yet the gentleman

That was sent to me from the council pray'd me

To make great haste Al fast? what means this?

[Exit]

Who waits there? Sure you know me?

*Enter KEEPER*

*Keep* Yes my lord

But yet I cannot help you

*Cram* Why?

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS*

*Keep* Your Grace must wait till you be call'd

for

*Cram* So

*Butts* [Aside] This is a piece of malice I am

glad

I came this way so happily The King

Shall understand it presently

*Cram* [Aside] Tis Butts

[Exit]

10

The kin's physician as he pass'd along

How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!

I say heaven be sound not my disgrace! For certain

This is of purpose said by some that hate me—  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice—

To quench mine honour They would shame to make me

Wait else at door a fellow counsellor

Among boys' grooms and lackeys But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd and I attend with patience

*Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above*

*Butts* I'll show your Grace the stranger as he—

*King* What's that Butts? 20

*Butts* I think your Highness saw this many a day

*King* Body o me where is it?

*Butts* There my lord

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury

Who hold his state at door-monks' pursuivants

Pages and footboys

*King* Ha! tis he indeed

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above em yet I ha!

thought

They ha! parted so much honesty among em

At least good manners as not thus to suffer

A man of his place and so near our favour 30

To lance attendance on their lordships' pleasures

And at the door too like a post with packets

By holy Mary Butts there's knavery

I let em alone and draw the curtain close

We shall hear more anon [Exit]

SCENE III The Council chamber

*Enter LORD CHANCELLOR places himself at the*

*upper end of the table on the left hand a seat being*

*left void above him as for CANTERBURY & BISHOP*

*OF SUFFOLK & LORD OF NORFOLK & BISHOP*

*LORD CHAMBERLAIN & CLERK seat themselves*

*in order on each side CROMWELL at the right end at*

*secretary KEEPER at the door*

*Chm* Speak to the business master secretary

Why are we met in council?

*Crom*

Please your honour

The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canter

*Lov*

*Car* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom*

Yes

*Nor*

Who waits there?

*Keep* Without my notice for!

*Car*

[Exit]

*Keep*

My Lord Archbishop

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures

*Cran* Let him come in

*hap* Your Grace may enter now

*CRANMER enters and approaches the council table*

*Cran* My good Lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present and behold

That chair stand empty, but we all are men, 10

In our own natures frail and capable

Of our flesh few are angels out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us

Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little

Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains

For so we are inform'd with new opinions,

Divers and dangerous which are heresies,

And not reform'd may prove pernicious 19

*Gar* Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords for those that tame wild horses

Pace em not in their hands to make em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and

spur em,

Till they obey the manage If we suffer,

Out of our easiness and childish pity

To one man's honour this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic, and what follows then?

Commotions uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state as, of late days, our neigh-

bours,

The Upper Germany, can dearly witness 30

Yet freshly pitied in our memories

*Cran* My good lords, hitherto in all the progress -

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority

Went one way and safely, and the end

Was ever to do well Nor is there living

I speak it with a single heart my lords

A man that more detests more stirs against

Each in his private conscience and his place, 40

Defacers of a public peace than I do

Pray heaven, the King may never find a heart

With less allegiance in it Men that make

Foul and crooked malice nourishment

Do elude the best I do beseech your lordships

That in this case of justice my accusers

For what they will may stand forth face to

face

And I feel urge against me

*Sir* Nay my lord

You cannot be You are a counsellor

And by this virtue no man dare accuse you 50

*Gar* My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you 'Tis his Highness' pleasure

And our consent, for better trial of you

From hence you be committed to the Tower,

Where being but a private man again

You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,

More than I fear, you are provided for

*Cran* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester I thank you

You are always my good friend if your will pass

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror 60

You are so merciful I see your end

'Tis my undoing Love and meekness lord

Become a churchman better than ambition

Win straying souls with modesty again

Cast none away That I shall clear myself

Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience

I make as little doubt as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs I could say more

But reverence to your calling makes me modest

*Gar* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary, 70

That's the plain truth Your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness

*Cran* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,

By your good favour too sharp men so noble,

However faulty yet should find respect

For what they have been 'Tis a cruelty

To load a falling man

*Gir* Good master secretary,

I cry your honour mercy you may worst

Of all this table say so

*Cran* Why my lord?

*Gar* Do not I know you for a favourer 80

Of this new sect? ye are not sound

*Cran* Not sound?

*Gir* Not sound I say

*Cran* Would you were half so honest?

Men's prayers then would seek you not their fears

*Gir* I shall remember this bold language

*Cran* Do

Remember your bold life too

*Cran* This is too much,

Forbear for shame my lords

*Gar* I have done

*Cran* And I

*Cran* Then thus for you my lord it stands

agreed

I take it by all voices that forthwith

You be committed to the Tower a prisoner

There to remain till the King's further pleasure

Be known unto us Are you all agreed lords? 91  
*All* We are  
*Cran* Is there no other way of mercy  
 But I must needs to the Tower my lords?  
*Gar* What other  
 Would you expect? you are strangely trouble-  
 some  
 Let some of the guard be ready there

*Enter GUARD*

*Cran* For me?  
 Must I go like a traitor thither?  
*Gar* Receive him  
 And see him safe to the Tower  
*Cran* Stay good my lords  
 I have a little yet to say Look there my lords  
 By virtue of that ring I take my cause  
 Out of the grips of cruel men and give it 100  
 To a most noble judge the King my master  
*Cham* This is the King's ring  
*Sur* 'Tis no counterfeit  
*Suf* 'Tis the right ring by heaven I told ye all  
 When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling  
 'T would fall upon ourselves  
*Nor* Do you think my lords  
 The King will suffer but the little honour  
 Of this man to be vex'd?  
*Cham* 'Tis now too certain  
 How much more is his life in value with him?  
 Would I were fairly out on't!  
*Crom* My mind gave me  
 In seeking tales and informations 110  
 Against this man whose honesty the devil  
 And his disciples only envy at  
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye Now have at ye!

*Enter KING following on them takes his seat*

*Gar* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
 to heaven  
 In daily thanks that gave us such a prince  
 Not only good and wise, but most religious  
 One that in all obedience makes the church  
 The chief aim of his honour and to strengthen  
 That holy duty out of dear respect  
 His royal self in judgment come to hear 120  
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender  
*King* You were ever good at sudden commen-  
 dations,  
 Bishop of Winchester But know I come not  
 To hear such flattery now and in my presence  
 They are too thin and bare to hide offences  
 To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel  
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win  
 me  
 But whatsoe'er thou takest me for I'm sure  
 Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody

[To CRANMER] Good man sit down Now let me  
 see the proudest 130  
 He, that dares most but wag his finger at thee  
 By all that's holy he had better starve  
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not  
*Sur* May it please your Grace—  
*King* No sir it does not please me  
 I had thought I had had men of some understand-  
 ing  
 And wisdom of my council but I find none  
 Was it discretion lords to let this man,  
 This good man—few of you deserve that title—  
 This honest man wait like a lousy footboy 139  
 At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?  
 Why what a shame was this! Did my commis-  
 sion  
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye  
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him  
 Not as a groom There's some of ye I see,  
 More out of malice than integrity  
 Would try him to the utmost had ye mean  
 Which ye shall never have while I live  
*Cham* Thus far  
 My most dread sovereign may it like your Grace  
 To let my tongue excuse all What was pur-  
 posed  
 Concerning his imprisonment was rather 150  
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial  
 And fair purgation to the world than malice  
 I'm sure in me  
*King* Well well my lords respect him  
 Take him and use him well he's worthy of it  
 I will say thus much for him if a prince  
 May be beholden to a subject I  
 Am for his love and service so to him  
 Make me no more ado but all embrace him  
 Be friends for shame, my lords! My Lord of  
 Canterbury 160  
 I have a suit which you must not deny me  
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants bap-  
 tism  
 You must be godfather and answer for her  
*Cran* The greatest monarch now alive may  
 glory  
 In such an honour How may I deserve it  
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?  
*King* Come come my lord you'd spare your  
 spoons You shall have two noble partners with  
 you the old Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Mar-  
 quess Dorset Will these please you? 170  
 Once more my Lord of Winchester I charge  
 you  
 Embrace and love this man  
*Gar* With a true heart  
 And brother love I do it  
*Cran* And let Heaven

Witness how dear I hold this confirmation  
 King Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
 true heart.  
 The common voice, I see, is verified  
 Of thee, which says thus "Do my Lord of Can-  
 terbury  
 A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever  
 Come, lords, we trifle time away, I long  
 To have this young one made a Christian. 180  
 As I have made ye one, lords one remain  
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain  
 [Exeunt

SCENE IV *The palace yard*

Noise and tumult within Enter PORTER  
 and his MAN

Port You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals  
 Do you take the court for Paris-garden? Ye rude  
 claves leave your gaping  
 [Within] Good master porter, I belong to the  
 ladder

Port Belong to the gallows and be hanged ye  
 rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen  
 crab-tree staves and strong ones, these are but  
 switches to 'em I'll scratch your heads You  
 must be seeing christenings do you look for ale  
 and cakes here, you rude rascals 11

Man Pray, sir be patient 'Tis as much impos-  
 sible—

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with can-  
 nons—

To scatter 'em as 'tis to make 'em sleep  
 On May-day morning which will never be  
 We may as well push against Powles as stir  
 'em

Port How got they in, and be hang'd?  
 Man Alas, I know not, how gets the tide in?  
 As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—  
 You see the poor remainder—could distribute, —0  
 I made no spare, sir

Port You did nothing sir  
 Man I am not Samson nor Sir Guy nor Col  
 brand,

To mow 'em down before me but if I spared any  
 That had a head to hit either young or old  
 He or she, cuckold or cuckold maker,  
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chime again  
 And this I would not for a cow God save her!

[Within] Do you hear master porter?

Port I shall be with you presenly good master 50

Ppp Keep the door close sirrah

Man What would you have me do?

Port What should you do but knock 'em down  
 like the dozens Is this Moorfields to muster in?  
 Or have we some strange Indian with the great  
 tool come to court, the women so bestre us?

Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door!  
 Or my Christian conscience, this one christening  
 will beget a thousand here will be father, god-  
 father and all together 39

Man The spoons will be the bigger, sir There  
 is a fellow somewhat near the door he should be  
 a brazier by his face, for o my conscience, twen-  
 ty of the dog-das now reign in s nose, all that  
 stand about him are under the line, they need no  
 other penance That fire-drake did I hit three  
 times on the head and three times was his nose  
 discharged against me he stands there, like a  
 mortar pece, to blow us There was a haberd-  
 dasher's wife of small wit near him that railed  
 upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her  
 head, for kindling such a combustion in the stare  
 I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman  
 who cried out Clubs! when I might see from  
 far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour,  
 which were the hope o the Strand where she  
 was quartered They fell on I made good my  
 place At length they came to the broomstaff to  
 me I defied 'em still when suddenly a file of  
 boys behind 'em loose shot delivered such a  
 shower of pebbles that I was fain to draw mine  
 honour in and let 'em win the work The devil  
 was amongst 'em I think surely

Port These are the youths that thunder at a  
 playhouse, and fight for bitten apples, that no  
 audience but the tribulation of Tower hill or the  
 limbs of Lambhouse their dear brothers, are able  
 to endure I have some of 'em in *I mbo Patrum*  
 and there they are like to dance these three days,  
 besides the running banquet of two beadles that  
 is to come 70

## Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN

Cham Mercy n me what a multitude are here!  
 They grow still too from all parts they are com-  
 ing

As if we kept a fair here! Where are these por-  
 ters

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand  
 fellows

There's a trim rabble let in Are all these  
 Your faithful friends o the suburbs? We shall  
 have

Great store of room no doubt left for the ladies  
 When they pass back from the christening

Port An't please your honour

We are but men and what so many may do  
 Not being torn a pieces we have done 80

An army cannot rule 'em

Cham As I live  
 If the King blame me for it I'll lay ye all  
 By the heels and suddenly and on your head!

Clap round fines for neglect Ye are lazy knaves  
 And here ye lie baiting of bombards when  
 Ye should do service Hark! the trumpets sound  
 They re come already from the christening  
 Go break among the press and find a way out  
 To let the troop pass fairly or I'll find  
 A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two  
 months 90

Port Make way there for the Princess  
 Min You great fellow  
 Stand close up or I'll make your head ache  
 Port You the carmel get up o the rail  
 I'll peck you o'er the pales else [Exeunt

SCENE V The palace

Enter trumpets sounding, then two ALDERMEN  
 LORD MAJOR GARTER CRANNIER DUKE OF NOR  
 FOLK with his marshal's staff DUKE OF SUFFOLK  
 two Noblemen bearing great stunnin' bowls for  
 the christenin' gifts then four Noblemen bearing  
 a canopy under which the Duchess of Norfolk  
 go mother bearing the child richly habited in a  
 mantle &c train borne by a Lady then follows  
 the Matchworn Dorset the other godmother and  
 La lies The troop pass once about the stage and  
 GARTER speaks

Gart Heaven from thy endless goodness send  
 prosperous life long and ever happy to the high  
 and mighty Princess of England Elizabeth!

Flourish Enter KING and GUARD

Cran [Kneeling] And to your royal Grace and  
 the good queen  
 My noble partners and myself thus pray  
 All comfort joy in this most gracious lady  
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy  
 May hourly fall upon ye!

King Thank you good Lord Archbishop  
 What is her name?

Cran Elizabeth  
 King Stand up lord 10

The KING kisses the child  
 With this kiss take my blessing God protect  
 thee!

Into whose hand I give thy life

Cran Amen

King My noble gossips ye have been too  
 prodigal

I thank ye heartily so shall this lady  
 When she has so much English

Cran Let me speak sir  
 For heaven now bids me an I the words I utter  
 Let none think flattery for they'll find'em truth  
 This royal infant—heaven's will move about  
 her —

Though in her cradle yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings 20  
 Which time shall bring to ripeness She shall  
 be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—  
 A pattern to all princes living with her  
 And all that shall succeed Saba was never  
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
 Than this pure soul shall be All princely  
 graces

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is  
 With all the virtues that attend the good  
 Shall still be doubled on her Truth shall nurse  
 her

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her 30  
 She shall be loved and feared her own shall bless  
 her

Her foe shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow Good grows  
 with her

In her days every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine what he plants and sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours  
 God shall be truly known and those about her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour  
 And by those claim their greatness not by  
 blood

Nor shall this peace sleep with her but as when  
 The bird of wonder dies the mai le phoenix 40  
 Her ashes new create another heir  
 As great in admiration as herself  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one  
 When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
 darkness

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
 Shall star like rise as great in fame as she was  
 And so stand fix'd Peace plenty love truth  
 terror

That were the servants to this chosen infant  
 Shall then be his and like a vine grow to him 50  
 Wheresoever the bright sun of heaven shall shine  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be and make new nations He shall flourish

And like a mountain cedar reach his branches  
 To all the plains about him Our children's chil  
 dren

Shall see this and bless Heaven

King Thou speakest wonder

Cran She shall be to the happiness of England  
 An adorned princess many days shall see her  
 An I yet no day without a deed to crown it 55  
 Would I had known no more! but she must die  
 She must the saints must have her yet a virgin  
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
 To the ground and all the world shall  
 her

*King* O Lord Archbishop,  
 Thou hast made me now a man' never, before  
 This happy child did I get any thing  
 This oracle of comfort has so pleased me  
 That when I am in heav'n I shall desire  
 To see what this child does, and praise my  
     Maker  
 I thank ye all To you my good Lord Mavor, 70  
 And your good brethren, I am much beholding,  
 I have received much honour by your presence,  
 And ye shall find me thankful Lead the way,  
     lords  
 We must all see the Queen and she must thank  
     ye,  
 She will be sick else This day, no man think  
 Has business at his house, for all shall stay  
 This little one shall make it holiday     [*Exeunt*]

## EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
 All that are here Some come to take their ease  
 And sleep an act or two, but those we fear,  
 We have frighted with our trumpets, so 'tis  
     clear  
 They'll say 'tis naught others to hear the city  
 Abused extremely and to cry 'That's witty'  
 Which we have not done neither That, I fear,  
 All the expected good we're like to hear  
 For this play at this time is only in  
 The merciful construction of good women 10  
 For such a one we show'd em If they smile,  
 And say 'twill do I I now within a while  
 All the best men are ours for 'tis ill hap  
 If they hold when their ladies bid em clap



# SONNETS

☞  
TO THE ONLIE REGITTER OF  
THESE INSUING SONNETS  
MR W H ALL HAPPINESSE  
AND THAT ETERNITIE  
PROMISED BY  
OUR EVR LIVING POET  
WISHETH  
THE WLL WISHING  
ADVENTURER IN  
SETTING  
FORTH

T T

I

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase  
That thereby beauty's rose might never die  
But as the ripen should by time decrease,  
His tender heir might bear his memory  
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes  
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial  
fuel

Making a famine where abundance lies  
Thy self thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel  
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament  
And only herald to the gaudy spring  
Within thine own buduriest thy content  
And tender churl makest waste in niggarding  
Pity the world, or else this glutton be  
To eat the world's due by the grave and thee

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow  
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field  
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now  
Will be a tattered weed of small worth held  
Then being asked here all thy beauty lies  
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days  
To say within thine own deep-unkenned eyes  
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise  
How much more praiseworthy thy beauty's  
use

If thou couldst answer This fair child of mine  
Shall um my count and make my old excuse  
Proclaim his beauty by succession time!  
Thus were to be new made when thou art old  
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it  
cold

III

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest  
Now is the time that face should form another  
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest  
Thou dost beguile the world unless some  
mother

For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb  
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?  
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb  
Of his self-love to stop posterity?  
Thou art thy mother's glass and she in thee  
Calls back the lovely April of her prime  
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see  
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time  
But if thou live remember'd not to be  
Die single and thine image dies with thee

IV

Unthrifty loveliness why dost thou spend  
Upon thy self thy beauty's legacy?  
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend  
And being frank she lends to those are free  
Then beauteous niggard why dost thou  
abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give?  
Profitless usurer why dost thou use  
So great a sum of sums yet canst not live?  
For having traffic with thy self alone  
Thou of thy self thy sweet self dost deceive  
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone  
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?  
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with  
thee  
Which used lives th executor to be

V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame  
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell  
Will play the tyrants to the very same  
And that unfair which fairly doth excel  
For never resting time leads summer on  
To hideous winter and confounds him there  
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite  
gone

Beauty o'er-snow'd and bareness every  
where

Then were not summer's distillation left  
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass  
Beauty's effect with beauty were here  
Not it nor no remembrance what it was

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter  
meet,  
Leese but their show, their substance still lives  
sweet

## VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface  
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd  
Make sweet some vial, treasure thou some place  
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd  
That use is not forbidden usury  
Which happies those that pay the willing loan,  
That's for thyself to breed another thee,  
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one,  
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,  
If ten of thine ten times figur'd thee  
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,  
Leaving thee living in posterity?  
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair  
To be death's conquest and make worms thine  
heir

## VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light  
Lifts up his burning head each under eye  
Doth homage to his new appearing sight  
Serving with looks his sacred majesty,  
And having clim'd the steep- up heavenly hill,  
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,  
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still  
Attending on his golden pilgrimage,  
But when from highest pitch with weary ear,  
Like feeble age he reeleth from the day  
The eyes fore-duteous now converted are  
From his low tract and look another way  
So thou, thy self out-going in thy noon  
Unlook'd on diest unless thou get a son

## VIII

Musick to hear why hearst thou musick sadly?  
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy  
Why lovest thou that which thou receivest not  
gladly,  
Or else receivest with pleasure thine annoy?  
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds  
By unions married do offend thine ear  
They do but sweetly chide thee who confounds  
In silence the parts that thou shouldst bear  
Mark how one string sweet husband to another  
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,  
Resembling sire and child and happy mother  
Who all in one, one pleasing, no discord bring  
Whose speechless son, being many, seemeth  
one  
Sings this to thee: Thou single wilt prove  
none.

## IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye  
That thou consumest thy self in single life?  
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,  
The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,  
The world will be thy widow and still weep  
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,  
When every private widow well may keep  
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind  
Lool! what an unthrif in the world doth spend  
Shifts but his place for still the world enjoys it,  
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,  
And kept unused the user so destroys it  
No love toward others in that bosom sits  
That on himself such murderous shame com-  
mits

## X

For shame! deny that thou bearst love to any,  
Who for thy self art so unprovident  
Grant if thou wilt thou art beloved of many,  
But that thou none lovest is most evident,  
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate  
That 'gainst thy self thou stick'st not to con-  
spire,  
Seeking that bauteous roof to ruinate  
Which to repair should be thy chief desire  
O change thy thought, that I may change my  
mind!  
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?  
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind  
Or to thy self at least kind-hearted prove  
Make thee another self for love of me,  
That beauty still may live in thine or thee

## XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest  
In one of thine from that which thou departest,  
And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-  
stowest  
Thou mayst call thine when thou from youth  
convertest  
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase,  
Without this folly, age, and cold decay  
If all were minded so, the times should cease  
And threescore year would make the world away  
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store  
Harsh featureless and rude barrenly perish  
Look! whom she best endow'd! she gave the  
more  
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bowery  
cherish  
She carved thee for her seal and mean thereby  
Thou shouldst pass more by let this copy  
die

## XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time  
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night  
 When I behold the violet past prime  
 And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white  
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd  
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves  
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard  
 Then of thy beauty do I question make  
 That thou among the wastes of time must go  
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake  
 And die as fast as they see others grow  
 And nothing gainst Time's scythe can make  
 defence  
 Save breed to brave him when he takes thee  
 hence

## XIII

O that you were yourself but love you are  
 No longer yours than you yourself here live  
 Against this coming end you should prepare  
 And your sweet semblance to some other give  
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
 Find no determination then you were  
 Yourself again after yourself's decease  
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should  
 bear  
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay  
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold  
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day  
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?  
 O none but antrifles. Dear my love, you know  
 You had a father—let your son say so

## XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck  
 And yet methinks I have astronomy  
 But not to tell of good or evil luck  
 Of plagues of dearths, or seasons' quality  
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell  
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind  
 Or say, with princes, if it shall go well  
 By oft predict that I in heaven find  
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive  
 And constant stars in them I read such art  
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive  
 If from thy self to store thou wouldst convert  
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate  
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date

## XV

When I consider every thing that grows  
 Holds in perfection but a little moment  
 That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows  
 And

Whereon the stars in secret influence comment  
 When I perceive that men as plants increase,  
 Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,  
 Vault in their youthful sap, at height decrease  
 And wear their brave state out of memory  
 Then the conceit of this inconstant stay  
 Sets you most rich in youth before my sight  
 Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay  
 To change your day of youth to sullied night  
 And all in war with Time for love of you  
 As he takes from you, I engrave you new

## XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way  
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant Time?  
 And fortify yourself in your decay  
 With means more blessed than my barren  
 rhyme?  
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours  
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset  
 With virtuous wish, would bear your living  
 flowers  
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit  
 So should the lines of life that life repair  
 Which this Time's pencil or my pupil pen  
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair  
 Can make you live; yet yourself in eyes of men  
 To give away yourself keeps yourself still  
 And you must live drawn by your own sweet  
 skill

## XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come  
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?  
 Thou hast it heaven knows, 'tis but as a tomb  
 Which hides your life and shows not half your  
 parts

If I could write the beauty of your eyes  
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces  
 The age to come would say, 'This poet lies:  
 Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly  
 faces.  
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage  
 And stretched metre of an antique song  
 But were some child of yours alive that time  
 You should lie e'erwile—in it and in my rhyme

## XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd

And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd,  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st  
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this and this gives life to thee

## XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws  
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,  
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws  
And burn the long-lived phoenix in her blood  
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets  
And do what'er thou wilt swift-footed Time  
To the wide world and all her fading sweets,  
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime  
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,  
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,  
Him in thy course untainted do allow  
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men  
Yet do thy worst, old Time! despite thy  
wrong  
My love shall in my verse ever live young

## XX

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted  
Hast thou the master mistress of my passion  
A woman's gentle heart but not acquainted  
With shifting change as is false women's fashion  
An eye more bright than theirs less false in  
rolling  
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth  
A man in hue all 'hues in his controlling  
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls  
amazeth  
And for a woman wert thou first created  
Till Nature as she wrought thee fell a doting,  
And by addition me of thee defected  
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing  
But since she pricked thee out for women's  
pleasure  
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their  
treasure

## XXI

So is it not with me as with that Muse  
Sordid by a painted beauty to his verse  
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use  
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse  
Making a complement of proud comparison  
With sun and moon with earth and sea's rich  
ferns

With April's first-born flowers and all things  
rare

That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems  
O, let me, true in love but truly write  
And then believe me my love is as fair  
As any mother's child though not so bright  
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air  
Let them say more that like of hearsay well  
I will not praise that purpose not to sell

## XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old  
So long as youth and thou art of one date  
But when in thee time's furrows I behold  
Then look I death my days should expire  
For all that beauty that doth cover thee  
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart  
Which in thy breast doth live as thine in me  
How can I then be elder than thou art?  
O therefore, love, be of thy self so wary  
As I, not for myself but for thee will  
Bearing thy heart which I will keep so chary  
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill  
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain  
Thou gavest me thine not to give back again

## XXIII

As an imperfect actor on the stage  
Who with his fear is put besides his part  
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage  
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own  
heart  
So I for fear of trust forget to say  
The perfect ceremony of love's rite  
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay  
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's  
might  
O let my books be then the eloquence  
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast  
Who plead for love and look for recompense  
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-  
press'd  
O learn to read what silent love hath writ  
To hear with eyes alone, to love's fine wit

## XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in tale of my heart  
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held  
And perspective it is best painter's art  
For thro' the painter it doth view his skill  
To find where 'tis true and expected lies  
Which in his labors' pen hath writ  
That hath his windows placed with thine eyes  
Now see what art and nature's eyes have  
done

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for  
me  
Are windows to my breast wherethrough the  
sun  
Delights to peep to gaze therein on thee  
Yet eyes thus cunning want to grace their  
art—  
They draw but what they see know not the  
heart

## XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast  
Whilst I whom fortune of such triumph bars  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most  
Great princes favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye  
And in themselves their pride lies buried  
For at a frown they in their glory die  
The painful warrior famous for fight  
After a thousand victories once foil'd  
Is from the book of honour razed quite  
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd  
Then happy I that love and am beloved  
Where I may not remove nor be removed

## XXVI

Lord of my love to whom in vassalage  
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit  
To thee I send this written embassage  
To witness duty not to show my wit  
Duty so great that here I sit so poor as mine  
May make seem bare in wanting words to show  
it  
But that I hope some good conceit of thine  
In thy soul's show'rt all naked will bestow  
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving  
Points on me graciously with fair aspect  
And puts apparel on my tatter'd lining  
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect  
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee  
Till then not show my head where thou may'st  
prove me

## XXVII

Wearied with toil I haste me to my bed,  
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired  
But then begins a journey in my head  
To work my mind, when body's work's expired  
For then my thoughts from far where I abide  
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee  
And keep my drooping eyelids open with  
Love's light upon darkness which the blind do see  
Save that my soul's image I may see  
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly light

Makes black night beautiful and her old face  
new  
Lo! thus by day my limbs by night my mind  
For thee and for myself no quiet find

## XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight  
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?  
When day's oppression is not eased by night  
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?  
And each to his enemies to either's reign  
Do in consent shake hands to torture me  
The one by toil the other to complain  
How far I toil still farther off from thee  
I tell the day to please him thou art bright  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the  
heaven  
So flatter I the swart complexion'd night  
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the  
even  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer  
And night doth nightly make grief's strength  
seem stronger

## XXIX

When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone beweep my outcast state  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries  
And look upon myself and curse my fate  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope  
Featured like him like him with friends less pos-  
sess'd  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth sings hymns at heaven's gate  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth  
brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with  
kings

## XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's  
waste  
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night  
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe  
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,

Which I new pay as if not paid before  
But if the while I think on thee dear friend,  
All losses are restored and sorrows end

## XXXI

Thy bosom  $\equiv$  endeared with all hearts  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things removed that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth  
live  
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,  
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,  
That due of many now is thine alone  
Their images I loved I view in thee  
And thou all they hast all the all of me

## XXXII

If thou survive my well contented day,  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall  
cover,  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survive  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen  
Reserve them for my love not for their rhyme,  
Exceeded by the height of happier men  
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought  
'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing  
age  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought  
To march in ranks of better equipage  
But since he died and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I'll read his for his  
love

## XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy  
Arise permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide  
Sealing unseen to wet with this dews race  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all triumphant splendour on my brow  
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now  
Yet him for this my love now when dawns  
Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun  
rains

## XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day  
And make me travel forth without my cloak,  
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,  
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?  
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou  
break  
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,  
For no man well of such a salve can speak  
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace,  
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief  
Though thou repent yet I have still the loss  
The offender  $\equiv$  sorrow lends but weak relief  
To him that bears the strong offence  $\equiv$  cross  
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love  
sheds  
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds

## XXXV

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done  
Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud,  
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun  
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud  
All men make faults and even I in this  
Authorizing thy trespass with compare  
Myself corrupting salving thy amiss  
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are,  
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—  
Thy adverse party is thy advocate—  
And gainst myself a lawful plea commence.  
Such civil war is in my love and hate  
That I an accessory needs must be  
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from  
me

## XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,  
Although our undivided loves are one  
So shall those blot that do with me remain  
Without thy help by me be borne alone  
In our two loves there is but one respect,  
Though in our lives a separable spite  
Which though it alter not love's sole effect  
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight  
I may not evermore acknowledge thee  
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,  
Nor thou with public kindness honour me  
Unless thou take that honour from thy name  
But do not so I have thee much more  
As thou beest  $\equiv$  mine name is thy good report

## XXXVII

As a decrep old man takes delight  
To see his active child do deeds of youth,  
So I made love to thy weak age and sight,  
To see thee active child do deeds of youth

Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth  
 For whether beauty birth or wealth or wit  
 Or any of these all or all or more,  
 Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit  
 I make my love enraised to this store  
 So then I am not lame poor nor despised  
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give  
 That I in thy abundance am sufficed  
 And by a part of all thy glory live  
 Look what is best that best I wish in thee  
 This wish I have then ten times happy me!

## XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent  
 While thou dost breathe that pourst into my  
 verse  
 Thine own sweet argument too excellent  
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?  
 O give thyself the thanks if aught in me  
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight  
 For who is so dumb that cannot write to thee  
 When thou thyself dost give invention light?  
 Be thou the tenth Muse ten times more in worth  
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke  
 And he that calls on thee let him bring forth  
 Eternal numbers to outlive his date  
 If my slight Muse do please these curious days  
 The pain be mine but thine shall be the praise

## XXXIX

O how thy worth with manners may I sing  
 When thou art all the better part of me?  
 What can mine own praise to mine own self  
 bring?  
 And what is it but mine own when I praise thee?  
 Even for this let us divided live  
 And our dear love lose name of single one  
 That by this separation I may give  
 That due to thee which thou deservest alone  
 O absence hat a torment wouldst thou prove  
 Were it not thy sweet leisure gave sweet leave  
 To entertain the time with the labors of love  
 Which time an I should thus so sweetly with de-  
 cease  
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain  
 By praising him here who doth hence remain!

## XL

Take all my loves my love ye take them all  
 What hast thou then more than thou hast be-  
 fore?  
 No love, my love that thou mayst true love call  
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more  
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest  
 I cannot blame thee for my love thou ushest  
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest

By wilful taste of what thy self refusest  
 I do forgive thy robbery gentle thief  
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty  
 And yet love knows it is a greater grief  
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury  
 Lascivious grace in whom all ill well shows  
 Kill me with spites yet we must not be foes

## XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits  
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart  
 Thy beauty and thy years full well besies  
 For still temptation follows where thou art  
 Gentle thou art and therefore to be won  
 Beauteous thou art therefore to be assailed  
 And when a woman woos what woman's son  
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevailed?  
 Ay me but yet thou mightst my seat forbear  
 And chide thy beauty and thy stray youth  
 Who lead thee in their riot even there  
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold truth,  
 Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thee  
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me

## XLII

That thou hast her it is not all my grief  
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly  
 That she hath thee is of my wailing chief  
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly  
 Loving offenders thus I will excuse ye  
 Thou dost love her because thou knowst I love  
 her  
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me  
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her  
 If I lose thee my loss is my love's gain,  
 And losing her my friend hath found that loss  
 Both find each other and I lose both aim  
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross  
 But here's the joy my friend and I are one  
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone

## XLIII

When most I wink then do mine eyes best see  
 For all the day they view thy unexpected  
 But when I sleep in dreams they look on thee  
 And darkly bright are lights in dark directed  
 Then thy whose shadow shadows doth make  
 bright  
 If so wulst thy shadow's form I might happily show  
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light  
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so  
 How would I say mine eyes best see'st make  
 If I look on thee in the living day  
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade  
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!  
 All days are nights to see till I see thee

And nights bright days when dreams do show  
thee me

## XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,  
Injurious distance should not stop my way,  
For then despite of space I would be brought,  
From limits far remote where thou dost stay  
No matter then although my foot did stand  
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee  
For nimbly thought can jump both sea and land  
As soon as think the place where he would be  
But ah! thought kills me that I am not thought,  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears badges of either's woe

## XLV

The other two slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide  
The first my thought the other my desire,  
These present absent with swift motion slide  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death oppress'd with melancholy  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who even but now come back again assured  
Of thy fair health recounting it to me  
This told I joy but then no longer glad  
I send them back again and straight grow sad

## XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war  
How to divide the conquest of thy sight  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right  
My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,  
A closet never pierced with crystal eyes  
But the defendant doth that plea deny  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies  
To eide this title is unpanneled  
A quest of thou, his all tenants to the heart,  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's society and the dear heart's part  
As thus—mine eye's due is thy outward part  
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart

## XLVII

Love's mine eye and heart a league is took  
And each doth good to me now in the other  
When that mine eye is furnish'd for a look  
O heart in love with his chaste self doth another

With my love's picture then my eye doth feast  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part  
So either by thy picture or my love  
Thyself away art present still with me,  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst  
move,  
And I am still with them and they with thee,  
Or if they sleep thy picture in my sight  
Awake as my heart to heart's and eye's delight

## XLVIII

How careful was I when I took my way,  
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood in sure wards of trust!  
But thou to whom my jewels trifles are  
Most worthy comfort now my greatest grief,  
Thou best of dearest and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief  
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest  
Save where thou art not though I feel thou art,  
Within the gentle closure of my breast  
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and  
part  
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n I fear  
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear

## XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum  
Call'd to that audit by advised respects  
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass  
And scarcely greet me with that sun-thine eye,  
When love converted from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity—  
Against that time do I enscence me here  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert  
And this my hand against my self uprear  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of  
law's

Since why to love I can allege no cause.

## I

How heavy do I journey on the way  
When wilt I feel my weary travel's end  
Doth teach the ease and the repose to  
Thus far the miles are measured from thy  
first part  
The heart that bears me tired with heavy woe  
Pals it to hear the sweet voice of mine  
As if it were the wretched I know  
His eyes have never sped from me since thou



The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes an' er thrusts into his hide  
Which heavily he answers with a groan  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind—  
My grief lies onward and my joy behind

## LI

Thus can my love excuse the low offence  
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed  
From where thou art why should I haste me  
thence?  
Till I return of posting is no need  
O what excuse will my poor beast then find  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur thou hast mounted on the wind  
In winged speed no motion shall I know  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace  
Therefore desire, of perfect st love being made  
Shall neigh—no dull flesh—in his fiery race  
But love, for love thou shalt excuse my jade—  
Since from thee going he went wilful slow  
Towards thee I'll run and give him leave to go

## LII

So am I as the rich whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey  
For blunting, the fine point of seldom pleasure  
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare  
Since seldom can in the long year set  
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are  
Or captain jewels in the carcanet  
So is the time that keeps you as my chest  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide  
To make some special instant special blest  
By new unfolding, his imprison'd pride  
Blessed are you whose worthiness gives scope  
Being had to triumph being lack'd to hope

## LIII

What is your substance? hereof are you made  
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?  
Since every one hath every one one shade  
And you but one can every shadow lend  
Describe Adonis and the counterfeit  
Is poorly imitated after you  
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set  
And you in Grecian tires are painted new  
Speak of the spring and foison of the year  
The one doth shadow of your beauty show  
The other as your bounty doth appear  
And you in every blessed shape we know  
In all external grace you have some part  
But you like none, none you for constant heart

## LIV

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem  
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!  
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem  
For that sweet odour which doth in it live  
The canker blooms have full as deep a dye  
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses  
Hang on such thorns and play, as wantonly  
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses  
But for their virtue only is their show  
They live unwooded and unrespected fade  
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so  
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odour made  
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth  
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth

## LV

Not marble nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone besmeared with sluttish  
time  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry  
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory  
Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth, your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom  
So till the judgement that yourself arise  
You live in this and dwell in lovers' eyes

## LVI

Sweet love renew thy force, be it not said  
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite  
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd  
To-morrow sharpen I in his former might  
So let it be to you, although to-day you fill  
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness  
To-morrow see again and do not kill  
The spirit of love with a perpetual dullness  
Let this sad interim like the ocean be  
Which parts the shore where two contracted meet  
Come daily to the banks that when they see  
Return of me more blest may be the view  
Use call it winter which brings full of care  
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd  
more rare

## LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend  
Upon the hours and times of your desire?<sup>2</sup>  
I have no precious time at all to spend,  
Nor services to do till you require  
Nor dare I chide the world without-end hour  
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,  
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour  
When you have bid your servant once adieu,  
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought  
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose  
But like a sad slave stay and think of nought  
Save where you are how happy you make those  
So true a fool is love that in your will  
Though you do anything he thinks no ill

## LVIII

That god forbid that made me first your slave,  
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,  
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave  
Being your vassal bound to stay your leisure!<sup>1</sup>  
O let me suffer, being at your beck,  
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,  
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check  
Without accusing you of injury  
Be where you list your charter is so strong  
That you yourself may privilege your time  
To what you will, to you it doth belong  
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime  
I am to wait though waiting so be hell,  
Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well

## LIX

If there be nothing new but that which is  
Hath been before how are our brains beguiled,  
Which labouring for invention bear amiss  
The second burthen of a former child!<sup>1</sup>  
O that record could with a backward look  
Even of five hundred courses of the sun  
Show me your image in some antique book  
Since mind at first in character was done!<sup>2</sup>  
That I might see what the old world could say  
To this composed wonder of your frame  
Whether we are merited or whether better they,  
Or whether revolution be the same  
O sure I am the wife of former days  
To subjects worse have given admiring praise

## LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore  
So do our minutes hasten to their end  
Each changing place with that which goes before  
In question till all forwards do contend  
Nay, an' once in the main of life,<sup>1</sup>

Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow,  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth despite his cruel hand

## LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open  
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?<sup>2</sup>  
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,  
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?<sup>3</sup>  
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee  
So far from home into my deeds to pry,  
To find out shames and idle hours in me,  
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?  
O, no! thy love though much is not so great  
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake  
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,  
To play the watchman ever for thy sake  
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake else-  
where  
From me far off with others all too near

## LXII

Sin of self love possesseth all mine eye  
And all my soul and all my every part  
And for this sin there is no remedy,  
It is so grounded inward in my heart  
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,  
No shape so true no truth of such account,  
And for my self mine own worth do define,  
As I all other in all worths surmount  
But when my glass shows me my self indeed  
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity  
Mine own self love quite contrary I read  
Self so self loving were iniquity  
Tis thee my self that for my self I praise,  
Painting my age with beauty of thy days

## LXIII

Against my love shall be as I am now  
With Time as injurious hand crush'd and o'er-  
worn  
When hours have drain'd his blood and I fill'd his  
bow  
With lines and wrinkles when his sacred clay  
Hath travell'd down to e'eresteen night  
And all that beauty whereof once he show'd  
Are starv'd and rotten with time's spite  
So shall my love as the time's clock stop  
For that shall never be  
And as confession is a cruel life

That he shall never cut from memory  
My sweet love's beauty though my lover's life  
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen  
And they shall live and he in them still green

## LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced  
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age  
When sometime lofty towers I see down razed  
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage  
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kin-dom of the shore  
And the firm soil win of the watery main  
Increasing store with loss and loss with store  
When I have seen such interchan-ge of state  
Or state itself confounded to decay  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,  
That Time will come and take my love away  
This though it is as a death which cannot choose  
But I keep to ha-ve that which it fears to lose

## LXV

Since brass nor stone nor earth nor boundless  
sea  
But sad mortality o'er-says their power  
How ith this ra-shall beauty hold a plea  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O how shall summer's honey breath hold out  
Against the wreckful siege of battering days  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout  
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where alack  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie  
hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O none unless this miracle have yet  
That in black ink my love may still shine  
bright

## LXVI

Tired with all these for restless death I cry  
As to behold desert a beggar born  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection ron-gfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled  
And art made tongue-tied by authority  
And folly doctor-like controlling skill  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity  
And captive good attending captain ill  
Tired with all these from these would I be  
gone,  
Save that to die, I leave my love alone

## LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live  
And with his presence grace impiety  
That sin by him advantage should achieve  
And lace itself with his society?  
Why should false painting imitate his cheek  
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?  
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek  
Roses of shadow since his rose is true?  
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is  
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?  
For she hath no exchequer now but his  
And proud of many lives upon his gains  
O him she stores to show what wealth she  
had  
In days long since before these last so bad

## LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn  
When beauty lived and died as flowers do  
now  
Before these bastard sons of fair were born  
Or durst inhabit on a living brow  
Before the golden tresses of the dead  
The right of sepulchres were shorn a way  
To live a second life on second head  
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay  
In him those holy antiquae hours are seen  
Without all ornament itself and true  
Makin' no summer of another's green,  
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new  
And him as for a map doth Nature store,  
To show false Art what beauty was of yore

## LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth  
view  
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can  
mend  
All tongues the voice of souls give thee that due,  
Uttering bare truth even so as foes commend  
Thy outward thus with outward praise is  
crown'd  
But those same tongues that give thee to thine  
own  
In other accents do this praise confound  
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown  
They look into the beauty of thy mind  
And that inquest they measure by thy looks  
Then, churls their thoughts although their eyes  
are kind  
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds  
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show  
The sence is this—that thou dost common  
grow

## LXA

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair,  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air  
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve  
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time,  
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,  
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime  
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,  
 Either not assail'd or victor being charged,  
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,  
 To one up envy, evermore enlarged  
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,  
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst  
 owe

## LXVI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell  
 Nay, if you read this line remember not  
 The hand that writ it, for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe  
 O if I say you look upon this verse  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay  
 Lest the wise world should look into your  
 moan  
 And mock you with me after I am gone

## LXVII

O let the world should task you to recite  
 What merit lived in me that you should love  
 After my death dear love forget me quite,  
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove  
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,  
 To do more for me than mine own desert,  
 And hang more praise upon deceased I  
 Than niggard truth would willingly impart  
 O lest your true love may seem false in this  
 That you for love speak well of me untrue  
 My name be buried where my body is  
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you  
 For I am shamed by that which I bring forth  
 And so should you to love thine's nothing  
 worth

## LXVIII

The time of year thou may'st in me behold  
 When yellow leaves or none or few do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold

Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds  
 sang

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self that seals up all in rest  
 In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire  
 Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by  
 This thou perceivest, which makes thy love  
 more strong  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere  
 long

## LXXIV

But be contented When that fell arrest  
 Without all bail shall carry me away,  
 My life hath in this line some interest  
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay  
 When thou reviewest this thou dost review  
 The very part was consecrate to thee  
 The earth can have but earth which is his due,  
 My spirit is thine the better part of me  
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,  
 The prey of worms my body being dead  
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,  
 Too base of thee to be remembered  
 The worth of that is that which it contains  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains

## LXXX

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,  
 Or as sweet season'd showers are to the ground,  
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife  
 As twixt a miser and his wealth is found  
 Now proud as an enjoyer and anon  
 Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,  
 Now counting best to be with you alone,  
 Then better'd that the world may see my pleas-  
 ure  
 Sometime all full with feasting on your sight  
 And by and by clean starved for a look,  
 Possessing or pursuing no delight  
 Sate what is had or must from you be took  
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day  
 Or gluttoning on all or all away

## LXXXI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride  
 So far from variation or quick change  
 Why with the time do I not flance and ride  
 To new-found methods and to exercises  
 and rhymes  
 Why wither'd is all all once extant the same  
 And keep my pen in my old weed

That every word doth almost tell my name  
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed  
 O know sweet love I always wile of you  
 And you and love are still my argument  
 So all my best is dressing old words new  
 Spending again what I already spent  
 For as the sun is daily new and old  
 So is my love still telling what is told

## LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear  
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste  
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear  
 And of this book this learning mayst thou taste  
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show  
 Of mouthed graces will give thee memory  
 Thou by thy dial a shady stealth mayst know  
 Time's thievish progress to eternity  
 Look what thy memory can not contain  
 Commit to these waste blanks and thou shalt find  
 Those children nursed deliver'd from thy brain  
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind  
 These offices so oft as thou wilt look  
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book

## LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse  
 And found such fair assistance in my verse  
 As every alien pen hath got my use  
 And under thee their poesy disperse  
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb to sing  
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly  
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing  
 And given grace a double majesty  
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile  
 Whose influence is thine and born of thee  
 In others' works thou dost but mend the place  
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be  
 But thou art all my art and dost advance  
 As high as learning my rude ignorance

## LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid  
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,  
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd  
 And my sick Muse doth give another place  
 I grant sweet love thy lovely argument  
 Deserves the travail of a worse than pen,  
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent  
 He robs thee of and pays it thee a sin  
 He lends thee virtue and he stole that word  
 From thy behaviour beauty doth he give  
 And found it in thy cheek he can afford  
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live  
 Then thank him not for that which he doth pay  
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay

## LXXX

O how I faint when I of you do write,  
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name  
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might  
 To make me tongue-tied speaking of your fame  
 But since your worth wide as the ocean is  
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear  
 My saucy bark inferior far to his  
 On your broad main doth wisely appear  
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat  
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride  
 Or being wreck'd I am a worthless boat  
 He of tall building and of goodly pride  
 Then if he thence and I be cast a way  
 The worst was this my love was my decay

## LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,  
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten  
 From hence your memory death cannot take,  
 Although in me each part will be forgotten  
 Your name from hence immortal life shall have  
 Though I once gone to all the world must die  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie  
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse  
 Which eyes not yet created shall over read,  
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead  
 You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—  
 Where breath most breathes even in the  
 mouths of men

## LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse  
 And therefore mayst without attaint o'erlook  
 The dedicated words which writers use  
 Of their fair subject blessing every book  
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue  
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise  
 And therefore art enforced to seek anew  
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days  
 And do so love yet when they have decay'd  
 What strained touches rhetoric can lend,  
 Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized  
 In true plain words by thy true-telling friend  
 And their gross painting might be better used  
 Where cheeks need blood in thee it is abused.

## LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need  
 And therefore to your fair no painting set  
 I found, or thought I found you did exceed  
 The barren tender of a poet's debt  
 And therefore have I slept in your report

That you yourself being extant well might show  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow  
This silence for my sin you did impute  
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb,  
For I impair not beauty being mute  
When others would give life and bring a tomb  
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes  
Than both your poets can in praise devise

## LXXXIV

Who is it that says most which can say more  
Than this rich praise that you alone are you?  
In whose confine immured is the store  
Which should example where your equal grew  
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell  
That to his subject lends not some small glory,  
But he that writes of you if he can tell  
That you are you, so dignifies his story  
Let him but copy what in you is writ,  
Not making worse what nature made so clear,  
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,  
Making his style admired everywhere  
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,  
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises  
worse

## LXXXV

My tongue tied Muse in manners holds her still,  
While comments of your praise richly compiled,  
Reserve their character with golden quill  
And precious phrase by all the Muses filed  
I think good thoughts whilst other write good  
words  
And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'  
To every hymn that able spirit affords  
In polish'd form of well refined pen  
Hearing you praised I say 'Tis so 'tis true,'  
And to the most of praise add something more  
But that is in my thought whose love to you  
Though words come hindmost holds his rank  
before

Then others for the breath of words respect  
Me for my dumb thoughts speaking in effect

## LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
Was it his spirit by spirits rav'd to write  
Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead?  
No, rather he purloin'd his compeer by night  
Gave him aid my verse astonished  
He no that affable familiar ghost  
Went daily by gulls him within ell: once

As victors of my silence cannot boast—  
I was not sick of any fear from thence  
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,  
Then lack'd I matter, that enfeebled mine

## LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing,  
My bonds in thee are all determinate  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting  
And so my patent back again is swerving  
Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not  
I knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gavest it else mistaking,  
So thy great gift, upon misprision grow ing,  
Comes home again on better judgement mak-  
ing  
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter—  
In sleep a king but wakening no such matter

## LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light  
And place my merit in the eye of scorn  
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight  
And prove thee virtuous though thou art for  
sworn  
With mine own weakness being best acquainted  
Upon thy part I can set down a story  
Of faults conceal'd wherein I am arraigned  
That thou in losing me shalt win much glory  
And I by this will be a gainer too  
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,  
The injuries that to myself I do  
Doing thee vantage double vantage me  
Such is my love to thee I so beloved  
That for thy right my self will bear all wrong

## LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault  
And I will comment upon that offence  
Speak of my lameness and I'll straight will halt  
Against thy reasons making no defence  
Thou canst not love disgrace me half so ill  
To set a form upon desired change  
As I'll mismanage knowing, thy will  
I will acquaintance stray and shall look none  
Be absent from thy walk and in my tongue  
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell  
Lest I too much profane should that which was  
And haply so reflect in me tell  
For thee — — — — —  
For I am sure I shall my breath so use  
ha c

## XC

Then hate me when thou wilt! if ever now!  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross  
Join with the spite of fortune make me bow  
And do not drop in for an after loss  
Ah do not when my heart hath scaped this  
sorrow

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe  
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow  
To linger out a purposed overthrow  
If thou wilt leave me do not leave me last  
When other petty griefs have done their spite  
But in the onset come So shall I taste  
At first the very worst of fortune's might  
And other strains of woe which now seem  
woe  
Compared with loss of thee will not seem so

## XCI

Some glory in their birth some in their skill  
Some in their wealth some in their bodies force  
Some in their garments though new fangled ill  
Some in their hawks and hounds some in their  
horse

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure  
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest  
But these particulars are not my measure  
All these I better in one general best  
Thy love is better than high birth to me  
Richer than wealth prouder than garments cost  
Of more delight than hawks or horses be  
And having thee of all men's pride I boast—  
Wretched in this alone that thou may'st take  
All this away and me most wretched make

## XCII

But do thy worst to steal thy self away  
For term of life thou art assured mine  
And life no longer than thy love will stay  
For it depends upon that love of thine  
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs  
When in the least of them my life hath end  
I see a better state to me betwixt  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend  
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie  
O what a happy title do I find  
Happy to have thy love happy to die  
But what's so blessed fair that fears no blot?  
Thou may'st be false and yet I know it not

## XCIII

So shall I live supposing thou art true,  
Like a deceived husband so love's face  
May still seem love to me though alter'd new

Thy looks with me thy heart in other place  
For there can live no hatred in thine eye  
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change  
In many's looks the false heart's history  
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles  
But heaven in thy creation did decree  
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell  
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workin

be

Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness  
tell

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow  
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

## XCIV

They that have power to hurt and will do none  
That do not do the thing they most do show  
Who moving others are themselves as stone  
Unmoved cold and to temptation slow  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces  
And husband nature's riches from expense  
They are the lords and owners of their faces  
Others but stewards of their excellence  
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet  
Though to itself it only live and die  
But if that flower with base infection meet  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds

## XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame  
Which like a canker in the fragrant rose  
Doth spot the beauty of thy bud in name!  
O in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!  
That tongue that tells the story of thy days  
Making lascivious comments on thy sport  
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise  
Naming thy name blesses an ill report  
O what a mansion have those vices got  
Which for their habitation chose out thee  
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
Take heed dear heart of this large privilege  
The hardest knife ill used doth lose his edge

## XCVI

Some say thy fault is youth some wantonness  
Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport  
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less  
Thou makest faults grace that to thee resort  
As on the finger of a throned queen  
The basest jewel will be well esteemed,  
So are those errors that in thee are seen  
To truths translated and for true things deem'd  
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray

If like a lamb he could his lool's translate!  
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,  
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!  
But do not so, I love thee in such sort  
As, thou being mine mine is thy good report

## XCVII

Now like a winter hath my absence been  
From thee the pleasure of the fleeting year!  
What freezings have I felt what dark days seen!  
What old December's bareness every where!  
And yet this time removed was summer's time  
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,  
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,  
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease  
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me  
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit  
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee  
And thou away the very birds are mute,  
Or, if they sing 'tis with so dull a cheer  
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near

## XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring  
When proud pied April dress'd in all his trim  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything  
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him  
Yet not the lays of birds nor the sweet smell  
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,  
Could make me any summer's story tell  
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they  
grew  
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white  
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose  
They were but sweet but figures of delight  
Drawn after you you pattern of all those  
Yet seem'd it winter still and you away  
As with your shadow I with these did play

## VC1\

The forward violet thus did I chide  
Sweet thief whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells  
If not from my love's breath The purple pri-  
e Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed  
The lily I conlenn'd for thy hand  
And beads of murrain had stol'n thy hair  
The roses fearfully on thorn did stand  
O' their shene another white despair  
A fard no red nor white left them both  
And to his robe he hath borrow'd thy lach  
For his brother's sake of all his gowth  
Avenge a leaker eke her purpoise  
Meet lower I need not loosee mee

But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee

## C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so  
long  
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?  
Spred'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,  
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?  
Return forgetful Muse, and straight redeem  
In gentle numbers time so idly spent  
Sing to the ear that doth thy lvs esteeme  
And giues thy pen both skill and argument  
Rise resty Muse, my love's sweet face surcease,  
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;  
If any, be a satire to decay,  
And make Time's spoils despised every where.  
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes  
life  
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked  
knife

## CI

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends  
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?  
Both truth and beauty on my love depends,  
So dost thou too and therein dignified  
Make answer, Muse: Wilt thou not haply say,  
Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,  
Beauty no pencil beauty's truth to lay,  
But best is best if never intermix'd  
Because he needs no praise wilt thou be dumb?  
Excuse not silence so for t'lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb  
And to be praised of ages yet to be  
Then do thy office Muse I teach thee how  
To make him seem long hence as he show's  
now

## C11

My love is strengthen'd though more weak in  
esteem,  
I love not less though less the show appear  
That love is merchandized whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish every where  
Our love was new and then he in the spirit  
When I was won to greet him with my lays  
As Philomel in swamper's sweet d'rhon  
And sopter p'p'm growth of ripen days  
Nor that the time is less pleasant now  
It is when her mournful hummed lullabie  
P' that will soothe sleepy hearts  
And soothe the owner's melancholy  
It is the hush that the blood brings  
And the pale blush that the blood brings



## CIII

Alack what poverty my Muse brings forth  
 That having such a scope to show her pride  
 The argument all bare is of more worth  
 Than when it hath my added praise beside  
 O blame me not if I no more can write  
 Look in your glass and there appears a face  
 That over goes my blunt invention quite  
 Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace  
 Were it not sinful then striving to mend  
 To mar the subject that before was well  
 For to no other pass my verses tend  
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell

And more much more than in my verse can  
 sit

Your own glass shows you when you look in it

## CIV

To me fair friend you never can be old  
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed  
 Such seems your beauty still Three winters cold  
 Have from the forests shook three summers  
 pride

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn d  
 In process of the seasons have I seen  
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn d  
 Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green  
 Ah yet doth beauty like a dial hand  
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceived  
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth  
 stand

Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived  
 For fear of which hear this though age unbred  
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead

## CV

Let not my love be all d idolatry  
 Nor my beloved as an idol show  
 Since all alike my sons and praises be  
 To one of one still such and ever so  
 Kind as my love to-day to-morrow kind  
 Still constant in a wondrous excellence  
 Therefore my verse to constancy confined,  
 One thing expressing leaves out difference  
 Fair kind, and true is all my argument  
 Fair kind, and true varying to other words  
 And in this change is my invention spent  
 Three themes in one which wondrous scope  
 affords

Fair kind, and true have often lived alone  
 Which three till now never kept seat in one

## CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights

And beauty mail ing beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights  
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
 Of hand of foot of lip of eye of brow  
 I see their antique pen would have express d  
 Even such a beauty as you master now  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time all you prefigurin'  
 And for they look d but with divining eyes  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing  
 For we which now behold these present days  
 Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to  
 praise

## CVII

Not mine own fears nor the prophetic soul  
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come  
 Can yet the lease of my true love control  
 Supposed as for fear to a confined doom  
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured  
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage  
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured  
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age  
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
 My love looks fresh and death to me subscribes  
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme  
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes  
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument  
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are  
 spent

## CVIII

What's in the brain that ink may character  
 Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit  
 What's new to speak what new to register  
 That may express my love or thy dear merit  
 Nothing sweet boy but yet like prayers d vine  
 I must each day say o'er the very same  
 Counting no old thing old thou mine, I thine  
 Even as when first I hallow d thy fair name  
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case  
 Weighs not the dust and injury of age  
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place  
 But makes antiquity for aye his page  
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred  
 Where time and outward form would show it  
 dead

## CIX

O never say that I was false of heart  
 Though absence seem d my flame to qualify  
 As easy might I from my self depart  
 As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie  
 That is my home of love If I have rang'd  
 Like him that travels I return again  
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,

So that my self bring water for my stain  
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good,  
 For nothing this wide universe I call,  
 Save thou, my rose, in it thou art my all

## CX

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there  
 And made my self a motley to the view,  
 Goe mine own thoughts sold cheap what is  
 most dear,  
 Made old offences of affections new  
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth  
 Askance and strangely, but, by all above  
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,  
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love  
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end!  
 Mine appetite I never more will grind  
 On newer proof to try an older friend,  
 A god in love, to whom I am confined  
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the  
 best,  
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast

## CXI

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in like the dyer's hand  
 Pity me then and wish I were renew'd,  
 Whilst like a willing patient I will drink  
 Portions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection  
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
 Nor double penance to correct correction  
 Pity me then dear friend and I assure ye  
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me

## CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill  
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow  
 For what care I who calls me well or ill  
 So you er-green my bad my good allow?  
 You are my all the world and I must strive  
 To know my shames and praises from your  
 tongue—

None else to me, nor I to none alive  
 This my steel'd sense or chaste feeling or unrom  
 In a prov'd abysm I'll on all care  
 Of her's voices that my adler's sense  
 To eric and to flatterer's step are  
 As I have with my no less I do dispense

You are so strongly in my purpose bred  
 That all the world besides methinks are dead

## CXIII

Since I left you mine eye is in my mind,  
 And that which governs me to go about  
 Doth part his function and is partly blind,  
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out,  
 For it no form delivers to the heart  
 Of bird of flower or shape, which it doth latch,  
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part  
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch  
 For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight  
 The most sweet favour or deformed creature,  
 The mountain or the sea the day or night  
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature  
 Incapable of more replete with you  
 My most true mind thus makes mine eye un-  
 true

## CXIV

Or whether doth my mind being crown'd with  
 you  
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?  
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,  
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,  
 To make of monsters and things indigest  
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,  
 Creating every bad a perfect best  
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?  
 O 'tis the first 'tis flattery in my seeing  
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up  
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is  
 greening  
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup  
 If it be poison'd 'tis the lesser sin  
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin

## CXV

Those lines that I before have writ do lie  
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer  
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why  
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clear  
 er  
 But reckoning time whose million'd accents creep  
 Creep in twin rows and chary decrees of kings  
 Tan sacred beaus blue the sharp starer's  
 Divers strong minds to the exercise of altering  
 them —

Alas why fear I of love's tyrannous  
 Might I have then say Now I have written  
 When I was certain to ericent in a  
 Crown the proper shaliness of the  
 Love's subtle shaliness of the  
 To me fully a shaliness of the shaliness  
 of the

## CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds  
 Or bends with the remover to remove  
 O no! it is an ever fixed mark  
 That looks on tempests and is never shaken  
 It is the star to every wandering bark  
 Whose worth is unknown, although his height be  
     taken  
 Love is not Time's fool though rosy lips and  
     cheeks  
 Within his bending sickle's compass come  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom  
     If this be error and upon me proved  
     I never writ nor no man ever loved

## CXVII

Accuse me thus that I have stampt all  
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay  
 Forget upon your dearest love to call  
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day  
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds  
 And given to time your own dear purchased  
     right  
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds  
 Which should transport me farthest from your  
     side  
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down  
 And on just proof surmise accumulate  
 Bring me within the level of your frown  
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate  
     Since my appeal says I did strive to prove  
     The constancy and virtue of your love

## CXVIII

Like as to make our appetites more keen,  
 With eager compounds we our palate urge,  
 As to prevent our maladies unseen  
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge,  
 Even so being full of your never-dying sweet-  
     ness  
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding  
 And such of welfare found a kind of meanness  
 To be diseased ere that there was true needing  
 Thus policy in love to anticipate  
 The ill that were not grew to faults assured  
 And brought to medicine a healthful state  
 Which rank of goodness would by all be cured  
     But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,  
     Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you

## CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears

Distill'd from limbeck's fount as hell within  
 Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears  
 Still losing when I saw my self to win!  
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed  
 Whilst it hath thought he itself so blessed never!  
 How have mine eyes been out of their spheres been  
     fitted  
 In the distraction of this madling fever!  
 O benefit of ill! now I find true  
 That better is by evil still made better  
 And ruin'd love when it is built anew  
 Grows fairer than at first more strong far  
     greater  
 So I return rebuked to my content  
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent

## CXX

That you were once unkind befriends me now  
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel  
 Needs must I under my transgression bow  
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel  
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken  
 As I by yours you've pass'd a hell of time  
 And I a tyrant have no leisure taken  
 To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime  
 O that our little woes might have remember'd  
 My deepest sense how hard true sorrow hits  
 And soon to you as you to me then tender'd  
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!  
     But that your trespass now becomes a foe  
     Mine ransoms yours and yours must ransom  
     me

## CXXI

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd  
 When not to be receives reproach of being  
 And the just pleasure lost which is so deem'd  
 Not by our feeling, but by others seeing  
 For why should others false adulterate eyes  
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?  
 Or on my frailties why are foister'd spies  
 Which in their wills count bad what I think  
     good?  
 No I am that I am, and they that level  
 At my abuses reckon up their own  
 I may be strain'd though they themselves be  
     bevel  
 By their rank thou hast my deeds must not be  
     shown  
 Unless this general evil they maintain—  
 All men are bad and in their badness reign.

## CXXII

Thy gift thy tables are within my brain  
 Full character'd with lasting memory  
 Which shall above that vile rank remain

Beyond all date even to eternity,  
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart  
 Have faculty by nature to subsist  
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part  
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd  
 That poor retention could not so much hold,  
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score  
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,  
 To trust those tables that receive thee more  
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee  
 Were to import forgetfulness in me

## CXVIII

No Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might  
 To me are nothing novel nothing strange  
 They are but dressings of a former sight  
 Our dates are brief and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old  
 And rather make them born to our desire  
 Than think that we before have heard them told

Thy registers and thee I both defy  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past,  
 For thy records and what we see doth lie  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste  
 This I do vow and this shall ever be—  
 I will be true despite thy scythe and thee

## CXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state  
 It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd  
 As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate  
 Weeds among weeds or flowers with flowers  
 gather'd

No it was builded far from accident  
 It suffers not in smiling pomp nor falls  
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent  
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls  
 It fears not policy that heretic  
 Which works on leases of short number'd  
 hours

But all alone stands hugely politic  
 That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with  
 showers  
 To this I witness call the fools of time  
 Which die for goodness who have lived for  
 crime

## CXV

Were't high for me to love the campy  
 With my extern the outward honour  
 Or laster lives for seem  
 Which every eye then wayes on me  
 Have I seen dwellers on for outward fair  
 To call and love by paying fair when

For compound sweet forgoing simple savour—  
 Piteful thrivers, in their gazing spent?  
 No let me be obsequious in thy heart  
 And take thou my oblation poor but free  
 Which is not mix'd with seconds know's no art  
 But mutual render only me for thee  
 Hence thou suborn'd informer! a true soul  
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy con-  
 trol

## CXVI

O thou my lovely boy who in thy power  
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass his sickle hour  
 Who hast by waning grown and therein show'st  
 Thy lovers withering as thy sweet self grow'st  
 If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack  
 As thou goest onwards still will pluck thee back,  
 She keeps thee to this purpose that her skill  
 May time disgrace and wretched minutes kill  
 Yet fear her O thou minion of her pleasure!  
 She may detain but not still keep her treasure,  
 Her audit though delay'd answer'd must be,  
 And her quietus is to render thee

## CXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair  
 Or if it were it bore not beauty's name  
 But now is black beauty's successive heir  
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame  
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,  
 Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face  
 Sweet beauty hath no name no holy lower  
 But is profaned if not lives in disgrace  
 Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black  
 Her eyes so suited an they mourners seem  
 At such who not born fair no beauty lack  
 Slandering creation with a false esteem  
 Yet so they mourn becoming of their woe  
 That every tongue says beauty should look so

## CXVIII

How oft when thou my music music play'st  
 Up to the blessed wood where my heart doth live  
 With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st  
 The wiry concord that mine ear doth love  
 Do I envy those jacks that trimble with  
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand  
 Whilst my poor lip which almost chaps  
 reap

At the wood's hollow thoroughfare  
 To be tickled the wood-side's honeycomb  
 And in the vaulted fallows of thy pipe  
 O'er-luteless fallows of thy pipe  
 My limping step like other travellers' feet  
 To keep the pattern of thy verse  
 Concerning love's long tale of joy and pain

## CCXIV

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
Is lust in action: and till action lust  
Is perjur'd murderous bloody full of blame,  
Savage extreme rude, cruel not to trust  
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight  
Past reason hunted and no sooner had  
Past reason hated as a swallow'd bait  
On purpose laid to make the taker mad  
Mad in pursuit and in possession so  
Had having and in quest to have extreme  
A bliss in proof and proved a very woe  
Before, a joy proposed behind a dream  
All this the world well knows yet none knows  
well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell

## CCXV

My mistress eyes are nothing like the sun  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red  
If snow be white why then her breasts are dun  
If hairs be wires black wires grow on her head  
I have seen roses damask'd red and white  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks  
I love to hear her speak yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound  
I grant I never saw a goddess go  
My mistress when she walks treads on the  
ground  
And yet by heaven I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare

## CCXVI

Thou art as tyrannous so as thou art  
As those whose beauties proudly make them  
cruel  
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart  
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel  
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold  
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan  
To say they err I dare not be so bold  
Although I swear it to myself alone  
And to be sure that is not false I swear  
A thousand groans but thinking on thy face,  
One on another's neck do witness bear  
Thy black is fairest in my judgement's place  
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds  
And thence this slander as I think proceeds

## CCXVII

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black and loving mourners be,

Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain  
And truly not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face  
O let it then as well beseech thy heart  
To mourn for me since mourning doth thee  
grace  
And suit thy pity like in every part  
Then will I swear beauty herself is black  
And all they foul that thy complexion lack

## CCXVIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is't not enough to torture me alone  
But slave to slavery my sweet friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken  
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd  
Of him myself and thee I am forsaken  
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd  
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward  
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail  
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard  
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol  
And yet thou wilt for I being pent in thee  
Perforce am thine and all that is in me

## CCXIX

So now I have confess'd that he is thine  
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will  
Myself I'll forfeit so that other mine  
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still  
But thou wilt not nor he will not be free  
For thou art covetous and he is kind  
He learn'd but surety like to write for me  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take  
Thou usurer that put'st forth all to use  
And sue a friend came deltor for my sake  
So him I lose through his unkind abuse  
Him have I lost thou hast both him and me  
He pays the whole and yet am I not free

## CCXX

Whoever hath her wish thou hast thy will  
An I will to I nor an I will in overplus  
More than enough am I that vex thee still  
To thy sweet will making addition thus  
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracious  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water yet receives rain still  
And in abundance addeth to his store

Sothou being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
 One will of mine to make thy large Will more  
 Let no unkind no fair beseechers kill,  
 Think all but one and me in that one Will

## CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near  
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
 And will thy soul know's, is admitted there,  
 Thus far for love my love suit sweet fulfil  
 Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
 Will fill it full with wills and my will one  
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove  
 Among a number one is reckon'd none  
 Then in the number let me pass untold  
 Though in thy stores account I one must be  
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
 That nothing me a something sweet to thee  
 Make but my name thy love, and love that  
 still  
 And then thou lovest me, for my name is  
 Will

## CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine  
 eyes,  
 That they behold and see not what they see?  
 They know what beauty is see where it lies,  
 Yet what the best is take the worst to be  
 If eyes corrupt by over partial looks  
 Be anchor'd in the bry where all men ride  
 Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
 Whereto the judgement of my heart is tied?  
 Why should my heart think that a several plot  
 Which my heart knows the wide world's com-  
 mon place?  
 Or mine eyes seeing this say this is not  
 In port fair truth upon so foul a face?  
 In things right true my heart and eyes have  
 err'd  
 And to this false plague are they now trans-  
 ferr'd

## CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth  
 I do believe her though I know she lies  
 That he might think me some unquiet devil  
 Unlearn'd in the world's false subtleties  
 Thine vainly thinking that she thinks me vain  
 All brought she knows in days are past the best  
 So plied I let her false speak to my face  
 On her false vowing I must feign to tread  
 In what she says she swears she will be true  
 And what she promises she will do  
 O how she has deceived my sense  
 And what she promises she will do

Therefore I lie with her and she with me,  
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be

## CXXXIX

O, call not me to justify the wrong  
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart,  
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy  
 tongue,  
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art  
 Tell me thou lovest elsewhere, but in my sight,  
 Dear heart forbear to glance thine eye aside  
 What need'st thou wound with cunning when  
 thy might  
 Is more than my o'er press'd defence can bide?  
 Let me excuse thee—ah! my love well knows  
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies  
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,  
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries  
 Yet do not so but since I am near slain  
 Kill me outright with looks and rid my pain

## CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel do not press  
 My tongue tied patience with too much dis-  
 dain  
 Lest sorrow lend me words and words express  
 The manner of my pity wanting pain  
 If I might teach thee wit better it were,  
 Though not to love yet love to tell me so,  
 As testy sick men when their deaths be near  
 No news but health from their physicians know,  
 For if I should despair I should grow mad  
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee  
 Now this ill resting world is grown so bad  
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be  
 That I may not be so nor thou belied,  
 Bear thine eyes straight though thy proud  
 heart go wide

## CXLI

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,  
 For they in thee a thousand errors note  
 But us my heart that loves what they despise,  
 Who in despite of view is pleased to do so  
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-  
 lighted  
 Nor ten for feeling to base touches prone  
 Nor taste nor smell due to be invited  
 To a sensuality with thee alone  
 Pure intellect my reason can  
 Discover falsehood thou art what thou art  
 What thou art is a different creature  
 Than that which thou art  
 O how my heart is full of thee  
 To think that thou art what thou art

## CXLII

Love is my sin and thy dear virtue hate  
 Hate of my sin grounded on sinful loving  
 O but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving!  
 Or if it do not from those lips of thine  
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments  
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine  
 Robb'd others beds revenues of their rents  
 Be it lawful I love thee as thou lovest those  
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee  
 Root pity in thy heart that when it grows  
 Thy pity wert desire to pitted be  
 If thou dost see! to have what thou dost hide  
 By self example mayst thou be denied!

## CXLIII

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch  
 One of her feather'd creatures broke away  
 Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch  
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay  
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase  
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent  
 To follow that which flies before her face  
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent—  
 So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee  
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind  
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me  
 And play the mother's part kiss me be kind  
 So will I pray that thou mayst have thy Will  
 If thou turn back and my loud crying still

## CXLIV

Two loves I have of comfort and despair  
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still  
 The better angel is a man right fair  
 The worse spirit a woman colour'd ill  
 To win me soon to hell my female evil  
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,  
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil  
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride  
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend  
 Suspect I may yet not directly tell  
 But being both from me both to each friend  
 I guess one angel in another's hell  
 Yet this shall I never know but live in doubt  
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out

## CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make  
 Breathed forth the sound that said 'I hate'  
 To me that languish'd for her sake  
 But when she saw my woeful state,  
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,  
 Chiding that tongue that ever sweet

Was used in giving gentle doom  
 And taught it thus anew to greet  
 I hate she alter'd with an end  
 That follow'd it as gentle day  
 Doth follow night who hid a fiend  
 From heaven to hell is flown away  
 I hate from hate away she threw  
 And saved my life saying 'not you'

## CXLVI

Poor soul the centre of my sinful earth  
 These rebel powers that thee array  
 Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost having so short a lease  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms inheritors of this excess  
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
 Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store  
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross  
 Within be fed without be rich no more  
 So shalt thou feed on Death that feeds on men  
 And Death once dead there's no more dying  
 then

## CXLVII

My love is as a fever longin' still  
 For that which longer nurseth the disease  
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill  
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please  
 My Reason the physician to my love  
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept  
 Hath left me and I desperate now approve  
 Desire is death which physic did except  
 Past cure I am now reason is past care,  
 And frantic mad with evermore unrest  
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are  
 At random from the truth vainly express'd  
 For I have sworn thee fair and thou art  
 bright  
 Who art as black as hell as dark as night

## CXLVIII

O me what eyes hath Love put in my head  
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!  
 Or if they have where is my judgment fled  
 That censures falsely what they see aright?  
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,  
 What means the world I to say it is not so?  
 If it be not then love dith well denote  
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's No  
 How can it? O how can Love's eye be true  
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?  
 No marvel then thou hast mistaken my view  
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me  
blind  
Lest eyes well seeing thy foul faults should  
find

## CLIX

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,  
When I against my self with thee partake?  
Do I not think on thee when I forgot  
Am of my self all tyrant for thy sake?  
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?  
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?  
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend  
Revenge upon my self with present moan?  
What merit do I in my self respect  
That is so proud thy service to despise  
When all my best doth worship thy defect  
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes  
But love hate on, for now I know thy mind,  
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind

## CL

O from what power hast thou this powerful  
might  
With insufficiency my heart to sway?  
To make me give the lie to my true sight  
And swear that brightness doth not grace the  
day  
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill  
That in the very refuse of thy deeds  
There is such strength and warrantise of skill  
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?  
Who taught thee how to make me love thee  
more  
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?  
O thou, if I love, what others do abhor  
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state  
If thy unworthiness raised love in me  
More worthy I to be beloved of thee

## CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is  
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?  
If my gentle cheater urge not my amiss  
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove  
For thou betraying me, I do betray  
My nobler part to my gross body's treason  
My soul's shill is body that he may  
Triumph in love, flesh stays no farther reason,  
But thrives apace, this dateless bane on thee  
As his did mine, perforce Proclaim'st thy state  
Heaven's eye must not be so black as mine  
Love and I thus sit on a fall by the side

No want of conscience hold it that I call  
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall

## CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn  
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-  
ing  
In act thy bed vov' broke and new faith torn  
In vowing new hate after new love bearing  
But why of two oaths breach do I accuse thee,  
When I break twenty? I am perjured most  
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,  
And all my honest faith in thee is lost,  
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-  
ness  
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy  
And to enlighten thee gave eyes to blindness  
Or made them swear against the thing they see,  
For I have sworn thee false—more perjured I  
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

## CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand and fell asleep  
A maid of Dian's this advantage found  
And his love kindling fire did quickly steep  
In a cold valley fountain of her ground  
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love  
A dateless lively heat still to endure  
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove  
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure  
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new fired  
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast  
I sick withal the help of bash desired  
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest  
But found no cure: The bath for my help lies  
Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes

## CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart in a new brand  
While many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to  
keep  
Came tripping by him in their autumnal  
The fairest of them took up his brand  
Which many longes of love's fire had kind  
And to the central fire all flames did kind  
Wax'd deep, as flames of fire feed feed  
Thus did my mistress' eyes my heart's fire kind  
Which with her sweet looks did all my flames  
Consume, she burnt the flames of my heart  
In a new brand of love, which she did kind  
And to the central fire all flames did kind  
Wax'd deep, as flames of fire feed feed





